

**the piercing of glaucus**  
**Iliad 16.508-16.547**

Jason Steranko, '17

terrible grief seized glaucus when he heard the dying voice,  
his heart was struck he could not save Sarpedon.  
he grasped his own throbbing arm and pressed hard,  
his wound wearying, the wound that teucer had dealt  
when from the high wall he let his arrow fly,  
defending his comrades from the lycian attacker.  
glaucus prayed to far-shooting apollo:

'hear me, lord, wherever you may be, back in rich lycia,  
or here at troy: you are a god who hears from all directions  
the cries of grieving men: grief has come to me.  
a grievous wound overwhelms my arm, too deep to dry.  
it weighs down my shoulder and deadens my hand,  
too weak to take up my spear, too weak to avenge Sarpedon.  
he, our best man, the son of zeus, lies dead on the ground,  
abandoned by his father.  
lord apollo, heal this mighty wound of mine,  
lull my pains and grant me might that i may fight  
and marshal the scattered lycians and that i  
may guard what once was Sarpedon.'

he spoke his prayer and apollo listened.  
he soothed the throbbing arm and dried black  
the dark and deep wound with his gleaming hand.  
the aching heart of glaucus surged with strength.  
the mortal knew it was the touch of the god,  
the quick touch of apollo, who heard his prayer.  
glaucus arose and inspired the leaders of lycia,  
gathered from across the battlefield,  
to surround their prostrate king, fallen Sarpedon.  
with purpose he marched to the trojan troop,  
to polydamas, son of panthous, and shining agenor.  
to aeneas and hector, armed in bronze, the lycian  
aimed his winged words and said:

‘today, hector, you have forgotten your allies entirely.  
because of you they are far from home and from their friends,  
and because of you they are losing their lives.  
where is proud Hector as they fall?  
there lies the leader of the lycian shields, Sarpedon,  
whose judgment and strength preserved my people, whom  
ares has laid low with the bronze spear of patroclus.  
friends, trojan and lycian,  
stand by him whom you stood by in life;  
let indignation guide your hands, let wrath fill your hearts –  
or the myrmidons will strip off and plunder  
his armor and ravage his corpse in vengeance  
for the dead danaans heaped on their nimble ships,  
the men we slew with our spears.’