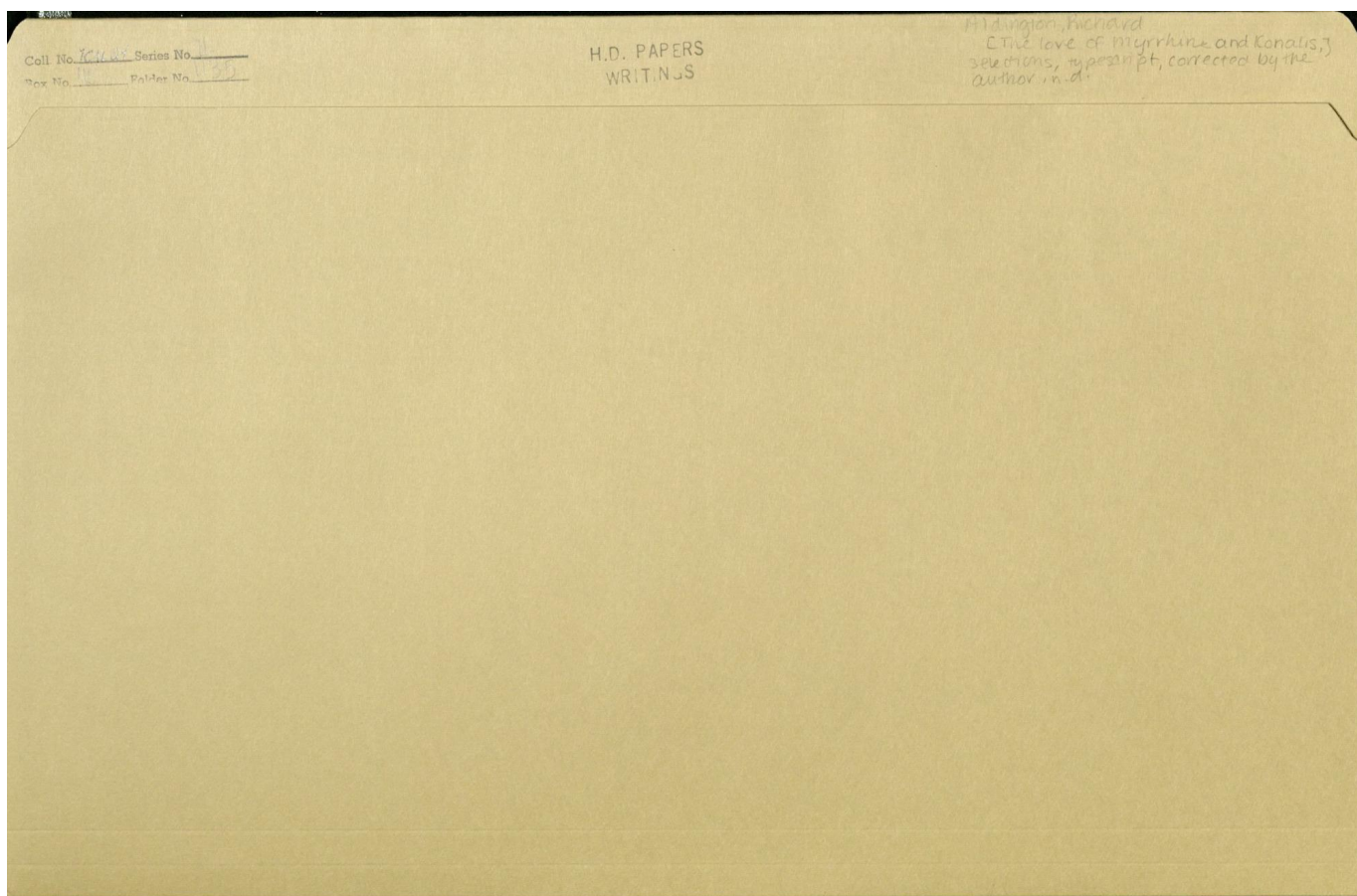




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TWO GODDESSES.

Artemis has long been our foe, Konallis, but even a virgin will not despise these scentless virgin water flowers cold from the brook.

Lay them on her altar humbly, without a prayer, for she has no delight in us. Our goddess has strange luxurious eyes and slender fingers and her lips have grown soft and tired with many kisses.

THE OLEANDER.

O lover of flowers, I have brought you wind-flowers and the woven narcissus, many-petalled hyacinths and the blossoms of Aphrogeneia.

Now I bring you one most precious blossom you will surely cherish it.

Myrrhine to Konallis.

Had I been Alexander, son of Priam the king, I would have given the gold fruit to no goddess but to the sweet child of a mortal mother, to Konallis whose lips lie so delicately upon my breast.

Konallis to Myrrhine.

It is said that Zeus gave wealth to the Rhodians and the gift of the muses to the gold-tettinx-bearing dwellers at Athens; but his fairest gift was to Mytilene when he sent Myrrhine thither in a swallow-wing-sailed barque of the Kaunians.

Myrrhine to her Lovers.

Beautiful are your names, o young men, Lysias and Hermogenes and Timagoras, beautiful are your bodies and the words you speak are hyacinth sweet.

But lovelier to me is the name of Konallis, lovelier her frail body, more divine her laughing voice.

Homer and Sappho.

Homer and Sappho.

The sophists praise above all poets Homer who sang of
battle and the deaths of heroes.
But I love the divine sweet-scented odes of Sappho.

The Three Aphrodites.

It is said that among certain tribes of the barbarians
the slaves are rulers and that among gods they worship
only Aphrodite Pandemos.
Let them know that a slaves' god is a slave and that we
worship Aphrodite Astarte and Aphrodite Kottyto.

Jealousy.

Said a poet: "Aphrodite seeing her statue cried out:
When did the sculptor see me naked?"
But I know that he must have lain hidden among the
laurels to watch Myrrhine at the pool.

Konallis the Epicurean.

Nicosthenes, the Stoic, would have proved to me the
emptiness of life, the sweetness of death and the force
of virtue.
But I looked at your oleander-tipped breasts blossoming
beneath your thin robe, and smiled.

Dialogue.

- A. O my sister, the lamp of my joy is quenched in a black pool
of sadness. Comfort me.
E. O my sister, shall I speak to you of the strange loves
of Leda among the curled hyacinths?
A. The yearning for wild love pours deeper sorrow upon me.
E. Shall I speak of Achilles, the young fleet-foot slayer
of Hector?
A. O my sister, one death awaits slain and slayer.
E. But the tall Minyae brought back gold and a fair woman.
A. And Medea was the slayer of her own children.
B. O my sister, Helen was beautiful -
A. The ruins of Troy are a witness.