

ALC MAN

translated by DAN BEACHY-QUICK

Fragment 89

They are sleeping, mountain-heads, headlands,
and the gullies too—
the fallen leaves and the tribe of slow-footed
creatures the dark earth grows—
beasts of prey mountain-bred and brood
of wild bees and the brute
monsters deep in the deep purple seas:
and that flock of omen-giving birds long-winged,
they are sleeping too.

CALLIMACHUS

translated by DAN BEACHY-QUICK

XLIV

The stranger had a wound he couldn't see—you knew him
by his breast's troubled breath. When he drank
his third cup he knew himself again: those roses
he wore as a crown shed all their petals on the ground.
Someone scorched him badly. I swear, gods, the image
I sing dances true: a robber-bee myself,
I know the pollen-trace a thief leaves behind.