



## *Sappho*



### *Poems*

'Glittering-Minded, deathless Aphrodite'

Glittering-Minded, deathless Aphrodite,  
I beg you, Zeus's daughter, weaver of snares,  
Don't shatter my heart with fierce  
Pain, goddess,

But come now, if ever before  
You heard my voice, far off, and listened,  
And left your father's golden house,  
And came,

Yoking your chariot. Lovely the swift  
Sparrows that brought you over black earth  
A whirring of wings through mid-air  
Down the sky.

They came. And you, sacred one,  
Smiling with deathless face, asking  
What now, while I suffer: why now  
I cry out to you, again:

What now I desire above all in my  
Mad heart. 'Whom now, shall I persuade  
To admit you again to her love,  
Sappho, who wrongs you now?

If she runs now she'll follow later,  
If she refuses gifts she'll give them.  
If she loves not, now, she'll soon  
Love against her will?

Come to me now, then, free me  
From aching care, and win me  
All my heart longs to win. You,  
Be my friend.

'Be here, by me'

Be here, by me,  
Lady Hera, I pray  
Who answered the Atreides,  
Glorious kings.

They gained great things  
There, and at sea,  
And came towards Lesbos,  
Their home path barred

Till they called to you, to Zeus  
Of suppliants, to Dionysus, Thyone's  
Lovely child: be kind now,  
Help me, as you helped them...

'Come to me here from Crete'

Come to me here from Crete,

To this holy temple, where  
Your lovely apple grove stands,  
And your altars that flicker  
With incense.

And below the apple branches, cold  
Clear water sounds, everything shadowed  
By roses, and sleep that falls from  
Bright shaking leaves.

And a pasture for horses blossoms  
With the flowers of spring, and breezes  
Are flowing here like honey:  
*Come to me here,*

Here, Cyprian, delicately taking  
Nectar in golden cups  
Mixed with a festive joy,  
And pour.

'The stars around the beautiful moon'

The stars around the beautiful moon  
Hiding their glittering forms  
Whenever she shines full on earth....  
Silver....

'He is dying, Cytherea, your tender Adonis,'

He is dying, Cytherea, your tender Adonis,  
What should we do?  
Beat your breasts, girls, tear your tunics...

'Some say horsemen, some say warriors'

Some say horsemen, some say warriors,  
Some say a fleet of ships is the loveliest  
Vision in this dark world, but I say it's  
What you love.

It's easy to make this clear to everyone,  
Since Helen, she who outshone  
All others in beauty, left  
A fine husband,

And headed for Troy  
Without a thought for  
Her daughter, her dear parents...  
Led astray....

And I recall Anaktoria, whose sweet step  
Or that flicker of light on her face,  
I'd rather see than Lydian chariots  
Or the armed ranks of the hoplites.

'Stand up and look at me, face to face'

Stand up and look at me, face to face  
My friend,  
Unloose the beauty of your eyes....

'Love shook my heart'

Love shook my heart,  
Like the wind on the mountain  
Troubling the oak-trees.

'But you, O Dika, wreath lovely garlands in your hair,'

But you, O Dika, wreath lovely garlands in your hair,  
Weave shoots of dill together, with slender hands,  
For the Graces prefer those who are wearing flowers,  
And turn away from those who go uncrowned.

'He's equal with the Gods, that man'

He's equal with the Gods, that man  
Who sits across from you,  
Face to face, close enough, to sip  
Your voice's sweetness,

And what excites my mind,  
Your laughter, glittering. So,  
When I see you, for a moment,  
My voice goes,

My tongue freezes. Fire,  
Delicate fire, in the flesh.  
Blind, stunned, the sound  
Of thunder, in my ears.

Shivering with sweat, cold  
Tremors over the skin,  
I turn the color of dead grass,  
And I'm an inch from dying.

*Fragments on Love*

I

....You burn me....

II

Remembering those things  
We did in our youth...

...Many, beautiful things...

III

...Again and again...because those  
I care for best, do me  
Most harm...

IV

You came, and I was mad for you  
And you cooled my mind that burned with longing...

V

Once long ago I loved you, Atthis,  
A little graceless child you seemed to me

VI

Nightingale, herald of spring  
With a voice of longing...

VII

Eros, again now, the loosener of limbs troubles me,  
Bittersweet, sly, uncontrollable creature...

VII

.....but you have forgotten me...

VIII

You and my servant Eros....

IX

Like the sweet-apple reddening high on the branch,  
High on the highest, the apple-pickers forgot,  
Or not forgotten, but one they couldn't reach...

X

Neither for me the honey  
Nor the honeybee...

XI

Come from heaven, wrapped in a purple cloak...

XII

Of all the stars, the loveliest...

XIII

I spoke to you, Aphrodite, in a dream...

