

**Chapter 1 : Anteros Bonnie Lyrics**

*Love Lyrics: Broken arrows in the night / Lonely hearts can't see the light / Oh, baby / Won't you save me? / Leave me waiting, you don't care / Weave those flowers through your hair / Oh, baby.*

Lyric poetry is one of three main genres of poetry. The other two are dramatic and narrative. Examples of lyric poetry abound; the category encompasses sonnets, ballads, odes and more. So in lyric poetry, the mood is melodic and emotional. The writer uses words that express his or her state of mind, perceptions, and feelings, rather than tell a story. A lyric poem is usually written in the first person. Some of the best examples of lyric poetry come from Italian and English sonnets. Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Edmund Waller "Go, Lovely Rose" by Edmund Waller is a famed example of a lyrical love poem, in which the poet speaks to the rose he is sending to his love: Go, lovely Rose- Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she knows, When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be. Small is the worth Of beauty from the light retired: Bid her come forth, Suffer herself to be desired, And not blush so to be admired. Then die-that she The common fate of all things rare May read in thee; How small a part of time they share That are so wondrous sweet and fair! James DeFord Many lyric poems are about love, although they can be about anything which stirs the emotions. Dramatic poetry is written in blank verse and is meant to be spoken. Its main purpose is to tell a story or describe an event in an interesting and descriptive way. Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but never too deep; And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep. The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown, Remember the Wolf is a Hunter - go forth and get food of thine own. And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Boar in his lair. When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail, Lie down till the leaders have spoken - it may be fair words shall prevail. II He is with her; and they know that I know Where they are, what they do: IV That in the mortar -- you call it a gum? Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come! And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue, Sure to taste sweetly, -- is that poison too? Narrative Poetry Narrative poems include ballads and epics , long stories detailing historic societies, heroic deeds or interesting events. They can also be very dramatic when re-telling a particular situation and were originally meant to be performed while dancing. First he danced a solemn measure, Very slow in step and gesture, In and out among the pine-trees, Through the shadows and the sunshine, Treading softly like a panther. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. Ready to dive deeper into the different types of poems? Then, move on to some free verse poetry. Free verse poems are the rebels of the bunch. Skim through these Examples of Free Verse Poems to see if you can their unique nature. YourDictionary definition and usage example.

**Chapter 2 : Examples of Lyric Poetry**

*Music video by Anteros performing Love (Official Lyric Video). (C) Distiller Records LLP.*

Under a plane-tree, by the banks of the Ilissus. My dear Phaedrus, whence come you, and whither are you going? I come from Lysias the son of Cephalus, and I am going to take a walk outside the wall, for I have been sitting with him the whole morning; and our common friend Acumenus tells me that it is much more refreshing to walk in the open air than to be shut up in a cloister. There he is right. Lysias then, I suppose, was in the town? Yes, he was staying with Epicrates, here at the house of Morychus; that house which is near the temple of Olympian Zeus. And how did he entertain you? Can I be wrong in supposing that Lysias gave you a feast of discourse? You shall hear, if you can spare time to accompany me. And should I not deem the conversation of you and Lysias "a thing of higher import," as I may say in the words of Pindar, "than any business"? Will you go on? And will you go on with the narration? My tale, Socrates, is one of your sort, for love was the theme which occupied us -love after a fashion: Lysias has been writing about a fair youth who was being tempted, but not by a lover; and this was the point: O that is noble of him! I wish that he would say the poor man rather than the rich, and the old man rather than the young one; then he would meet the case of me and of many a man; his words would be quite refreshing, and he would be a public benefactor. For my part, I do so long to hear his speech, that if you walk all the way to Megara, and when you have reached the wall come back, as Herodicus recommends, without going in, I will keep you company. What do you mean, my good Socrates? How can you imagine that my unpractised memory can do justice to an elaborate work, which the greatest rhetorician of the age spent a long time in composing. Indeed, I cannot; I would give a great deal if I could. I believe that I know Phaedrus about as well as I know myself, and I am very sure that the speech of Lysias was repeated to him, not once only, but again and again;-he insisted on hearing it many times over and Lysias was very willing to gratify him; at last, when nothing else would do, he got hold of the book, and looked at what he most wanted to see,-this occupied him during the whole morning; -and then when he was tired with sitting, he went out to take a walk, not until, by the dog, as I believe, he had simply learned by heart the entire discourse, unless it was unusually long, and he went to a place outside the wall that he might practise his lesson. There he saw a certain lover of discourse who had a similar weakness;-he saw and rejoiced; now thought he, "I shall have a partner in my revels. But when the lover of discourse begged that he would repeat the tale, he gave himself airs and said, "No I cannot," as if he were indisposed; although, if the hearer had refused, he would sooner or later have been compelled by him to listen whether he would or no. Therefore, Phaedrus, bid him do at once what he will soon do whether bidden or not. I see that you will not let me off until I speak in some fashion or other; verily therefore my best plan is to speak as I best can. A very true remark, that of yours. I will do as I say; but believe me, Socrates, I did not learn the very words-O no; nevertheless I have a general notion of what he said, and will give you a summary of the points in which the lover differed from the non-lover. Let me begin at the beginning. Yes, my sweet one; but you must first of all show what you have in your left hand under your cloak, for that roll, as I suspect, is the actual discourse. Now, much as I love you, I would not have you suppose that I am going to have your memory exercised at my expense, if you have Lysias himself here. Enough; I see that I have no hope of practising my art upon you. But if I am to read, where would you please to sit? Let us turn aside and go by the Ilissus; we will sit down at some quiet spot. I am fortunate in not having my sandals, and as you never have any, I think that we may go along the brook and cool our feet in the water; this will be the easiest way, and at midday and in the summer is far from being unpleasant. Lead on, and look out for a place in which we can sit down. Do you see the tallest plane-tree in the distance? There are shade and gentle breezes, and grass on which we may either sit or lie down. I should like to know, Socrates, whether the place is not somewhere here at which Boreas is said to have carried off Orithyia from the banks of the Ilissus? Such is the tradition. And is this the exact spot? The little stream is delightfully clear and bright; I can fancy that there might be maidens playing near. I believe that the spot is not exactly here, but about a quarter of a mile lower down, where you cross to the temple of Artemis, and there is, I think, some sort of an altar of Boreas at the place. I have never noticed it; but I beseech

