A GIRLby Ezra Pound

<https://allpoetry.com/A-Girl>

The tree has entered my hands,
The sap has ascended my arms,
The tree has grown in my breast-
Downward,
The branches grow out of me, like arms.

Tree you are,
Moss you are,
You are violets with wind above them.
A child - so high - you are,
And all this is folly to the world.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE by Robert Bagg

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/browse?contentId=28227>

Only a poet could be moved by her nervous charm

He dreamed, but she took Hollywood by storm.

What good is spoken or sexual valor

Once her hair's enhanced by technicolor?

She wished it, though. Sarcastic as the god

Apollo, he watched the screen, chainsmoking, crazy

With high laughter. As lithely praying Daphne

Comes true, what can he do but knock on wood?

FROM DAPHNE TO FAIR APOLLO by Ela Thompson

<https://poets.org/daphne-fair-apollo>

When I was young I played in the woods by the river,

splashing my brown rubber boots

in the cold, grey water.

I pretended I was a nymph,

a daughter of Landon, the great serpent dragon

poised in far northern sky

all year long,

watching over me with fierce love and protection,

unlike my true father,

who spent the whole day locked away

in a room in the attic I wasn’t permitted to enter.

I never thought of weddings,

instead I reached for my bow

and shot an arrow into the side of the house.

I was a hunter,

a tangle of blonde tied back by a loose ribbon,

a shadow in the rabbit’s eye.

My face the face of a renaissance woman,

stolen from Raphael’s *Young Woman with Unicorn*

my forehead high and wide, pressed out like the full moon,

my pale lips thin and down turned, my irises round blue-grey coins,

my body growing under me without my permission.

I wore the same clothes for years,

never noticing how they tightened around my chest and hips.

I never saw you look at me until it was too late.

I ran and ran,

but growing up by a river, one only learns to swim.

Eros shot you with love and me with hate,

a burden of lead buried deep in my chest—

too deep to be removed

so it poisoned me for a decade.

I called out to a father who would not hear me,

my arms reaching towards the heavens,

my hands yearning to grow out like branches, my fingers to leaves,

but no father, no god returned me to nature.

Instead you caught me hard in your rough arms

and carried me across your back to a bed I did not wish to lie on.

A year later I visited the Galleria Borghese in Rome,

the pearl mansion pressed against

a stark blue sky and a green hill.

I saw Bernini’s Apollo and Daphne.

She stands apart from him,

body incased in lichen and bark,

panic and joy across her face

as her toes, roots, sink in deep.

She is safe.

Fair cousin, Apollo,

what I would give to be that stone:

to be white marble,

your hands never to touch me.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO by undertones

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/2687116-Daphne-and-Apollo-by-undertones>

Like a racing, leaden arrow she was struck
Upon her chest and daintily she digressed
That she refused to love.

Within the clouds from hands unseen
Sprung careening one arrow more,
Messages from Gods above.

Love was her own enemy, disgusted
By it she protested, she decided
Never would she fall in love.

But the flying golden arrow stuck
Another with more luck,
Obsessive love from high above.

For her, this creature yearned and chased
She ran and paced as fast and pleaded
With her guardian above,

“Please don’t let me be overcome!
Can’t you see this frantic run!
Prevent me from succumbing to this love!”

Down they watched and soon agreed,
They spilled the seed preventing lust,
Miracles from high above!

He called anxiously aloud
“I will chase you to the ground!
I want you, and only you my love!”

He grew closer, almost graced her,
Thought he surely would out-pace her,
Graceful body, flowing hair above.

Her beauty overtook his mind,
He thought she was his for certain,
Evermore his conquered love!

As his fingers graced her form
He felt the skin he pictured warm
And soft-solid flesh with course above.

Her outer changed to greying brown,
Her gown was rough and turned to bark,
Obstructed from his love.

Her hair was branching out with leaves,
Her fingertips small boughs and twigs,
Magic from the Gods above

Transformed her in one attempt,
Her discontented final aid:
One leg planted, firmly loved.

She stood tall, a mighty tree,
And he, in love with her no less,
Viewed her newly, gazed above,
Still his eyes were filled with love,

“I will love you, nonetheless,
I will love you still my best,
Your laurel will now crown my crest,
With my power, you are blessed.”

Daphne, Still Apollo’s Beloved.

## DAPHNE PURSUED BY APOLLO by Sophia Stid

<https://poems.com/poem/daphne-pursued-by-apollo/>

A story told this many times becomes the forest.

No beginning, no end, no longer a narrative but the air

we breathe. For centuries, a woman with a name

rises from her sleep—becomes a tree—rains back down

again into her rest. One myth for how poetry began:

a man, reaching. Violence. Myth: Apollo finds the tree

inside of a woman. Apollo translates fingers into leaves,

hears a voice and calls it wind. I am not interested in Apollo.

I am interested in the father-god who could not stop

the rape but could turn his daughter into a tree—

what kind of power is that, and how does it still river

through our world? Why does nobody ask these questions?

I carry more keys than I need. Walking home from the library late, I thread silver

teeth through my fist. I am not a tree, and I am asking.