

# Three Poems

Phillip Parotti

## Nestor's Return to Pylos

Home from Ilium,  
how, Thrasymedes,  
do we arrange our rhythm  
to the heartbeat of the lark,  
to the swaying of the corn?

Only Antilochus,  
his bones at one,  
can see beyond the sun.

## Meges' Return to Dulichium

Are those the slopes

that fed our kine?

Dense war upon Troy's Plain

made dim these eyes.

Now, through tears,

I only see dead years

of long forgetting.

## Idomeneus' Return to Crete

Hand me, Meriones,

a long ash spear.

No matter that bronze

has lost its edge;

no matter my point

has shed its gleam.

Climbing toward

Gortyn of the Great Walls,

a firm shaft

may strengthen weak knees.

Following graduation from the U.S. Naval Academy and four years of service at sea aboard destroyers, **Phillip Parotti** spent a long career teaching English Literature at Sam Houston State University. Now retired to his hometown of Silver City, NM, he looks forward to Casemate's forthcoming publication of his seventh war novel, *Riders Upon the Storm*.