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DIONYSIUS

Where's lovely Dionysius? Who's found him?
By Zeus, to pour his nectar, he's been snatched.
O eagle, when your wings beat fast around him,
Say that the darling was not clawed or scratched.

Anon

ALEXIS

At noon I saw Alexis on the path,
When summer with its fruits was almost done,
And two rays burnt me: one was Love's, shot forth
From the boy's eyes; the other was the sun.
Now night has quenched the sun. The other beam
Consumes me still; that lovely vision flashes;
Sleep, that to others brings release, in dream
Brings pain to me, and sears my heart to ashes.

Meleager

CHARIDAMUS

I do not want Charidamus, dear lad; he
Gazes on Zeus as if he poured already
Wine for the god. I do not want him:
Cannot compete, in love, for victory
With heaven's king. No, I shall be content
If, as the boy climbs up, Olympus-bent,
My tears may wash his feet, a memory
Of love; but only let him grant to me
One tender glance, our lips meet in one kiss.
The rest is rightly yours, O Zeus. But this
I dare to ask: if he'd allow, in haste
I too might eat ambrosia-just a taste.

Meleager