

**Plea of Oreithyia**  
**by Maggie Obermann**

Upon Northern skies you come—upon Northern skies she hears  
To the Heavens she prays for eternal relief  
Mighty Boreas, winged and wild come near!  
White face drawn dark still by the sting of her grief

And to the Heavens she pleads for a swift release  
Autumn's fruit scatters  
White flag now raised—may the cold battle cease  
Ships of Persia, bound and battered

By Flesh's hold, she shatters  
How can she but submit to this fight?  
Once Xerxes slave, bound and battered  
Now your Oreithyia—fair, abducted Sprite

For how can she but submit to this night—  
To you Son of Eos, you King of Athens' throne?  
Your fair Oreithyia, kidnapped Nymph of light  
In your rushing, howling presence she echoes a moan

A cry to you Son of Astraeus, you Ruler of Thrace  
O' Boreas, Mighty Boreas, leave me not to death, to bleed!  
In this blustery, barren winter bring warmth, bring mercy, bring grace!  
Yet to Northern skies you return—to Northern skies  
she remains to plead