

# Artemis and Actaeon

WARREN HOPE

My eager dogs ran shy, but much too late  
To warn me that we'd crossed a boundary,  
Had trespassed on a clear, unfenced estate  
Where blindest luck had led me so I'd see

White Artemis, her arms down, streaming wet,  
Who met me with no greeting, simply frowned,  
Turning my dogs against me, in a sweat  
To spill stag's blood upon the moon-soaked ground.