

Thermopylae

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Look to the fields,
Broken and damaged.
Ruins of an empire,
Shattered are the shields.

Politicians rise,
To debate, to counsel.
Deliberate in their minds,
A façade of wise.

The men of the king,
The expendables.
The whims of Paris,
How could they sing?

Slavery at hand,
Distress in the air.
Lurking in the shadows,
A strike to land.

Then the king came,
Voice of the common.
The sword of the prayer,
And put Agamemnon in shame.

Thus, the day is remembered by all,
How the three hundred,
Faced the glorious fall.

Remember Me

Listen, Oh! Seeker of glory,
To the song,
That praised the Gods,
And those who fought long.

When Achilles, Son of Peleus,
Bravely fought,
And doomed the mighty Ilium,
The wrath that he brought.

Sing of Hector!
The harbinger of light.
Rode through the Achaeans,
With terror and might.

Seeker, know how they clashed!
The whole Aegean shook,
The Olympians lifted their thrones,
The excitement they took.

Don't be a fool to think,
The demigod took pride,
When he slew the Trojan Prince,
And widowed his bride.

For he knew,
End is near.
He bade farewell to Hector,
With molting tear.

Remember their names, Seeker!
Even the Gods envy them.
Their indomitable honor,
Put others to shame.

Listen to their song,
Their immortality.
Their voices echoing,
Saying 'Remember Me'.

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