

Into the pit; the blood was flowing like black clouds,  
and from the depths of Erebus gathered the souls of the definitely dead.

*Odyssey, chant 11 verses 36, 37*

To embrace the soul of my definitely dead mother. Three times  
I hurled myself; all my heart longed for that. But three times  
from my hands like a shadow or like a dream, her soul flew away;  
and in my heart more sharp the distress became.

*Odyssey, chant 11, verses 205-8*

To die, a longing holds me, and to see the shores of Acheron  
full of lotuses and dew.

*Sappho, fragment 95*

As soon as he ceased speaking the death end covered him.  
The soul flew away from the limbs and went to Hades,  
weeping fro its destiny, having abandoned force and youth.

*Illiad, chant 16, verses 855-57*