Ancient Justice

Thomas Krueger ’16

He who tried to put the Gods in their place,
and instead found his own.
Tempered and tested, after being ruined,
crew and all, dashed against the rocks.

Braving the House of Hades,
consorting with shades against all odds.
Those burnt out humans husks, once great.
A warning first, and counsel second.

Stabbed through to the core,
his mother's longing, a tragic ending.
As the greedy shades drink,
against all odds, sadness brings hope.
Homecoming not destined, but to be fought for.

Everything lost, delivered bare and naked
on the shores of Ithaca shrouded in mist.
Oh world-weary man, grey-eyed with age
work your cunning one last time.

A careful plan, like a blossoming bloodstain.
Ending in the savage blood of massacre.
Crimson adorns the floors, breathing back the life
into the island, corrupted by the desire of man
who oversteps his bounds, xenia disgraced.

Now, the wrongs righted in sanguine fashion
lay down your bow and beggar's rags.
The blood will settle where it may.
Most cunning of men, now wisest.
Well turned by the world, and still turning!
Warrior here and wanderer there,
ever enduring Odysseus returns home,
glad at heart at last.