**Horses in Flowers**

Come out of Crete

And find me here,

Come to your grove,

Mellow apple trees

And holy altar

Where the sweet smoke

Of libanum is in

Your praise.

Where Leaf melody

In the apples

Is a crystal crash,

And the water is cold.

All roses and shadow,

This place, and sleep

Like dusk sifts down

From trembling leaves.

Here horses stand

In flowers and graze.

The wind is glad

And sweet in its moving.

Here, Kypris [ ]

Pour nectar in the golden cups

And mix it deftly with

Our dancing and mortal wine.

*Sappho, c. 612 B.C.*

*Transl. from Greek by Guy Davenport*