Actaeon

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Actaeon

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Abstract

o dogs, neither yelp nor chase this cheated deer; give rest, give heed, this rack is such a burden
nettles scratch against my fresh fur belly, words from behind each tree come, arrows from their
quivers fly and each leaf quake means the scare of escape...
ACTAEON

by
Larry Hufford
Botany Senior

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled"
Shakespeare

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neither yelp
nor chase
this cheated deer;
give rest, give heed,
this rack is such a burden

nettles scratch
against my fresh fur belly,
words from behind each tree come,
arrows from their quivers fly
and each leaf quake
means the scare of escape

my hooves are mired in mud,
cease, my hunter friends—
call off the dogs
Diana is the beast,
not i

her cursed toilet water
has cut this life
has drawn my hands,
turn on her
leave my coat go
no further

in wasted anger
my burning beat
is silenced;
let this carcass rot
in waiting for the warden

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nor chase
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this rack is such a burden