
Peleus

from Catullus LXIV after H.D.'s "Helen"

RHETT FORMAN

Pines, thrash the waves!
The wind cleaving the sails raves!
I hear the august spirits:
nymphs submerged
in the white surge.

Sea, whirl your pines!
The white welter entwines,
recalling that time the sea
when it first rocked and breathed,
enshrouded the grey-eyed goddess,
Athene.

White foams, arise!
God's daughters, born of love!
Fly with the fleece, fly,
young strength of the Argives!
I love the Nereides,
unforgotten of the seas:
bare-breasted foam enfolded in the firwood.

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