**Poetry Group A: Mythological Poems**

**“PROMETHEUS” by Marin Sorescu (1936-1996)**

I feel the wings of the eagle

Stretch wide the lips of my liver;

I feel its talons,

I feel its iron beak,

I feel the enormity of its hunger for life,

Its thirst for flight

With me in its talons.

And I fly.

Whoever said I was chained?

**“Landscape with the Fall of Icarus” by William Carlos Williams (1183-1963)**

According to Brueghel

when Icarus fell

it was spring

a farmer was ploughing

his field

the whole pageantry

of the year was

awake tingling

near

the edge of the sea

concerned

with itself

sweating in the sun

that melted

the wings’ wax

unsignificantly

off the coast

there was

a splash quite unnoticed

this was

Icarus drowning

\*\*Google the image of the painting – compare it to this poem! \*\*

**“Daphne” by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)**

WHY do you follow me?–   
Any moment I can be   
Nothing but a laurel-tree.

Any moment of the chase   
I can leave you in my place   
A pink bough for your embrace.

Yet if over hill and hollow  
Still it is your will to follow,  
I am off;–to heel, Apollo!

**“Orpheus” by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)**

Orpheus with his lute made trees

And the mountain tops that freeze

Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers

Ever sprung; as sun and showers

There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,

Even the billows of the sea,

Hung their heads and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art,

Killing care and grief of heart

Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

**“Eurydice to Orpheus” by Robert Browning (1812-1889)**

BUT give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!  
Let them once more absorb me! One look now  
    Will lap me round for ever, not to pass  
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:  
Hold me but safe again within the bond  
    Of one immortal look! All woe that was,  
Forgotten, and all terror that may be,  
Defied,—no past is mine, no future: look at me!