

STEPH HORNER

Three Poems

Andromeche

Come Hector lay your head on my warm breast
Let your cold tears fall down and in between
Please, come inside and put your soul in rest
Husband, kiss me deep and become one being

I am in your thoughts and you are in my dreams
Hector I can hear the world chant your name
You are not mine, Priam's son, comely king
Here to many, Zeus's bright flame
Build your pyre, ashes is what I claim
Put off war and bend your kiss to your babe
Slavery's teeth are blunt in death's campaign
Give, please, implements/instruments away

Sheathe your blade. Keep it warm by your thigh's heat
Tears shed for Ares is a worse defeat