you to tell me, Socrates, do you believe this tale? The wise are doubtful, and I should not be singular if, like them, I too doubted. I might have a rational explanation that Orithyia was playing with Pharmacia, when a northern gust carried her over the neighbouring rocks; and this being the manner of her death, she was said to have been carried away by Boreas. There is a discrepancy, however, about the locality; according to another version of the story she was taken from Areopagus, and not from this place. Now I quite acknowledge that these allegories are very nice, but he is not to be envied who has to invent them; much labour and ingenuity will be required of him; and when he has once begun, he must go on and rehabilitate Hippocentaurs and chimeras dire. Gorgons and winged steeds flow in apace, and numberless other inconceivable and portentous natures. And if he is sceptical about them, and would fain reduce them one after another to the rules of probability, this sort of crude philosophy will take up a great deal of time. Now I have no leisure for such enquiries; shall I tell you why? I must first know myself, as the Delphian inscription says; to be curious about that which is not my concern, while I am still in ignorance of my own self, would be ridiculous. And therefore I bid farewell to all this; the common opinion is enough for me. For, as I was saying, I want to know not about this, but about myself: But let me ask you, friend: Yes, this is the tree. By Here, a fair resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. Here is this lofty and spreading plane-tree, and the agnus cast us high and clustering, in the fullest blossom and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath the plane-tree is deliciously cold to the feet. Judging from the ornaments and images, this must be a spot sacred to Achelous and the Nymphs. How delightful is the breeze: But the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phaedrus, you have been an admirable guide. What an incomprehensible being you are, Socrates: Do you ever cross the border? I rather think that you never venture even outside the gates. Very true, my good friend; and I hope that you will excuse me when you hear the reason, which is, that I am a lover of knowledge, and the men who dwell in the city are my teachers, and not the trees or the country. Though I do indeed believe that you have found a spell with which to draw me out of the city into the country, like a hungry cow before whom a bough or a bunch of fruit is waved. For only hold up before me in like manner a book, and you may lead me all round Attica, and over the wide world. And now having arrived, I intend to lie down, and do you choose any posture in which you can read best. You know how matters stand with me; and how, as I conceive, this affair may be arranged for the advantage of both of us. And I maintain that I ought not to fail in my suit, because I am not your lover: Then again, lovers consider how by reason of their love they have neglected their own concerns and rendered service to others: But the non-lover has no such tormenting recollections; he has never neglected his affairs or quarrelled with his relations; he has no troubles to add up or excuse to invent; and being well rid of all these evils, why should he not freely do what will gratify the beloved? If you say that the lover is more to be esteemed, because his love is thought to be greater; for he is willing to say and do what is hateful to other men, in order to please his beloved;-that, if true, is only a proof that he will prefer any future love to his present, and will injure his old love at the pleasure of the new. And how, in a matter of such infinite importance, can a man be right in trusting himself to one who is afflicted with a malady which no experienced person would attempt to cure, for the patient himself admits that he is not in his right mind, and acknowledges that he is wrong in his mind, but says that he is unable to control himself? And if he came to his right mind, would he ever imagine that the desires were good which he conceived when in his wrong mind? Once more, there are many more non-lovers than lovers; and if you choose the best of the lovers, you will not have many to choose from; but if from the non-lovers, the choice will be larger, and you will be far more likely to find among them a person who is worthy of your friendship. If public opinion be your dread, and you would avoid reproach, in all probability the lover, who is always thinking that other men are as emulous of him as he is of them, will boast to some one of his successes, and make a show of them openly in the pride of his heart;-he wants others to know that his labour has not been lost; but the non-lover is more his own master, and is desirous of solid good, and not of the opinion of mankind. Again, the lover may be generally noted or seen following the beloved this is his regular occupation, and whenever they are observed to exchange two words they are supposed to meet about some affair of love either past or in contemplation; but when non-lovers meet, no one asks the reason why, because people know that talking to another is natural, whether friendship or mere pleasure be the motive. Once more, if you fear

the fickleness of friendship, consider that in any other case a quarrel might be a mutual calamity; but now, when you have given up what is most precious to you, you will be the greater loser, and therefore, you will have more reason in being afraid of the lover, for his vexations are many, and he is always fancying that every one is leagued against him. If he can persuade you to break with them, you are left without friend in the world; or if, out of a regard to your own interest, you have more sense than to comply with his desire, you will have to quarrel with him. But those who are non-lovers, and whose success in love is the reward of their merit, will not be jealous of the companions of their beloved, and will rather hate those who refuse to be his associates, thinking that their favourite is slighted by the latter and benefited by the former; for more love than hatred may be expected to come to him out of his friendship with others. Many lovers too have loved the person of a youth before they knew his character or his belongings; so that when their passion has passed away, there is no knowing whether they will continue to be his friends; whereas, in the case of non-lovers who were always friends, the friendship is not lessened by the favours granted; but the recollection of these remains with them, and is an earnest of good things to come. Further, I say that you are likely to be improved by me, whereas the lover will spoil you. For they praise your words and actions in a wrong way; partly, because they are afraid of offending you, and also, their judgment is weakened by passion. Such are the feats which love exhibits; he makes things painful to the disappointed which give no pain to others; he compels the successful lover to praise what ought not to give him pleasure, and therefore the beloved is to be pitied rather than envied. But if you listen to me, in the first place, I, in my intercourse with you, shall not merely regard present enjoyment, but also future advantage, being not mastered by love, but my own master; nor for small causes taking violent dislikes, but even when the cause is great, slowly laying up little wrath-unintentional offences I shall forgive, and intentional ones I shall try to prevent; and these are the marks of a friendship which will last. Do you think that a lover only can be a firm friend? Further, if we ought to shower favours on those who are the most eager suitors, - on that principle, we ought always to do good, not to the most virtuous, but to the most needy; for they are the persons who will be most relieved, and will therefore be the most grateful; and when you make a feast you should invite not your friend, but the beggar and the empty soul; for they will love you, and attend you, and come about your doors, and will be the best pleased, and the most grateful, and will invoke many a blessing on your head. Yet surely you ought not to be granting favours to those who besiege you with prayer, but to those who are best able to reward you; nor to the lover only, but to those who are worthy of love; nor to those who will enjoy the bloom of your youth, but to those who will share their possessions with you in age; nor to those who, having succeeded, will glory in their success to others, but to those who will be modest and tell no tales; nor to those who care about you for a moment only, but to those who will continue your friends through life; nor to those who, when their passion is over, will pick a quarrel with you, but rather to those who, when the charm of youth has left you, will show their own virtue. Remember what I have said; and consider yet this further point: To which I reply that not even the lover would advise you to indulge all lovers, for the indiscriminate favour is less esteemed by the rational recipient, and less easily hidden by him who would escape the censure of the world. Now love ought to be for the advantage of both parties, and for the injury of neither. Is not the discourse excellent, more especially in the matter of the language? Yes, quite admirable; the effect on me was ravishing. And this I owe to you, Phaedrus, for I observed you while reading to be in an ecstasy, and thinking that you are more experienced in these matters than I am, I followed your example, and, like you, my divine darling, I became inspired with a phrenzy. Indeed, you are pleased to be merry. Do you mean that I am not in earnest? Well, but are you and I expected to praise the sentiments of the author, or only the clearness, and roundness, and finish, and tournure of the language? As to the first I willingly submit to your better judgment, for I am not worthy to form an opinion, having only attended to the rhetorical manner; and I was doubting whether this could have been defended even by Lysias himself; I thought, though I speak under correction, that he repeated himself two or three times, either from want of words or from want of pains; and also, he appeared to me ostentatiously to exult in showing how well he could say the same thing in two or three ways.

