

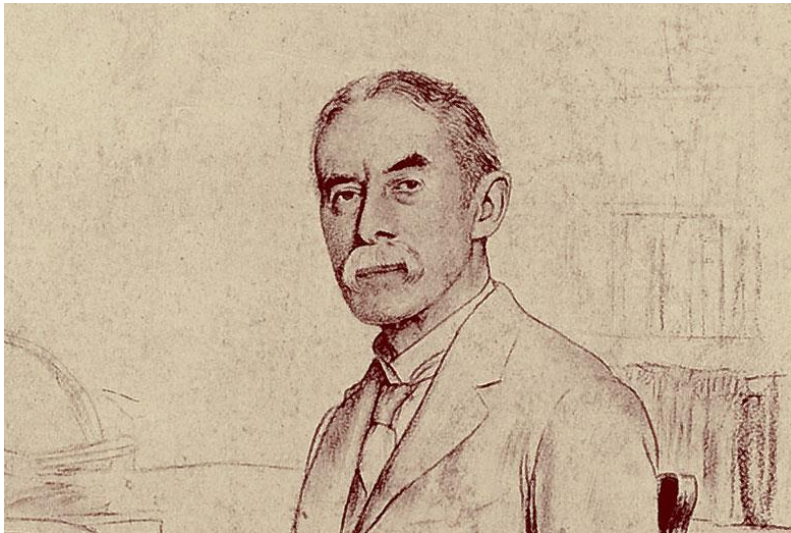
The Modern Poet and the Herodotean Mirror



Rowena Fowler

22 July 2020

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)



Lydian gold:

θώματα δὲ γῆ <ή> Λυδία ἐς
συγγραφὴν οὐ μάλα ἔχει, οἷά τε καὶ
ἄλλη χώρα, πάρεξ τοῦ ἐκ τοῦ Τμώλου
καταφερομένου ψήγματος. Hdt. 1.93

The death of Atys:

ἔνθα δὴ ὁ ξεῖνος, οὗτος δὴ ὁ καθαρθεὶς
τὸν φόνον, καλεόμενος δὲ Ἄδρηστος,
ἀκοντίζων τὸν ὕν τοῦ μὲν ἀμαρτάνει,
τυγχάνει δὲ τοῦ Κροίσου παιδός . . . ἔθεε
δέ τις ἀγγελέων τῷ Κροίσῳ τὸ γεγονός,
ἀπικόμενος δὲ ἐς τὰς Σάρδεις τὴν τε μάχην
καὶ τὸν τοῦ παιδὸς μόρον ἐσήμηνέ οἱ.
Hdt. 1.43

παρῆσαν δὲ μετὰ τοῦτο οἱ Λυδοὶ
φέροντες τὸν νεκρόν, ὅπισθε δὲ εἶπετό οἱ
ὁ φονεὺς.
Hdt. 1.45

“Atys” (1920)

‘Lydians, lords of Hermus river,
Sifters of the golden loam,
See you yet the lances quiver
And the hunt returning home?’

‘King, the star that shuts the even
Calls the sheep from Tmolus down;
Home return the doves from heaven,
And the prince to Sardis town.’

From the hunting heavy laden
Up the Mysian road they ride;
And the star that mates the maiden
Leads his son to Croesus' side.

‘Lydians, under stream and fountain
Finders of the golden vein,
Riding from Olympus mountain,
Lydians, see you Atys plain?’

‘King, I see the Phrygian stranger
And the guards in hunter's trim,
Saviours of thy son from danger;
Them I see. I see not him.’

‘Lydians, as the troop advances,
—It is eve and I am old—
Tell me why they trail their lances,
Washers of the sands of gold.

‘I am old and day is ending
And the wildering night comes on;
Up the Mysian entry wending,
Lydians, Lydians, what is yon?’

Hounds behind their master whining,
Huntsmen pacing dumb beside,
On his breast the boar-spear shining,
Home they bear his father's pride.

Constantine Cavafy (1863-1933)



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On his poem “The Naval Battle”:

Betw[een] Aes[chylus] & Her[odotus], I chose
t[he] lat[ter]. T[he] po[em] is thus his[torically]
accurate . . .

