



Apollo and Daphne POEM BY C DEAN

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fp "**Apollo and Daphne**" (c.1636)

Peter Paul Rubens(1577 - 1640)

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N**

Ahh what be this

Apollo and

Daphne

**be be it just a Greek
mythology Nay it be a
Greek mythology that doth
speak to us contemporary we
it hast a message fromst far**

**time relevant to us in all
times of love andst hate of
love that be toxic andst to
the object but poison be
where one doth not see the
misery that their love doth
bring to the object that hast
no interest in the he or she**

**so this be *Apollo*
and *Daphne***

**a tale for thee andst thee to
take heed of what thy love**

**may mean andst how thy love
maketh thee see what thee
wants to see Ahh but the
magic be in the music of this
mythology the poet sings
with like Drayton " a
mouth of gold" that doth
reach to empyrean heights
with fine melodies full of
lavish ornaments jewelled
lines full of bubbles of
thoughts where rhythms be
delightful with firmness
andst strength full of beauty**

**andst joyous grace
freshness of tunes andst
shallst we say Herculean
imaginings where each
syllable doth drop off thy
tongue like honey to create a
world of colours full of
rapturous atmosphere full
of felicitous rhetoric that
drags thee into this peep hole
into *Arcadia* or shallst we
dare say life**

PREFACE

**Whenst thee be in love what be it
thee doth see all beauty in the face
thee doth find fine andst thy boiling
blood doth to love incline for now all
thy thoughts be upon the she or he**

**Andst finding all passions doth
flame in thee that without that love
thy soul doth pine andst thy cries do
whine for thy hart be in pain
afflicted be But that for which thy
eye beheld andst thy hart be under
its spell doth thee really see or doth
but be all illusory for thee canst not
know what the loved thinkest so
for all be what thee wants to see**

Ah in Arcadia long ago Eros was
angered by Apollo from the claim that
one God's abilities maybe greater or
lesser than the other for this slight upon
ones vanity to mount Parnassus didst
Eros fly and didst draw two arrows for
his bow one for Apollo of tipped gold to
show him his abilities to into love to make
him fall to his marrow didst the love take
hold But But there be poor Daphne the
victim be was struck by he with a lead
tipped dart that transfixed she that made
all love to dispel But Apollo didst begin
to dwell under her spell But poor she
thus lived a living hell

Swift footed Syrinx chaste doth
 Pan panting chase whilst thee sweet
 Daphne thy face do the eyes of ♀
 grace andst doth take the eyes of ♀
 off that sweet Hyacinth that of ♀
 whose perfumed hues once didst ♀
 hold ♀ in thrall but now Ohh
 Daphne

Cross dart hath pierced this hart of
 ♀ that ♀ do tell in thy spell
 Daphne ♀ now dwell in love Oh in
 love Oh that Calliope wouldst
 condescend the voice of she to send
 to ♀ that ♀ couldst sing Ye sing
 Oh Daphne like kingfishers to
 Hymenaeus that ♀ couldst my love in
 thee instil for my hart but joy to fill

Swift footed Syrinx chaste doth Pan
 panting chase whilst the golden light of
 Phoebus doth dim in brightness ast that
 lead dart of Eros doth this hart of I
 strike andst doth with despair give I
 upon that face of that God that now
 doth be so unfair with pain this wound
 be unkind to me for with distain at he I
 look that fills this mind of I andst that
 sound that he doth scream at I fills my
 soul with grief andst naught canst do I
 to find relief Oh Oh go be gone fromst
 me I cry to the **Erinyes** to cast thee
 down andst to stop that horrid sound
 that thee doth screech fromst thy lips
 that seem to my ears to tear Oh Oh
 leave off with thy cruelty andst cease
 thy torments of me for all thy whining
 doth but pour out fromst this hart of I
 naught but laments that be the blood
 that flows fromst this unrelenting sore

**Ohh Daphne Daphne the partner
of my love that my songs my eyes
Ohh my soul doth show brighter
thanst the sun above doth my flesh
glow Ohh thee sweet nymph of the
glade the sight of thee skipping thru
sunbeams andst purple shade whilst
swift footed Syrinx chaste doth Pan
panting chase Ohh Daphne thee my
hart to beat hast made andst the
passions of ♪ to raise hotter thanst
Vulcans flames no songs of
Orpheus couldst express the
melodies that this hart of ♪ doth
beat out in hops andst leaps to heat
my flesh that ♪ do sing of love for
thee andst at thee with open arms do
spring**

Thy prostrations of love this hart do
 not move for all these ears of I hear be
 not the cooing of a dove but the plaint
 that doth this soul to smart andst whilst
 swift footed Syrinx chaste doth Pan
 panting chase thy wails of which thee
 doth prevail to move this hart thee
 doth fail which thy continual dirge
 which thee doth of I assail be not the
 songs of a God but to I But But the
 cries that howl fromst Hades which thee
 doth sustain andst doth my ears my soul
 to pain that doth bring to I all
 unpleasant things the song the birds do
 sing become but woeful tunes that do
 my flesh to sting whilst the flowery
 blooms exhale stale perfumes But thee
 want relent e'en with all my cries to
 thee I sent so since thee will keep thy
 speak with arms out reached fromst
 thee I willst leap

