

## Penelope

She must have been quite young  
When she married the king  
The shrewd and covetous Odysseus  
It was all arranged  
She bore him a son  
Then he set sail for Troy  
Ten years of fighting followed  
And another ten of wandering  
There were women on his way  
But no one left alive  
To talk of it  
So he returned  
Establishing his claim  
To everything he wanted  
By this time  
Penelope had had enough  
Taking Telemachus by the hand,  
She walked out the door