

And long as I have him with me, still alive,
 looking into the sunlight, he is racked with anguish.
 I go to his side—nothing I do can help him. Nothing.
 That girl the sons of Achaea picked out for his prize—
 right from his grasp the mighty Agamemnon tore her,
 and grief for her has been gnawing at his heart.
 But then the Trojans pinned the Achaeans tight
 against their sterns, they gave them no way out,
 and the Argive warlords begged my son to help,
 they named in full the troves of glittering gifts
 they'd send his way. But at that point he refused
 to beat disaster off—refused himself, that is—
 but he buckled his own armor round Patroclus,
 sent him into battle with an army at his back.
 And all day long they fought at the Scaean Gates,
 that very day they would have stormed the city too,
 if Apollo had not killed Menoetius' gallant son
 as he laid the Trojans low—Apollo cut him down
 among the champions there and handed Hector glory.
 So now I come, I throw myself at your knees,
 please help me! Give my son—he won't live long—
 a shield and helmet and tooled graves with ankle-straps
 and armor for his chest. All that he had was lost,
 lost when the Trojans killed his steadfast friend.
 Now he lies on the ground—his heart is breaking."

520

And the famous crippled Smith replied, "Courage!
 Anguish for all that armor—sweep it from your mind.
 If only I could hide him away from pain and death,
 that day his grim destiny comes to take Achilles,
 as surely as glorious armor shall be his, armor
 that any man in the world of men will marvel at
 through all the years to come—whoever sees its splendor."

With that he left her there and made for his bellows,
 turning them on the fire, commanding, "Work—to work!"
 And the bellows, all twenty, blew on the crucibles,
 breathing with all degrees of shooting, fiery heat

550

as the god hurried on—a blast for the heavy work,
 a quick breath for the light, all precisely gauged
 to the god of fire's wish and the pace of the work in hand.
 Bronze he flung in the blaze, tough, durable bronze
 and tin and priceless gold and silver, and then,
 planting the huge anvil upon its block, he gripped
 his mighty hammer in one hand, the other gripped his tongs.

And first Hephaestus makes a great and massive shield,
 blazing well-wrought emblems all across its surface,
 raising a rim around it, glittering, triple-ply
 with a silver shield-strap run from edge to edge
 and five layers of metal to build the shield itself,
 and across its vast expanse with all his craft and cunning
 the god creates a world of gorgeous immortal work.

560

There he made the earth and there the sky and the sea
 and the inexhaustible blazing sun and the moon rounding full
 and there the constellations, all that crown the heavens,
 the Pleiades and the Hyades, Orion in all his power too
 and the Great Bear that mankind also calls the Wagon;
 she wheels on her axis always fixed, watching the Hunter,
 and she alone is denied a plunge in the Ocean's baths.

570

And he forged on the shield two noble cities filled
 with mortal men. With weddings and wedding feasts in one
 and under glowing torches they brought forth the brides
 from the women's chambers, marching through the streets
 while choir on choir the wedding song rose high
 and the young men came dancing, whirling round in rings
 and among them flutes and harps kept up their stirring call—
 women rushed to the doors and each stood moved with wonder.
 And the people massed, streaming into the marketplace
 where a quarrel had broken out and two men struggled
 over the blood-price for a kinsman just murdered.
 One declaimed in public, vowing payment in full—
 the other spurned him, he would not take a thing—
 so both men pressed for a judge to cut the knot.

580

The crowd cheered on both, they took both sides,
but heralds held them back as the city elders sat
on polished stone benches, forming the sacred circle,
grasping in hand the staffs of clear-voiced heralds,
and each leapt to his feet to plead the case in turn.
Two bars of solid gold shone on the ground before them,
a prize for the judge who'd speak the straightest verdict.

[302-34]

590

But circling the other city camped a divided army
gleaming in battle-gear, and two plans split their ranks:
to plunder the city or share the riches with its people,
hoards the handsome citadel stored within its depths.
But the people were not surrendering, not at all.
They armed for a raid, hoping to break the siege—
loving wives and innocent children standing guard
on the ramparts, flanked by elders bent with age
as men marched out to war. Ares and Pallas led them,
both burnished gold, gold the attire they donned, and great,
magnificent in their armor—gods for all the world,
looming up in their brilliance, towering over troops.
And once they reached the perfect spot for attack,
a watering place where all the herds collected,
there they crouched, wrapped in glowing bronze.
Detached from the ranks, two scouts took up their posts,
the eyes of the army waiting to spot a convoy,
the enemy's flocks and crook-horned cattle coming . . .
Come they did, quickly, two shepherds behind them,
playing their hearts out on their pipes—treachery
never crossed their minds. But the soldiers saw them,
rushed them, cut off at a stroke the herds of oxen
and sleek sheep—flocks glistening silver-gray
and killed the herdsmen too. Now the besiegers,
soon as they heard the uproar burst from the cattle
as they debated, huddled in council, mounted at once
behind their racing teams, rode hard to the rescue,
arrived at once, and lining up for assault
both armies battled it out along the river banks—
they raked each other with huriling bronze-tipped spears.

