The Suitors

Still disguised as a beggar, Odysseus enters his home. He is confronted by the haughty suitor Antinous.

But here Antinous broke in, shouting:

"God! Get over,
stand in the passage! Nudge my table, will you?
Egyptian whips are sweet
to what you'll come to here, you nosey rat,
making your pitch to everyone!
These men have bread to throw away on you because it is not theirs. Who cares? Who spares another's food, when he has more than plenty?"

With guile Odysseus drew away, then said:

"A pity that you have more looks than heart.
You'd grudge a pinch of salt from your own larder to your own handyman. You sit here, fat on others' meat, and cannot bring yourself to rummage out a crust of bread for me!"

Then anger made Antinous' heart beat hard, and, glowering under his brows, he answered:

"Now!
You think you'll shuffle off and get away after that impudence? Oh, no you don't!"

The stool he let fly hit the man's right shoulder on the packed muscle under the shoulder blade—like solid rock, for all the effect one saw. Odysseus only shook his head, containing thoughts of bloody work, as he walked on, then sat, and dropped his loaded bag again upon the door sill. Facing the whole crowd he said, and eyed them all:

"One word only,
my lords, and suitors of the famous queen.
One thing I have to say.
There is no pain, no burden for the heart when blows come to a man, and he defending his own cattle—his own cows and lambs."
Here it was otherwise. Antinous
hit me for being driven on by hunger—
how many bitter seas men cross for hunger!
If beggars interest the gods, if there are Furies
pent in the dark to avenge a poor man’s wrong, then may
Antinous meet his death before his wedding day!”
The then said Euphides’ son, Antinous:

“Enough.

Eat and be quiet where you are, or shamble elsewhere,
unless you want these lads to stop your mouth
pulling you by the heels, or hands and feet,
over the whole floor, till your back is peeled!”

But now the rest were mortified, and someone
spoke from the crowd of young bucks to rebuke him:

“A poor show, that—hitting this famished tramp—
bad business, if he happened to be a god.
You know they go in foreign guise, the gods do,
looking like strangers, turning up
in towns and settlements to keep an eye
on manners, good or bad.”

But at this notion

Antinous only shrugged.

Telemachus,
after the blow his father bore, sat still
without a tear, though his heart felt the blow.
Slowly he shook his head from side to side,
containing murderous thoughts.

Penelope

on the higher level of her room had heard
the blow, and knew who gave it. Now she murmured:

“Would god you could be hit yourself, Antinous—
hit by Apollo’s bowshot!”

And Eurynome

her housekeeper, put in:

“He and no other?

If all we pray for came to pass, not one
would live till dawn!”

Her gentle mistress said:

“Oh, Nan, they are a bad lot; they intend
ruin for all of us; but Antinous
appears a blacker-hearted hound than any.

Here is a poor man come, a wanderer,
driven by want to beg his bread, and everyone
in hall gave bits, to cram his bag—only
Antinous threw a stool, and banged his shoulder!”

So she described it, sitting in her chamber
among her maids—while her true lord was eating.
Then she called in the forester and said:

“Go to that man on my behalf, Eumaeus,
and send him here, so I can greet and question him.
Abroad in the great world, he may have heard
rumors about Odysseus—may have known him!”