

Start here.

Q1

What slender bay dripping with limpid perfume

presses you in many roses ^{down} ~~down~~ in a cave,

Pyrrha? To whom do you tell back your

bland hair, simple in its charm?

How often will he weep over you changed

loyalty and gods, and he will wander at

the seas, rough with black winds, as

unaccustomed as he is,

who ~~now~~ trusting ^{now} ~~in~~ ~~at~~ you who he ~~believes~~ ^{sees}

to be golden, who hopes you are always

available, always lovable, not understanding

the ~~is~~ treacherous breeze. Wretched to

the people whom you sparkle untried. The
holy walls ^{shows} ~~were~~ the sacred votive tablets
^{as I} ~~showed~~ hanging ~~up~~ my dripping wet
clothes to the ^{powerful sea gods.} ~~god of the powerful sea.~~

Additional writing space on back page.