

To Mary Barnard · *Sandra McPherson*

You are still translating the *Iliad*.
 It wavers on a surface
Like your pond's—
Though Sappho is done,
 In fragments.
Here and there a swan underfeather.

Homer mutters, Sappho whispers.

And you have
 The quietest voice of all.
Often by your pond
You must stand so pleased
 That not one image sinks.
Nor your reflection,

Its honorary body.