

RODIN
III
Syrinx and Pan

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Syrinx is caught upon the Arcadian field.
The god's grip huddles her girl breasts; his grim
And gnarled lips grin forth the soul of him.
The imprint of his bestial heart is sealed
And stamped armorial on her virgin shield,
Fame's argent heraldry despoiled: grows dim
For her the universe; supple and slim
She slides in vain. She loathes him—and doth yield.

Shame, sorrow, these be sire and dam of song.
Fatality, O Nature is thy name.
Along the accursed river, stagnant shame,
Eddying woe, from rape and godly wrong,
Springs the immortal reed; the mortal's cry
Rises, an angry anthem, to the sky.