Reaching out like a god,
For all things suiting his desires
Wide open eyes burning with cleverness
The sacker of cities thirsts for power.

He oversteps his mortal bounds,
Hoarding riches not earned.
Like a gust of wind, it is released
A fist in the gut, divinely provoked.

Now, he is new to words.
He stares into the monster's eye
Feeling fear take hold, warm and wet.
A drowning sensation, no mother's womb.

He slithers on the ground,
Below even the ewes
As he makes his escape
Through deception and cunning alone.

Rocks hurled blindly,
Leagues away at nobody
As he sits and laughs.
The ego returns, he shouts:

I am Odysseus!

Cursed! Cast down, castaway.
Conqueror of cities changed in an instant,
All the world made to taste like ash.
Branded with solemn acceptance.