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Mortal Cry of Odysseus

Barbara Reed

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Mortal Cry of Odysseus

Barbara Reed

With Athena at your heels,
stroking your tawny hands with magic,
forge and mold the ore with careful persuasion
to make a shield for battle.
A sea of maleficent foe lap at my feet,
peer o'er a near ridge.
Crush molten ore against your cold steel anvil!
Meld together the warm and cold of mother earth.
Transfer the strength of earth's warm blood
from flaming furnace to fragile mortals.
I am Greek, the strongest of men,
a hairs width beneath the shoulders of the gods.
Send my message, the sound of my horn
shall glean the ears of Zeus and Athena
and they shall hasten to my side.
The stealthy queues and arcs are rising o'er nearest crest,
their bow and lance aimed stalwart.
Quickly, my shield!
Guardians, surround me!
A tip of a dove's tail beneath the brow of the gods,
I am of earthlike mortality.
Protect me in this last battle
to ensure my rapturous union with my loyal queen.