

Penelope the Queen.

Known far and wide as the long suffering,
The pang of things is in his old dog's story. My role,
the Queen, was taken on faith and relegated in regard.
Except for a dull wit bunch of thugs
Set down on me by a widely vengeful Hera.

I stayed for both the husband and the son.
Yes, I am rocky and craggy and gray,
That war was mad enough, but ten years more
On a whim and a hex?
And him known to be, if not the wisest,
But surely cunning and brave enough withal.

He has the Sirens and Circe and Calypso
He with heaped up surcease against the sad night and day
Of governance. Our son holds the scepter and the isle.

For good or for ill what's done is done.
No more the planting, no more the seed
No more the bright promiscuous futurity
And now comes the long dry afternoon.

Others come and go and get and spend
While I sit with my loom and my shuttle by the gate.
And Ulysses of old now knows me not.
Waiting here on the omens of the Mad God.