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Poseidon and his son

A divine nymph dwells in the water,
Her heart as pure as gold, her
Eyes shine with a sparkle rarely seen.
Beauty is her, she is quite amazing

So what you ask does a nymph have to
Do with me? Are you blind, can you not see?
She is my daughter, my beloved child
I am Poseidon, I control the waves wild

I rule all the waters, they flow into me.
I have absolute power, yet there is something
I long for. My daughter loves a mortal
And this angers me. I wish to banish him, send him through a portal

We gods divine cannot associate with
Those mortals whose power is quite weak
But I must calm myself, quench my ire,
I am the god of water, not the god of fire.

While weak these mortals may be,
We must live with them through eternity
I must not judge for I am no tribunal
My lack of understanding will be my own funeral.

My daughter's wishes I shall grant
For this mortal is no puny ant.
He has a heart; he has a soul,
And he has a care that makes him glow

I will invite this mortal into my life
For I grant him my daughter as wife
And now losing my child I weep
For god though I may be I have learned
Passion and compassion these mortals I have discerned