Deathless Aphrodite of the spangled mind,  
child of Zeus, who twists lures, I beg you  
do not break with hard pains,  
    O lady, my heart  
but come here if ever before  
you caught my voice far off  
and listening left your father's  
golden house and came,  
yoking your car. And fine birds brought you,  
quick sparrows over the black earth  
whipping their wings down the sky  
    through midair—  
they arrived. But you, O blessed one,  
smiled in your deathless face  
and asked what (now again) I have suffered and why  
    (now again) I am calling out  
and what I want to happen most of all  
in my crazy heart. Whom should I persuade (now again)  
to lead you back into her love? Who, O  
    Sappho, is wronging you?
For if she flees, soon she will pursue.
If she refuses gifts, rather will she give them.
If she does not love, soon she will love even unwilling.

Come to me now: loose me from hard care and all my heart longs to accomplish, accomplish. You be my ally.
Some men say an army of horse and some men say an army on foot and some men say an army of ships is the most beautiful thing on the black earth. But I say it is what you love.

Easy to make this understood by all.
For she who overcame everyone in beauty (Helen) left her fine husband behind and went sailing to Troy. Not for her children nor her dear parents had she a thought, no—led her astray

for
lightly reminded me now of Anaktoria who is gone.
I would rather see her lovely step
and the motion of light on her face
than chariots of Lydians or ranks
of footsoldiers in arms.

]not possible to happen
]to pray for a share
]
]
]
]
]
toward[
]
]
]
out of the unexpected.
He seems to me equal to gods that man
whoever he is who opposite you
sits and listens close
to your sweet speaking

and lovely laughing—oh it
puts the heart in my chest on wings
for when I look at you, even a moment, no speaking
is left in me

no: tongue breaks and thin
fire is racing under skin
and in eyes no sight and drumming
fills ears

and cold sweat holds me and shaking
grips me all, greener than grass
I am and dead—or almost
I seem to me.

But all is to be dared, because even a person of poverty
Kypros
herald came
Idaos swift messenger
and of the rest of Asia imperishable fame.

Hektor and his men are bringing a glancing girl
from holy Thebe and from onflowing Plakia—
delicate Andromache on ships over the salt sea. And many gold bracelets and purple
perfumed clothes, painted toys,
and silver cups innumerable and ivory.
So he spoke. And at once the dear father rose up.
And news went through the wide town to friends.
Then sons of Ilos led mules beneath
fine-running carts and up climbed a whole crowd
of women and maidens with tapering ankles,
but separately the daughters of Priam
And young men led horses under chariots
in great style
charioteers
set out for Ilios
and sweetflowing flute and kithara were mingled
with the clip of castanets and piercingly then the maidens
sang a holy song and straight up the air went
amazing sound
and everywhere in the roads was bowls and cups
myrrh and cassia and frankincense were mingled.
And all the elder women shouted aloud
and all the men cried out a lovely song
calling on Paon farshooting god of the lyre,
and they were singing a hymn for Hektor and Andromache
like to gods.
Eros shook my
mind like a mountain wind falling on oak trees
you came and I was crazy for you
and you cooled my mind that burned with longing
Dead you will lie and never memory of you
will there be nor desire into the aftertime—for you do not
share in the roses
of Pieria, but invisible too in Hades' house
you will go your way among dim shapes. Having been breathed out.
But you, O Dika, bind your hair with lovely crowns,
tying stems of anise together in your soft hands.
For the blessed Graces prefer to look on one who wears flowers
and turn away from those without a crown.
I simply want to be dead.
Weeping she left me

with many tears and said this:
Oh how badly things have turned out for us.
Sappho, I swear, against my will I leave you.

And I answered her:
Rejoice, go and
remember me. For you know how we cherished you.

But if not, I want
to remind you

and beautiful times we had.

For many crowns of violets
and roses

at my side you put on

and many woven garlands
made of flowers
around your soft throat.
And with sweet oil
costly
you anointed yourself

and on a soft bed
delicate
you would let loose your longing

and neither any[ nor any
holy place nor
was there from which we were absent

no grove[ no dance
] no sound
]
blest bridegroom, your marriage just as you prayed
has been accomplished
and you have the bride for whom you prayed
gracious your form and your eyes
as honey: desire is poured upon your lovely face
Aphrodite has honored you exceedingly
for it is not right in a house of the Muses
that there be lament
this would not become us
Moon has set
and Pleiades: middle
night, the hour goes by,
alone I lie.