"Don't just hand Achilles the glory and throw your life away. Show some pity for me before I got out of my mind with grief and Zeus finally destroys me in my old age, after I have seen all the horrors of war — my sons butchered, my daughters dragged off, raped, bedchambers plundered, infants dashed to the ground in this terrible war, my sons' wives abused by murderous Greeks. And one day some Greek soldier will stick me with cold bronze and draw my life from my limbs, and the dogs that I fed at my table, my watchdogs, will drag me outside and eat my flesh raw, crouched in my doorway, lapping my blood. When a young man is killed in war, even though his body is slashed with bronze, he lies there beautiful in death, noble. But when the dogs maraud an old man's head, griming his white hair and beard and private parts, there's no human fate more pitiable." And the old man pulled the white hair from his head, but did not persuade Hector.
"Now what? If I take cover inside, Polydamas will be the first to reproach me. He begged me to lead the Trojans back to the city on that black night when Achilles rose. But I wouldn't listen, and now I've destroyed half the army through my recklessness. I can't face the Trojan men and women now, can't bear to hear some lesser man say, 'Hector trusted his strength and lost the army.' That's what they'll say. I'll be much better off facing Achilles, either killing him or dying honorably before the city.

"But what if I lay down all my weapons, bossed shield, heavy helmet, prop my spear against the wall, and go meet Achilles, promise him we'll surrender Helen and everything Paris brought back with her in the ships' holds to Troy — that was the beginning of this war — give all of it back to the sons of Atreus and divide everything else in the town with the Greeks, and swear a great oath not to hold anything back, but share it all equally, all the treasure in Troy's citadel?

"But why am I talking to myself like this? I can't go out there unarmed. Achilles will cut me down in cold blood if I take off and go out to meet him naked like a woman. This is not time for talking, the way a boy and girl whisper to each other from oak tree or rock, a boy and a girl with all their sweet talk. Better to lock up in mortal combat as soon as possible and see whom God on Olympus grants the victory."
Iliad 22.158-65; 213-16; 223f.; 336-39

Just like a falcon in a long, smooth dive attacks a fluttering dove far below in the hills: the falcon screams, swoops, and plunges in its lust for prey.

Just as a hunting hound starts a fawn in the hills, follows it through brakes and hollows, and if it hides in a thicket, circles, picks up the trail, and renews the chase.

Running in a dream, you can't catch up, you can't catch up and you can't get away.

A high-flying eagle dives through ebony clouds down to the sun-scutched plain to claw a lamb or a quivering hare.

Iliad 22.253-64

...the goddess [Athena] made her way to Hector, the spitting image of Deîphobus. And her voice sounded like his as she said: "Achilles is pushing you hard, brother, in this long footrace around Priam's town. Why don't we stand here and give him a fight?" Hector's helmet flashed as he turned and said: "Deîphobus, you've always been my favorite brother, and again you've shown me why, having the courage to come out for me, leaving the safety of the wall, while all Priam's other sons are cowering inside."
"First we should swear a solemn oath. With all the gods as witness, I swear: If Zeus gives me the victory over you, I will not dishonor your corpse, only strip the armor and give the body back to the Greeks. Promise you'll do the same."

And Achilles, fixing his eyes on him: "Don't try to cut any deals with me, Hector. Do lions make peace treaties with men? Do wolves and lambs agree to get along? No, they hate each other to the core, and that's how it is between you and me, no talk of agreements until one of us falls and gluts Ares with his blood."

Angry that his throw was wasted, Hector fumbled about for a moment, reaching for another spear. He shouted to Deïphobus, but Deïphobus was nowhere in sight. It was then that Hector knew in his heart what had happened, and said to himself: "I hear the gods calling me to my death. I thought I had a good man here with me, Deiphobus, but he's still on the wall. Athena tricked me. Death is closing in and there's no escape. Zeus and Apollo must have chosen this long ago, even though they used to be on my side. My fate is here, but I will not perish without some great deed that future generations will remember."
"So you thought you could get away with it, didn't you, Hector? Killing Patroclus and ripping off his armor, my armor, thinking I was too far away to matter. You fool. His avenger was far greater—and far closer—than you could imagine, biding his time back in our beachhead camp. And now I have laid you out in the ground. Dogs and birds are going to draw out your guts while the Greeks give Patroclus burial...

And Hector, barely able to shake the words out: "I beg you, Achilles, by your own soul and by your parents, do not allow the dogs to mutilate my body by the Greek ships. Accept the gold and bronze ransom my father and mother will give you and send my body back home to be burned in honor by the Trojans and their wives."

And Achilles, fixing him with a stare: Don't whine to me about my parents, you dog! I wish my stomach would let me cut off your flesh and eat it raw for what you've done to me."

Watching this from the wall, Hector's mother tore off her shining veil and screamed, and his old father groaned pitifully, and all through town the people were convulsed with lamentation, as if Troy itself, the whole towering city, were in flames.
Black night swept over her eyes  
She reeled backward, gasping, and her veil  
and glittering headbands flew off,  
and the diadem golden Aphrodite  
gave her on that day when tall-helmed Hector  
led her from her father's house in marriage.  
And now her womenfolk were around her,  
Hector's sister and his brothers' wives,  
holding her as she raved madly for death,  
until she caught her breath and her distraught  
spirit returned to her breast. She moaned then  
and, surrounded by Trojan women, spoke:

"...Better never to have been born.  
And now you are going to Hades' dark world,  
underground, leaving me in sorrow,  
a widow in the halls, with an infant,  
the son you and I bore but cannot bless.  
You can't help him now you are dead, Hector,  
and he can never help you. Even if  
he lives through this unbearable war,  
there's nothing left for him but life in pain  
and deprivation, all his property  
lost to others. An orphan has no friends.  
He hangs his head, his cheeks are wet with tears,  
his cheeks are wet with tears,  
and he has to beg from his dead father's friends,  
tugging on one man's cloak, another's tunic,  
and if they pity him he gets to sip  
from someone's cup, just enough to moisten  
his lips but not enough to quench his thirst.  
Or a child with both parents still alive  
will push him away from a feast, taunting him,  
'Go away, your father doesn't eat with us.'  
And the boy will go to his widowed mother  
in tears, Astyanax, who used to sit  
in his father's lap and eat nothing but  
mutton and marrow. When he got sleepy  
and tired of playing, he would take a nap  
in a soft bed nestled in his nurse's arms  
his dreaming head filled with blossoming joy.  
But now he'll suffer, now he's lost his father...  
Now you lie by the curved prows of the ships,  
far from your parents. The dogs will glut  
on your naked body, and shiny maggots  
will eat what's left."