On his poem “Darius”:

Ὑπάρχει ἀνάμιξις χρόνων καὶ προσώπων στοὺς
στίχους 5 καὶ 6 — καὶ 17 καὶ 18· καὶ στοὺς
στίχους 27–33. [There is a mixing of periods and
characters in lines 5 and 6 — and 17 and 18; and in lines 27–
33.]

« Ἡ Ναυμαχία » (1899)

Ἀφανισθήκαμεν ἐκεῖ στήν Σαλαμῖνα.
Ὅά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, νὰ λέμε.
Δικά μας εἶναι τὰ Ἑκβάτανα, τὰ Σοῦσα,
καὶ ἡ Περσέπολις — οἱ πιὸ ὠραῖοι τόποι.
Τί ἐγυρεύαμεν ἐκεῖ στήν Σαλαμῖνα
στόλους νὰ κουβανοῦμε καὶ νὰ ναυμαχοῦμε.
Τώρα θὰ πᾶμε πίσω στὰ Ἑκβάτανά μας,
θὰ πᾶμε στήν Περσέπολιν μας, καὶ στὰ Σοῦσα.
Θὰ πᾶμε, πλὴν σὰν πρῶτα δὲν θὰ τὰ χαροῦμε.
Ὅτοτοτοῖ, ὁτοτοτοῖ· ἡ ναυμαχία
αὕτῃ γιατί νὰ γένηται καὶ ν' ἀπαιτεῖται.
Ὅτοτοτοῖ, ὁτοτοτοῖ· γιατί νὰ πρέπει
νὰ σηκωνόμεθα, νὰ παραιτοῦμεν ὅλα,
κ' ἐκεῖ νὰ πηαίνουμε νὰ ναυμαχοῦμε ἀθλίως.
Ἔτσι γιατί νὰ εἶναι: μόλις κανεὶς ἔχει
τὰ περιώνυμα Ἑκβάτανα, τὰ Σοῦσα
καὶ τὴν Περσέπολιν, εὐθὺς ἀθροίζει στόλο
καὶ πηαίνει πρὸς τοὺς Ἕλληνας νὰ ναυμαχήσει.
Ἄ ναι βεβαίως· ἄλλο λόγο νὰ μὴ λέμε:
ὁτοτοτοῖ, ὁτοτοτοῖ, ὁτοτοτοῖ.
Ἄ ναι τῷ ὄντι· τί μᾶς μένει πιά νὰ ποῦμε:
ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά, ὁά.

“The Naval Battle”

We were annihilated there at Salamis.
Let us say οά, οά, οά, οά, οά, οά.
Ecbatana and Susa belong to us,
and Persepolis—the loveliest of places.
What were we doing there at Salamis
hauling our fleets and doing battle at sea?
Now we shall return to our Ecbatana
to our Persepolis, and to Susa.
We shall go, but shan't enjoy them as once we did.
Otototoi, otototoi: this battle at sea,
why must it be, why must it be sought out?
Otototoi, otototoi: why must
we pick ourselves up, abandon everything,
and go there to do battle so wretchedly at sea.
Why is it thus: as soon as someone owns
illustrious Ecbatana, and Susa,
and Persepolis, he straightaway assembles a fleet
and goes forth to battle the Greeks at sea.
Ah yes, of course: let's not say another word:
otototoi, otototoi, otototoi.
Ah yes, indeed: what's left for us to say:
οά, οά, οά, οά, οά, οά.

Translated by Daniel Mendelsohn

« Ὁ Δαρεῖος » (1920)

Ὁ ποιητὴς Φερνάζης τὸ σπουδαῖον μέρος
τοῦ ἐπικοῦ ποιήματός του κάμνει.
Τὸ πῶς τὴν βασιλεία τῶν Περσῶν
παρέλαβε ὁ Δαρεῖος Ὑστάσπου. (Ἀπὸ αὐτὸν
κατάγεται ὁ ἔνδοξός μας βασιλεύς,
ὁ Μιθριδάτης, Διόνυσος κ' Εὐπάτωρ). Ἀλλ' ἐδῶ
χρειάζεται φιλοσοφία· πρέπει ν' ἀναλύσει
τὰ αἰσθήματα ποῦ θὰ εἶχεν ὁ Δαρεῖος:
ἴσως ὑπεροψίαν καὶ μέθην· ὅχι ὅμως — μᾶλλον
σὰν κατανόησι τῆς ματαιότητος τῶν μεγαλείων.
Βαθέως σκέπτεται τὸ πρᾶγμα ὁ ποιητής.

