

To Apollon

Come my Dear One and bring thy
silver lyre. Thy muses are all
awaiting thee. Let go now your
golden bow our hearts tire of
war and woe. Let us to beauty
now attend. Sing to us of the sun
and moon – Of gentle rains and
scented pines – Of roses and of
dahlias too. Remind us of poetry
and the blessed winds. Show
for us Poseidon's power, where
thy dolphins frolic in joy! Grant
that we may look and see, that
bird favored by thy Sire and from
him learn also to soar free. Bring
to us epiphanies of mind, spirit
and flesh. Oh, most Beloved!
Bring to our eyes enjoyment
and restraint. Keep us under
thy eye and yet let us run free.
Ever in thy love – ever in thy
heart – gracious Apollon let us
be who we are. And in thy
regard let us flourish!

S. A. Victory