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An Old Soldier Reads The Iliad · R. L. Barth

Volume and desk, coffee and cigarette Forgotten, the reader, held in Homer's mind, Looks on both Greeks and Trojans fighting yet And heroes and foot-soldiers, thin and blind,

Forced-marching for the Styx. But suddenly Stunned by the clamor under smoky skies, Boastings and tauntings, he looks up to see— Not the god-harried plain where Hector tries

His destiny, not the room—but a mountain Covered with jungle; on one slope, a chateau With garden, courtyard, a rococo fountain, And, faces down, hands tied, six bodies in a row.



