

2.

Come here to me from Crete to this temple's chaste
chamber, beside the bent gracious sacred boughs of
your apple grove, altars burning sweet resin,
 smoke of frankincense:

cold water's music flows through apple-branches,
roses—red, cabbage, wild—cast their shadows dark
on the ground, and the quivering leaves shake down
 sleep deep as coma:

green meadow grass by horses grazed, spring flowers
go countless as they grow, and the galling gale
gently blows [
 [

there now you . . . take with your hand, Cypris,
these golden cups gracefully, mix the nectar
not with water, mix the sweet nectar into
 us, our happiness.

4.

desiremind [passionsoul

gather all

I dare,

my

flame by other flame lit

face

your light touch

11.

Some say cavalry, some spears on foot in formation,
some say ships are what on the dark earth
appears most beautiful; but I say beauty
is whatever you

love. Wholly simple to make all understand
this wisdom: she who far outshone all others
in beauty, Helen, left her noblest-of-
all-men husband, and

sailed to Troy, no memory whole in her mind,
not of her children, not of dear parents, no—
love misled her

. . . lightly

now Anactoria returns to my mind—
that you are not here.

But I would rather see her lovely walk, would
rather see the bright spark lamp that is her face
than Lydian chariots or the long shields
foot-soldiers hold in lines.

18.

labor

a face closely watched
stays hidden

the human voice
if not, winter
numb pain

I command you, sing

Abanthis to Gongyla, take knowingly in hand...
make peace, while between you and you desire flies,
a bird in circles,

to beauty—the drape of her dress
made you stumble when you saw it, and I rejoice—
for the pure born Cyprian herself once blamed
even my prayer

to win her...

this shape...

I want...

24.

...and once you were a child
...come and sing these things
...praise, and
...give us love's fine favors—

for we're walking to a wedding, fine indeed...
and this you know, but unless quickly...
you shoo the virgins away, the gods...

...the gods have [the gods are holding

...the shining path to Olympus
...for men doesn't exist

53.

Being dead in that place, where there is no memory of you,
where no one's longing follows after you, for you have no
share in Pierian roses,
but flung from us, dumb in Hades home-school, on infinite
repeat, taking your lessons among the dimly-seen dead.

65.

Aphrodite

sweet-voiced

throwing

holding

I sit

you leap

sea-foam

71.

before...

toward when...

you could wish

so little

to be borne

what [who

my sweet

of the you had known yourself

and I've forgotten

you

or someone could speak

also I...

I'll love as long as breath is in me

will weigh thought down

a friend I said becomes strong

troubles

sharp-edged

this you were...

you...

but I will love...

what

is better

than arrows

74.

I honestly wish I'd died—
she left me behind, weeping

much, and said this to me:
“What fears we've suffered,
Sappho, I leave you against my will.”

I answered her:
“Go in joy, and remember me,
know that we loved you.

If not, then you I want
to remind...
...what beauty we bore.

Many wreathes of violets,
of roses threaded with crocus,
you made with me and wore,

and many garlands, coiled
around tender necks,
you made, of woven flowers,

and doused in sweet perfume
costly...

as would coat a queen,

and spread out on soft beds

so tender...

you satisfied your desire,

there was none, not one

shrine

from which we were missing,

no sacred grove, no dance,

not even a sound..."