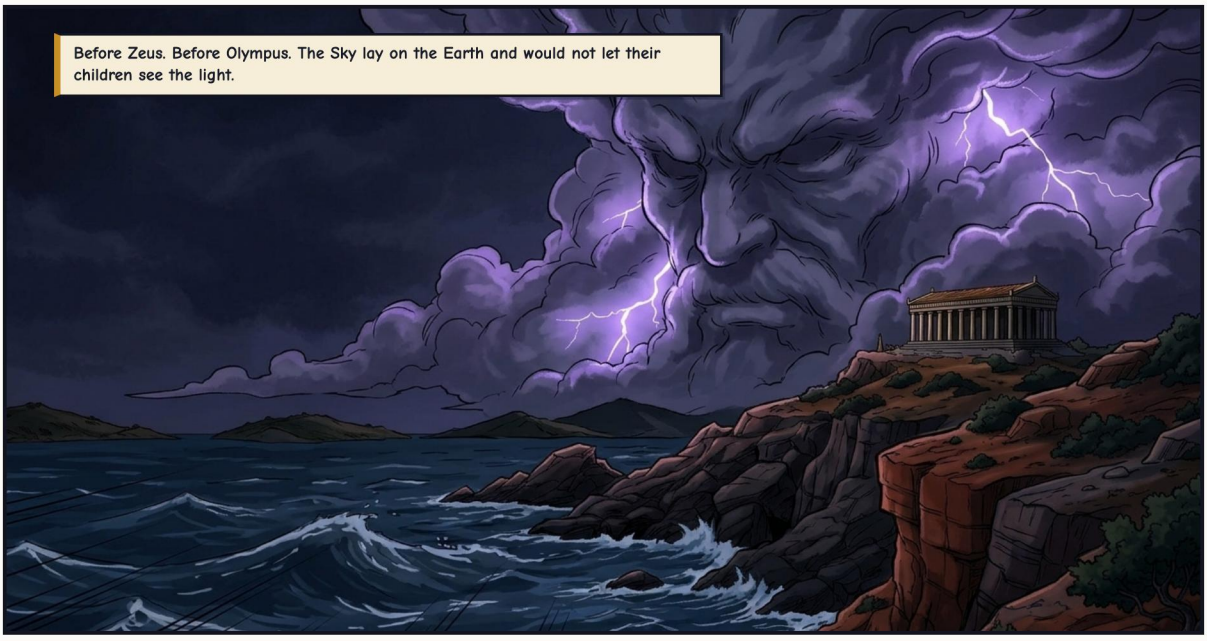
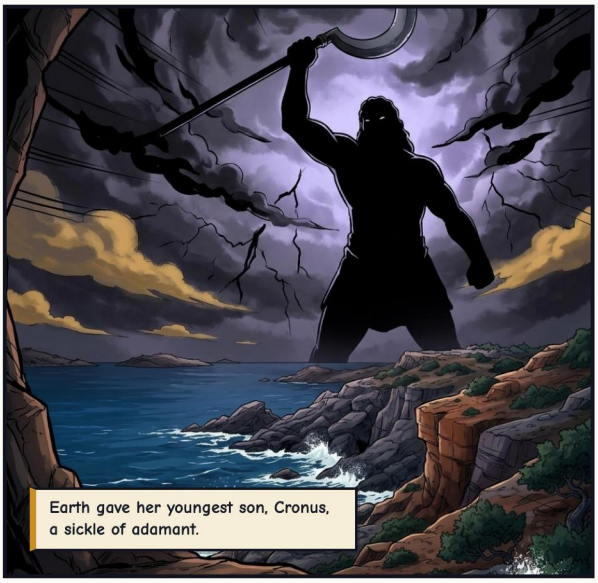

