

*The 9 Muses  
presiding over  
Song and Poetry,  
the Arts and Science*

*“a source of inspiration”*

*by the students of  
A4 Lyceum English class 2020-21*



## Contents

- p. 2 The Muses and Creative Inspiration
- p. 3 The 9 Muses / The students
- p. 4 Beauty
- p. 5 Love...
- p. 6 So, 2020 is over
- p. 7 Fireflies
- p. 8 Don't be afraid
- p. 9 Relationships
- p. 10 Orange - Pictures
- p. 11 Tears
- p. 12 Forever
- p. 13-15 A picture, a story
- p. 16 The opportunity – A gift
- p. 17 Trying to survive
- p. 18 Slipped away...
- p. 19 My Sweet Fixation
- p. 20 Now my tears glance off
- p. 21 A letter from Persephone to her mom
- p. 22 Disappointment - Failure
- p. 23 Fulfilment
- p. 24 Imagine
- p. 25 Definitions - A gift
- p. 26 Violence
- p. 27 What if...
- p. 28 Something, kind of...
- p. 29 The 9 Muses



3. Clio, Berlin



1. Euterpe Pavlovsk  
Saint Petersburg



3. Thalia from Villa  
Adriana (Prado E-38)



4. Melpomene Ny  
Carlsberg Glyptothek  
Copenhagen



5. Terpsichore from  
Villa Adriana (Prado  
E-41)



6. Erato Monte Calvo, S. Italy



7. Polyhymnia Monte Calvo  
S. Italy



8. Urania Pio-Clementino  
Vatican City



9. Calliope, Rome, Vatican  
Museums, Pius-Clementine Museum,  
Room of the Muses, 18

## The Muses and Creative Inspiration

The **Muses** were the Greek goddesses of poetic inspiration,  
the adored deities of song, dance, and memory,  
on whose mercy the creativity, wisdom and insight  
of all artists and thinkers depended.

### The Muses

1. **Clio**  
the muse of history
2. **Euterpe**  
the muse of music  
flutes and lyric poetry;  
the “Giver of delight”
3. **Thalia**  
the muse of comedy  
and idyllic poetry;  
the joyous, the “flourishing”
4. **Melpomene**  
the muse of tragedy,  
of chorus and melody
5. **Terpsichore**  
the muse of dance
6. **Erato**  
the muse of love poetry and rhetoric;  
the "desired" or "lovely"
7. **Polyhymnia**  
the muse of sacred poetry,  
of hymns  
and harmony
8. **Urania**  
the muse of astronomy,  
of heaven,  
Universal Love,  
later of Christian Poetry
9. **Calliope**  
the muse of epic poetry and eloquence,  
of dance,  
agriculture  
and pantomime,  
able to foretell the future  
by the arrangement of the stars

### The students

1. Aggeli Despoina
2. Arvanitidou Ioanna
3. Dagkouma Stella
4. Doukeli-Zografou Sophia
5. Fotiadou Chrysopigi
6. Galanopoulou Danae-Maria
7. Gatopoulou Konstantina
8. Giortsou Despoina
9. Golfopoulos Dimitris
10. Karamitrou Clio-Clelia
11. Koliou Danielidou Effrosyni
12. Kontas Nikos
13. Kounadis Vasilis
14. Kouteli Vithleem
15. Leonidis Ilias
16. Mamara Dimitra
17. Mirisklavos Antonis
18. Papazahou Foteini Iro
19. Poimenidis Aris Dimitris
20. Poimenidis George
21. Psilopoulos Pavlos Anastasios
22. Sideridou Anastasia
23. Stomahopoulos George
24. Vasiliadou Despoina
25. Xafis Dimitris Marios

