Patroclus in the Armour of Achilles

We rise early, night winds
still buffeting outside,
shadows jittery beneath the lamps.

He weighs spears, choosing light and new,
the shield beside him shining like fire,
the helmet's white plumes,

he is a second self truly,

while I, longing to speak,
undo the straps again,
reverse it all,
only repeat some vain instruction,

a man lost in a blizzard,
the path long since obscured,
too cold even to call out.

Dawn breaks, ashen, thin,
the crashing waves hidden behind in mists.
The restless clink of harness,
then the horses' frost breath wraps him from sight.