

15. **Cyclopes** (SY kloh peeZ) *n.* plural form of Cyclops (SY klops), race of giants with one eye in the middle of the forehead.

16. **prodigious** (proh DIH] uhs) *adj.* enormous.

The Cyclops

In the next land we found were Cyclopes,¹⁵
110 giants, louts, without a law to bless them.
In ignorance leaving the fruitage of the earth in mystery
to the immortal gods, they neither plow
nor sow by hand, nor till the ground, though grain—
wild wheat and barley—grows untended, and
115 wine-grapes, in clusters, ripen in heaven's rains.
Cyclopes have no muster and no meeting,
no consultation or old tribal ways,
but each one dwells in his own mountain cave
dealing out rough justice to wife and child,
120 indifferent to what the others do. . . .

As we rowed on, and nearer to the mainland,
at one end of the bay, we saw a cavern
yawning above the water, screened with laurel,
and many rams and goats about the place
125 inside a sheepfold—made from slabs of stone
earthfast between tall trunks of pine and rugged
towering oak trees.

A prodigious¹⁶ man
slept in this cave alone, and took his flocks
to graze afield—remote from all companions,
130 knowing none but savage ways, a brute
so huge, he seemed no man at all of those

who eat good wheaten bread; but he seemed rather
 a shaggy mountain reared in solitude.
 We beached there, and I told the crew
 135 to stand by and keep watch over the ship:
 as for myself I took my twelve best fighters
 and went ahead. I had a goatskin full
 of that sweet liquor that Euanthes' son,
 Maron, had given me. He kept Apollo's¹⁷
 140 holy grove at Ismarus; for kindness
 we showed him there, and showed his wife and child,
 he gave me seven shining golden talents¹⁸
 perfectly formed, a solid silver winebowl,
 and then this liquor—twelve two-handled jars
 45 of brandy, pure and fiery. Not a slave
 in Maron's household knew this drink; only
 he, his wife, and the storeroom mistress knew;
 and they would put one cupful—ruby-colored,
 honey-smooth—in twenty more of water,
 but still the sweet scent hovered like a fume
 over the winebowl. No man turned away
 when cups of this came round.

A wineskin full

I brought along, and victuals¹⁹ in a bag,
 for in my bones I knew some towering brute
 155 would be upon us soon—all outward power,
 a wild man, ignorant of civility.

We climbed, then, briskly to the cave. But Cyclops
 had gone afield, to pasture his fat sheep,
 so we looked round at everything inside:
 160 a drying rack that sagged with cheeses, pens
 crowded with lambs and kids,²⁰ each in its class:
 firstlings apart from middlings, and the 'dewdrops,'
 or newborn lambkins, penned apart from both.
 And vessels full of whey²¹ were brimming there—
 165 bowls of earthenware and pails for milking.
 My men came pressing round me, pleading:

'Why not

take these cheeses, get them stowed, come back,
 throw open all the pens, and make a run for it?
 We'll drive the kids and lambs aboard. We say
 170 put out again on good salt water!'

Ah,

how sound that was! Yet I refused. I wished
 to see the cave man, what he had to offer—

NOTES

17. **Apollo** (uh POL oh) god of music, poetry, prophecy, and medicine.

18. **talents** units of money in ancient Greece.

19. **victuals** (viht uhlz) *n.* food or other provisions.

20. **kids** young goats.

21. **whey** (hway) *n.* thin, watery part of milk separated from the thicker curds.

NOTES

22. **boughs** (bowz) *n.* tree branches.

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In lines 178–180, mark the verb Odysseus uses to tell how he and his men moved away from Cyclops.

QUESTION: What kind of creature does that verb evoke?

CONCLUDE: What comparison does it suggest between Cyclops and Odysseus and his men?

23. **withy** (WIHTH ee) *adj.* made from tough, flexible twigs.

24. **Agamemnon** (ag uh MEHM non) king who led the Greek army during the Trojan War.

avenge (uh VEHNJ) *v.* to get revenge

no pretty sight, it turned out, for my friends.