### Chapter 3 : Anteros - WikiVividly

*Examples of lyric poetry abound; the category encompasses sonnets, ballads, odes and more. You won't be surprised to learn that Shakespeare was adept at this art form. In the examples below, we'll explore some of his work, as well as some other lyrical masters.*

His works include translations of major dramatists and poets of France as well as critical studies of the major figures and movements of French letters. In the following excerpt, Fowlie speaks of the life and works of Nerval as those of a man inhabiting a dream world. The dream for Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and de Musset was a band they put over their eyes to blot out the vulgar world of the bourgeois. For only one of the romantics was the dream what it should have been: The dream of Nerval has triumphed. His work, rather than being an obviously symbolic transcription of his life, is his life. Everything has been reversed in Nerval, because his life is a faint transcription of his dream. The sonnets are much more than a distillation of experiences. The madness of this poet undertook voyages less exaggerated than the real voyages in which Nerval, incited by his studies of the cabala, of magic, and mystical initiations, destroyed the real worlds. His wisdom was obscure because it was composed of magnetism, esoterism, and occultism, but his madness was lucid because it constructed the limitless and perfect world of dreams. As a traveller, Nerval pursued the symbolism of numbers and the memories of magic and of cabala, but as a poet, he constructed the existence of a man who loves and suffers. Any historical or psychological method used to explain Nerval will fail, because reality for him existed as the substance of a dream, as a substance to be modified and remodelled. His writings are therefore as invulnerable as a dream. Any explication is less than approximate. In order to read Nerval, it is a question of living a dream and feeling its beauty. It is not a question of dissecting it. The figures of the women who inhabit his work resemble those phantoms who are always the same phantom of a dream. The conscious life of the poet was composed of departures, of voyages, of peregrinations, and only in his dreams did he remain immobilized before the ideal form of the woman he was seeking. A poet of love, Nerval always remained a poet of metempsychosis: Nerval encouraged his madness because it abolished time and plunged him into a distant past where all was illuminated with joy. The spiritual experience alone of love is tenacious. It inevitably triumphs over physical experience in binding us to time which has gone by, to a past which becomes present and future. It is the same experience we re-live ceaselessly. The sonnet not only contains direct The entire section is 2, words.

**Chapter 4 : The Internet Classics Archive | Phaedrus by Plato**

*Anteros Lyrics: Let's skip the start / And tear apart / Like we were never lost / You'll tumble in my gaze / But you won't find the answers / We're together lost / We're forever lost / Between the.*

Their number was varied--Hesiod describes a pair, Eros Love and Himeros Desire who were present at the birth of Aphrodite, while later writers add a third, Pothos Passion, to create a triad of goldings. The lyric poets multiplied them into a numberless host of winged putti. The Erotes were purely creatures of poetic invention with no distinct mythology of their own. In Greek vase painting the love-spirits were depicted as winged youths or children. In later art, especially mosaic, they were portrayed as putti winged infants. He was sometimes also the avenger of unrequited love. EROS 1 The ancient god of love and the agent of natural procreation. He was the eldest of the Erotes born at the creation of the universe. EROS 2 The god of love. He was the most mischievous of the Erotes, who randomly shot out love-inducing darts from his golden bow. He was once a handsome winged youth, like the other Erotes, but his form was merged with that of the Nympe Salmakis in answer to her prayers that the two should never be apart. Sandys Greek lyric C5th B. Greek Lyric I C6th B. It is the breath of the gods and the joy of mortals, the glory of the Kharites Charites, Graces in spring-time, the delight of the Erotes Loves with their rich garlands and of Aphrodite; it is a subject for poetry and the graceful plant of the Mousai Muses. Weir Smyth Greek tragedy C5th B. And in the train of their mother are Pothos Desire and she to whom nothing is denied, winning Peitho Persuasion; and to Harmonia Harmony has been given a share of Aphrodite, and to the whispering touches of the Erotes Loves. Lamb Greek philosopher C4th B. Let us inquire what thought men had in giving them [the gods] their names. The first men who gave names [to the gods] were no ordinary persons, but high thinkers and great talkers. And the word pothos yearning signifies that it pertains not to that which is present, but to that which is elsewhere allothi pou or absent, and therefore the same feeling which is called himeros when its object is present, is called pothos when it is absent. Rieu Greek epic C3rd B. Trypanis Greek poet C3rd B. Jones Greek travelogue C2nd A. Eros, Himeros and Pothos are the three Erotes Loves. Taylor Greek hymns C3rd B. Fairbanks Greek rhetorician C3rd A. For they are the children of the Nymphai Nymphs and govern all mortal kind, and they are many because of the many things men love; and they say that it is Eros Ouranios Heavenly Love which manages the affairs of the gods in heaven. Do you catch aught of the fragrance hovering over the garden, or are your senses dull? But listen carefully; for along with my description of the garden the fragrance of the apples also will come to you. Here run straight rows of trees with space left free between them to walk in, and tender grass borders the paths, fit to be a couch for one to lie upon. One the ends of the branches apples golden and red and yellow invite the whole swarm of Erotes to harvest them. Neither do the Erotes wear crowns on their heads, for their hair suffices. Their wings, dark blue and purple and in some cases golden, all but beat the very air and make harmonious music. Ah, the baskets into which they gather the apples! What abundance of sardonyx, of emeralds, adorns them, and the pearls are true pearls; but the workmanship must be attributed to Hephaistos! But the Erotes need no ladders wrought by him to reach the trees, for aloft they fly even to where the apples hang. Not to speak of the Erotes that are dancing or running about or sleeping, or how they enjoy eating the apples, let us see what is the meaning of these others. For here are four of them, the most beautiful of all, withdrawn from the rest; two of them are throwing an apple back and forth, and the second pair are engaged in archery, one shooting at his companion and the latter shooting back. Nor is there any trace of hostility in their faces; rather they offer their breasts to each other, in order that the missiles may pierce them there, no doubt. This is friendship, my boy, and yearning of one for the other. For the Erotes who play ball with the apple are beginning to fall in love, and so the one kisses the apple before he throws it, and the other holds out his hands to catch it, evidently intending to kiss it in his turn if he catches it and then to throw it back; but the pair of archers are confirming a love that is already present. In a word, the first pair in their play are intent on falling in love, while the second pair are shooting arrows that they may not cease from desire. As for the Erotes further away, surrounded by many spectators, they have come at each other with spirit and are engaged in a sort of wrestling-match. I will describe the wrestling also, since you earnestly desire it. One has

