

]  
 ]  
 ]  
 ]  
 ]running away  
 ]bitten  
 ]  
 ]  
 ]you  
 ]makes a way with the mouth  
 ]beautiful gifts children  
 ]songdelighting clear sounding lyre  
 ]all my skin old age already  
 hair turned white after black  
 ]knees do not carry  
 ]like fawns  
 ]but what could I do?  
 ]not possible to become  
 ]Dawn with arms of roses  
 ]bringing to the ends of the earth  
 ]yet seized  
 ]wife  
 ]imagines  
 ]might bestow  
 But I love delicacy                      and this to me—  
 the brilliance and beauty of the sun—desire has allotted.