

Camus' Sisyphus

by
Mark Osing
English 2

Sisyphus, whose heat blasted back blisters with pointlessness as he levers his task, the Absurd Stone, relentlessly toward the top of his hill. Sweat blurs his eyes stinging, trickling down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, its salt drives an unslaked thirst.

He strains courageously beneath the mass of his task. His legs tremor, his biceps ache as he nears the apex of his hill—the strain overcomes his will, it slips past him, thundering down the hill in benign rebellion.

His hands are free to wipe the sweat from his eyes. He breathes, chest expanding with vitality, smiles at the sun, and returns to his task, triumphant.