# **MARPESSA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649224135

Marpessa by Stephen Phillips

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## **STEPHEN PHILLIPS**

## **MARPESSA**



"MARPESSA"



"Roaming with morning thoughts amid the dew"



## MARPESSA

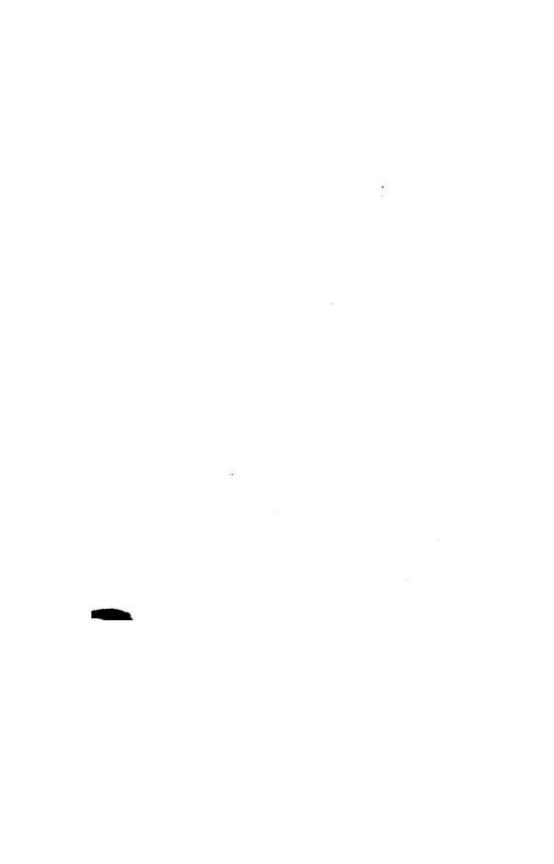
By STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP CONNARD

JOHN LANE LONDON AND NEW YORK MCMI

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### "MARPESSA"

Marpessa, being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas a mortal, chose Idas.

Wounded with beauty in the summer night
Young Idas tossed upon his couch, and cried
"Marpessa, O Marpessa!" From the dark
The floating smell of flowers invisible,
The mystic yearning of the garden wet,
The moonless-passing night—into his brain



#### "MARPESSA"

Wandered, until he rose and outward leaned In the dim summer: 'twas the moment deep When we are conscious of the secret dawn, Amid the darkness that we feel is green. To Idas had Marpessa been revealed, Roaming with morning thoughts amid the dew, All fresh from sleeping; and upon her cheek The bloom of pure repose; like perfect fruit Even at the moment was her beauty ripe. The god Apollo from the heaven of heavens Her mortal sweetness through the air allured; And on this very noon she shall decide