

Hugh Jones
Figurative Passage

I dragged it from the flames, my men clustering round
as some god breathed enormous courage through us all.
Hoisting high that olive stake with its stabbing point,
Straight into the monster's eye they rammed it hard—
I drove my weight on it from above and bored it home
As a shipwright bored his beam with a shipwright's drill
That men below, whipping the strap back and forth, whirl
And the drill keeps twisting faster, never stopping—
So we seized our staker with its fiery tip
And bored it round and round in the giant's eye
Till blood came boiling up around that smoking shaft
And the hot blast singed his brow and eyelids round the core
And the broiling eyeball burst—