We lit a fire, burnt an offering,

175 and took some cheese to eat; then sat in silence
around the embers, waiting. When he came
he had a load of dry boughs²² on his shoulder
to stoke his fire at suppertime. He dumped it
with a great crash into that hollow cave,

180 and we all scattered fast to the far wall.

Then over the broad cavern floor he ushered
the ewes he meant to milk. He left his rams
and he-goats in the yard outside, and swung
high overhead a slab of solid rock

185 to close the cave. Two dozen four-wheeled wagons,
with heaving wagon teams, could not have stirred
the tonnage of that rock from where he wedged it
over the doorsill. Next he took his seat
and milked his bleating ewes. A practiced job
190 he made of it, giving each ewe her suckling;
thickened his milk, then, into curds and whey,
sieved out the curds to drip in withy²³ baskets,
and poured the whey to stand in bowls
cooling until he drank it for his supper.

195 When all these chores were done, he poked the fire,
heaping on brushwood. In the glare he saw us.

‘Strangers,’ he said, ‘who are you? And where from?
What brings you here by seaways—a fair traffic?
Or are you wandering rogues, who cast your lives
200 like dice, and ravage other folk by sea?’

We felt a pressure on our hearts, in dread
of that deep rumble and that mighty man.

But all the same I spoke up in reply:

‘We are from Troy, Achaeans, blown off course

205 by shifting gales on the Great South Sea;
homeward bound, but taking routes and ways
uncommon: so the will of Zeus would have it.

We served under Agamemnon,²⁴ son of Atreus—
the whole world knows what city

210 he laid waste, what armies he destroyed.

It was our luck to come here; here we stand,
beholden for your help, or any gifts

you give—as custom is to honor strangers.

We would entreat you, great Sir, have a care

215 for the gods’ courtesy; Zeus will **avenge**
the unoffending guest.’

dispatched (dihs PACHT) *v.* finished something quickly

27. **brace** *n.* pair.

28. **cap a quiver** (KWIHV uhr) close a case holding arrows.

29. **din** *n.* loud, continuous noise; uproar.

30. **Athena** (uh THEE nuh) goddess of wisdom, skills, and warfare.

31. **felled green and left to season** chopped down and exposed to the weather to age the wood.

32. **lugger** *n.* small sailing vessel.

Neither reply nor pity came from him,
but in one stride he clutched at my companions
and caught two in his hands like squirming puppies
235 to beat their brain out, spattering the floor.
Then he dismembered them and made his meal,
gaping and crunching like a mountain lion—
everything: innards, flesh, and marrow bones.
We cried aloud, lifting our hands to Zeus,
240 powerless, looking on at this, appalled;
but Cyclops went on filling up his belly
with manflesh and great gulps of whey,
then lay down like a mast among his sheep.
My heart beat high now at the chance of action,
245 and drawing the sharp sword from my hip I went
along his flank to stab him where the midriff
holds the liver. I had touched the spot
when sudden fear stayed me: if I killed him
we perished there as well, for we could never
250 move his ponderous doorway slab aside.
So we were left to groan and wait for morning.

When the young Dawn with fingertips of rose
lit up the world, the Cyclops built a fire
and milked his handsome ewes, all in due order,
255 putting the sucklings to the mothers. Then,
his chores being all **dispatched**, he caught
another brace²⁷ of men to make his breakfast,
and whisked away his great door slab
to let his sheep go through—but he, behind,
260 reset the stone as one would cap a quiver.²⁸
There was a din²⁹ of whistling as the Cyclops
rounded his flock to higher ground, then stillness.
And now I pondered how to hurt him worst,
if but Athena³⁰ granted what I prayed for.
265 Here are the means I thought would serve my turn:

a club, or staff, lay there along the fold—
an olive tree, felled green and left to season³¹
for Cyclops' hand. And it was like a mast
a lugger³² of twenty oars, broad in the beam—
270 a deep-sea-going craft—might carry:
so long, so big around, it seemed. Now I
chopped out a six foot section of this pole
and set it down before my men, who scraped it;
and when they had it smooth, I hewed again
275 to make a stake with pointed end. I held this
in the fire's heart and turned it, toughening it,

then hid it, well back in the cavern, under
one of the dung piles in profusion there.