caught his opponent by lighting on his back, and seizes his throat to choke him, and grips him with his legs; the other does not yield, but struggles upright and tries to loosen the hand that chokes him by bending back one of the fingers till the other no longer hold or keep their grip. In pain the Eros whose finger is being bent back bites the ear of the opponent. The Erotes who are spectators are angry with him for this as unfair and contrary to the rules of wrestling, and pelt him with apples. And let not the hare yonder escape us, but let us join the Erotes in hunting it down. The creature was sitting under the trees and feeding on the apples that fell to the ground but leaving many half-eaten; but the Erotes hunt it from place to place and make it dash headlong, one by clapping his hands, another by screaming, another by waving his cloak; some fly above it with shouts, others on foot press hard after it, and one of these makes a rush in order to hurl himself upon it. The creature changes its course and another Eros schemes to catch it by the leg, but it slips away from him just as it is caught. So the Erotes, laughing, have thrown themselves on the ground, one on his side, one on his face, others on their backs, all in attitudes of disappointment. But there is no shooting of arrows at the hare, since they are trying to catch it alive as an offering most pleasing to Aphrodite. For you know, I imagine, what is said of the hare, that it possesses the gift of Aphrodite [i. At any rate it is said of the female that while she suckles the young she has borne, she bears another litter to share the same milk; forthwith she conceives again, nor is there any time at all when she is not carrying young. As for the male, he not only begets offspring in the way natural to males, but also himself bears young, contrary to nature. And perverted lovers have found in the hare a certain power to produce love, attempting to secure the objects of their affection by a compelling magic art. By making a present of a hare they exercise a sort of constraint upon the beloved; Erotes were often depicted carrying hares. But where is she and in what part of the orchard yonder? Do you see the overarching rock from beneath which springs water of the deepest blue, fresh and good to drink, which is distributed in channels to irrigate the apple trees? Be sure that Aphrodite is there, where the Nymphai Nymphs, I doubt not, have established a shrine to her, because she has made them mothers of Erotes and therefore blest in their children. The silver mirror, that gilded sandal, the golden brooches, all these have been hung there not without purpose. They proclaim that they belong to Aphrodite, and her name is inscribed on them, and they are said to be gifts of the Nymphai. And the Erotes bring first-fruits of the apples, and gathering around they pray to her that their orchard may prosper. Here indeed is the most beautiful water of the marsh, issuing direct from a spring, and it forms a swimming-pool of exceeding beauty. In the midst of the pool amaranth flowers are nodding this way and that, sweet clusters that pelt the water with their blossoms. It is among these clusters that the Erotes are riding sacred birds with golden bridles, one giving free rein, another drawing in, another turning, another driving around the goal-post. Just imagine that you hear them urging on their swans, and threatening and jeering at one another--for this is all to be seen in their faces. One is trying to give his neighbour a fall, another has done it, still another is glad enough to have fallen from his bird that he may take a bath in the race-course. On the banks round about stand more musical swans, singing the Orthian strain, I think, as befits the contestants. The winged youth you see is an indication that a song is being sung, for he is the wind Zephyros the West Wind and he gives the swans the keynote of their song. He sits before the framework of the cow and he [symbolically] uses Erotes Love-Gods as his assistants in the device so as to connect with it something of Aphrodite. Of the Erotes, my boy, those are visible who turn the drill, and those by Zeus that smooth with the adze portions of the cow which are not yet accurately finished, and those that measure off the symmetrical proportions on which craftsmanship depends. But the Erotes that work with the saw surpass all conception and all skill in drawing and colour. The saw has attacked the wood and is already passing through it, and these Erotes keep it going, one on the ground, another on the staging, both straightening up and bending forward in turn. Let us consider this movement to be alternate; one has bent low as if about to rise up, his companion has risen erect as if about to bend over; the one on the ground draws his breath into his chest, and the one who is aloft fills his lungs down to his belly as he presses both hands down on the saw. The Erotes Loves, making this task their own, kindle the pyre with their torches and claim that they do not defile their fire, but that they will find it sweeter and more pure, when they have used it in the burial of those who have dealt so well with love. Fairbanks Greek rhetorician C4th A. He was a boy, or rather a youth, of the same age as the Erotes Loves; and he gave out as it were a radiance of lightning from the very

beauty of his body. He was clothed like the Erotes, and he resembled them also in that he was in the prime of his youth. The garb which adorned him was as follows: Melville Roman epic C1st B. Boyle Roman poetry C1st B. Showerman Roman poetry C1st B. Goold Roman elegy C1st B. Rackham Roman rhetorician C1st B. Miller Roman tragedy C1st A. Eros and either Anteros or Hymenaeus] brandish their torches. Eros and Anteros], that wanton, smiling boy of thine. Mozley Roman epic C1st A. At the sight of her the goddess straightway springs from her high-piled couch, and all the troop of winged Amores Loves [Erotes]. Mozley Roman poetry C1st A. About the posts and pillows of her couch swarm a troop of tender Amores Loves [Erotes], begging her make sign where she bids them bear her torches, what hearts they shall transfix; whether to wreak their cruelty on land or sea, to set gods at variance or yet once more to vex the Thunderer [Jupiter-Zeus]. Herself she has yet no purpose, no certain will of pleasure. Weary she lies upon her cushions, where once the Lemnian chains [of Vulcan-Hephaistos] crept over the bed and held it fast, learning its guilty secret. Walsh Roman novel C2nd A. She [Aphrodite] was surrounded by a throng of the happiest children; you would have sworn that those little boys whose skins were smooth and milk-white were genuine Cupides Loves [Erotes] who had just flown in from sky or sea. They looked just he part with their tiny wings, miniature arrows, and the rest of their get-up, as with gleaming torches they lit the way for their mistress as though she were en route to a wedding-banquet. Mair Greek poetry C5th to C6th A. And she saw her children the Erotes:

**Chapter 5 : Anteros Poem by Clark Ashton Smith - Poem Hunter**

*Lyric poetry: The expression of personal emotions or thoughts in poem, with a melody or musical quality. Sonnet: A poem with 14 lines usually written in iambic pentameter.*

