By H. D.

All Greece hates
    the still eyes in the white face,
    the lustre as of olives
    where she stands,
    and the white hands.

All Greece reviles
    the wan face when she smiles,
    hating it deeper still
    when it grows wan and white,
    remembering past enchantments
    and past ills.

Greece sees unmoved,
    God’s daughter, born of love,
    the beauty of cool feet
    and slenderest knees,
    could love indeed the maid,
    only if she were laid,
    white ash amid funereal cypresses.


Source: *Collected Poems 1912-1944* (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1982)