

Agamemnon Enters the Lion Gate

(Italian sonnet)

Ten long years of war—a terrible wait
for woman dreamed of ... painted halls of stone ...,
of cumin, coriander ... raiment sewn
with sequins ... safety of the citadel, the state.
Cassandra follows, mumbles words of fate
and fury. He belly-laughs, and lets her drone
her mad-woman speech in ghastly monotone.
Agamemnon enters the Lion Gate,

descends from the wagon. Smiling, he shouts, then swaggers
into the royal palace. His queen is styled
in purple silks and bronze ... a bitter scheme.
She takes his golden inlaid-dragon daggers,
scrubs him in the bath—a naked child—
then rolls him, wraps him ... cuts him like a dream.

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