

Achilles from *The Iliad*, by Homer

I, Achilles, killed many great warriors;
I defeated countless opponents on the battlefield.
The most-skilled of my enemies proved to be Hector.
The Trojans respected him greatly,
Although I show little mourning for him.
After my death, I had a revelation.
I wondered if it were right to have dragged Hector's body around Troy,
to dishonor and mar it.
He suffered greatly as his body was defaced and defiled
Before being honored and buried.
And you, Elpenor, begged Odysseus to give you a proper funeral,
Not just so you could rest,
But so the gods would not be angry with Odysseus and his men.
I still have yet to reach a conclusion.
The detriments pile high before me while the advantages remain barren.
I, clearly, did not have respect for him, but now, humbled by the Underworld, I see more
like Tiresias.
Not light and the area around me, but truth and wisdom.
While I was alive arrogance shackled me from reaching enlightenment.
I dragged him around the city in triumph,
Not knowing how horrible it is to be dead.
On top of that, Hector was delayed a proper burial.
I was mourned and praised like a god.
Hector was a great fighter, built for cutting down enemies.
The ground is where filthy beasts rot;
Hector's face was bloodied on this vile, disgusting ground.
I made an everlasting enemy of him;
We are both cooped up in this cold, dark underworld for eternity.
And for eternity I will be haunted by this enigma.