

Odysseus's Order

Too long have I a ruler been
The whip that drives men from despair
Stifling myself to give them air

Their captain, king, what does that mean?
I'm but the caulk that plugs the hull
A makeshift lodestone, stray star-beam

Then bind me to the heedless mast
While honeyed death the sirens sing
As from my mind all will they wring
At last I shall be free, at last!

Reuben Thomas

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