Ἀλλὰ τὸν διακόπτει ὁ ὑπηρέτης του ποῦ μπαίνει
τρέχοντας, καὶ τὴν βαρυσήμαντην εἶδησι ἀγγέλλει.
Ἄρχισε ὁ πόλεμος μὲ τοὺς Ρωμαίους.
Τὸ πλεῖστον τοῦ στρατοῦ μας πέρασε τὰ σύνορα.

Ὁ ποιητὴς μένει ἐνεός. Τὶ συμφορά!
Ποῦ τώρα ὁ ἔνδοξός μας βασιλεύς,
ὁ Μιθριδάτης, Διόνυσος κ' Εὐπάτωρ,
μ' ἐλληνικὰ ποιήματα ν' ἀσχοληθεῖ.
Μέσα σὲ πόλεμο — φαντάσου, ἐλληνικὰ ποιήματα.

Ἀδημονεῖ ὁ Φερνάζης. Ἀτυχία!
Ἐκεῖ ποῦ τὸ εἶχε θετικὸ μὲ τὸν «Δαρεῖο»
ν' ἀναδειχθεῖ, καὶ τοὺς ἐπικριτὰς του,
τοὺς φθονερούς, τελειωτικὰ ν' ἀποστομώσει.
Τὶ ἀναβολή, τὶ ἀναβολή στὰ σχέδιά του.

Καὶ νᾶταν μόνο ἀναβολή, πάλι καλά.
Ἀλλὰ νὰ δοῦμε ἂν ἔχουμε κι ἀσφάλεια
στὴν Ἄμισό. Δὲν εἶναι πολιτεία ἐκτάκτως ὀχυρή.
Εἶναι φρικτότατοι ἐχθροὶ οἱ Ρωμαῖοι.
Μποροῦμε νὰ τὰ βγάλουμε μ' αὐτούς,
οἱ Καππαδόκες; Γένεται ποτέ;
Εἶναι νὰ μετρηθοῦμε τώρα μὲ τὲς λεγεῶνες;
Θεοὶ μεγάλοι, τῆς Ἀσίας προστάται, βοηθήστε μας. —

Ὅμως μὲς σ' ὅλη του τὴν ταραχὴ καὶ τὸ κακό,
ἐπίμονα κ' ἡ ποιητικὴ ἰδέα πάει κ' ἔρχεται —
τὸ πιθανότερο εἶναι, βέβαια, ὑπεροψίαν καὶ μέθην·
ὑπεροψίαν καὶ μέθην θὰ εἶχεν ὁ Δαρεῖος.

“Darius”

Phernazis the poet is at work
on the crucial part of his epic:
how Dareios, son of Hystaspis,
took over the Persian kingdom.

(It's from him, Dareios, that our glorious king,
Mithridatis, Dionysos and Evpator, descends.)
But this calls for serious thought; Phernazis has to analyze
the feelings Dareios must have had:
arrogance, maybe, and intoxication? No—more likely
a certain insight into the vanities of greatness.
The poet thinks deeply about the question.

But his servant, rushing in, cuts him short
to announce very serious news:
the war with the Romans has begun;
most of our army has crossed the borders.

The poet is dumbfounded. What a disaster!
How can our glorious king,
Mithridatis, Dionysos and Evpator,
bother about Greek poems now?
In the middle of a war—just think, Greek poems!

Phernazis gets all worked up. What bad luck!
Just when he was sure to distinguish himself
with his Dareios, sure to silence
his envious critics once and for all.
What a setback, terrible setback to his plans.

And if it's only a setback, that wouldn't be too bad.
But can we really consider ourselves safe in Amisos?
The town isn't very well fortified,
and the Romans are the most awful enemies.

Are we, Cappadocians, really a match for them?
Is it conceivable?
Are we now to pit ourselves against the legions?
Great gods, protectors of Asia, help us.

But through all his distress, all the turmoil,
the poetic idea comes and goes insistently:
arrogance and intoxication—that's the most likely, of course:
arrogance and intoxication are what Dareios must have felt.

Translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard

from Cavafy's essay "Persian Manners"

Being much given to wine, the Persians had a great esteem for those who could drink much liquor without getting intoxicated. According to the Count de Segur⁶ an inscription on the tomb of Darius I bore that among other talents he had that of drinking much wine without becoming tipsy; and Cyrus the Younger in the ~~Propædia~~ letter addressed to the Lacedæmonians in which he is anxious to advance a better claim to the crown than his brother, enumerates among his numerous qualities that of being able to drink a greater quantity of wine than Artaxerxes, and of supporting better.

Cyrus the Elder boasted⁷, at the court of his grandfather Astyages, that his father never drank more wine than was needful to allay his thirst; and Herodotus tells us that they never adopt a resolution decided upon when drinking unless it be first approved in their hours of sobriety.

¹ Herodotus, BK. VIII, Chap. LXXXVI

² See Bérault's Translation of Thucydides, Notes.

³ Chap. VI

⁴ See Plutarch's Life

⁷ Cyropædia

⁵ Herodotus, BK. IV

⁶ Histoire Universelle

Louis MacNeice (1907-1963)



8.0 'THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE'

Programme to celebrate the spirit of the Greek Army and the Greek people on the first anniversary of the entry of Greece into the war. Written by Louis MacNeice. Music composed and conducted by George Walter. Produced by Laurence Gilliam

When Mussolini, after endless *far-far-nades* and boasting, sent his divisions marching through Albania into Greece, he reckoned without the extraordinary spirit of the Greek people. In this programme Louis MacNeice, through the mouths of Greek soldiers of today, and through those of the Greek soldiers who held Thermopylae against the Persians, has drawn a picture of this spirit and what it has meant to Greece. The scenes are set

in an Italian home, among the frozen hilltops of modern Greece, and in the war camps of centuries ago.

At Thermopylae the Persians were astonished to find the Greeks combing their hair as a sign that they wished to be well groomed for death. Such a spirit still prevails among a people who have for the time being lost their independence only in name to Hitler's panzer divisions.



The Glory that is Greece (1941)

PERSIAN SCOUT: Then, my lord, this is the sober truth. These Spartans who were in front of the wall—some of them were practising jumps and somersaults; some of them were combing their hair.

XERXES: What did you say?

PERSIAN SCOUT: Some of them were combing their hair!

XERXES: Combing their hair under the nose of my army! ... Where is Demaratus?

DEMARATUS: I am here, my lord.

XERXES: Demaratus, you heard the report of my scout? He says that the Greeks at Thermopylae are sitting there combing their hair.

DEMARATUS: I can believe it, my lord.

MARDONIUS: Demaratus can believe anything.

XERXES: Mardonius, the Great King does not desire you to speak.

Demaratus, tell me about these Greeks. Do they not know they are in danger?

DEMARATUS: That is just it, my lord; they know that only too well. The Spartan soldier is a rough diamond, he takes little trouble with his appearance. Except on one occasion—when he expects to die he makes a careful toilet.

XERXES: So they expect to die? They are quite right ... Mardonius!

ὥς δὲ προσήλασε ὁ ἵππευς πρὸς τὸ στρατόπεδον, ἐθηεῖτό τε καὶ κατώρα πᾶν μὲν οὐ τὸ στρατόπεδον ... ἔτυχον δὲ τοῦτον τὸν χρόνον Λακεδαιμόνιοι ἔξω τεταγμένοι. τοὺς μὲν δὴ ὥρα γυμναζομένους τῶν ἀνδρῶν, τοὺς δὲ τὰς κόμας κτενιζομένους. ταῦτα δὴ θεώμενος ἐθώμαζε ...

ἀκούων δὲ Ξέρξης οὐκ εἶχε συμβαλέσθαι τὸ ἐόν, ὅτι παρασκευάζοντο ὥς ἀπολεόμενοί τε καὶ ἀπολέοντες κατὰ δύναμιν· ἀλλ' αὐτῷ γελοῖα γὰρ ἐφαίνοντο ποιέειν, μετεπέμψατο Δημάρητον ...

