**To a Swallow**

Relish honey. If you please

Regale yourself on Attic bees.

But spare, O airy chatterer;

Spare the chattering grasshopper!

Winging, spare his gilded wings,

Chatterer, his chatterings.

Summer’s child, do not molest

Him the summer’s humblest guest.

Snatch not for your hungry young

One who like yourself has sung –

For it is neither just nor fit

That poets should each other eat.

*Euenos, c. A.D. 50*

*Trans. from Greek by John Peale Bishop*