Ahh the feet of J do fly o'er this
 glorious earth whilst swift footed
 Syrinx chaste doth Pan panting
 chase ast my breath doth give birth
 to my love for thee Ohh Daphne
 Daphne in sighs that dyes the
 flowery blooms in tints of loveliness
 andst spreads 'neath the sky my
 happiness that lights Ye lights in
 golden beams that for all the world
 to Nymphs andst Satyrs alike doth
 seems to be my love for thee ast my
 feet do fly that tread upon sweet
 Hyacinth those feet of J that spring
 after thee that lights Olympus in
 flames fromst the sight of thee
 Ah Ahh that sight be worth the
 thraldom of me

Ohh God flee I I see thee pursueth I
 thee like a Gorgon at I fly with thy
 visage horrid andst thy hair be not
 golden but snakes with venomous bite
 fromst thee flee I in fright whilst swift
 footed Syrinx chaste doth Pan panting
 chase thru meadow glade andst
 flowery blooms I go in my hart burns
 sorrow andst woeful woe that thee Oh
 God wont leave alone I I cry I sigh
 yet thee not care of my protest for thee
 doth on I obsess andst naught say I
 will thy pursuit arrest with thy ruthless
 hart I into despair sends with grief that
 tears my flesh without relief whilst tears
 of fear run down my cheeks ast I run
 run fromst thee I the object of thy love
 that distain I andst though thee though
 I do admonish still still that doth instil
 Yet more anguish it doth replenish

Ohh Daphne Daphne this race be
 fun 'neath that sun that giveths birth
 to my mirth we chase ♪ to thee andst
 thee fromst me ♪ around

swift footed Syrxinx chaste do lace
 whilst thee betwixt Pan panting that
 Syrxinx doth chase on thy face in
 amaze my gaze doth place with glee
 thee flees andst leaps ♪ with
 content at our time spent thru bower
 andst glade we race ast ♪ out pour
 the sighs of ♪ andst hear thy cries
 of joy that music to my hart do be
 that doth for all the the world doth
 shineth thru the eyes of ♪ for
 Daphne Daphne Ohh in thee ♪
 findest felicity fromst thy kindest

Ahhhhhhh God thee hast chased I hast
 into woeful torments turned in which
 my flesh hast burned fromst thy
 incessant shrieks the world turns to
 gloom in which now there be no room
 for I to hide fromst thee I hast tried to
 behind swift footed Syrinx chaste
 whilst doth Pan panting chase Yet
 thee doth persist andst drive I into
 disress with this with this abuse this
 stalking that all my talking doth not
 restrain for still thee doth rain upon I
 thy blather andst giveth I but pain andst
 chase I with no relent for that doth
 seem to make thee pleasant at my
 expense

For I wish to be free Yet trapped by
 thee

For I wish peace Yet have fear of thee

For I wish to be loved Yet hate thee

**Ohh Daphne Daphne catch I up
 to thee andst do reach out to grab
 thee but thee doth out pace me andst
 thee cannot I o'er take that doth
 sorrow in I do make for all that
 speed of I thee doth still escape the
 arms of I that long to around thee
 fly But But dear Eros doth wings
 giveth to I that canst fly to thee to
 reach thee to hold thee long I to be
 Ahh I do reach andst thy shoulders
 do my arms hold each to each that thy
 gait do decrease andst Ohh Ohh
 Ohh Daphne Daphne Ohh thee
 doth with thy quick feet doth my
 arms release andst freed thee doth
 fromst I do play with but e'en
 quicker speed**

Ahhhhhhh God I be out of breath
 fromst this chase fromst this race away
 fromst thee that I flee but out I breath
 my sighs I breathe But But thee doth
 gain thy pace on I still now with wings
 thee draws near ast doth raise my fear
 upon my lips upon my flesh that doth
 quake at the thought of thy touch that
 clutch of those arms about my flesh
 Ahh it doth take away my breath with
 such disgust that death it seems to be
 the only escape that I quicken my pace
 Ahh Ahh the shoulders of I he doth
 grab andst such nausea doth feel I that
 in my bowls I do feelings obtain with
 continual pain But But though I
 complain he doth draw near I fear but
 near see I the waters of my father so
 exhausted near caught to the bank I
 sought as my last resort

Ohh father father I cry to thee please
 father rescue me fromst this scourge
 that hunts me down that wont let up that
 inflicts I with woeful moan andst
 painful groan whose very sight be but a
 fright that e'en death wouldst be better
 thanst life Ohh father father I cry to
 thee please father rescue me change me
 take this beauty that drives he to me
 that pleases he so well But But be But
 a curse to me Oh Oh father dear thee
 hast answered my plea andst I feel the
 limbs go dumb whilst sweet bark doth
 around my breasts do grow andst with
 heaving breaths to leaves to leaves my
 hair doth grow arms to branches feet to
 roots whilst doth disappear that face of
 I into the canopy Ohh how sweet the
 release sweet the peace

Ohh Daphne Daphne Ohh looketh into
 a laurel thee hast grown how beauteous
 that beauty to all the world thee hast
 shown andst about that trunk of thee *♪*
 hast touched for **Daphne Daphne Oh** *♪*
 do love thee for evermore andst listen *♪*
 do listen for thy hart canst *♪* feel that beat
 that beat that beats for me **Ahh** place *♪*
 my lips along that bark to kiss in long
 lingering kisses sublime *♪* find **But But**
 that wood doth seem to shrink fromst *♪*
Ahh Ohh Daphne Daphne thee doth
 play still **But** we kiss andst burn to my
 fill andst thee whilst be treasured ast my
 most precious tree for **He** who sings of a
 love like mine *♪* renown poet laureate with
 this laurel crown