

2019: A Word Odyssey

The world whirled while wily Odysseus
with his bag of winds winds
his watery way, his wound wound white,
hoping to seize what he sees on the seas.

Could he know? – no! – how patient Penelope
(no suitor could suit her) bore
the weight of the wait of his homecoming;
how she looked for the right rite to write
the happiness of the tail to his tale.

After the heel would not heal, the eyes tear, tear of clothes,
rend of hair, and Odysseus, voice hoarse within the horse,
ropes his men threw through the grate and the great
sacking of Priam's palace began, provoking Poseidon.

The god's love he could not buy by offering,
and so the sight of the site he cites as his home
would not be his, but his fate to be blown
off course by the coarse will of the god.

Ropes with lead lead to the calls of shore,
but the men, meat for the cyclops they meet,
sow sow fate from Circe, and swallowed
by Charybdis's maw, calling for ma
as they row and row, none to escape.

Whether by weather or the gods,
Odysseus in time smells the sweet thyme
of the hills of Ithaca, and from they
who tend his herd he heard of Antinous
and the rest of the vain whose veins
he splits, but first he must (to get his bow) bow
to prove his guile and humility.

And then the maids are made to clear
the clot and gore before they are hanged.

To the bin of history the rest has been.

– Jeffery Greb