

Book 23: The Trunk of the Olive Tree

Greathearted Odysseus, home at last,
Was being bathed now by Eurynome
And rubbed with golden oil, and clothed again
In a fresh tunic and a cloak. Athena
5 lent him beauty, head to foot. She made him
Taller, and massive, too, with crisping hair
In curls like petals of wild hyacinth
But all red-golden. Think of gold infused
On silver by a craftsman, whose fine art
10 Hephaestus taught him, or Athena: one
Whose work moves to delight: just so she lavished
Beauty over Odysseus' head and shoulders.
He sat then in the same chair by the pillar,
Facing his silent wife, and said:

“Strange woman,
15 The immortals of Olympus made you hard,
Harder than any. Who else in the world
Would keep aloof as you do from your husband
If he returned to her from years of trouble,
Cast on his own land in the twentieth year?
20 Nurse, make up a bed for me to sleep on.
Her heart is iron in her breast.”

Penelope spoke to Odysseus now. She said”
“Strange man,
If man you are...This is no pride on my part
Nor scorn for you--not even wonder, merely.
25 I know you so well how you--he is--appeared
Boarding the ship for Troy. But all the same...
Make up his bed for him, Eurycleia.
Place it outside the bedchamber my lord
Built with his own hands. Pile the big bed
30 With fleeces, rugs, and sheets of purest linen.”

With this she tried him to the breaking point,
And he turned on her in a flash raging:

“Woman, by heaven you've stung me now!
Who dared to move my bed?

35 No builder had the skill for that--unless
A god came down to turn the trick. No mortal
In his best days could budge it with a crowbar.
There is our pact and pledge, our secret sign,
Built into that bed--my handiwork
40 And no one else's!

An old trunk of olive
Grew like a pillar on the building plot,
And I laid out our bedroom round that tree,
Lined up the stone walls, built the walls and roof,
Gave it a doorway and smooth-fitting doors.
45 Then I lopped off the silvery leaves and branches,
Hewed and shaped that stump from the roots up
Into a bedpost, drilled it, let it serve
As model for the rest. I planed them all,
Inlaid them all with silver, gold and ivory,
50 And stretched a bed between--a pliant web
Of oxhide thongs dyed crimson.

There's our sign!
I know no more. Could someone else's hand
Have sawn that trunk and dragged the frame away?"

Their secret! As she heard it told, her knees
55 Grew tremulous and weak, her heart failed her.
With eyes brimming tears she ran into him,
Throwing her arms around his neck, and kissed him,
Murmuring:

"Do not rage at me, Odysseus!
No one ever matched your caution! Think
60 What difficulty that gods gave: they denied us
Life together in our prime and flowering years,
Kept us from crossing into age together.
Forgive me, don't be angry. I could not
Welcome you with a love on sight! I armed myself
65 Long ago against the frauds of men,
Impostors who might come--and all those many
Whose underhanded ways bring evil on!
Helen of Argos, daughter of Zeus and Leda,
Would she have joined the stranger, Iain with him,
70 If she had known her destiny? Known Achaeans

In arms would bring her back to her own country?
Surely a goddess moved her to adultery,
Her blood unchilled by war and evil coming.
The years, the desolation; ours, too.
75 But here and now, what sign could be so clear
As this of our own bed?
No other man has ever laid eyes on it--
Only my own slave, Actoris, that my father
Sent me as a gift--she kept our door.
80 You make my stiff heart know that I am yours."

Now from his breast into his eyes the ache
Of longing mounted, and he wept at last,
His dear wife, clear and faithful, in his arms
Longed for
As the sunwarmed earth is longed for by a swimmer
85 Spent in rough water where his ship went down
Under Poseidon's blows, gale winds and tons of sea.
Few men can keep alive through a big surf
In joy, in joy, knowing the abyss behind:
90 And so she too rejoiced, her gaze upon her husband,
Her white arms round him pressed as though forever...

*Odysseus and Penelope tell each about all that happened to them while Odysseus was away.
Then Odysseus visits her father, Laertes, to give him the good news of his safe return.
Meanwhile, the townspeople, angry about the deaths of the young suitors, gather to fight
Odysseus. In the end, Athena steps in and makes peace among them all.*