Greek lyric For the ancient Greeks , lyric poetry had a precise technical meaning: Because such works were typically sung, it was also known as melic poetry. The lyric or melic poet was distinguished from the writer of plays although Athenian drama included choral odes, in lyric form , the writer of trochaic and iambic verses which were recited , the writer of elegies accompanied by the flute, rather than the lyre and the writer of epic. These archaic and classical musician-poets included Sappho , Alcaeus , Anacreon and Pindar. Archaic lyric was characterized by strophic composition and live musical performance. Some poets, like Pindar extended the metrical forms to a triad, including strophe , antistrophe metrically identical to the strophe and epode whose form does not match that of the strophe. What remained were the forms, the lyric meters of the Greeks adapted to Latin. Catullus was influenced by both archaic and Hellenistic Greek verse and belonged to a group of Roman poets called the Neoteri "New Poets" who spurned epic poetry following the lead of Callimachus. Instead, they composed brief, highly polished poems in various thematic and metrical genres. The Roman love elegies of Tibullus , Propertius , and Ovid Amores , Heroides , with their personal phrasing and feeling, may be the thematic ancestor of much medieval, Renaissance, Romantic, and modern lyric poetry, but these works were composed in elegiac couplets and so were not lyric poetry in the ancient sense. The varying forms of the new Chu ci provided more rhythm and greater latitude of expression. Formally, it consists of a short lyric composed in a single meter with a single rhyme throughout. The central subject is love. The ghazal was introduced to European poetry in the early 19th century by the Germans Schlegel , Von Hammer-Purgstall , and Goethe , who called Hafiz his "twin". The dominant form of German lyric poetry in the period was the minnesang , "a love lyric based essentially on a fictitious relationship between a knight and his high-born lady". Laura is in many ways both the culmination of medieval courtly love poetry and the beginning of Renaissance love lyric. A bhajan or kirtan is a Hindu devotional song. Bhajans are often simple songs in lyrical language expressing emotions of love for the Divine. Notable authors include Kabir , Surdas , and Tulsidas. Chinese Sanqu poetry was a Chinese poetic genre popular from the 12th-century Jin Dynasty through to the early Ming. Early 14th-century playwrights like Ma Zhiyuan and Guan Hanqing were well-established writers of Sanqu. Against the usual tradition of using Classical Chinese , this poetry was composed in the vernacular.

*Lyric Poems. Examples of Lyrics and a list of poems in the correct poetic form and technique. Share and read Lyric poetry while accessing rules, topics, ideas, and a comprehensive literary definition of a Lyric. Note: The forms for these poems were selected by the poet. Often poems are assigned the.*

May 11, views No Comments A couple of years ago a young band from Stockport was playing to small crowds up and down the country. All my senses told me instantly that they had the potential to break on through to the other side small time indie side to mainstream side I mean. Well they did have some very Doorsy sounding songs in their armoury in those early days. They had nothing but a handful of singles to listen to, followed by the Blown Rose EP, and some quirky home-made videos online. What I discovered back then, was that they came as a complete package: With lots of bands you can get one, but not the other. When you discover the morphing of both, you have struck gold. They are genuine, down-to-earth guys who you could more difficult these days! Blossoms are the noisy neighbours Ferguson was talking about! Well do you know what? I have a prediction, or most probably an observation: I believe that Anteros have that same winning combination too. The icing on the cake is this: I nearly choked on my large, extra hot, full fat, vanilla latte when Fade to Grey came over the speakers. You need to stop drinking and talking and listen to this. And on Soccer FM too. Because they write deliciously infectious melodies, with singalong hooks and stir-it-up beats that frame real life lyrics, with which you can identify. What shall I compare thee too, O Anteros? It might be a lyric, with which you immediately identify: You can be stuck inside your own four white walls and find escape into this colourful, gritty, poprock world where the jagged edges of any negativity are sandpapered away to leave a smooth, feelgood soul onto which you can paint something positive. Even the songs, with lyrics of loss and heartache somehow sound hopeful and optimistic. Yes, but everything will be ok in the end. I used to advise people to go and see Blossoms in small venues before you had to pay ridiculously inflated prices to stand in an arena and see five dots on a faraway stage. I now say the same for Anteros. They will soon embark on their own tour in smaller venues across the UK. See them now, before they sell out in minutes and you have to go to a ticket re-sale site to buy tickets. From the first euphoric notes of Cherry Drop to the rouse-a-long outro of Anteros, they were hooked as Laura vocals , Josh bass , Jackson guitar and Harry drums acted, preened and thrashed out the songs whilst a bevy of ecstatic girls danced wildly in front of the stage. It was a perfect venue: They will be there at the next Liverpool gig for sure. So will Anteros be the next Blossoms? Blossoms have already cemented their place in the world of poprock. For a complete amateur photographer like me, Anteros create some amazing angles together on stage, that make for great pictures. It is no coincidence that hoardes of photographers flooded the photopit for their performance at Flying Vinyl Festival in London April I really and honestly and truly believe it most unlikely that Anteros will not take off meteorically in the same way as that cheeky band that put Stockport on the map. The songs are radio-ready, stadium-ready, album-ready, Costa-ready, Home Bargains- ready, Old Trafford-ready gems. Most importantly, the band will keep, and add to, their rapidly growing fan base, both on social media and in person, because they have time for them, so much so that I was able to talk to Josh and Jackson for ages about music and football and lots of other stuff. Listen to these songs on here. The Beat goes on"and on"and on"and will go on"and on"and on" For photos of Anteros:

**Chapter 7 : Lyric Poems | Examples of Lyric Poetry**

*Lyric poems written by famous poets. Browse through to read poems for lyric. This page has the widest range of lyric love and quotes.*

Love – Love is a variety of different feelings, states, and attitudes that ranges from interpersonal affection to pleasure. It can refer to an emotion of an attraction and personal attachment. Love can also be a virtue representing human kindness, compassion and it may also describe compassionate and affectionate actions towards other humans, ones self or animals. Non-Western traditions have also distinguished variants or symbioses of these states, Love has additional religious or spiritual meaning – notably in Abrahamic religions. This diversity of uses and meanings combined with the complexity of the feelings involved makes love unusually difficult to consistently define, compared to other emotional states. Love in its various forms acts as a facilitator of interpersonal relationships and. Love may be understood as a function to human beings together against menaces. The word love can have a variety of related but distinct meanings in different contexts, cultural differences in conceptualizing love thus doubly impede the establishment of a universal definition. Although the nature or essence of love is a subject of frequent debate, abstractly discussed love usually refers to an experience one person feels for another. Love often involves caring for, or identifying with, a person or thing, including oneself, in addition to cross-cultural differences in understanding love, ideas about love have also changed greatly over time. Some historians date modern conceptions of love to courtly Europe during or after the Middle Ages. Thomas Aquinas, following Aristotle, defines love as to will the good of another, bertrand Russell describes love as a condition of absolute value, as opposed to relative value. Philosopher Gottfried Leibniz said that love is to be delighted by the happiness of another, meher Baba stated that in love there is a feeling of unity and an active appreciation of the intrinsic worth of the object of love. Biologist Jeremy Griffith defines love as unconditional selflessness, a person can be said to love an object, principle, or goal to which they are deeply committed and greatly value. People can also love material objects, animals, or activities if they invest themselves in bonding or otherwise identifying with those things, if sexual passion is also involved, then this feeling is called paraphilia. Interpersonal love refers to love human beings 2.

