**Ram II by Melinda Jane ©**

**Ekphrastic Poetry**

**(Poem titled Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley)**

I met myself, a traveller, from

an antique trauma mind,

I thought: “Two vast ideas of stone

stand in desert fields of fear.”

Near them, on the sand,

half sunk, a shattered visage lies and frowns

“Beware the end to come

estrangement strangles loved ones” and

Sneer of cold command,

tells those passions to see endless red. Yet

perimenopause which survives, stamped

feelings, on those lifeless ovaries.

Time hand mocks them, and

the heart fed the bleeds:

And on the womb words appear:

‘My name is Ram II, queens of queens:’

‘Look on my works, shed and despair!'