

ODYSSEUS OF MEMORY

What a train of pities, carking woe;
un-wowed we by The Brine's roil;
hungers have too many un-done.
Limp from trial, another mask is down;
sore of lobe, hunch from travels
witful grow exceeding proud.
The goddess does what she can,
despite, avuncular distrust ups prow
of well-found ships; lost they drown.

'The Old One's' caprice has tests for
believing's deferent devotion's offers, and
that's a trident-laden hand in the misty reach!
You feel your fifty or so; increasing weight
as each year suitors bold, pushes down;
wives their best; she weaves endurance;
usurpers, every etiquette breach.
Most men captain, are finally the gift of reason
to themselves, not these.

Clearly there are those collecting the demise of men;
Achilles at the hole, remorse makes a fevered friend.
Perhaps if vengeance held its hand
these slackers would be not out in pay,
once-vaunt darings flat with them and day
a chance again to elevate beyond mere child of night.

But memory, more home than this, wants you
to leave a son, a spouse after the bow is strung,
eyes are blot, for somewhere away the distant earth.

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