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## Ἀπιστία

Πολλὰ ἄρα Ὀμήρου ἐπαινοῦντες, ἀλλὰ τοῦτο οὐκ ἐπαινεσόμεθα... οὐδὲ Αἰσχύλου, ὅταν φῆ ἢ Θέτις τὸν Ἀπόλλω ἐν τοῖς αὐτῆς γάμοις ἄδοντα:  
«ἐνδατεῖσθαι τὰς ἑὰς εὐπαιδίας, / νόσων τ' ἀπείρους καὶ μακραίωνας βίους, /  
Ξύμπαντά τ' εἰπὼν θεοφιλεῖς ἐμᾶς τύχας / παιῶν' ἐπευφήμησεν, εὐθυμῶν  
ἐμέ. / Κάγω τὸ φοῖβου θείον ἀψευδὲς στόμα / ἤλιπον εἶναι, μαντικῆ βρύον  
τέχνη: / Ὁ δ', αὐτὸς ὑμῶν, ... / αὐτὸς ἐστὶν ὁ κτανῶν / τὸν παῖδα τὸν ἐμόν».

— Πλάτων, Πολιτείας Β'

Σὰν πάντρευαν τὴν Θέτιδα μὲ τὸν Πηλέα  
σηκώθηκε ὁ Ἀπόλλων στὸ λαμπρὸ τραπέζι  
τοῦ γάμου, καὶ μακάρισε τοὺς νεονύμφους  
γιὰ τὸν βλαστὸ ποὺ θάβγαине ἀπ' τὴν ἔνωσί των.  
Εἶπε· Ποτὲ αὐτὸν ἀρρώστια δὲν θάγγιξει  
καὶ θάχει μακρυνὴ ζωὴ. — Αὐτὰ σὰν εἶπε,  
ἢ Θέτις χάρηκε πολὺ, γιὰ τὰ λόγια  
τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος ποὺ γνώριζε ἀπὸ προφητεῖες  
τὴν φάνηκαν ἐγγύησις γιὰ τὸ παιδί της.  
Κι ὅταν μεγάλωνεν ὁ Ἀχιλλεύς, καὶ ἦταν  
τῆς Θεσσαλίας ἔπαινος ἢ ἔμορφιά του,  
ἢ Θέτις τοῦ Θεοῦ τὰ λόγια ἐνθυμοῦνταν.  
Ἀλλὰ μιὰ μέρα ἦλθαν γέροι μὲ εἰδήσεις,  
κ' εἶπαν τὸν σκοτωμὸ τοῦ Ἀχιλλέως στὴν Τροία.  
Κ' ἢ Θέτις ξέσχιζε τὰ πορφυρά της ροῦχα,  
κ' ἔβγαζεν ἀπὸ πάνω της καὶ ξεπετοῦσε  
στὸ χῶμα τὰ βραχιόλια καὶ τὰ δαχτυλίδια.  
Καὶ μὲς στὸν ὄδυρμό της τὰ παλῆὰ θυμήθη·  
καὶ ρώτησε τί ἔκαμνε ὁ σοφὸς Ἀπόλλων,  
ποῦ γύριζεν ὁ ποιητὴς ποὺ στὰ τραπέζια  
ἔξοχα ὀμιλεῖ, ποῦ γύριζε ὁ προφήτης  
ὅταν τὸν υἱὸ της σκότωναν στὰ πρῶτα νειάτα.  
Κ' οἱ γέροι τὴν ἀπῆντησαν πῶς ὁ Ἀπόλλων  
αὐτὸς ὁ ἴδιος ἐκατέβηκε στὴν Τροία,  
καὶ μὲ τοὺς Τρῶας σκότωσε τὸν Ἀχιλλέα.

### Sonnet XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
*Увы, мои стихи все презрят, позабудут,*  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
*Когда они полны твоих достоинств будут,*  
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
*Хотя - то знает Бог - они лишь гроб пока,*  
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.  
*Где скрыта жизнь твоя, хвалимая слегка!*

If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
*Когда б я красоту твою воспеть был в силах*  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
*И перечислить все достоинства твои,*  
The age to come would say 'This poet lies:  
*Потомок бы сказал: "Он лжет - поэт любви!*  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'  
*Таких нет между тех, чья участь - гнить в в могиле!"*

So should my papers yellow'd with their age  
*И перестанет мир листкам моим внимать,*  
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,  
*Как бредням стариков болтливых, неправдивых.*  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
*И те хвалы, что лишь тебе принадлежат,*  
And stretched metre of an antique song:  
*Сочтутся за мечты, за звуки стоп игривых.*

But were some child of yours alive that time,  
*Но если бы детей имел ты не во сне,*  
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.  
*То ты в моих стихах и в них бы жил вдвойне.*

## LORD JIM

bundles, with their faces pressed to bent forearms: the men, the women, the children; the old with the young, the decrepit with the lusty— all equal before sleep, death's brother.

A draught of air, fanned from forward by the speed of the ship, passed steadily through the long gloom between the high bulwarks, swept over the rows of prone bodies; a few dim flames in globe-lamps were hung short here and there under the ridge-poles, and in the blurred circles of light thrown down and trembling slightly to the unceasing vibration of the ship appeared a chin upturned, two closed eyelids, a dark hand with silver rings, a meagre limb draped in a torn covering, a head bent back, a naked foot, a throat bared and stretched as if offering itself to the knife. The well-to-do had made for their families shelters with heavy boxes and dusty mats; the poor reposed side by side with all they had on earth tied up in a rag under their heads; the lone old men slept, with drawn-up legs, upon their prayer-carpets, with their hands over their ears and one elbow on each side of the face; a father, his shoulders up and his knees under his forehead, dozed dejectedly by a boy who slept on his back with tousled hair and one arm commandingly extended; a woman covered from head to foot, like a corpse, with a piece of white sheeting, had a naked child in the hollow of each arm; the Arab's belongings, piled right aft, made a heavy mound of broken outlines, with a cargo-lamp swung above, and a great confusion of vague forms behind: gleams of paunchy brass pots, the foot-rest of a deck-chair, blades of spears, the straight scab-