**Drawings and sketches by Sophia Doukeli Zografou**

# Beauty

there is no greater pleasure for ONE  
than to find himself between the pages of a book  
for words are the best friends one could ask for

there is no greater pleasure for a MAN  
than to have his face brushed by the light spring sun  
for he feels as he if he could touch the sky

there is no greater pleasure for a WOMAN  
than to shed her skin and evolve  
for fear and grudges only hold us back

so, let us stop existing  
let us start living  
for we shall learn to find beauty  
in the smallest of things

## **Love...**

*I don't know about love  
They say I'm too young  
Maybe they're right...*

### **But what I know is**

*When I think about her,  
there's a pain in my chest  
and my heart is about to pop out and start jumping on its own  
crazy and wild*

*But when I'm with her  
Everything is different,  
Suddenly calm, back in place  
And all I think about is that I don't want to stop looking at her,  
At her beautiful face and captivating eyes*

***That's what I do know.***

## **So, 2020 is over**

And we are still in quarantine,  
All day in front of a machine,  
Trying to get things back on track

And what we all look forward to,  
Is to be with our friends again,  
Embrace our daily routine,  
Do the things we used to do.

And by the time coronavirus is past and gone,  
We will have learnt, our everyday life... to appreciate,  
All the pain, that we feel... to alleviate,  
And with willingness and happiness  
take care of what we must.



# **Fireflies**

*I try to find a saw to cut my chains*

*So, I can fly away,*

*And follow the fireflies*

*I always dreamed about.*

*You say I have to be like a diamond*

*to find the fireflies*

*you always talked about,*

*But I am just a Rhinestone burning in the sky*

*Trying to survive so you won't find out*

*You always say you are by my side, but are you still with me?*

*Should I try to find the fireflies*

*Or take a bitter pill*

*You always cried about?*

*I try to sleep to see the fireflies*

*I once dreamed about ...*

*Silence ...*

*I feel the numbness taking over*

*The colors are now fading away*

*Nothing I do can change*

*The fact my fireflies have stopped shining*

# Don't be afraid

Don't be afraid to make mistakes and  
follow your dreams whatever it takes!

Don't be afraid to risk  
and make big decisions  
because only that way will you have ambitions!

Don't be afraid to fall in love  
showing your emotions  
but the only thing you should consider  
is doing it with caution;

Don't be afraid to take advantage  
of every single moment in your life  
because everything has an end  
and life is too short  
for one to be stressed or depressed;

Be careful of people who are malicious like a fox  
and don't hesitate to see outside the box!

Don't be afraid to be exposed and work hard;  
you won't be disappointed by the result;  
Don't be afraid to face hardships  
because they are there to lift you up!

# Relationships

Every day and Every night

Every time there's light outside

I wander what's going on

Three weeks ago

I thought that what we had was gone

But I found out I was wrong

Nothing happened, nothing came up

Thought all my wounds were cured

At least I hoped and I was sure

What had changed? What was different?

I don't know... I AM indifferent

I talked to you every day and night

Just to find out you were a waste of time

Until today you blamed me

Not thinking that YOU were the one

So, every day and every night .....

I hope one day we'll be all right



# Orange

Orange. The ball I hold in my hand.

Orange. The fruit you get from the stand.

Orange. It is the new black.

Orange. Garfield, the laziest cat.

Orange. Goldfish swimming in a bowl.

Orange. The fire that burns deep inside my soul.

## PICTURES

### **Autumn,**

*red, orange, yellow leaves colour every sidewalk,  
the sound of leaves crunching under people's shoes,  
cool autumn breeze  
the wind blowing in people's faces*

### **Sunset**

*the sun casts its rays down upon the clouds,  
silhouettes of birds cross the colourful sky,  
soon stars replace the sun  
with the sky turning into a dark shade of midnight blue*

## tears

Like an Ophelia in tears she sinks,  
and I can't help but think  
of her hair that feels like silk  
and how time has faded her letters' ink

She used to smile at the Sun  
'cause it never helped her tan  
she never used to run  
she said "slow down to have some fun"

She would never let me down  
brilliant, pretty, way too loud  
never realised what I have found  
that's why I let her down

It has been almost a year  
and just the thought of it makes me fear  
of the person I have become  
since my sunshine away has gone

Like an Ophelia in tears she sinks,  
and I can't help but think  
that I have been the cause of it,  
of the tears she sinks herself in.



