

## Daphne and Apollo

Flee, as far as can be and quick riding,  
Overwhelmed by the love of Apollo,  
Having been hit by a poisoned arrow.  
Cut to the chase and continue biding,  
Both going far and wide and colliding,  
Away from the lead arrow of sorrow.

Stung Apollo not to be cured on the morrow,  
His Daphne no more to him now, hiding.  
Little did he know that fate doth did turn  
A shot causing of sorrow and chaos,  
Eros with his bow and laughing with means,  
The slight of Apollo to turn astern

Laurel, symbol of romance and pathos,  
Are providing shade in beauty and dreams.