**Pandora, Pandora**

I wish to go back

to the golden age

when ambrosia flowed

on the tongues of gods,

and sweet wine

ran in mortal’s veins.

I would tell Pandora

of all the turmoil

and strife that was trapped

inside her pretty box.

And I would take the box

and move it to a time far beyond her years.

Maybe I’d take some ambrosia too.