

Odyssey Sonnet

by [Ava M. Pardue](#) in the [July 2025](#) issue

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Telemachus-like, we are waiting still
For justice in the house of the oppressed.
And how long will our Father wait to come,
To end so many years of loneliness?
These suitors lining up to steal your bride
Eat up the glory of your royal line.
They take pride in how fierce their vices are,
Corrupting every feast of bread and wine.
They plotted, too, to kill your only son
And even then your face did not appear;
Odysseus, where are you this dark night
While your own bride must cry so many tears?

But rosy-fingered Dawn will break the frost.
The Father will restore what has been lost.