APHRODITE
Book XIV · Born of Sea Foam

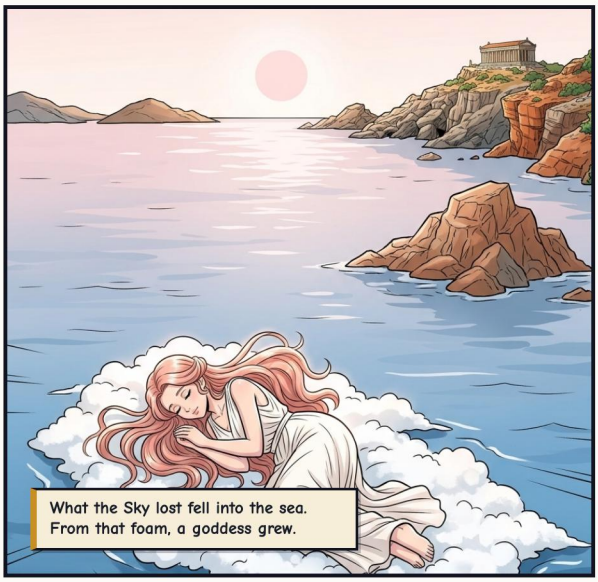
PROLOGUE – WHAT THE SKY LOST



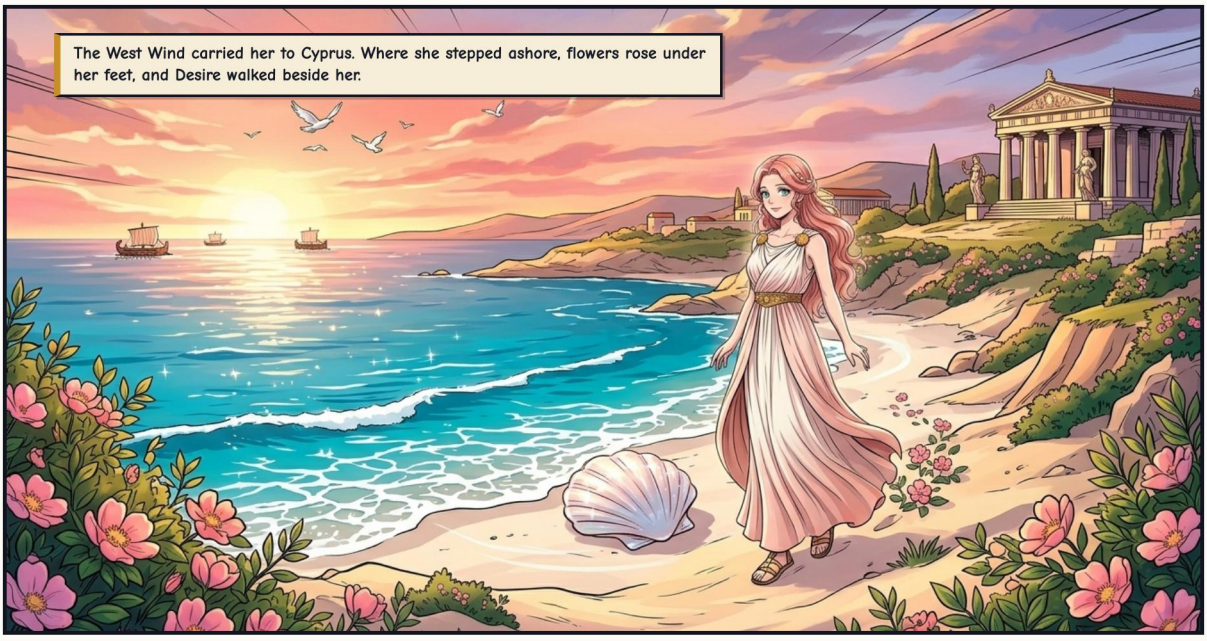




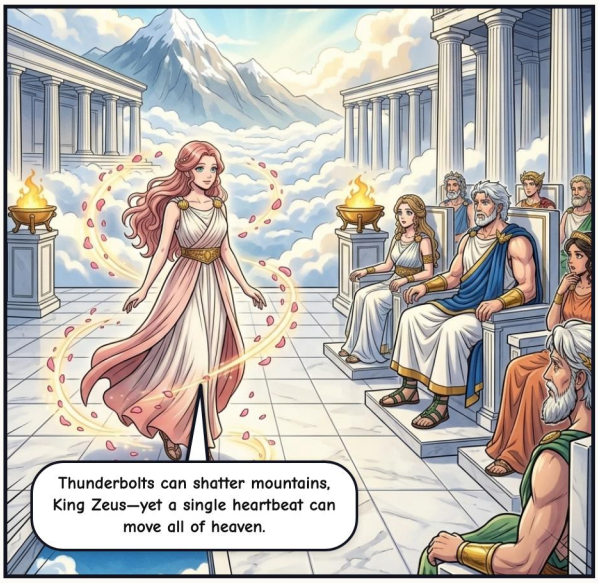




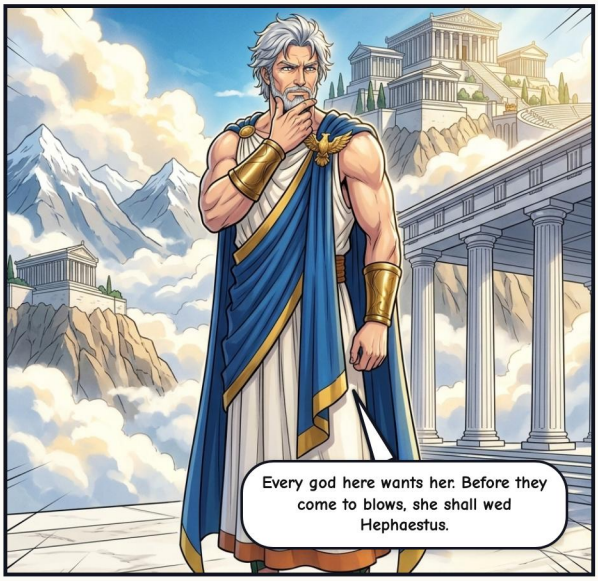
ACT I — DAUGHTER OF THE WAVES











ACT II — THE GOLDEN NET

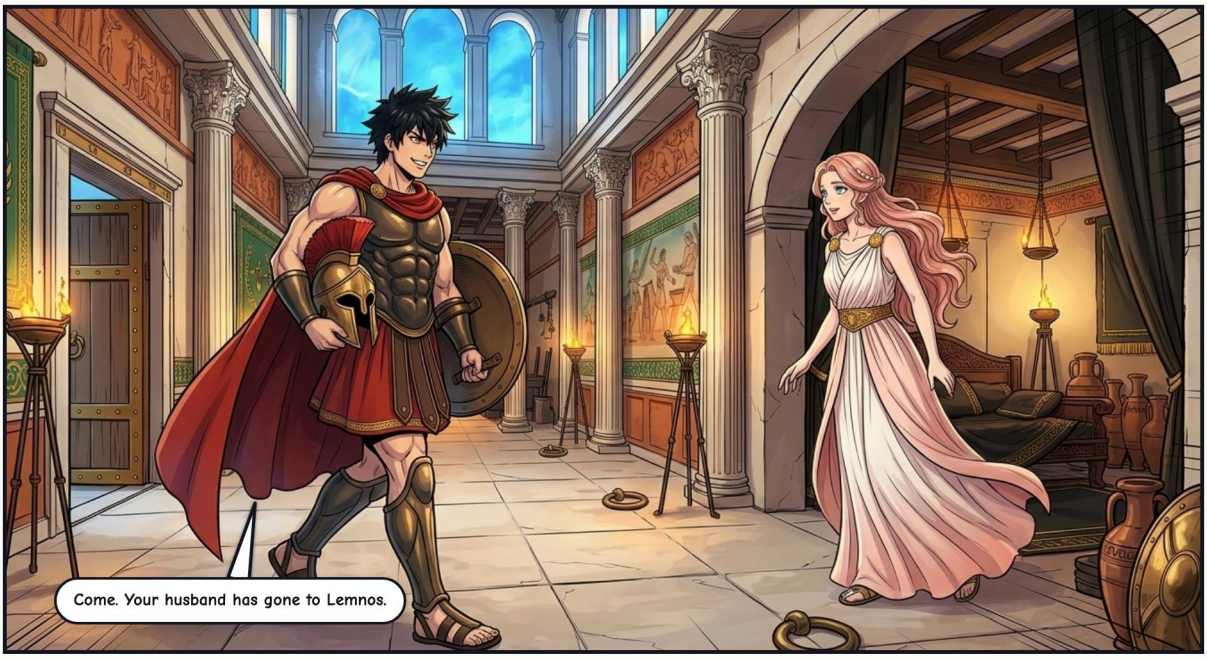











Come. Your husband has gone to Lemnos.


CLINK-SNAP!!
The trap sprang shut. They could not move a limb.


FATHER ZEUS! ALL OF YOU! COME AND SEE WHAT MY WIFE DOES WHILE I'M AWAY!


The gods came. The goddesses stayed home, for shame.


Would you lie in those chains, Hermes?
Bind me three times over, and let you all watch!


They stay there until Zeus returns every bride-gift I paid for her.


Stop this, Hephaestus. Let them go. Ares will pay you the full penalty for his wrong.
And if he runs from the debt, I, Poseidon, will pay it myself.


I can't refuse your word, Earth-Shaker.


Ares fled to Thrace. Aphrodite to her altar at Paphos.

