

Polyphemus

Kathy Mar

I sit in a darkness more deep than my cave
And curse the bold hero who gave me my grave
For no one will fear when they see this blind fool
To leave me alive was a torment most cruel

I once was a Giant, but now I'm a craven
My dirge is the song of white sheep and black raven
I curse the brave man who would not stand and fight
But who gave me to death when he put out my sight

He sharpened my stick while I slept unafraid
Then burned it red-hot in the fire I had made
He stabbed it down into my eyelid so deep
He robbed me of sight as he robbed me of sleep

My sheep when to pasture and never returned
The coals are so cold where my bonfire once burned
I hear the birds call as the night gathers near
And folds me in silence as deep as my fear

I sit in the cold and the night of the blind
And curse that foul captain and all man-unkind
I pray he will wander as I never can
And wish for the sight of his own kin and clan

The sheep on the hillsides call lost in the night
They cannot be gathered by one without sight
The ravens are waiting on branches nearby
To pluck at my bones when I lay down and die