Mount Olympus – Mount Olympus is the highest mountain in Greece. It is located in the Olympus Range on the border between Thessaly and Macedonia, between the units of Pieria and Larissa, about 80 km southwest from Thessaloniki. Mount Olympus has 52 peaks, deep gorges, and exceptional biodiversity, the highest peak Mytikas, meaning nose, rises to 2, metres. It is one of the highest peaks in Europe in terms of topographic prominence, Olympus was notable in Greek mythology as the home of the Greek gods, on the Mytikas peak. Mount Olympus is also noted for its rich flora with several species. Every year thousands of people visit Olympus to admire its fauna and flora, to tour its slopes, organized mountain refuges and various mountaineering and climbing routes are available to visitors who want to explore it. The usual starting point is the town of Litchoro, on the foothills of the mountain, km from Thessaloniki, where, in the beginning of every summer. The shape of Olympus was formed by rain and wind, which produced an isolated tower almost 3, metres above the sea, Olympus has many peaks and an almost circular shape. The mountain has a circumference of kilometres, a diameter of 26 kilometres. To the northwest lies the Vlach village of Kokkinoplou, the Makryrema stream separates Olympus from the massif of Voulgara. The villages Petra, Vrontou and Dion lie to the northwest, while on the side there is the town of Litchoro. On its southeastern side, the Ziliana gorge divides Mount Olympus from Kato Olympos, while on its foothills, there are the villages Sykaminea. The Aghias Triadas Sparmou Monastery and the village Pythion lie to the west, Olympus dry foothills are known as the Xirokampi, containing chaparral and small animals. Further east, the plain of Dion is fertile and watered by the streams originate on Olympus. Mount Olympus is formed of rock laid down million years ago in a shallow sea. Various geological events that caused the emergence of the whole region. Around one million years ago glaciers covered Olympus and created its plateaus, the complicated geological past of the region is obvious on the morphology of Olympus and its National Park 3.

Ares – Ares is the Greek god of war. He is one of the Twelve Olympians, and the son of Zeus and his sons Phobos and Deimos

and his lover, or sister, Enyo accompanied him on his war chariot. In the Iliad, his father Zeus tells him that he is the god most hateful to him, an association with Ares endows places and objects with a savage, dangerous, or militarized quality. His value as a war god is placed in doubt, during the Trojan War, Ares was on the side, while Athena, often depicted in Greek art as holding Nike in her hand. Ares plays a limited role in Greek mythology as represented in literary narratives, though his numerous love affairs. When Ares does appear in myths, he typically faces humiliation and he is well known as the lover of Aphrodite, the goddess of love, who was married to Hephaestus, god of craftsmanship. The most famous story related to Ares and Aphrodite shows them exposed to ridicule through the wronged husbands device. The counterpart of Ares among the Roman gods is Mars, who as a father of the Roman people was given a more important, during the Hellenization of Latin literature, the myths of Ares were reinterpreted by Roman writers under the name of Mars. Greek writers under Roman rule also recorded cult practices and beliefs pertaining to Mars under the name of Ares, thus in the classical tradition of later Western art and literature, the mythology of the two figures becomes virtually indistinguishable. Walter Burkert notes that Ares is apparently an ancient abstract noun meaning throng of battle, R. Beekes has suggested a Pre-Greek origin of the name. The earliest attested form of the name is the Mycenaean Greek 4. Aphrodite

4. Aphrodite

Aphrodite is the Greek goddess of love, beauty, pleasure, and procreation. She is identified with the planet Venus, and her Roman equivalent is the goddess Venus, as with many ancient Greek deities, there is more than one story about her origins. According to Hesiods Theogony, she was born when Cronus cut off Uranuss genitals and threw them into the sea, according to Homers Iliad, she is the daughter of Zeus and Dione. In Plato, these two origins are said to be of hitherto separate entities, Aphrodite Ourania and Aphrodite Pandemos, Aphrodite had many lovers

both gods, such as Ares, and men, such as Anchises. She played a role in the Eros and Psyche legend, and was lover and surrogate mother of Adonis. Many lesser beings were said to be children of Aphrodite, Aphrodite is also known as Cytherea and Cypris after the two cult sites, Cythera and Cyprus, which claimed to be her place of birth. Myrtle, roses, doves, sparrows and swans were sacred to her, the ancient Greeks identified her with the Ancient Egyptian goddess Hathor. Aphrodite had many names such as Acidalia and Cerigo, each used by a different local cult of the goddess in Greece. The Greeks recognized all of these names as referring to the single goddess Aphrodite, despite the differences in what these local cults believed the goddess demanded of them. Michael Janda, accepting this as genuine, claims the birth myth as an Indo-European mytheme. A number of improbable non-Greek etymologies have suggested in scholarship. The alteration from b to ph is explained as a characteristic of Greek obvious from the Macedonians. Aphrodite is usually said to have been born near her chief center of worship, Paphos, on the island of Cyprus, however, other versions of her myth have her born near the island of Cythera, hence another of her names, Cytherea

5. Poseidon

Poseidon was one of the twelve Olympian deities of the pantheon in Greek mythology. His main domain was the ocean, and he is called the God of the Sea, additionally, he is referred to as Earth-Shaker due to his role in causing earthquakes, and has been called the tamer of horses. He is usually depicted as a male with curly hair. The name of the sea-god Nethuns in Etruscan was adopted in Latin for Neptune in Roman mythology, both were sea gods analogous to Poseidon. According to some folklore, he was saved by his mother Rhea, who concealed him among a flock of lambs and pretended to have birth to a colt. There is a Homeric hymn to Poseidon, who was the protector of many Hellenic cities, according to the references from Plato in his dialogues Timaeus and Critias, the island of Atlantis was the chosen domain of Poseidon. There is also the possibility that the word has Pre-Greek origin, Plato in his dialogue Cratylus gives two alternative etymologies, either the sea restrained Poseidon when walking as a foot-bond, or he knew many things. If surviving Linear B clay tablets can be trusted, the name occurs with greater frequency than does di-u-ja. A feminine variant, po-se-de-ia, is found, indicating a lost consort goddess. Poseidon carries frequently the title wa-na-ka in Linear B inscriptions, as king of the underworld, the chthonic nature of Poseidon-Wanax is also indicated by his title E-ne-si-da-o-ne in Mycenaean Knossos and Pylos, a powerful attribute. In the cave of Amnisos Enesidaon is related with the cult of Eileithyia and she was related with the annual birth of the divine child. During the Bronze Age, a goddess of nature, dominated both in Minoan and Mycenaean cult, and Wanax was her companion in Mycenaean cult. Tablets from Pylos record sacrificial goods destined for the Two Queens, the Two Queens may be related with

Demeter and Persephone, or their precursors, goddesses who were not associated with Poseidon in later periods. The violated Demeter was Demeter Erinys, in Arcadia, Demeters mare-form was worshiped into historical times. Her xoanon of Phigaleia shows how the local cult interpreted her, a Medusa type with a horses head with snaky hair, holding a dove and a dolphin, probably representing her power over air and water.