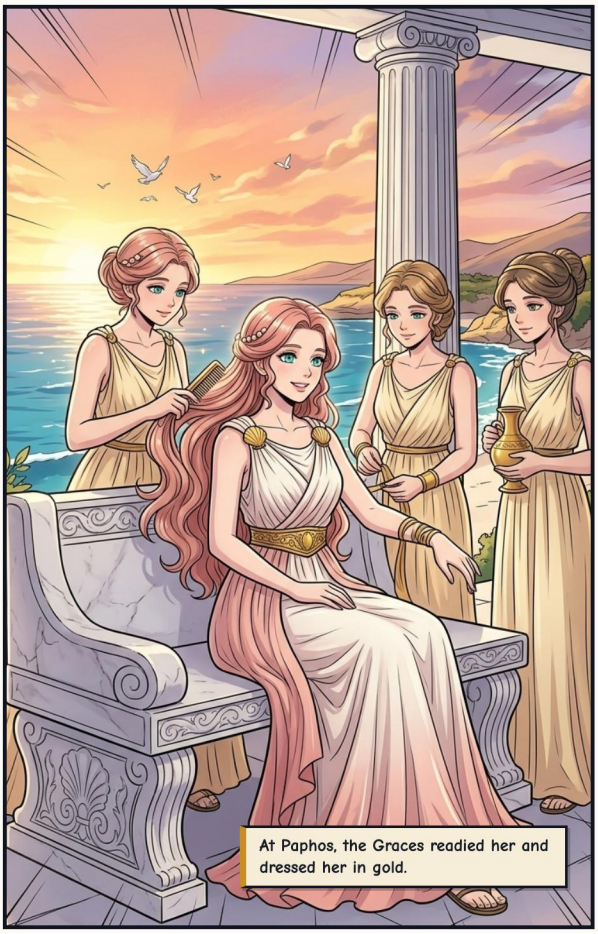
ACT III – THE HERDSMAN OF IDA



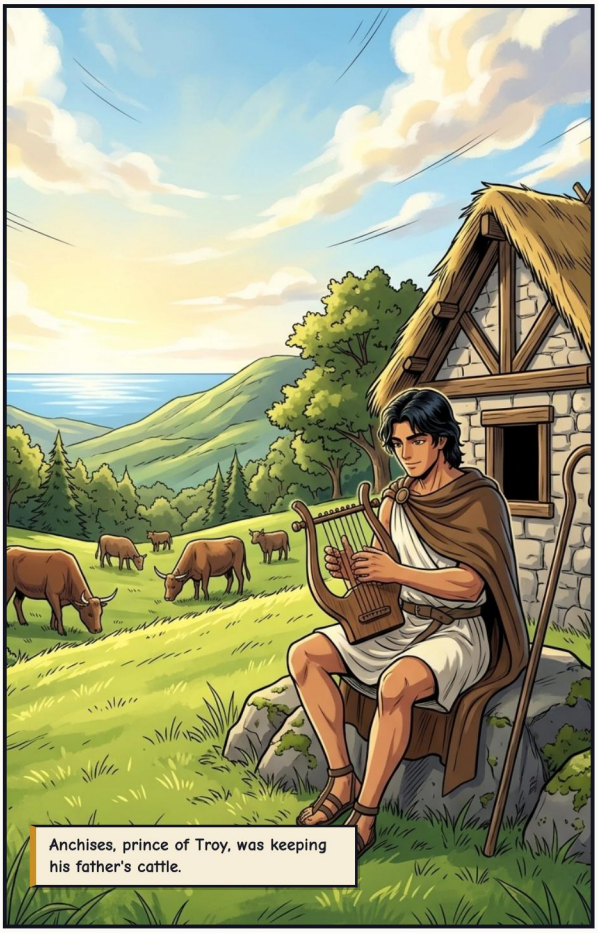




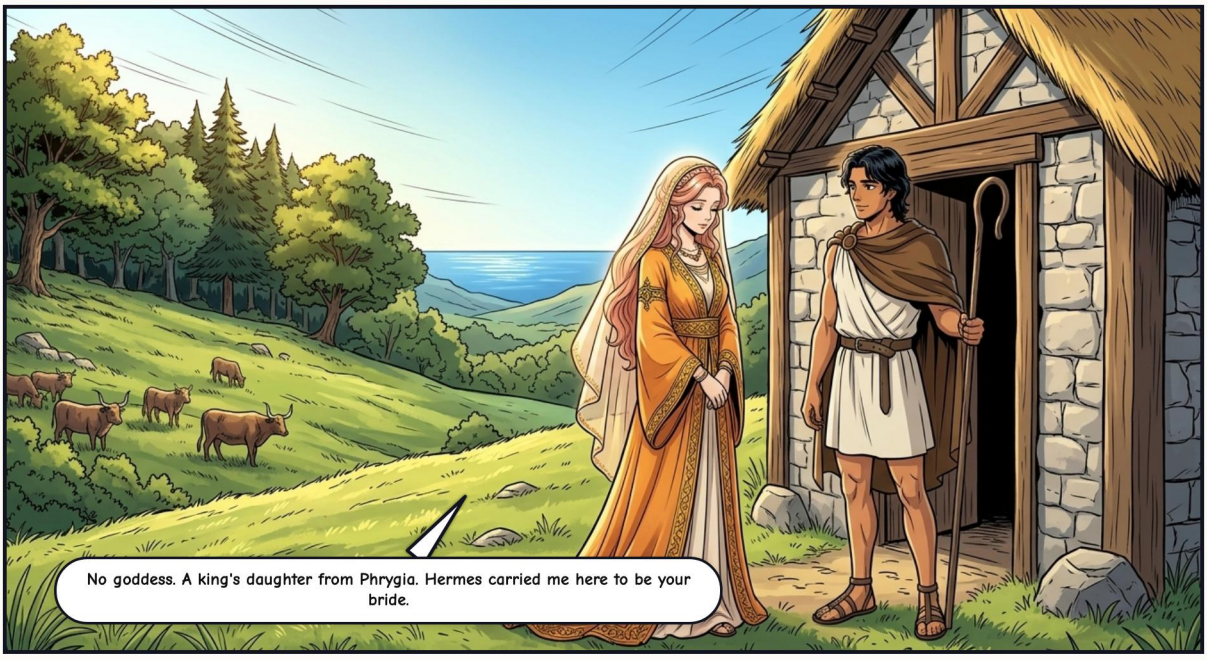



At Paphos, the Graces readied her and dressed her in gold.



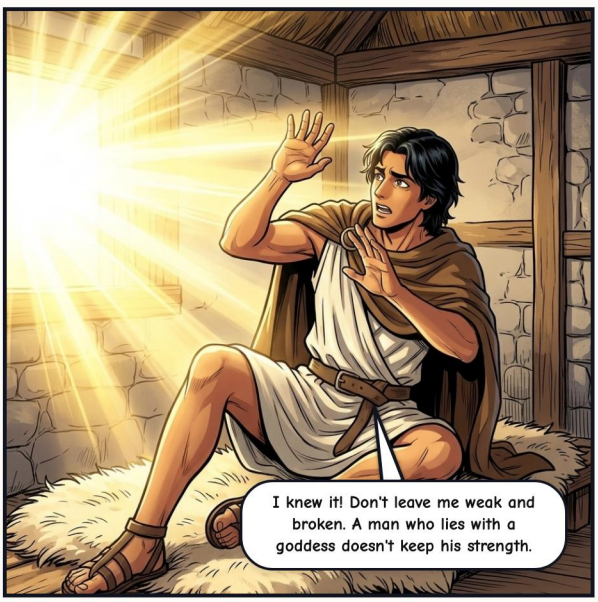

Anchises, prince of Troy, was keeping his father's cattle.


Lady, welcome. Are you one of the goddesses?


No goddess. A king's daughter from Phrygia. Hermes carried me here to be your bride.




Wake, Anchises. Do I look the same to you now?


I knew it! Don't leave me weak and broken. A man who lies with a goddess doesn't keep his strength.

