

David Long
Mr. Merritt/ Ms. Devnew
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Cyclops

We travel a long way,
Hungry and afraid.
Odysseus wants to stay,
On this island that we lay.

Smell of sweat, sheep, and cheese,
Doesn't really meet our please.
But the lord Odysseus
Is neither scared nor afraid of the beast to come.

Foot prints the size of cars,
Caves the size of houses.
But one does not fear for,
He is Odysseus the so called god.

A cave they enter all alone,
Cheese and a bed lay still on the ground.
They eat and drink and serve themselves,
Then they turn and look like they've seen a ghost.

Polyphemus was his name,
But ghost, oh no he was far worse.
He stood above them thirty feet tall,
Angry and hungry, a shock to them all.

As Odysseus stood with no fear, nor afraid,
He simply asks, would you like some homemade lemonade?
The angry man drinks up, and falls down
Into a long sleep soon to be interrupt.

A spear through the eye is his wake up call,
Angry and scared but he could not see at all.
He was like a fish out of water,
A broken ship at sea, and he lets Odysseus free.

Odysseus taunts, but still gets away,
But soon finds out, hells on the way.

