

# Spirit of Bosnia / Duh Bosne

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## The Odyssey

Now, at last, I thrust our stake in a bed of embers  
to get it red-hot and rallied all my comrades:  
'Courage—no panic, no one hang back now!'  
And green as it was, just as the olive stake  
was about to catch fire—the glow terrific, yes—  
I dragged it from the flames, my men clustering round  
as some god breathed enormous courage through us all.  
Hoisting high that olive stake with its stabbing point,  
straight into the monster's eye they rammed it hard—  
I drove my weight on it from above and bored it home  
as a shipwright bores his beam with a shipwright's drill  
that men below, whipping the strap back and forth, whirl  
and the drill keeps twisting faster, never stopping—  
So we seized our stake with its fiery tip  
and bored it round and round in the giant's eye  
till blood came boiling up around that smoking shaft  
and the hot blast singed his brow and eyelids round the core

Translated by Robert Fagles

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