600

610

620

[535-64]

BOOK 18: THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

485

And strife and Havoc plunged in the fight, and violent Death—
now seizing a man alive with fresh wounds, now one unhurt,
now hauling a dead man through the slaughter by the heels,
the cloak on her back stained red with human blood.
So they clashed and fought like living, breathing men
grappling each other's corpses, dragging off the dead.

And he forged a fallow field, broad rich plowland
tilled for the third time, and across it crews of plowmen
wheeled their teams, driving them up and back and soon
as they'd reach the end-strip, moving into the turn,
a man would run up quickly
and hand them a cup of honeyed, mellow wine
as the crews would turn back down along the furrows,
pressing again to reach the end of the deep fallow field
and the earth churned black behind them, like earth churning,
solid gold as it was—that was the wonder of Hephaestus' work.

630

And he forged a king's estate where harvesters labored,
reaping the ripe grain, swinging their whetted scythes.
Some stalks fell in line with the reapers, row on row,
and others the sheaf-binders girded round with ropes,
three binders standing over the sheaves, behind them
boys gathering up the cut swaths, filling their arms,
supplying grain to the binders, endless bundles.
And there in the midst the king,
scepter in hand at the head of the reaping-rows,
stood tall in silence, rejoicing in his heart.
And off to the side, beneath a spreading oak,
the heralds were setting out the harvest feast,
they were dressing a great ox they had slaughtered,
while attendant women poured out barley, generous,
glistening handfuls strewn for the reapers' midday meal.

650

And he forged a thriving vineyard loaded with clusters,
bunches of lustrous grapes in gold, ripening deep purple
and climbing vines shot up on silver vine-poles,
And round it he cut a ditch in dark blue enamel

and round the ditch he staked a fence in tin.
 And one lone footpath led toward the vineyard
 and down it the pickers ran
 whenever they went to strip the grapes at vintage—
 girls and boys, their hearts leaping in innocence,
 bearing away the sweet ripe fruit in wicker baskets.
 And there among them a young boy plucked his lyre,
 so clear it could break the heart with longing,
 and what he sang was a dirge for the dying year,
 lovely . . . his fine voice rising and falling low
 as the rest followed, all together, frisking, singing,
 shouting, their dancing footsteps beating out the time.

[564-57]

660

And he forged on the shield a herd of longhorn cattle,
 working the bulls in beaten gold and tin, lowing loud
 and rumbling out of the farmyard dung to pasture
 along a rippling stream, along the swaying reeds.
 And the golden drovers kept the herd in line,
 four in all, with nine dogs at their heels,
 their paws flickering quickly—a savage roar!—
 a crashing attack—and a pair of ramping lions
 had seized a bull from the cattle's front ranks—
 he bellowed out as they dragged him off in agony.
 Packs of dogs and the young herdsmen rushed to help
 but the lions ripping open the hide of the huge bull
 were gulping down the guts and the black pooling blood
 while the herdsmen yelled the fast pack on—no use.
 The hounds shrank from sinking teeth in the lions,
 they balked, hunching close, barking, cringing away.

680

And the famous crippled Smith forged a meadow
 deep in a shaded glen for shimmering flocks to graze,
 with shepherds' steadings, well-roofed huts and sheepfolds.
 And the crippled Smith brought all his art to bear
 on a dancing circle, broad as the circle Daedalus
 once laid out on Cnossos' spacious fields
 for Ariadne the girl with lustrous hair.

690

[593-617]

BOOK 18: THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES 487

Here young boys and girls, beauties courted
 with costly gifts of oxen, danced and danced,
 linking their arms, gripping each other's wrists.
 And the girls wore robes of linen light and flowing,
 the boys wore finespun tunics rubbed with a gloss of oil,
 the girls were crowned with a bloom of fresh garlands,
 the boys swung golden daggers hung on silver belts.
 And now they would run in rings on their skilled feet,
 nimbly, quick as a crouching potter spins his wheel,
 palming it smoothly, giving it practice twirls
 to see it run, and now they would run in rows,
 in rows crisscrossing rows—rapturous dancing.
 A breathless crowd stood round them struck with joy
 and through them a pair of tumblers dashed and sprang,
 whirling in leaping handsprings, leading on the dance.

700

And he forged the Ocean River's mighty power grinding
 round the outmost rim of the welded indestructible shield.

And once the god had made that great and massive shield
 he made Achilles a breastplate brighter than gleaming fire,
 he made him a sturdy helmet to fit the fighter's temples,
 beautiful, burnished work, and raised its golden crest
 and made him greaves of flexing, pliant tin.

710

Now,
 when the famous crippled Smith had finished off
 that grand array of armor, lifting it in his arms
 he laid it all at the feet of Achilles' mother Thetis—
 and down she flashed like a hawk from snowy Mount Olympus
 bearing the brilliant gear, the god of fire's gift.