To Apollo from Selene

Heather Peters
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Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol35/iss2/74
To Apollo from Selene

Heather Peters

Sing to me, oh god of sun,
life-giver, fire-eater—
make me a melody, and with your lyre,
whisper words so sweet
and I will be your harmony.

Let your notes move like hands
over hills and valleys lush—
the music of life and love,
bestowed with all your heart
and I will be your instrument.

Within my silvery shadow life
I dream of warmth—
sing for me your sonorous song
so I may drink of its ambrosia
and I will dream of you.

For I am cursed to darkness,
as you fall, I rise—
although I ache for your light,
Sirius is my companion,
the Milky Way my playground.

Clasped in our eternal orbit,
the sun and moon
forever bound, forever apart—
two pieces of a whole,
neither satisfied alone.

So, sing to me, oh god of sun,
make your music sound—
although I may be far from you
I will know that I am loved,
your goddess of the moon.