XIV

Yet I am not one who takes joy in wounding,  
Mine is a quiet mind...

XV

Like the mountain hyacinth, the purple flower  
That shepherds trample to the ground...

XVI

Dear mother, I cannot work the loom  
Filled, by Aphrodite, with love for a slender boy...

*Fragments on the Muses*

I

And when you are gone there will be no memory  
Of you and no regret. For you do not share  
The Pierian roses, but unseen in the house of Hades  
You will stray, breathed out, among the ghostly dead.

II

The Muses have filled my life  
With delight.  
And when I die I shall not be forgotten.

III

And I say to you someone will remember us  
In time to come....

IV

Here now the delicate Graces  
And the Muses with beautiful hair...

V

It's not right, lament in the Muses' house...  
....that for us is not fitting....

IO

VI

Here now, again, Muses, leaving the golden...

VII

Surpassing, like the singer of Lesbos, those elsewhere...

'I have a daughter, golden'

I have a daughter, golden,  
Beautiful, like a flower —  
Kleis, my love —  
And I would not exchange her for  
All the riches of Lydia.....

'Hesperus, you bring back again'

Hesperus, you bring back again  
What the dawn light scatters,  
Bringing the sheep: bringing the kid:  
Bringing the little child back to its mother.

II

'Girls, you be ardent for the fragrant-blossomed'

Girls, you be ardent for the fragrant-blossomed  
Muses' lovely gifts, for the clear melodious lyre:

But now old age has seized my tender body,  
Now my hair is white, and no longer dark.

My heart's heavy, my legs won't support me,  
That once were fleet as fawns, in the dance.

I grieve often for my state; what can I do?  
Being human, there's no way not to grow old.

Rosy-armed Dawn, they say, love-smitten,  
Once carried Tithonus off to the world's end:

Handsome and young he was then, yet at last  
Grey age caught that spouse of an immortal wife.

'The Moon is down'

The Moon is down,  
The Pleiades. Midnight,  
The hours flow on,  
I lie, alone.

—Trans. A. S. Kline

*Two Other Fragments*

Maidenhood, my maidenhood, where have you gone  
leaving me behind?  
Never again will I come to you, never again

Once again Love, that loosener of limbs,  
bittersweet and inescapable, crawling thing,  
seizes me.

—Trans. Daniel Mendelsohn

*Newly Discovered Poems*

“The Brothers Poem”

Oh, not again – ‘Charaxus has arrived!  
His ship was full!’ Well, that’s for Zeus  
And all the other gods to know.  
Don’t think of that,

But tell me, ‘go and pour out many prayers  
To Hera, and beseech the queen  
That he should bring his ship back home  
Safely to port,

And find us sound and healthy.’ For the rest,  
Let’s simply leave it to the gods:  
Great stormy blasts go by and soon  
Give way to calm.

Sometimes a helper comes, if that’s  
The way Zeus wills, and guides a person round  
To safety: and then blessedness and wealth  
Become one’s lot.

And us? If Larichus would raise his head,  
If only he might one day be a man,  
The deep and dreary draggings of our soul  
We’d lift to joy.

—Trans. Christopher Pelling

“The Brothers Poem” (version 2)

But you always chatter that Charaxus is coming,  
His ship laden with cargo. That much, I reckon, only Zeus  
Knows, and all the gods; but you, you should not  
Think these thoughts,

Just send me along, and command me  
To offer many prayers to Queen Hera  
That Charaxus should arrive here, with  
His ship intact,

And find us safe. For the rest,  
Let us turn it all over to higher powers;  
For periods of calm quickly follow after  
Great squalls.

They whose fortune the king of Olympus wishes  
Now to turn from trouble  
to [ ... ] are blessed  
and lucky beyond compare.

As for us, if Larichus should [ ... ] his head  
And at some point become a man,  
Then from full many a despair  
Would we be swiftly freed.

—Trans. Tim Whitmarsh



“Kypris Poem”

How would one not often hurt,  
Queenly Aphrodite, whomever one loves  
And wishes most to call back?  
Check this longing,

Since you’ve exhorted me to cleave—in vain—  
Desire... releasing... a child  
...[pierced through...  
...[youthful...

Fragment 58, “The Old Age Poem”

[I bring] the beautiful gifts of the violet Muses, girls,  
and [I love] that song lover, the sweet-toned lyre.

My skin was [delicate] before, but now old age  
[claims it]; my hair turned from black [to white].

My spirit has grown heavy; knees buckle  
that once could dance light as fawns.

I often groan, but what can I do?  
Impossible for humans not to age.

For they say that rosy-armed Dawn in love  
went to the ends of the earth holding Tithonos,

beautiful and young, but in time gray old age  
seized even him with an immortal wife.

Yet I love the finer things . . . this and passion  
for the light of life have granted me brilliance and beauty.

—Trans. Diane Rayor

