

HYMN TO APHRODITE

ποντογενῆν Ἀφροδίτην αἰείσομαι, ἥτε θνητοῖς
PONTOGENĒN APHRODITĒN AEISOMAI HĒTE THNĒTOIS
I shall sing of you, sea-born Aphrodite, who to mortals

μείλιχα δῶρα δίδωσιν ἐπὶ γλυκὺν ἴμερον ὄρσε
MEILIKHA DŌRA DIDŌSIN EPI GLUKUN HIMERON HŌRSE
Brings sweet gifts, who stirs sweet longing,

ἢ ζεύξασα βροτοὺς ἀχαλινώτοισιν ἀνάγκαις,
HĒ ZEUXASA BROTOUS AKHALINŌTOISIN ANANKAIS
Who yokes mortals in unbridled necessity

καὶ θηρῶν πολὺ φύλον, ἐρωτομανῶν ὑπὸ φίλτρων·
KAI THĒRŌN POLU PHULON, ERŌTOMANŌN HUPO PHILTRŌN
And all the many kinds of beasts, with maddening love charms

φαινομένη τ', ἀφανής, δολοπλόκε μητέρα ἐρώτων·
PHAINOMENĒ T' APHANĒS, DOLOPLOKE MĒTER ERŌTŌN
Visible and invisible, scheming mother of love gods

APHRODITE * APHRODITE * APHRODITE

Hungermaker! Who bareback rides
The bull whose bellows blood the sun:
Your shriek draws forth the froth that flies
From foaming jaws as his shanks rise;
You lift the whip-hand as his hide
Reddens in rivers that run
Beneath
The lash
The lash
The lash

PHROUREXIA

THERMIDOKHE

BAREO

NE

O Queen cut from the crotch of heaven,
From red flesh flung into the sea
You rule the sixth day out of seven
Enthroned in roses that bloom even
When the winter's weary engine
Cools the coal-hot hearts that bleed
Beneath
The lash,
The lash
The lash

PHROUREXIA

THERMIDOKHE

BAREO

NE

You the Bit
You the Bridle
You the lead, the lash, and yoke
Between your legs the unrideable
Were ridden; The unbreakable broke
As tuneless tongues exulting spoke
The terror of your holy name:

NEPHERIERI

The terror of your holy name
Burns our morals into ash
And makes all mortals loud proclaim
The primacy of naked flesh
That philosophy consigns as trash
But you convert to aching flame:
With the Bit
With the Bridle
With the yoke, the lead, and lash

PHROUREXIA

THERMIDOKHE

BAREO

NE

O Hard Necessity are you: a wreath
Of fire that wheels without stay
Infusing forms with living breath
That they may mate, divide and seethe
Within the wastes where they are tracked
By Atrophy, Entropy, and Death
(For no weapon keeps these three at bay
Except
The lash,
The lash
The lash)

PHROUREXIA

THERMIDOKHE

BAREO

NE

Hungermaker! Who bareback rides
The bull whose bellows blood the sun:
Your shriek draws forth the froth that flies
From foaming jaws as his shanks rise;
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Reddens in rivers that run
Beneath
The lash
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APHRODITE * APHRODITE * APHRODITE

ἐλθέ, μάκαιρα θεά, τροφῶ σέο· κρυφία, Πειθῶ
ELTHE, MAKAIRA THEA, TROPHŌI SOU, KRUPHIA, PEITHŌ
Come, blessed goddess, turn yourself, Hidden One, Persuader,

ψυχῆ γάρ σε καλῶ σεμνῆ ἁγίοισι λόγοισιν.
PSUCHĒ GAR SE KALŌ SEMNĒI HAGIOISI LOGOISIN.
For I summon you with a pure spirit and holy words.

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