ὁ δὲ εἶπε ... 'οἱ ἄνδρες οὗτοι ἀπίκαται μαχησόμενοι ἡμῖν περὶ τῆς ἐσόδου, καὶ ταῦτα παρασκευάζονται. νόμος γὰρ σφι ἔχων οὕτω ἐστί· ἐπεὰν μέλλωσι κινδυνεύειν τῇ ψυχῇ, τότε τὰς κεφαλὰς κοσμεύονται. ἐπίστασο δέ ... ἔστι οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἔθνος ἀνθρώπων τὸ σέ, βασιλεῦ, ὑπομένει χειρὰς ἀνταειρόμενον· νῦν γὰρ πρὸς βασιληίην τε καὶ καλλίστην τῶν ἐν Ἑλλησι προσφέρειαι καὶ ἄνδρας ἀρίστους.

Hdt. 7.208.2–209.4

The Glory that is Greece (1941)



STAVROS: All this has happened before. That's what it says in my books.

KOSTA: All this has happened before, eh? Poor little sods like us climbing up breakneck mountains, that what you mean? Poor little fellows in boots that don't fit, soaked to the skin and hungry as hell, kicked by mules and scrambling in the slush and—

STAVROS: It's all happened before, Kosta, we stood it then and we can stand it now. That time too we were vastly outnumbered. The odds were ten to one.

KOSTA: What time are you talking about?

STAVROS: Trouble with you is, Kosta, you never learnt any history.

KOSTA: All right, all right, Stavros. We know you went to college.

STAVROS: College or no college, a Greek should know his history. This country of ours isn't an infant. We've got a colossal past. We've got a reputation as fighters—

KOSTA: Ah, you mean the Old 'Uns. The ones that built the Acropolis.

STAVROS: That's right, Kosta. They had their invasions too. The wars between Greece and Persia.

KOSTA: Oh, I've heard about those!

STAVROS: First there was the invasion of Darius. What happened? We met them at Marathon, drove them into the sea.

JANNI: That's what's coming to Musso.

STAVROS: The set-up's much the same. The bloated tyrant who thinks he can walk in and take us. They get the idea that Greece is easy pickings. Musso thinks so now. Darius thought so then. So did Xerxes.

Eavan Boland (1944-2020)

... ὡς διαβαίνειν ἐπειρᾶτο ὁ Κῦρος ἐόντα νηυσιπέρητον, ἐνθαῦτά οἱ τῶν τις ἱρῶν ἵππων τῶν λευκῶν ὑπὸ ὕβριος ἐσβὰς ἐς τὸν ποταμὸν διαβαίνειν ἐπειρᾶτο, ὁ δέ μιν συμψήσας ὑποβρύχιον οἰχώκεε φέρων. κάρτα τε δὴ ἐχαλέπαινε τῷ ποταμῷ ὁ Κῦρος τοῦτο ὑβρίσαντι, καὶ οἱ ἐπηπείλησε οὕτω δὴ μιν ἀσθενέα ποιήσκειν ὥστε τοῦ λοιποῦ καὶ γυναῖκάς μιν εὐπετέως τὸ γόνυ οὐ βρεχούσας διαβήσεσθαι. μετὰ δὲ τὴν ἀπειλὴν μετεῖς τὴν ἐπὶ Βαβυλῶνα στράτευσιν διαίρειε τὴν στρατιὴν δίχα, διελὼν δὲ κατέτεινε σχοινοτενέας ὑποδέξας διώρυχας ὀγδώκοντα καὶ ἑκατὸν παρ' ἑκάτερον τὸ χεῖλος τοῦ Γύνδεω τετραμμένας πάντα τρόπον, διατάξας δὲ τὸν στρατὸν ὀρύσσειν ἐκέλευε.



Hdt. 1.189

from
“The Greek Experience”
(1975)

Until that night, the night I lost my wonder,
He was my deity. First of my mentors.
 Master craftsman he; mere apprentice
 I, [...]
My name means nothing here. His, Herodotus

Towers in Babylon, salts the Aegean
Is silted into each Ionic ear.
[...]

Prepared to be harangued
And angled by his anecdotes, his school
Of stories, instead I found that night
A mind incapable of insight as a mule

Of generation. ‘The times need iron men,
Pragmatists,’ he said, ‘who can devise
 For those problems which arise
 So frequently, a swift solution.

