Kalypso, the Nymph (Book 5)

No words were lost on Hermès the Wayfinder, who bent to tie his beautiful sandals on, ambrosial, golden, that carry him over water or over endless land in a swish of the wind, and took the wand with which he charms asleep—or when he wills, awake—the eyes of men. So wand in hand he paced into the air, shot from Pieria down, down to sea level, and veered to skim the swell. A gull patrolling between the wave crests of the desolate sea will dip to catch a fish, and douse his wings; no higher above the whitecaps Hermès flew until the distant island lay ahead, then rising shoreward from the violet ocean he stepped up to the cave. Divine Kalypso, the mistress of the isle, was now at home. Upon her hearthstone a great fire blazing scented the farthest shores with cedar smoke and smoke of thyme, and singing high and low in her sweet voice, before her loom a-weaving, she passed her golden shuttle to and fro. A deep wood grew outside, with summer leaves of alder and black poplar, pungent cypress. Ornate birds here rested their stretched wings—horned owls, falcons, cormorants—long-tongued beachcombing birds, and followers of the sea. Around the smoothwalled cave a crooking vine held purple clusters under ply of green; and four springs, bubbling up near one another shallow and clear, took channels here and there through beds of violets and tender parsley. Even a god who found this place would gaze, and feel his heart beat with delight: so Hermès did; but when he had gazed his fill he entered the wide cave. Now face to face the magical Kalypso recognized him, as all immortal gods know one another on sight—though seeming strangers, far from home. but he saw nothing of the great Odysseus, who sat apart, as a thousand times before, and racked his own heart groaning, with eyes wet scanning the bare horizon of the sea. [...] 

Hermes tells Kalypso that she must give up Odysseus forever. It is at this point that we finally meet Odysseus.

The strong god glittering left her as he spoke, and now her ladyship, having given heed to Zeus’s mandate, went to find Odysseus in his stone seat to seaward—tear on tear
brimming his eyes. The sweet days of his life time were running out in anguish over his exile, for long ago the nymph had ceased to please. Though he fought shy of her and her desire, he lay with her each night, for she compelled him. But when day came he sat on the rocky shore and broke his own heart groaning, with eyes wet scanning the bare horizon of the sea. Now she stood near him in her beauty, saying: “O forlorn man, be still. Here you need grieve no more; you need not feel your life consumed here; I have pondered it, and I shall help you go. [...]”

Kalypso promises Odysseus a raft and provisions to help him. It’s time for Odysseus and Kalypso to say goodbye.

Swiftly she turned and led him to her cave, and they went in, the mortal and immortal. He took the chair left empty now by Hermês, where the divine Kalypso placed before him victuals and drink of men; then she sat down facing Odysseus, while her serving maids brought nectar and ambrosia to her side. Then each one’s hands went out on each one’s feast until they had had their pleasure; and she said:

“Son of Laërtês, versatile Odysseus, after these years with me, you still desire your old home? Even so, I wish you well. If you could see it all, before you go—all the adversity you face at sea—you would stay here, and guard this house, and be immortal—though you wanted her forever, that bride for whom you pine each day. Can I be less desirable than she is? Less interesting? Less beautiful? Can mortals compare with goddesses in grace and form?”

To this the strategist Odysseus answered:

“My lady goddess, here is no cause for anger. My quiet Penélopê—how well I know—would seem a shade before your majesty, death and old age being unknown to you, while she must die. Yet, it is true, each day I long for home, long for the sight of home.”