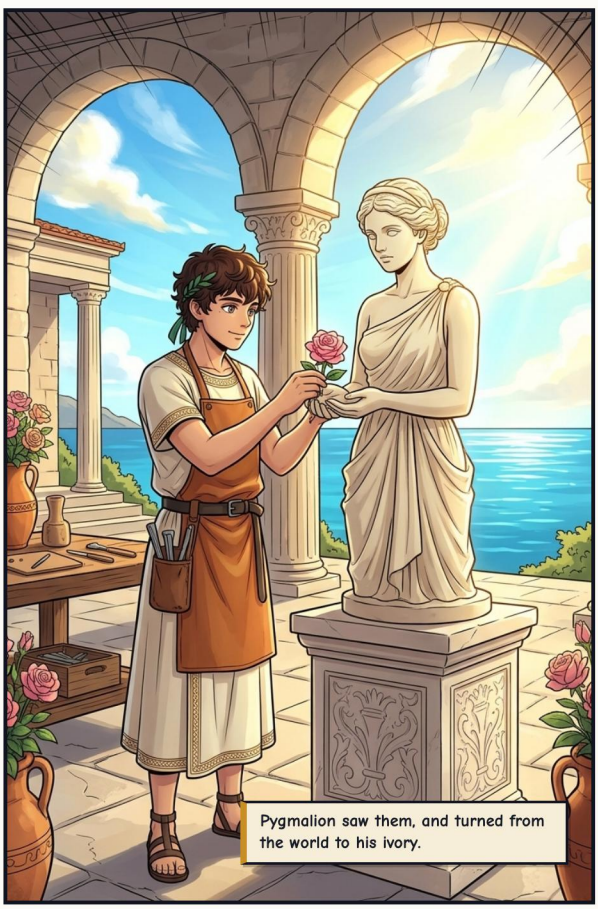

You will have a son, Aeneas, raised by the mountain nymphs. Never boast of me, or Zeus's lightning will find you.