280 Now came the time to toss for it: who ventured
along with me? whose hand could bear to thrust
and grind that spike in Cyclops' eye, when mild
sleep had mastered him? As luck would have it,
the men I would have chosen won the toss—
four strong men, and I made five as captain.

285 At evening came the shepherd with his flock,
his woolly flock. The rams as well, this time,
entered the cave: by some sheepherding whim—
or a god's bidding—none were left outside.
He hefted his great boulder into place
290 and sat him down to milk the bleating ewes
in proper order, put the lambs to suck,
and swiftly ran through all his evening chores.
Then he caught two more men and feasted on them.
My moment was at hand, and I went forward
295 holding an ivy bowl of my dark drink,
looking up, saying:

'Cyclops, try some wine.
Here's liquor to wash down your scraps of men.
Taste it, and see the kind of drink we carried
under our planks. I meant it for an offering
300 if you would help us home. But you are mad,
unbearable, a bloody monster! After this,
will any other traveler come to see you?'

He seized and drained the bowl, and it went down
so fiery and smooth he called for more:

305 'Give me another, thank you kindly. Tell me,
how are you called? I'll make a gift will please you.
Even Cyclopes know the wine grapes grow
out of grassland and loam in heaven's rain,
but here's a bit of nectar and ambrosia!³³

310 Three bowls I brought him, and he poured them down.
I saw the fuddle and flush come over him,
then I sang out in cordial tones:

'Cyclops,
you ask my honorable name? Remember
the gift you promised me, and I shall tell you.
315 My name is Nohbdy: mother, father, and friends,
everyone calls me Nohbdy.'

NOTES

ventured (VEHN chuhrd) *v.* tried something dangerous

33. nectar (NEHK tuhr) and **ambrosia** (am BROH zhuh) drink and food of the gods.

And he said:

'Nohbdy's my meat, then, after I eat his friends.
Others come first. There's a noble gift, now.'

Even as he spoke, he reeled and tumbled backward,
320 his great head lolling to one side; and sleep
took him like any creature. Drunk, hiccuping,
he dribbled streams of liquor and bits of men.

Now, by the gods, I drove my big hand spike
deep in the embers, charring it again,
325 and cheered my men along with battle talk
to keep their courage up: no quitting now.
The pike of olive, green though it had been,
reddened and glowed as if about to catch.
I drew it from the coals and my four fellows
330 gave me a hand, lugging it near the Cyclops
as more than natural force nerved them; straight
forward they sprinted, lifted it, and rammed it
deep in his crater eye, and leaned on it
turning it as a shipwright turns a drill
335 in planking, having men below to swing
the two-handled strap that spins it in the groove.
So with our brand we bored³⁴ that great eye socket
while blood ran out around the red-hot bar.
Eyelid and lash were seared; the pierced ball
340 hissed broiling, and the roots popped.

34. **bored** *v.* made a hole in.

In a smithy

one sees a white-hot axehead or an adze
plunged and wrung in a cold tub, screeching steam—
the way they make soft iron hale and hard—
just so that eyeball hissed around the spike.
345 The Cyclops bellowed and the rock roared round him,
and we fell back in fear. Clawing his face
he tugged the bloody spike out of his eye,
threw it away, and his wild hands went groping:
then he set up a howl for Cyclopes
350 who lived in caves on windy peaks nearby.
Some heard him; and they came by divers³⁵ ways
to clump around outside and call:

35. **divers** *adj.* several; various.

'What ails you,

Polyphemus?³⁶ Why do you cry so sore
in the starry night? You will not let us sleep.
355 Sure no man's driving off your flock? No man
has tricked you, ruined you?'

36. **Polyphemus** (pol ih FEE muhs)

Out of the cave
the mammoth Polyphemus roared in answer:

'Nohbdy, Nohbdy's tricked me, Nohbdy's ruined me!'

To this rough shout they made a sage³⁷ reply:

360 'Ah well, if nobody has played you foul
there in your lonely bed, we are no use in pain
given by great Zeus. Let it be your father,
Poseidon Lord, to whom you pray.'

