**OVID’S *METAMORPHOSES***

**BOOK I**

**DAPHNE AND APOLLO**   
  
Now the first girl Apollo loved was Daphne,  
Whose father was the river-god Peneus,  
And this was no blind chance, but Cupid's malice.  
Apollo, with pride and glory still upon him  
Over the Python slain, saw Cupid bending  
His tight-strung little bow. "O silly youngster,"  
He said, "What are you doing with such weapons?  
Those are for grown-ups! The bow is for my shoulders;  
I never fail in wounding beast or mortal,  
And not so long ago I slew the Python  
With countless darts; his bloated body covered   
Acre on endless acre, and I slew him!  
The torch, my boy, is enough for you to play with,  
To get the love-fires burning. Do not meddle   
With honors that are mine!" And Cupid answered:  
"Your bow shoots everything, Apollo—maybe—  
But mine will fix you! You are far above  
All creatures living, and by just that distance  
Your glory less than mine." He shook his wings,   
Soared high, came down to the shadows of Parnassus,  
Drew from his quiver different kinds of arrows,  
One causing love, golden and sharp and gleaming,  
The other blunt, and tipped with lead, and serving   
To drive all love away, and this blunt arrow   
He used on Daphne, but he fired the other,  
The sharp and golden shaft, piercing Apollo  
Through bones, through marrow, and at once he loved  
And she at once fled from the name of lover,  
Rejoicing in the woodland hiding places  
And pools of beasts which she had taken captive,  
A rival of Diana, virgin goddess.  
She had many suitors, but she scorned them all;  
Wanting no part of any man, she travelled  
The pathless groves, and had no care whatever  
For husband, lover, or marriage. Her father often   
Said, "Daughter, give me a son-in-law" and "Daughter,  
Give me some grandsons!" But the marriage torches   
Were something hateful, criminal, to Daphne,  
So she would blush, and put her arms around him,  
And coax him: "Let me be a virgin always;  
Diana's father said she might. Dear father!   
Dear father—please!" He yielded, but her beauty   
Kept arguing against her prayer. Apollo  
Loves at first sight; he wants to marry Daphne,   
He hopes for what he wants—all wishful thinking! —  
Is fooled by his own oracles. As stubble   
Burns when the grain is harvested, as hedges  
Catch fire from torches that a passer-by  
Has brought too near, or left behind in the morning,  
So the god burned, with all his heart, and burning  
Nourished that futile love of his by hoping,  
He sees the long hair hanging down her neck  
Uncared for, says, "But what if it were combed?"  
He gazes at her eyes—they shine like stars!  
He gazes at her lips, and knows that gazing  
Is not enough. He marvels at her finger,  
Her hands, her wrists, her arms, bare to the shoulder,  
And what he does not see he thinks is better.  
But still she flees him, swifter than the wind,  
And when he calls she does not even listen:  
"Don't run away, dear nymph! Daughter of Peneus,  
Don't run away. I am no enemy,  
Only your follower; don't run away!  
The lamb flees from the wolf, the deer the lion.  
The dove, on trembling wing, flees from the eagle.  
All creatures flee their foes, but I, who follow,  
Am not a foe at all, love makes me follow,  
Unhappy fellow that I am, and fearful  
You may fall down, perhaps, or have the briars  
Make scratches on those lovely legs, unworthy  
To be hurt so, and I would be the reason  
The ground is tough here. Run a little slower,  
And I will run, I promise, a little slower.  
Or wait a minute: be a little curious  
Just who it is you charm. I am no shepherd,  
No mountain dweller. I am not a plowboy,  
Uncouth and stinking of cattle. You foolish girl,  
You don't know who it is you run away from,   
That must be why you run. I am lord of Delphi  
And Tenedos and Claros and Patara.  
Jove is my father. I am the revealer  
Of present, past and future; through my power   
The lyre and song make harmony; my arrow   
Is sure in aim—there is only one arrow surer,  
The one that wounds my heart. The power of healing   
Is my discovery; I am called the Healer  
Through all the world: all herbs are subject to me.  
Alas for me, love is incurable  
With any herb; the arts which cure the others  
Do me, their lord, no good!"  
  
He would have said  
Much more than this, but Daphne, frightened, left him  
With many words unsaid, and she was lovely  
Even in flight, her limbs bare in the wind,  
Her garments fluttering, ad her soft hair streaming,  
More beautiful than ever. But Apollo,  
Too young a god to waste his time in coaxing,  
Came following fast. When a hound starts a rabbit  
In an open field, one runs for game, one safety.   
He has her, or thinks he has, and she is doubtful  
Whether she's caught or not, so close the margin,  
So ran the god and girl, one swift in hope,  
The other in terror, but he ran more swiftly,  
borne on the wings of love, gave her no rest,  
Shadowed her shoulder, breathed on her streaming hair.  
Her strength was gone, worn out by the long effort  
Of the long flight; she was deathly pale, and seeing   
The river of her father, cried "O help me,  
If there is any power in the rivers,  
Change and destroy the body which has given  
Too much delight!" And hardly had she finished,  
When her limbs grew numb and heavy, her soft breasts  
Were closed with delicate bark, her hair was leaves,  
Her arms were branches, and her speedy feet   
Rooted and held, and her head became a tree top,  
Everything gone except her grace, her shining.  
Apollo loved her still. He placed his hand  
Where he had hoped and felt the heart still beating  
Under the bark; and he embraced the branches  
As if they still were limbs, and kissed the wood,  
And the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god  
Exclaimed: "Since you can never be my bride,  
My tree at least you shall be! Let the laurel  
Adorn, henceforth, my hair, my lyre, my quiver;  
Let Roman victors, in the long procession,  
Wear laurel wreaths for triumph and ovation.  
Beside Augustus' portals let the laurel  
Guard and watch over the oak, and as my head  
Is always youthful, let the laurel always  
Be green and shining!" He said no more. The laurel,  
Stirring, seemed to consent, to be saying "Yes."