6. Eros – In Greek mythology, Eros was the Greek god of sexual attraction. Some myths make him a god, while in other myths. He was one of the winged love gods, Erotes, Eros appears in ancient Greek sources under several different guises. In the earliest sources, he is one of the gods involved in the coming into being of the cosmos. But in later sources, Eros is represented as the son of Aphrodite, whose mischievous interventions in the affairs of gods and mortals cause bonds of love to form, a cult of Eros existed in pre-classical Greece, but it was much less important than that of Aphrodite. However, in antiquity, Eros was worshiped by a fertility cult in Thespieae. In Athens, he shared a very popular cult with Aphrodite, according to Hesiod, one of the most ancient of all Greek sources, Eros was the fourth god to come into existence, coming after Chaos, Gaia, and Tartarus. However, Parmenides, one of the philosophers, makes Eros the first of all the gods to come into existence. The Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries featured Eros as a very original god, Aristophanes, influenced by Orphism, relates the birth of Eros, At the beginning there was only Chaos, Night, Darkness, and the Abyss. Earth, the Air and Heaven had no existence and he mated in the deep Abyss with dark Chaos, winged like himself, and thus hatched forth our race, which was the first to see the light. In later myths, he was the son of the deities Aphrodite and Ares, Eros was associated with athleticism, with statues erected in gymnasia, and was often regarded as the protector of homosexual love between men. Eros was depicted as carrying a lyre or bow and arrow. Enraptured by the beauty of a man, Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympus. And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. The novel itself is written in a picaresque Roman style, yet Psyche retains her Greek name, Eros and Aphrodite are called by their Latin names, and Cupid is depicted as a young adult, rather than a child.

7. Greek mythology – It was a part of the religion in ancient Greece. Greek mythology is explicitly embodied in a collection of narratives. Greek myth attempts to explain the origins of the world, and details the lives and adventures of a variety of gods, goddesses, heroes, heroines. These accounts initially were disseminated in a tradition, today the Greek myths are known primarily from ancient Greek literature. The oldest known Greek literary sources, Homers epic poems Iliad and Odyssey, focus on the Trojan War, archaeological findings provide a principal source of detail about Greek mythology, with gods and heroes featured prominently in the decoration of many artifacts. Geometric designs on pottery of the eighth century BC depict scenes from the Trojan cycle as well as the adventures of Heracles, in the succeeding Archaic, Classical, and Hellenistic periods, Homeric and various other mythological scenes appear, supplementing the existing literary evidence. Greek mythology has had an influence on the culture, arts. Poets and artists from ancient times to the present have derived inspiration from Greek mythology and have discovered contemporary significance and relevance in the themes, Greek mythology is known today primarily from Greek literature and representations on visual media dating from the Geometric period from c. Mythical narration plays an important role in every genre of Greek literature. Nevertheless, the only general mythographical handbook to survive from Greek antiquity was the Library of Pseudo-Apollodorus and this work attempts to reconcile the contradictory tales of the poets and provides a grand summary of traditional Greek mythology and heroic legends. Apollodorus of Athens lived from c. 400 BC and wrote on many of these topics.

*Twin Erotes, Eros (Love) and Anteros (Love Reciprocated) were often portrayed gracing the scales of love. The lyric poets multiplied them into a numberless host of winged putti. The Erotes were purely creatures of poetic invention with no distinct mythology of their own.*

Etymology[ edit ] The word "Muses" Ancient Greek: Beekes rejects both etymologies and suggests a Pre-Greek origin. Some ancient authorities thought that the Nine Muses were of Thracian origin. Writers similarly disagree also concerning the number of the Muses; for some say that there are three, and others that there are nine, but the number nine has prevailed since it rests upon the authority of the most distinguished men, such as Homer and Hesiod and others like them. It was not until Hellenistic times that the following systematic set of functions was assigned to them, and even then there was some variation in both their names and their attributes: Calliope epic poetry , Clio history , Euterpe flutes and lyric poetry , Thalia comedy and pastoral poetry , Melpomene tragedy , Terpsichore dance , Erato love poetry , Polyhymnia sacred poetry , and Urania astronomy. Aoide "song" or "tune" , Melete "practice" or "occasion" , and Mneme "memory". In Delphi three Muses were worshiped as well, but with other names: Nete , Mese , and Hypate , which are assigned as the names of the three cords of the ancient musical instrument, the lyre. For Alcman and Mimnermus , they were even more primordial , springing from the early deities Ouranos and Gaia. Gaia is Mother Earth , an early mother goddess who was worshipped at Delphi from prehistoric times, long before the site was rededicated to Apollo, possibly indicating a transfer to association with him after that time. Sometimes the Muses are referred to as water nymphs , associated with the springs of Helicon and with Pieris. It was said that the winged horse Pegasus touched his hooves to the ground on Helicon, causing four sacred springs to burst forth, from which the Muses were born. They also gathered the pieces of the dead body of Orpheus , son of Calliope , and buried them in Leivithra. In a later myth, Thamyris challenged them to a singing contest. They won and punished Thamyris by blinding him and robbing him of his singing ability. He thus challenged the Muses to a match, resulting in his daughters, the Pierides , being turned into chattering magpies for their presumption. Another, rarer genealogy is that they are daughters of Harmonia the daughter of Aphrodite and Ares , which contradicts the myth in which they were dancing at the wedding of Harmonia and Cadmus. Cult[ edit ] The Muses had several temples and shrines in ancient Greece, their two main cult centres being Mount Helikon in Boiotia and Pieria in Makedonia. Here are the temple of the Mousai and Hippukrene and the cave of the Nymphai called the Leibethrides; and from this fact one might infer that those who consecrated Helikon to the Mousai were Thrakians, the same who dedicated Pieris and Leibethron and Pimpleia [in Pieria] to the same goddesses. The Thrakians used to be called Pieres, but, now that they have disappeared, the Makedonians hold these places. Polyhymnia , the Muse of sacred poetry , sacred hymn and eloquence as well as agriculture and pantomime.

*Short Lyric Poems. Short Lyric Poems. Below are examples of the most popular short Lyric poems by PoetrySoup poets. Search the short Lyric poetry form by poem length and keyword.*

