Pious Aeneas

I am just a Trojan and my story’s getting old.

They call me Pious Aeneas,

As I island hop the blue Mediterranean

Life ain’t so great

Still a man does what he has to do when he’s a slave to fate

When I left my home and my family I was running for my life.

Just another gift from heaven,

I guess Venus thinks that I’m hero material.

That’s just my luck

It’s a tragic epic story that goes on for thirteen books,

And it’s all about how bad my life will suck.

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die!

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die, let me die.

So they send me to the underworld with a couple golden sticks

And I find my father

And he tells me that I’m founding Rome, no pressure.

My life is swell

Yeah, I do just what they tell me and I meet my ex in Hell

It’s at least a thousand pages. It’s in Latin. It’s a poem.

Yes a poem.

And three thousand-odd years later we’re still reading it.

Reading it! A Latin poem.

So the ending finds Aeneas bloody spear still in his hand

And he’s beaten back the Latins,

And won his duel with Turnus and he’s got revenge for Pallas

Standing knee deep in the muck

So let’s call on Maffeo Vegio\* to write another book

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die!

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die!

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die!

Wanna die. O please Juno let me die, just let me die.

\*Maffeo Vegio was a 15th century Italian poet who composed a thirteenth book to the *Aeneid* in Latin hexameters.

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