For we alone of all the twelve were not acclaimed
As beautiful, and none the less the well reveals
My shoulder and your brow are pure as ivory.
No longer can we join the shepherds in the field
And with the ploughmen walk the furrows' length no more,
We who have learned to ply the handicraft of gods!
Give me your wreath, and I shall fling it far away
With mine. Along the empty path let us escape
And lose the trail in thickets dark with destiny.

THE END OF THE VICTOR

When he had defeated the dragons in poisonous marshes,
And giants who threatened the highways, when he, whom the people
Revered, had resisted the locks of the women he captured,
He battled on nebulous peaks with the wing-bearing serpent
Whose challenge and mockery struck his companions with terror.
They warned him in vain, and the fight was so long that his powers
Forsook him. The monster escaped, its perilous pinion
Inflicted a blow, and the wound would never heal over.
The light in his eyes flickered out, no venture could rouse him.
He clung to the narrow retreat of his home where he suffered
His anguish alone, and kept himself carefully hidden
From carrying mothers, who daydream of beautiful children,
From heroes-to-be whom the gods lend their favour and friendship.
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