

SPEARMAN

Konstantinos Lardas

As he were Zeus
 Casting a fiery bolt
 From white Olympus,
 Dark lover of the sea
 Poised on the rocky shore
 Let fly his slender spear.

And by that ruse
 Of ocean's sucking of the spear,
 We from the heights were drawn,
 Down to the shore, to him.

So to seduce our
 Innocence, our guilt,
 Severed, the distant poise;
 Giving nor word, nor sign,
 But the retrieving of the spear
 Which yielded up a furtive

Octopus—
 No greater than the heinous head
 Of that dark lover of the sea,
 Whose sinewy arms

Began to loose
 All hardness from the scaly tentacles:
 This, by his mighty arms' sacrificially
 Swift dashing of the monster to the rocks.
 Black stones wetted by the frothy foam
 Live in remembrance of that piercing.

By that insatiable, odious deed
 Reduced the flesh to pliant tenderness.

Away, and fix our gaze on upright spear
 Implanted in the sand.

Spearman, Zeus Ominous,
 We are before you on the strand.
 The piercing, the amazed watch,
 The slaughter and our guilt must end.
 Dark lover, what is it from the sea,
 What is it you retrieve, you punish?

A scaly absolution, blackened Zeus?
 Spearman, we suppliants beg watch.
 White foaming evil on the sand prostrates us,
 And wills the gleaming rocks burn bright.

LANDSCAPE

Michael Collie

He saw only landscape. He did not see terrain
 as unworked, as unthought of, as painter's work,
 the man who hacks, and sweats, for whom the strain
 of solitary survey is his only need.
 To know them first, and then to supersede
 handling of axe, of boat, measurement of space,
 of depth, to supersede all trivial work
 with intimate knowledge—this is such grace
 as might confound a man, might task belief,
 since every amateur sees landscape then,
 and since, for both, whether they search or not,
 by chance their neighbour be no specimen
 merely of growth, that old Cézanne not mere relief
 for tired sight, that heron gliding no mere antidote.