

MARPESSA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649224135

Marpessa by Stephen Phillips

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

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
MCM I

ILLUSTRATIONS

Roaming with morning thoughts amid the dew	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Young Idas tossed upon his couch	<small>PAGE</small> 9
The fierce ingratitude of children loved . .	15
More tender tasks; to steal upon the sea .	21
And he shall give me passionate children .	39
He looking downward, and she gazing up .	43
Tailpiece	47





“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