# Forever

Even if it's late,  
Don't hesitate  
She said she'll **"always"** be there!

You know, not everyone leaves  
...we hope...  
But again, we hardly know!

Life is like an elevator, they say,  
While going up, you have to drop some people off  
friends, family, even enemies

Don't worry, though  
Because, maybe, when they said **"forever"**  
They meant the memories

And probably that's better.

## A picture, a story

The woman absently drummed her long fingernails against the counter  
The sight of the slowly emptying bar was becoming increasingly unnerving  
Not even a full hour ago it was full of people  
All kinds of them  
Young couples celebrating life  
Old friends meeting up Individuals drinking their struggles away  
People, their monkeys  
Those who they would try to put to sleep during the daytime  
Not like you can turn off an addiction as if it were controlled by a switch  
But they still tried  
And during the nighttime, they would compensate for all of that restriction  
Ignoring how it would backfire on them the following day  
Vicious cycles are hard to break

The woman was quite unsure as to which category she fell in  
It was difficult to determine  
Truth to be told, why she was still there, she didn't know  
She had barely drunk anything, not pushing her threshold in any way  
She wasn't particularly big on the idea of developing health issues  
Whether these were physical or mental  
Her presence was void of any purpose, but she did not wish to return home  
Not just yet  
The summer night air evoked an unprecedented feeling of nostalgia in her  
Reminding her of the things that had once been

However, it was challenging to conclude whether some things had potential to turn into  
a promising future  
Or if they should simply dwell in the past  
The woman took time to observe and assess her surroundings  
A couple of bartenders who most definitely looked forward to calling it a night  
A group of girls laughing over their lighthearted discussion  
A middle-aged looking man who had been sitting in the same spot for over two hours

A young pair of lovers who finally decided enough was enough and headed out of the door

Then, her eyes fell on him

Somehow, she hadn't noticed his existence the entire night

He seemed to be about her age, his blue eyes visible even from quite a distance

Despite being half-slumped over his drink, he seemed quite sober compared to the grand majority of people that hung around the bar

She concluded that there was nothing better to do than strike up a conversation with him

Her attempts at any human interaction that night had proved to be futile, shallow

That's what it was – Shallow

Shallow waters

She'd been swimming in them her entire life

Never pushing herself out of her comfort zone

Dreading situations that posed any difficulty whatsoever

But that one time, she was going to do it

Shoot her shot

She was quite glad that the only kind of shot of the night was pertinent to her love life, if that was even a thing

And maybe the whiskey shots the old gentleman was taking in the corner

Because, after all, this was a bar in Vegas; and things could go south quickly

She was thankful she hadn't had to deal with some over-eager customer with an itchy finger that one night

You could never place your trust on Nevada's gun laws anyway

But that was an issue for another time. She had other, more pressing responsibilities to attend to

The woman, out of her chair, her long blonde hair flowing smoothly down her back

Confidently making her way towards her target

Her thoughts entirely contradicting her bold appearance

Her mind raced with every possibility that could potentially hinder her effort

She'd been in this position more times than she could ever admit to

But this instance was different



In the end, the worst outcome would be rejection

A few moments were usually enough to indicate whether it was worth it or not

A couple minutes of conversation to make it

Or break it

This time, it took no longer than five to convince her she had finally made the right choice

And suddenly, her purpose in this place didn't seem undiscovered any longer



## ***The opportunity***

*When you have the opportunity to change your life,  
grab it.  
Don't wait for tomorrow,  
because tomorrow may never come and  
you will regret it for the rest of your life,  
....because you never did this when you had the chance and  
that moment might never come your way again.  
So,  
when you have the opportunity to change your life,  
grab it  
and  
you WON'T regret it.*