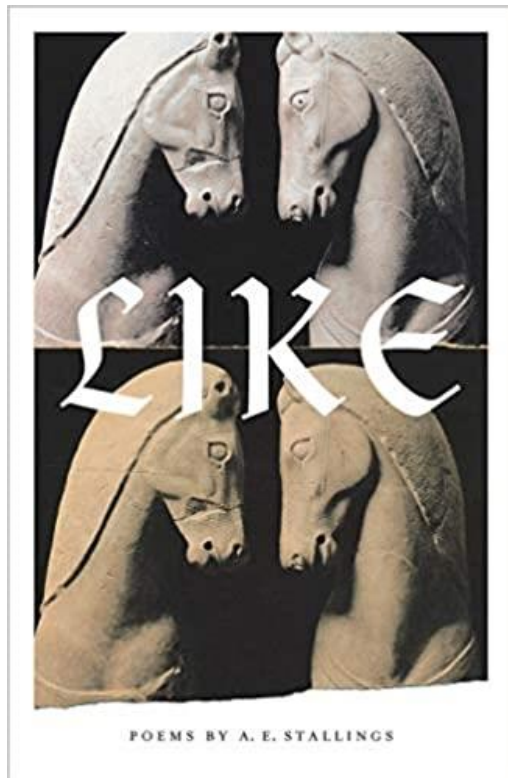
 A man such as this:

He is a soldier, able to lead, to train.
His stallion where the Gyndes finds the Tigris
And those two rivers join in dissolution
In the Gulf, drowned. The waters combed its mane.

‘Now he was leading Persian against Mede
But called a truce, cut his troops in two
 And swore revenge upon the water.

 He was the first to take his blade,
 The first to teach the lesson
With stabs and thrusts. He prolonged the slaughter
All summer long. The river now is channelled.
Those are the men we need.’ I listened, chilled [...]

A. E. Stallings (b. 1968)



Battle of Plateia: Aftermath

Out of Book Nine of the Histories of Herodotus

The Spartan Generals

The Concubines

Lampon the Aeginite

The Immortals

Aristodemus the Coward

Battle of Plataea: Aftermath

Out of Book Nine of the Histories of Herodotus



THE SPARTAN GENERALS

After the blood-brimmed field, we were amazed to stride into those empty silken tents—bright tapestries, wrought silver ornaments, the furnishings of solid gold. Eyes glazed at all the untold booty: gods be praised! Our king bid foreign cooks spare no expense to make the meal our foes would eat, prepare their pastries, spices, wine. Such slowly braised flesh melting off the bone! Such colors, scents! Our king laughed as he laid out on the cloth, beside the feast, our ration of black broth: “Behold! They came to rob us of our fare!” We also laughed, though fed up with that food, the soldier’s mess, the black broth of blood.



κελεῦσαι τοὺς τε ἄρτοκόπους καὶ τοὺς ὀψοποιοὺς κατὰ ταῦτὰ καθὼς Μαρδονίῳ δεῖπνον παρασκευάζειν. ... ἐνθαῦτα τὸν Πausanίην ἰδόντα ... τραπέζας τε χρυσέας καὶ ἀργυρέας καὶ παρασκευὴν μεγαλοπρεπέα τοῦ δείπνου ... κελεῦσαι ἐπὶ γέλῳ τοὺς ἐωυτοῦ διηκόνους παρασκευάσαι Λακωνικὸν δεῖπνον. ... τὸν Πausanίην γελάσαντα μεταπέμψασθαι τῶν Ἑλλήνων τοὺς στρατηγούς, συνελθόντων δὲ τούτων εἰπεῖν τὸν Πausanίην, δεικνύντα ἐς ἑκατέρην τοῦ δείπνου παρασκευὴν, ‘ἄνδρες Ἕλληνες, τῶνδε εἵνεκα ἐγὼ ὑμέας συνήγαγον, βουλόμενος ὑμῖν τοῦδε τοῦ Μήδων ἡγεμόνος τὴν ἀφροσύνην δέξαι, ὃς τοιήνδε δίαιταν ἔχων ἦλθε ἐς ἡμέας οὕτω οἷζυρὴν ἔχοντας ἀπαιρησόμενος.’

Hdt. 9.82

Battle of Plataea: Aftermath

Out of Book Nine of the Histories of Herodotus



THE SPARTAN GENERALS

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into those empty silken tents—bright tapestries, wrought
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king laughed as he laid out on the cloth, beside the feast,
our ration of black broth: “Behold! They came to rob us of
our fare!” We also laughed, though fed up with that food,
the soldier’s mess, the black broth of blood.



