

THE BEATEN PATH

Ἵνυξ, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Theocritus: Idyl II.

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Dido with the driven hair
And with the salt sea spray
Upon those undesired lips,
And eyes that follow fading ships,—
It is no use to wander there
Along the shore
All day,
Or hope to see him any more;—
The way
He went is the old way!

Calypso, let the wanderer go
And weave your web and sing your song;
You knew you could not hold him long,
Though lost and shipwrecked on those shores,
And how can curses keep him yours
When kisses could not make him so?
There is no help from winds that blow,
No seas so strange or so unkind
That they can make him stay behind;—
The way he came he doesn't know,
But there's one way they all can find!

Fond Simaetha, turning, turning
The bird upon your wheel and burning
Laurel leaves and barley grain,—
It will not draw him back again.
The moon above the lemon tree
Will watch with you, but watch in vain,
Nor are the dead of Hecate
Gone more utterly than he,—
Fled along a pathway fleet
Worn smooth by many feet. . . .

They make a long procession, sweeping
 Relentlessly
 Through all the past,—
 These hearts that were not meant for keeping
 And failed too fast;
 And ships with windy sails at sea
 And flowery lanes in Sicily
 Alike led lovers down the track
 That knows no turning back.

AVE ATQUE VALE

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM A. DRAKE

Through lands remote, o'er many oceans sped,
 Brother, to this sad parting am I come,
 That I might bear my last gifts to the dead,
 And vainly speak unto thine ashes dumb.

Since fate, O hapless brother! hath denied
 That we, as one, in love and life might dwell,
 Untroubled by the tears I cannot hide,
 Receive these gifts which ancient rites compel
 That I should leave, in parting, at thy side:
 Then, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

—*Catullus, Carmen, ci.*