TO APOLLONIA

Trust in your fate, though it be grim, Apollonia, today.
Needed distress whitened your face, but it shows you will soon
Vanquish your pain, supple and strong. Then no longer shall flame
Leap, nor the storm topple your house, then no more shall we let
Hand rest in hand, cheek against cheek, lightly foot upon foot.
Goddess and world, wedded to Tros, like a brother to me,
Tros you restored once when he grieved over Pirra too much,
May I be far when you again straighten, flower, and shine:
Jewels your eyes, cherries your lips, yellow harvest your hair.
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