So saying
they trailed away. And I was filled with laughter
365 to see how like a charm the name deceived them.
Now Cyclops, wheezing as the pain came on him,
fumbled to wrench away the great doorstone
and squatted in the breach with arms thrown wide
for any silly beast or man who bolted—
370 hoping somehow I might be such a fool.
But I kept thinking how to win the game:
death sat there huge; how could we slip away?
I drew on all my wits, and ran through tactics,
reasoning as a man will for dear life,
375 until a trick came—and it pleased me well.
The Cyclops' rams were handsome, fat, with heavy
fleeces, a dark violet.

Three abreast
I tied them silently together, twining
cords of willow from the ogre's bed;
380 then slung a man under each middle one
to ride there safely, shielded left and right.

So three sheep could convey each man. I took
the woolliest ram, the choicest of the flock,
and hung myself under his kinky belly,
385 pulled up tight, with fingers twisted deep
in sheepskin ringlets for an iron grip.
So, breathing hard, we waited until morning.

When Dawn spread out her fingertips of rose
the rams began to stir, moving for pasture,
390 and peals of bleating echoed round the pens
where dams with udders full called for a milking.
Blinded, and sick with pain from his head wound,
the master stroked each ram, then let it pass,
but my men riding on the pectoral³⁸ fleece
395 the giant's blind hands blundering never found.

NOTES

37. **sage** *adj.* wise.

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: Mark the verbs Odysseus uses to describe the actions of Cyclops in the sentence beginning on line 366.

QUESTION: What do these verbs suggest about Cyclops' condition?

CONCLUDE: What does this reveal about Cyclops' pain, anger, and remaining strength?

tactics (TAK tihks) *n.* military procedures

38. **pectoral** (PEHK tuh ruhl) *adj.*
located in or on the chest.

Last of them all my ram, the leader, came,
weighted by wool and me with my meditations.
The Cyclops patted him, and then he said:

'Sweet cousin ram, why lag behind the rest
400 in the night cave? You never linger so,
but graze before them all, and go afar
to crop sweet grass, and take your stately way
leading along the streams, until at evening
you run to be the first one in the fold.
405 Why, now, so far behind? Can you be grieving
over your Master's eye? That carrion rogue³⁹
and his accurst companions burnt it out
when he had conquered all my wits with wine.
Nohbdy will not get out alive, I swear.
410 Oh, had you brain and voice to tell
where he may be now, dodging all my fury!
Bashed by this hand and bashed on this rock wall
his brains would strew the floor, and I should have
rest from the outrage Nohbdy worked upon me.'

415 He sent us into the open, then. Close by,
I dropped and rolled clear of the ram's belly,
going this way and that to untie the men.
With many glances back, we rounded up
his fat, stiff-legged sheep to take aboard,
420 and drove them down to where the good ship lay.

We saw, as we came near, our fellows' faces
shining; then we saw them turn to grief
tallying those who had not fled from death.
I hushed them, jerking head and eyebrows up,
425 and in a low voice told them: 'Load this herd:
move fast, and put the ship's head toward the breakers.'
They all pitched in at loading, then embarked
and struck their oars into the sea. Far out,
as far off shore as shouted words would carry,
430 I sent a few back to the adversary:
'O Cyclops! Would you feast on my companions?
Puny, am I, in a cave man's hands?
How do you like the beating that we gave you,
you damned cannibal? Eater of guests
435 under your roof! Zeus and the gods have paid you!'

The blind thing in his doubled fury broke
a hilltop in his hands and heaved it after us.
Ahead of our black prow it struck and sank
whelmed in a spuming geyser, a giant wave

NOTES

39. **carrion** (KAR ee uhn) **rogue**
(rohg) repulsive scoundrel.

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: Mark the punctuation in lines 448–454.

QUESTION: What does this punctuation indicate?

CONCLUDE: What does the poet accomplish by letting the reader hear the crew's own voices for the first time?

40. **weird** *n.* fate or destiny.

41. **Telemus** (teh1 EH muhs)

42. **Eurymus** (yoo RIHM uhs)

43. **god of earthquake** Poseidon.

