

Now Gilgamesh was alone. The boatman's voice
Could still be heard, but faintly, from the shore.
Don't let the waters touch your hand.
Take a second pole, a third, a fourth
When each is rotted by the sea of death.

When he had used each pole but one
He pulled his clothes off his body
And with this last remaining pole
He made a mast, his clothes as a sail
And drifted on the sea of death.

Herbert Mason, *Gilgamesh*



Dino Cavallari, Illustration for Mason's *Gilgamesh*