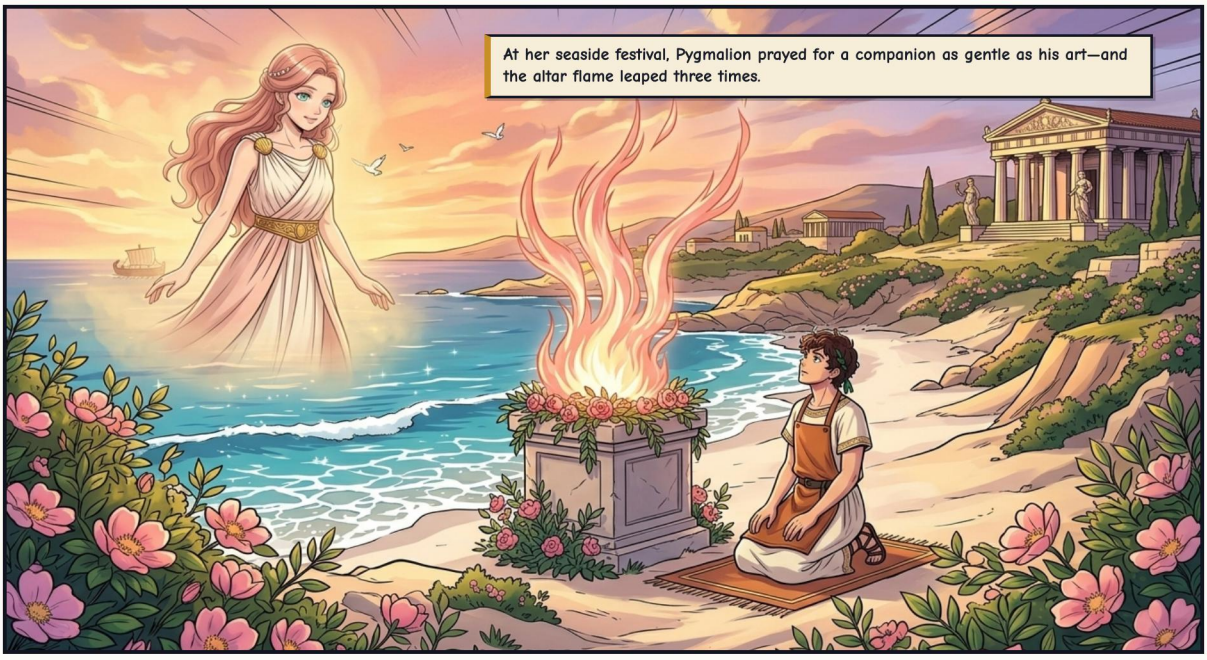
ACT IV – IVORY AND ANEMONE







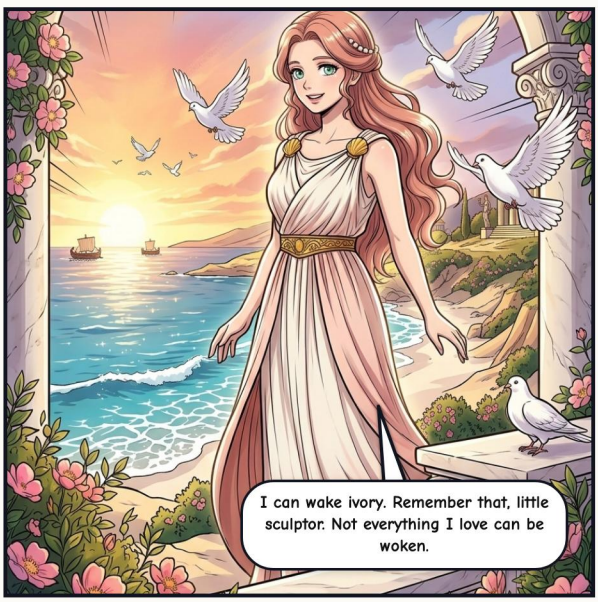


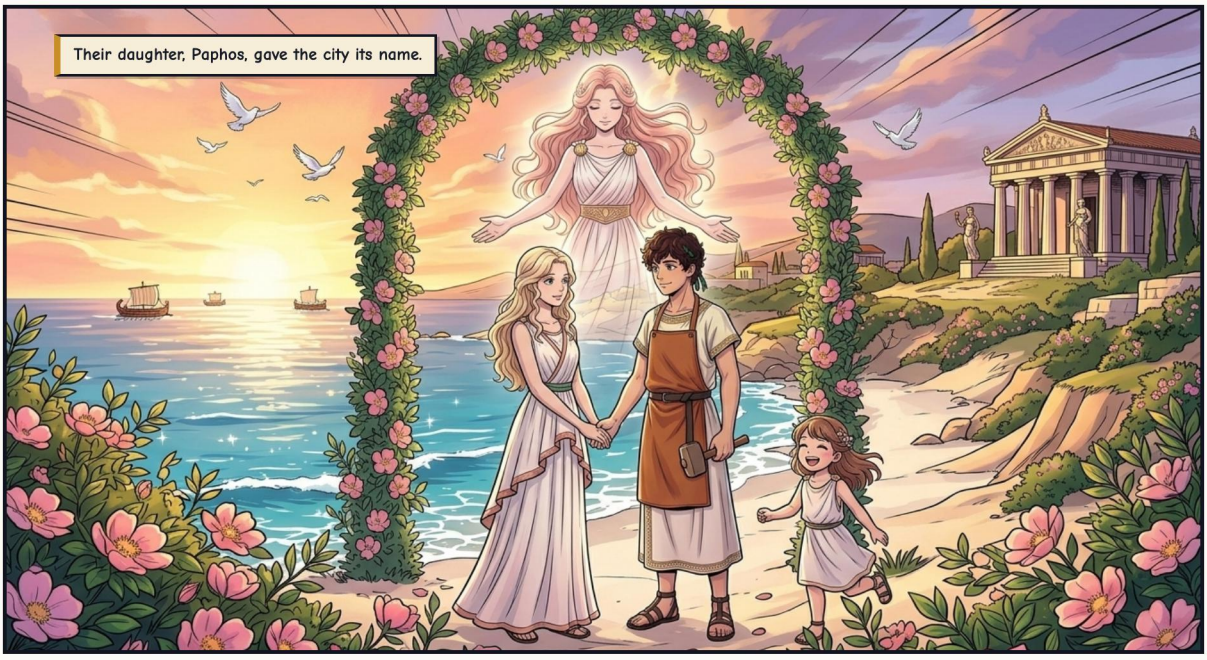

At her seaside festival, Pygmalion prayed for a companion as gentle as his art—and the altar flame leaped three times.


A heart that gives without demanding deserves a miracle. Wake, ivory—and know the warmth of dawn.


Under his trembling hand the ivory softened like wax in the sun, and the woman later poets would call Galatea drew breath.


The sky... the sea... and you. Everything is so warm!


I can wake ivory. Remember that, little sculptor. Not everything I love can be woken.


Their daughter, Paphos, gave the city its name.


Generations later...
Myrrha, a princess, fled a secret shame and begged to leave the world. The gods made her a tree.


From the tree, a son: Adonis.


Mother, I'm sorry! It barely scratched you.
Deeper than you think.




She forgot Paphos, forgot the sky, and hunted like Artemis.




Hunt the timid things. Never the boar, never the lion. Courage means nothing to them.


And if they come for me?














Fate will not have all of you. Every year the world will mourn you, and remember.




Its bloom is brief. The wind that names it shakes it loose.


Every summer, women mourned him at the Adonia.
Others say Persephone loved him too, and Zeus divided his year between them.