440 that washed the ship stern foremost back to shore.
I got the longest boathook out and stood
fending us off, with furious nods to all
to put their backs into a racing stroke—
row, row, or perish. So the long oars bent
445 kicking the foam sternward, making head
until we drew away, and twice as far.
Now when I cupped my hands I heard the crew
in low voices protesting:

'Godsake, Captain!

Why bait the beast again? Let him alone!

450 'That tidal wave he made on the first throw
all but beached us.'

'All but stove us in!

'Give him our bearing with your trumpeting,
he'll get the range and lob a boulder.'

'Aye

He'll smash our timbers and our heads together!

455 I would not heed them in my glorying spirit,
but let my anger flare and yelled:

'Cyclops,

if ever mortal man inquire
how you were put to shame and blinded, tell him
Odysseus, raider of cities, took your eye:

460 Laertes' son, whose home's on Ithaca!

At this he gave a mighty sob and rumbled:

'Now comes the weird⁴⁰ upon me, spoken of old.

A wizard, grand and wondrous, lived here—Telemus,⁴¹

a son of Eurymus;⁴² great length of days

465 he had in wizardry among the Cyclopes,
and these things he foretold for time to come:
my great eye lost, and at Odysseus' hands.

Always I had in mind some giant, armed
in giant force, would come against me here.

470 But this, but you—small, pitiful, and twiggy—
you put me down with wine, you blinded me.

Come back, Odysseus, and I'll treat you well,
praying the god of earthquake⁴³ to befriend you—
his son I am, for he by his avowal

475 fathered me, and, if he will, he may
heal me of this black wound—he and no other
of all the happy gods or mortal men.'

Few words I shouted in reply to him:

480 'If I could take your life I would and take
your time away, and hurl you down to hell!
The god of earthquake could not heal you there!'

At this he stretched his hands out in his darkness
toward the sky of stars, and prayed Poseidon:

485 'O hear me, lord, blue girdler of the islands,
if I am thine indeed, and thou art father:
grant that Odysseus, raider of cities, never
see his home: Laertes' son, I mean,
who kept his hall on Ithaca. Should destiny
intend that he shall see his roof again
490 among his family in his father land,
far be that day, and dark the years between.

Let him lose all companions, and return
under strange sail to bitter days at home.'
In these words he prayed, and the god heard him.
495 Now he laid hands upon a bigger stone
and wheeled around, titanic for the cast,
to let it fly in the black-prowed vessel's track.
But it fell short, just aft the steering oar,
and whelming seas rose giant above the stone
500 to bear us onward toward the island.

There

as we ran in we saw the squadron waiting,
The trim ships drawn up side by side, and all
our troubled friends who waited, looking seaward.
We beached her, grinding keel in the soft sand,
505 and waded in, ourselves, on the sandy beach.
Then we unloaded all the Cyclops' flock
to make division, share and share alike,
only my fighters voted that my ram,
the prize of all, should go to me. I slew him
510 by the seaside and burnt his long thighbones
to Zeus beyond the storm cloud, Cronus⁴⁴ son,
who rules the world. But Zeus disdained my offering;
destruction for my ships he had in store
and death for those who sailed them, my companions.
515 Now all day long until the sun went down
we made our feast on mutton and sweet wine,
till after sunset in the gathering dark
we went to sleep above the wash of ripples.

NOTES

44. **Cronus** (KROH nuhs) Titan who was ruler of the universe until he was overthrown by his son Zeus.

NOTES

45. **offing** *n.* distant part of the sea visible from the shore.

46. **Aeolia** (ee OH lee uh) . . .
Aeolus (EE uh luhs)

47. **Laestrygonians** (lehs trih GOH
nee uhnz)

48. **singing nymph** . . . **hair** Circe

520 When the young Dawn with fingertips of rose
touched the world, I roused the men, gave orders
to man the ships, cast off the mooring lines;
and filing in to sit beside the rowlocks
oarsmen in line dipped oars in the gray sea.
So we moved out, sad in the vast offing,⁴⁵
525 having our precious lives, but not our friends.