



Twelve Labors of Hercules

by D.R. Smith

The tale unfolds when Hera scolds
Hubby's mortal affairs.
Her Zeus aroused, on Earth caroused;
Bristled the Queen upstairs.

"Promises made should be obeyed,
Not broke," said Hercules.
"Your cheatin' kind, like cows' behind:
Both good at slingin' sleaze."

"Oh that," said king, "mere little thing,"
In making sport of quest.
A girldle belt from critter's pelt—
It's worn by broad out west."

Twelve labors beat, repent complete,
Soul cleansed of penalties.
"Control thy will, lest soul shall kill,"
One theme," said Hercules.