

## The Transparent Image,

At dawn I knelt beside the woodland stream  
And bent to drink where pause the timid deer,  
But would not break the image, like a dream,  
Mirrored in the water, sparkling and clear.  
I smiled—it smiled; I found it gay, and soon  
I stroked my hair, was mimicked by my shade  
Below. The morning faded into noon;  
The sun cast rays that made the image fade,  
And I was forced by heat to yield to thirst;  
But as I drank, I saw in sharp surprise  
A bed of seething mud, and felt the curse  
Of ages hold me when I tried to rise.  
And yet I need not fear the loathesome sight  
For all I see will soon be lost in night.

—Ina Marshall



## Pip

Trembling, I feel into the sea,  
And men left me in mid-ocean;  
In calm water, beneath blue skies,  
Swimming was effortless and free.

The waves that broke above my head  
Were waves of thought, the self was all—  
Yet nothing—before infinity,  
As the sea revealed nature's depths

To unwilling eyes, while Wisdom forced  
Her wealth upon a helpless brain.  
By chance a ship rescued the flesh;  
The soul had seen firm hands at work

Weaving strands of human woe  
And had great secrets to reveal—  
The sailors laughed and called me Fool,  
For telling what men cannot know.

—Ina Marshall

## Eos

I did not wish to harm the handsome youth  
But wanted him to share my regal couch  
And rise with me each glowing dawn and rule;  
I thought to honor with my goddess' love;  
With selfish care I wished to hold him ever.  
With piteous tears and sighs, I forced proud Zeus  
To grant eternal life for him, but thought  
I saw a hint of scorn in godly eyes.  
I did not sense the creeping signs of age  
In him I loved, so slowly they attacked;  
And then one dawn I looked with sated eyes  
And saw his greying hair and wrinkled brow.  
I had not sought eternal youth for him  
And mocking Zeus withheld the cherished boon.  
And I, who would be radiant always,  
Was matched with ancient flesh and tired limbs.  
Beset by guilt, but selfish still, I kept  
Him near, but could not love; I tortured him  
With cool rebuffs or glances of revulsion;  
And yet I wept to hear him plead for death.  
But kinder gods who heard his wavering moans  
At last took pity on the weary soul—  
And now my deathless lover lives the years  
A senseless grasshopper, incapable  
Of pain, and free from nagging vain regrets.  
Alone, I weep through silent endless nights  
Broken by his empty ringing calls,  
And weary, face the morning tasks alone.  
If only I had loved him less—or more!

—Ina Marshall