

## TROY, CITY OF SORROW

### I

This is the outlander:  
Clap-jawed whipsong in the fatted light,  
The barren clatter of teeth sown in the barren earth.  
This is the outlander's voice:  
Headbone smoking in the sweated night.

This is the outlander shrilling his song:  
Whoreson of the jackstraw earth,  
Pie-faced sorrow of this aged land,  
This bloody land reeling in the pike-strewn night.  
This is the outlander upright among dead men.

### II

Where were the people?  
Who gathered at the sea's edge, eyeless in the eyeless night?  
Who sang at the sea's edge timbered in the death-drawn light?

The women gathered at the sea's dark edge.  
There was no sound. No sound at all.

### III

This is what I remember:

The heart flayed footing the horn-dried skin,  
Shadows weaned and bled by fire—

And reason crammed in the madding bed,  
Rage by rage in rage consumed. The savaging  
Of mother's flesh insatiate in the bolted night:

The hunter's dream, cracked bed of rue.

### IV

Ours was once a larkswept land:  
Ours the angled stones gleaming in the lightstruck waters;  
Our sons rose long and golden-limbed,  
Glistening lords of the gold-rimmed earth.

This is my dream for these clappered nights:

These nights of no music, no sleep.

V

Speak to your children; our tongues are stilled.

“Lost shall be the name on the land,  
all gone, perished. Troy, city of sorrow,  
is there no longer.”

The outlanders came,  
Spears shining in the hooded night,  
While we slept.

In the city,  
The outlanders spilled our seed;  
The rocks cried out  
And our sons went slipping down into darkness.

Now,

We sing our sorrow:  
The shining water, the bloodied earth—

The outlanders watching in the flickering light.