**And the Eagle by Lorenzo Muñiz**

*My wings, they fly all through the night*

*A man in the sunlight, a bird lost in flight*

*My punishment lasts forever*

*There is no way out*

*Without hunger nor vengeance*

*I bite the titan’s abdomen*

*This punishment is the dance*

*For this cowardly specimen*

Before I say anything, I must confess that I am the vilain of this story. I repented for my sins, but rest assured that I was the villain. I am Epimetheus, brother of the great titan Prometheus. I’m a sculptor. Using my hands, I created living statues. Statues that represented my most prized obsession… The female figure. Penelope, Daphne, Rita, Zoé, Anastasia, Ariadna. They were mine, all mine. I would corrupt their innocence, choke them out one by one. But one day, I met Pandora.

She poisoned me with her presence. I had to possess her. She thought she was smarter than me. What she didn’t understand was that women belong to men. I vanished her ridiculous ideas, or so I thought. Pandora was a serpent.

Coward? Coward? You’re the coward, you useless whore. You, who toys with my masculinity. You are the coward. That's why you dare not open the box. Zeus created you to be a coward. Open the box and prove that you’re brave. Open it... Open it... Open it!

*Pandora’s box was finally opened*

*The twisted fate of the whole world’s distorted*

*Now they escape and take flight*

*Screams were heard all through the night*

*Madness, Addiction*

*Passion, Affliction.*

*Fatigue, Illness*

*Crime and punishment*

And that’s how Pandora was punished for her arrogance. But my cowardice was clothed in envy. I admit that I was envious of Pandora. My cowardice led to my punishment: A cruel metamorphosis. Zeus turned me into an eagle by night, and a man by day. I was condemned to eat my brother’s liver every single night. My brother Prometheus, a hero who stole Zeus' fire to save humanity.

*I had to drink my own brother’s blood*

*Eternal pain, tears run down my face*

*I need to be reborn*

*My life must be remade*

I must make amends for my mistakes. I treated women like cattle, and now I treat my brother the same way. Strange… Every time I eat my brother’s liver, his screams are no different from any of the women I would abuse. His blood is of the same tone, the same viscosity. Could it be that women feel the same way we do? I then went to Mount Olympus in search for answers. I needed to redeem myself and to receive whatever punishment was necessary for me. A witch told me of my fate. She said:

Witch – Oh, little bird, you and I are meant to be. You shall be my servant from now until eternity. Funny, how fate can be. Now, allow your spirit to purify. Eternally, you must fly. Rebuild your life, intertwine it with mine.

*My wings, they fly all through the night*

*A man in the sunlight, a bird lost in flight*

*My punishment lasts forever*

*I’ve found salvation*

*And now I’ll swallow my pride*

*Helping women for a lifetime*

*I’ll spread my wings and fly*