

## Narcissus

Without a thought for food or rest, he lies  
Stretched out upon the shadowed grass, his eyes  
Fixed on the watery mirror, and the sight  
Undoes him, for he takes so fierce a joy  
In what he sees, that lovely perfect boy.  
He bends towards the face, which in return  
Lifts up its lips to his, as though they yearn  
With equal love.

He feels in desperation  
Death would be better now than separation.  
Love overcomes him, and his passionate tears  
Disturb the water's surface, till he fears  
The losing of his love, and shouts in grief  
'Oh can't my passions find some small relief  
By touching you?' His hands, so marble-white  
Beat at his naked breast, till, frenzied quite,  
He cries 'Alas!', and Echo, watching still,  
Repeats 'Alas!' for he has lost the will  
To move at all, and motionless he lies  
Until the night forever shuts the eyes  
Whose image he adored.

His life thus ended,  
Narcissus, so the story goes, descended  
To Hades and forever stares and weeps  
Into his image in the Styx's deeps.

On earth his death was mourned by lovely Naiads,  
Who savaged their hair in grief, and by the Dryads,  
Whose wailings desperate Echo soon repeated.  
His funeral pyre was raised, but not completed.  
Narcissus' body could nowhere be found.  
Instead, beside the river, on the ground  
Where he had lain, a white and yellow flower  
Bends to admire itself, hour after hour.

