WAR CRY OF ACHILLES

*Ozge Ozbay*

Indeed, I have seen the face
the face that launched a thousand ships.
It was the face that we dreamed of
when we were burning our childhood
friends on the pyre. When we lost sleep
over the sound of our comrades crying for help
or death, lying in their own pus and blood.

But hers wasn’t the face we saw
when our wounds needed bandaging.
Hers did not encourage us with kindness
nor calm us. Her face did not draw
the eyes of our fiercest warrior wherever it went.

Beautiful Helen’s face may have started the war,
but it was kind Patroclus’s face that ended the war.

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