CODA — THE GOLDEN APPLE







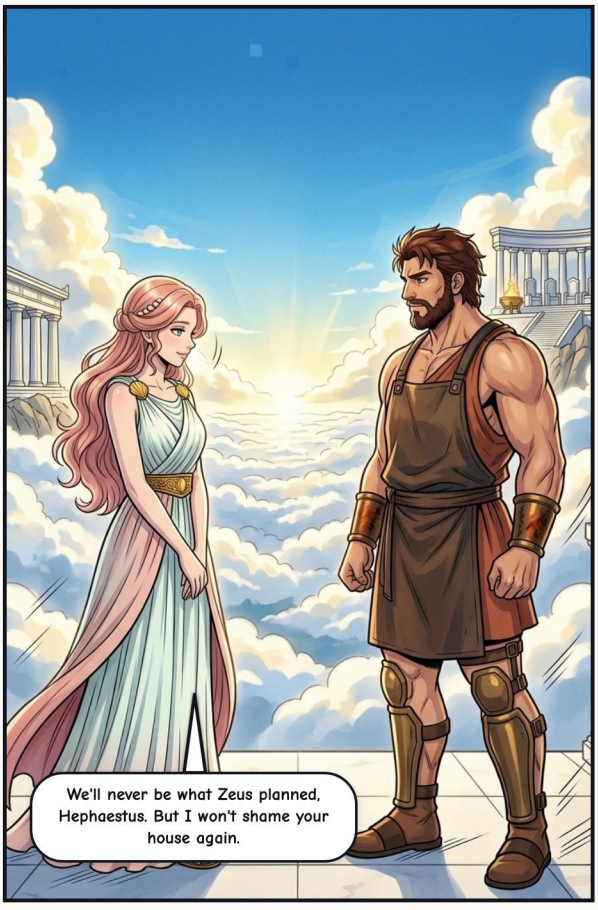


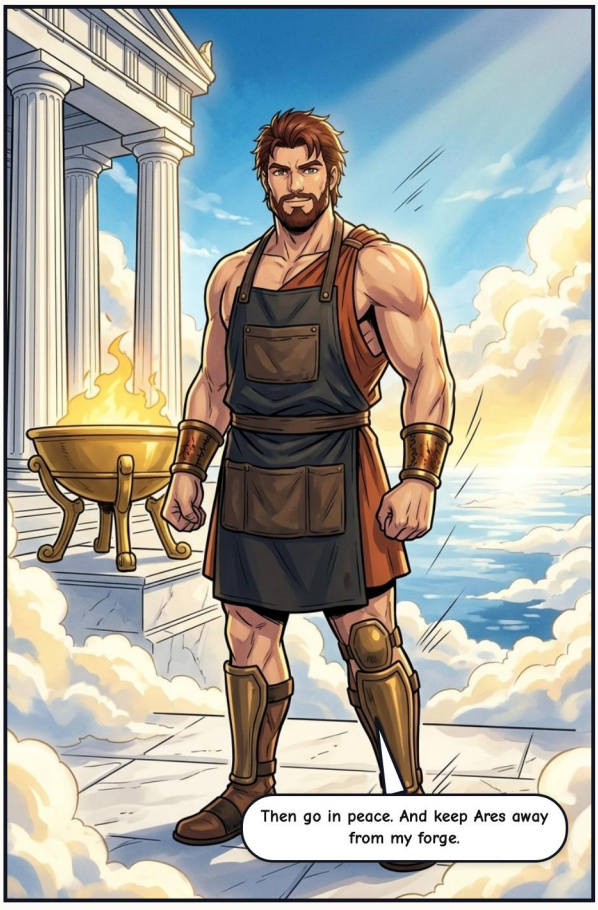





Older than Olympus, she gave the world its sweetest gifts, and some of its worst wars.
Every song, every home, every brave deed begins with a single spark of love.

EPILOGUE — LOVE AND WAR









COLOPHON

Aphrodite: Born of Sea Foam

Gods of Olympus: Greek Mythology

CLASSICAL SOURCES

Hesiod (Theogony), Homer (Odyssey 8), Homeric Hymns 5 and 6, Ovid (Metamorphoses 10), Apollodorus (Library 3.14; Epitome 3), the Cypria. The name "Galatea" is post-classical (18th century). Zeus's peace-keeping motive, Aphrodite's visit to the studio with Galatea's first words, and the closing truce with Hephaestus are this edition's inventions.

Freely adapted from classical Greek and Roman mythological sources in the public domain.

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WORK IN PROGRESS & FEEDBACK

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https://olimp.talaiot.net · olimp@talaiot.net

Version 1 · 2026-11-26

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