

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Β

PEACHES

Soft and hollow, how thou dost overcome the
hard and full !

It dies, it gives itself ; to Thee is the fruit !

Be thou the Bride ; thou shalt be the Mother
hereafter.

To all impressions thus. Let them not over-
come thee ; yet let them breed within thee.
The least of the impressions, come to its
perfection, is Pan.

Receive a thousand lovers ; thou shalt bear
but One Child.

This child shall be the heir of Fate the Father.