After the blood-brimmed field, we were amazed
To stride into those empty silken tents –
Bright tapestries, wrought silver ornaments,
The furnishings of solid gold. Eyes glazed
At all the untold booty: gods be praised!
Our king bid foreign cooks spare no expense
To make the meal our foes would eat, prepare
Their pastries, spices, wine. Such slowly braised
Flesh melting off the bone! Such colors, scents!
Our king laughed as he laid out on the cloth,
Beside the feast, our ration of black broth:
“Behold! They came to rob us of our fare!”
We also laughed, though fed up with that food,
The soldier’s mess, the black broth of blood.

[relineated by RF]

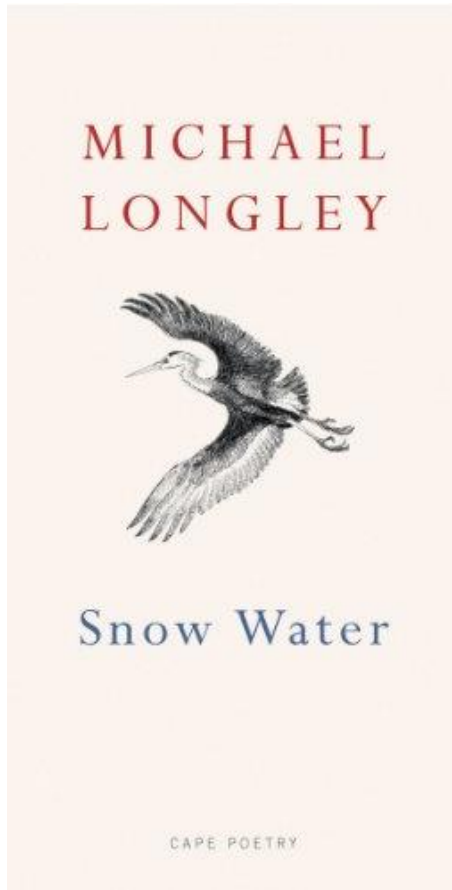
Michael Longley (b. 1939)



... ποντικὸν μὲν οὔνομα τῷ δενδρέῳ ἀπ' οὗ ζῶσι,
μέγαθος δὲ κατὰ συκὴν μάλιστά κη· καρπὸν δὲ
φορέει κυάμῳ ἴσον, πυρῆνα δὲ ἔχει. τοῦτο ἐπεὰν
γένηται πέπον, σακκέουσι ἱματίοισι, ἀπορρέει δὲ
ἀπ' αὐτοῦ παχὺ καὶ μέλαν, οὔνομα δὲ τῷ
ἀπορρέοντι ἐστὶ ἄσχυ· τοῦτο καὶ λείχουσι καὶ
γάλακτι συμμίσγοντες πίνουσι ... ὑπὸ δενδρέῳ δὲ
ἕκαστος κατοίκεται, τὸν μὲν χειμῶνα ἐπεὰν τὸ
δένδρεον περικαλύψῃ πύλῳ στεγνῷ λευκῷ, τὸ δὲ
θέρος ἄνευ πύλου. τούτους οὐδεὶς ἀδικεῖ
ἀνθρώπων (ἱροὶ γὰρ λέγονται εἶναι), οὐδέ τι
ἀρήιον ὄπλον ἐκτέαται. καὶ τοῦτο μὲν τοῖσι
περιοικέουσι οὗτοί εἰσι οἱ τὰς διαφορὰς
διαιρέοντες, ... οὔνομα δὲ σφί ἐστι Ἀργιππαῖοι.

Hdt. 4.23

“Aschy” (2004)



We are both in our sixties now, our bodies
Growing stranger and more vulnerable.
It is time for that tonic called *aschy*,
Shadowy cherry-juice from South Russia.

The Argippaei who are all bald from birth,
Snub-nosed and long-chinned lap it up
With lip-smacking gusto or mix it with milk
Or make pancakes out of the sediment.

In bitter spells they wrap the trunks with felt
As thick and white as the snowy weather.
A weird sanctity protects you and me
While we stay under our ponticum-tree.

The Modern Poet and the Herodotean Mirror



Rowena Fowler

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