## **A gift**

Life is not a struggle  
It is a gift  
  
Make the most out of it  
Exploit every chance  
Try hard  
  
But most of all  
Have fun

## Trying to survive

When my brain is trying to focus,  
You enter my mind.  
The thought of you popping up  
destroys every ounce of power left in me.  
Then I want to forget everything about us,  
But the problem is  
I don't have the strength to live without my thoughts of you.  
I wish I could go back and be with you.  
But something beyond me has decided that it's best this way.  
So, here I am, sitting all alone, with all this pain like fire inside me,  
Desperately trying to survive.



## **slipped away...**

Salty air, and the rust on your door

I never needed anything more

Whispers of “Are you sure?”

Never have I had that before

Our backs beneath the sun

wishing we could always be like that

I can see us lost in the memory

August got slipped away into a moment in time

'cause it was never mine

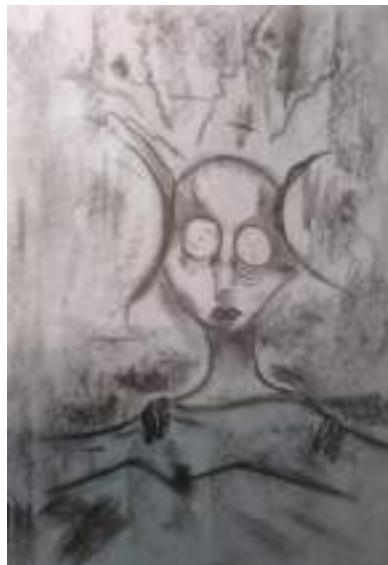
# **My Sweet Fixation**

*I ran to the other side  
I felt the shadow figure chasing me  
I couldn't think straight  
My sweet fixation was my way out  
I don't want to go back  
I want to stay where the party never ends,  
where the dreams are already broken*

*The poison is inside me, but I don't care  
It helps me to survive the sad reality  
that I created  
I am with the laughing people,  
the people and their sweets fixations  
I have fun  
I feel good...*

*Everything is now melting  
The faces of the happy people are now deformed  
they try to get me  
and I don't run  
I let them take me away  
Now even my sweet fixation won't "help me"*

*I close my eyes  
I am turning into a shadow  
But then I hear my last hope:  
"Don't get lost in heaven..."*



## now my tears glance off

I wait by the door like I'm just a kid  
Not feeling good enough is a scheme  
Please wait till I'm finally at peace

Why are you still trying? I don't know I said.  
I used my best colors for your portrait  
and with that being said  
I made a mess.

I made a joke about me giving up  
You looked at me as if I was mad  
The crystals in my eyes finally warmed up  
Running like blue waters down my face  
Showing you the path down to grace.

Now that the story ends, you finally go away  
After all these years of looking... now my tears glance off

## A letter from Persephone to her mom

Father of hell, owner of my heart  
Hades fell in love, then stole me from my mom  
Losing everything is what saved me  
And freedom tasted like pomegranate wine  
Don't you worry, I got married  
Now I rule the ones buried  
I never thought I'd hate spring  
But it's the time you take me away from him  
I hate how my hair gets tangled in the roots  
Every time I come to see you  
Down there, even without the sun,  
the sparkle of his soul still brightens my heart  
His eyes, like falling stars  
Looking at me, drawing constellations on my skin  
Spending all my time telling stories  
to creatures without a heart who once lived glories  
I am finally in paradise  
Not trapped in a hell of forevers  
Waving good bye to our childhood laughs  
I have now grown up  
See you in spring, mom

# Disappointment

Where have you been?

Do you know when you're coming back?

Since you've gone,

I feel as if I am gone, barely getting along

We were so close to the stars

I never knew anyone like you

Falling just as hard

I'd rather lose somebody than use somebody

Wish you wanted it a little bit more

But it's a chore for you to give

Where have you been?

ARE you coming back?

