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Praises for Apollo

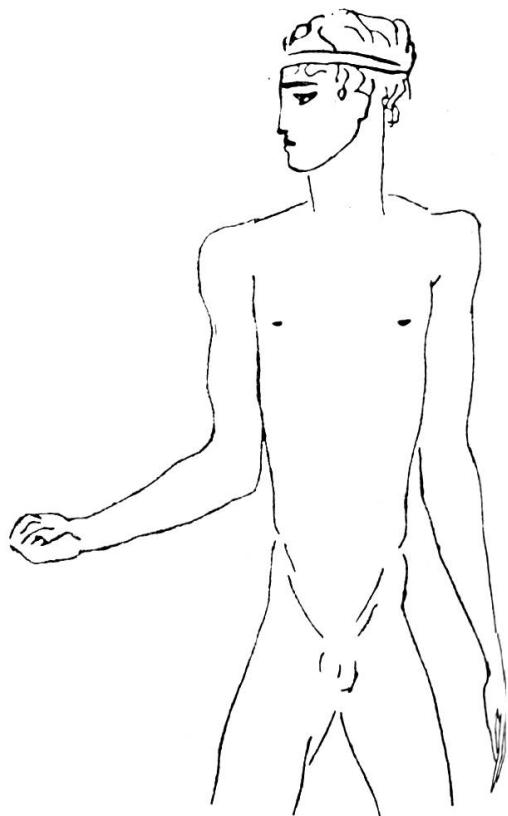
Golden, golden, golden god
Whose every gesture is a dance
With magic garmented, in truth stout sod
And dawn in every glance . . .

Olden, olden, olden god
Present when the mountains were begun
Spark in the pod, the smoulder in sod
God of the sun . . .

Oh gracious, gracious god
Upon whose spacious
Brow serenity is spread,
Meeting the sun-lit glance of your large eyes
My heart is fed, my fever dies,
Drenched through with your clear light
My muddy appetite is all transfigured,
Along those edged full lips your musing smile
Is measure incarnate, embodied style,
To those who love you nothing is illicit
Except the formless and obscure,
For you are form explicit . . .
You are the splendid blended hue, the singing line,
The stately edifice, the webbed design,
Father of everything unique, complete, and self-defined
Emergent from the murky womb of time . . .

Olden, olden, olden god
Disperser of primeval gloom,
Radiance lingers where you've trod —
Life burst abloom.

Golden, golden, golden god
Whose sweat is as the lemon flower's perfume,
Grace centers from yours slight assenting nod,
You wear the spectrum like a trailing plume.



Renée Sintenis

Luther Allen.