Sappho 31
[Text discussed by Emma Woolerton]

He seems to me, that one, equal to the gods
The man whoever opposite you
Sits and close by listens to you
Sweetly speak
And laugh delightfully. That for sure
Has stirred my heart in my breast.
For whenever I look at you just briefly, then
It isn't possible for me to speak anymore
But my tongue is broken, and thin
Fire, in a moment, steals under my skin,
I see nothing with my eyes,
My ears roar
†?????? cold sweat pours down me†, trembling
Takes all of me, I am paler than
Grass, I think I'll need just a little to be dead
But everything must be endured, †since a poor man, too†


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