## failure

The fear of failing

Keeps you away

From fulfilling your dreams



# Fulfilment

*...and all of a sudden  
everything fell into place  
there were no more noises  
no more screaming, shouting or crying for help  
all colors felt different,  
everything around seemed relaxed and tangible  
time didn't exist  
and eyes stopped feeling heavy  
the sunshine was pouring through the eyelids  
and the skin;  
and for that glimpse of a moment  
she wasn't cold anymore  
everything was in alignment....*



# *Imagine*

*Imagine* buying an interesting book,  
..... reading it for the first time and finding it interesting,  
..... relaxing and identifying with the characters,  
..... picturing all the crazy adventures the book entails,  
..... being utterly engrossed in it,  
*Imagine* not being able to put the book down, because you can't wait to see what's next,  
..... being totally consumed by the plot,  
..... getting goosebumps all over your skin and having the anxiety of facing a plot twist,  
..... being one with the author, the storyline, the heroes,  
..... all the laughing, when a witty joke pops up,  
*Imagine* all the happiness when the enemies of the story become lovers,  
..... all the crying when a beloved character dies,  
..... being carried away,  
..... forgetting all your problems, all the stress of daily life,  
..... being in another universe, existing in your creativity,  
*Just imagine,*  
Even if it is only for a couple of hours, minutes, even seconds  
it truly is worth *imagining*.



## **definitions**

*What is actually “happiness”?*

*Is it something you can gain by satisfying someone else’s goals?*

*Can someone else define what makes YOU happy?*

*The answer is simply “no”*

*YOU are the only one to define your happiness*

*No one else can persuade you that you are happy without actually feeling so yourself*

*So, don’t settle for anything like it*

*’cause YOU are the one to be affected, eventually*

## **A gift**

*Life is not a struggle*

*It is a gift*

*Make the most out of it*

*Exploit every chance*

*Try hard*

*But most of all*

*Have fun*

# **violence**

Violence is almost everywhere

Violence in schools, violence in the streets

Even in the US Capitol

Violence dominates everyone

Why is there so much violence?

And why is it everywhere?

Even in the most democratic countries?

And why should we suffer from this violence?

We have to change this

Especially us, the adolescents

Because none of us deserves violence

Ought to fight against violence

**Say NO to violence!**

**What if...**

What if you moved away?  
What if you liked it better there?  
What if you forgot about me?  
What if you never came back?  
What if our friendship were over?  
What if it was meant to be over?

What if we met again one day?  
What if we talked about those times?  
The happy times  
The sad times  
The good old times

What if we promised to keep contact this time?  
What if we grew up but still felt connected to each other?  
Like we do now

What if we hoped for that?  
What if we forgot about the “what ifs” and had fun one last time?  
Danced for one last time  
Smiled for one last time

Yes, what if we try that?  
Would this be some consolation?

**Something, kind of...**

There's something really beautiful  
about Art  
How it's designed for each and every one  
having no limitations  
It's something to remind us that everything is beautiful and should be appreciated  
Yet, people claim that they are not good enough at it  
While in reality everyone is an Artist, in its own unique way

It's kind of really beautiful  
How people at the end of the day,  
turn to something  
That little something that helps them find a purpose  
That helps them fill the empty spaces within themselves  
That something that helps them go through it all and gives them hope  
reminding them to have hope and wait for spring to start again

There's something kind of sad in waiting for better times to come  
In waiting for Friday,  
for this week to finally be over  
In waiting for summer,  
for things to get better  
And when winter comes,  
everyone silently falls back to their emptiness  
To this dull repetition,  
as days go slowly, yet,  
fast at the same time  
When one needs to be careful  
Not to be overthrown by the absence of the light

***Some people come like rays of sunlight into our lives,  
Lighting up the darkness of the sky when it rains heavily,  
Helping flowers bloom, turning everything beautiful again***

*Dedicated to the students of  
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*“a source of inspiration”*

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