

# ACTAEON

by

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*Botany Senior*

*"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled"*

*Shakespeare*

o dogs,  
neither yelp  
nor chase  
this cheated deer;

give rest, give heed,  
this rack is such a burden

nettles scratch  
    against my fresh fur belly,  
words from behind each tree come,  
arrows from their quivers fly  
and each leaf quake  
    means the scare of escape

my hooves are mired in mud,  
cease, my hunter friends—  
call off the dogs  
Diana is the beast,  
not i

her cursed toilet water  
has cut this life  
has drawn my hands,  
turn on her  
leave my coat go

no further

in wasted anger  
my burning beat  
is silenced;  
let this carcass rot  
in waiting for the warden

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