

Poem - Hermarchus

Post by "Joshua" of July 3, 2019 at 10:12 AM

Hermarchus

Seeing the bust of Epicurus

Ho! I--Master, I held from grief. We laid
Your body to its rest beneath the sky
And sun. What then to grieve? Thy atoms fly
Scattered, thy soul at more than peace which said
"Death is nothing"--but here! Thy sculptured head
Is wreathed with leaves of bay. Ah, how can I
Fall to grief? Your students with laughing cries
Honor you--your 'membrance blesses their bread.
Should scholarchs fail, and birds alone here warble--
Should vine and olive go to sage and sorrel--
Still aged men would carve your like in marble
And shining youth crown thy head with laurel.
-josh