Eros playing flute, Athenian red-figure lekythos C5th B. The poet Hesiod first represents him as a primordial deity who emerges self-born at the beginning of time to spur procreation. See the Protogenos Eros and Phanes for more information. The same poet later describes two love-gods, Eros and Himeros Desire , accompanying Aphrodite at the time of her birth from the sea-foam. Some classical writers interpreted this to mean the pair were born of the goddess immediately following her birth or else alongside her from the sea-foam. The scene was particular popular in ancient art where the godlings flutter about the goddess as she reclines inside a conch-shell. Eventually Eros was multiplied by ancient poets and artists into a host of Erotes Roman Cupides. The singular Eros, however, remained distinct in myth. It was he who lit the flame of love in the hearts of the gods and men, armed with either a bow and arrows or a flaming torch. Eros was often portrayed as the disobedient but fiercely loyal child of Aphrodite. In ancient vase painting Eros is depicted as either a handsome youth or child. His attributes were varied--from the usual bow and arrows, to the gifts of a lover such as a hare, sash, or flower. Sculptors preferred the image of the bow-armed boy, whereas mosaic artists favoured the figure of a winged putto plump baby. In the sense in which he is usually conceived, Eros is the creature of the later Greek poets; and in order to understand the ancients properly we must distinguish three Erotes: Homer does not mention Eros, and Hesiod, the earliest author that mentions him, describes him as the cosmogonic Eros. First, says Hesiod Theog. In this account we already perceive a combination of the most ancient with later notions. According to the former, Eros was one of the fundamental causes in the formation of the world, inasmuch as he was the uniting power of love, which brought order and harmony among the conflicting elements of which Chaos consisted. In the same metaphysical sense he is conceived by Aristotle Metaph. It is quite in accordance with the notion of the cosmogonic Eros, that he is described as a son of Cronos and Ge, of Eileithyia, or as a god who had no parentage, and came into existence by himself. The Eros of later poets, on the other hand, who gave rise to that notion of the god which is most familiar to us, is one of the youngest of all the gods. Eros in this stage is always conceived and was always represented as a handsome youth, and it is not till about after the time of Alexander the Great that Eros is represented by the epigrammatists and the erotic poets as a wanton boy, of whom a thousand tricks and cruel sports are related, and from whom neither gods nor men were safe. He is generally described as a son of Aphrodite; but as love finds its way into the hearts of men in a manner which no one knows, the poets sometimes describe him as of unknown origin Theocrit. In this stage Eros has nothing to do with uniting the discordant elements of the universe, or the higher sympathy or love which binds human kind together; but he is purely the god of sensual love, who bears sway over the inhabitants of Olympus as well as over men and all living creatures: His arms, consisting of arrows, which he carries in a golden quiver, and of torches, no one can touch with impunity. His arrows are of different power: Eros is further represented with golden wings, and as fluttering about like a bird. His eyes are sometimes covered, so that he acts blindly. He is the usual companion of his mother Aphrodite, and poets and artists represent him, moreover, as accompanied by such allegorical beings as Pothos, Himeros, Dionysus, Tyche, Peitho, the Charites or Muses. His statue and that of Hermes usually stood in the Greek gymnasia. We must especially notice the connexion of Eros with Anteros, with which persons usually connect the notion of "Love returned. This conflict, however, was also conceived as the rivalry existing between two lovers, and Anteros accordingly punished those who did not return the love of others; so that he is the avenging Eros, or a deus ultor. The number of Erotes Amores and Cupidines is playfully extended ad libitum by later poets, and these Erotes are described either as sons of Aphrodite or of nymphs. Among the places distinguished for their worship of Eros, Thespieae in Boeotia stands foremost: At Thespieae a quinquennial festival, the Erotidia or Erotia, were celebrated in honour of the god. Besides Sparta, Samos, and Parion on the Hellespont, he was also worshipped at Athens, where he had an altar at the entrance of the Academy. At Megara his statue, together with those of Himeros and Pothos, stood in the temple of Aphrodite.

Among the things sacred to Eros, and which frequently appear with him in works of art, we may mention the rose, wild beasts which are tamed by him, the hare, the cock, and the ram. Eros was a favourite subject with the ancient statuaries, but his representation seems to have been brought to perfection by Praxiteles, who conceived him as a full-grown youth of the most perfect beauty. In later times artists followed the example of poets, and represented him as a little boy. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Jones Greek travelogue C2nd A. But Olen the Lykian Lycian [legendary Greek poet] who composed the oldest Greek hymns, says in a hymn to Eileithyia that she was the mother of Eros. Later than Olen, both Pamphos and Orpheus [legendary Greek poets] wrote hexameter verse, and composed poems on Eros, in order that they might be among those sung by the Lykomidai Lycomidae to accompany the ritual. I read them after conversation with a Torchbearer. Of these things I will make no further mention. Sappho of Lesbos wrote many poems about Eros, but they are not consistent. Evelyn-White Greek epic C8th or 7th B. Indeed, according to Sappho, Ouranos Uranus was the father of Eros by Aphrodite, which suggests she was imagined born pregnant with the god. Nonnus says this explicitly. Simonides [Greek poet C6th-5th B. Boyle Roman poetry C1st B. Miller Roman tragedy C1st A. Eros and Anteros], that wanton, smiling boy of thine. Mozley Roman epic C1st A. Such was the young Mars [Ares] amid Odrysian snow, such was the winged boy [Eros] on the heights of Maenalus [after his birth]. Walsh Roman novel C2nd A. Rouse Greek epic C5th A. This he had made for his Kyprian Cyprian bride, a gift for his first glimpse of Archer Eros Love [born to Aphrodite the wife of Hephaistos but fathered by her lover Ares]. For the heavyknee bridegroom always expected that Kythereia Cytherea would bear him a hobbling son, having the image of his father in his feet. Beroe in Lebanon], she brought forth wild Eros Love , first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before birth, he shook his light wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of life-giving drops. Greek Lyric I C6th B. The union of the rainbow with the west-wind symbolizes the variegated brilliance of passion. When the feast was over, Penia Poverty , as the manner is on such occasions, came about the doors to beg. Now Poros who was the worse for nectar there was no wine in those days , went into the garden of Zeus and fell into a heavy sleep, and Penia considering her own straitened circumstances, plotted to have a child by him, and accordingly she lay down at his side and conceived Eros Love , who partly because he is naturally a lover of the beautiful, and because Aphrodite is herself beautiful, and also because he was born on her birthday, is her follower and attendant. Grant Roman mythographer C2nd A. There Typhon [Typhoeus], of whom we have already spoken, suddenly appeared. Venus [Aphrodite] and her son threw themselves into the river and there changed their forms to fishes, and by so doing this escaped danger. So afterwards the Syrians, who are adjacent to these regions, stopped eating fish, fearing to catch them lest with like reason they seem either to oppose the protection of the gods, or to entrap the gods themselves. They say that you and your brother for your stars gleam together ferried two gods on your backs. Poplars and reeds dominated the tops of the banks; willows, too, offered hope of concealment. While she hid, the wood roared with wind. She pales with fear, and believes a hostile band approaches. As she clutched son to breast, she cries: Twin fish went underneath them; for which, you see, the present stars are named. Hence timid Syrians think it wrong to serve up this species; they defile no mouths with fish. So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on my way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth. Paul Getty Museum Seneca, Phaedra ff trans. Nay, Phoebus [Apollon], himself, who guides with sure aim his arrows from the bowstring, a boy of more sure aim pierces with his flying shaft, and flits about, baneful alike to heaven and to earth. Rieu Greek epic C3rd B. Eros], and of love-charms I know nothing. Apollonius is saying that Athena is sexless because she was sprung from the head of Zeus rather than being born in a conventional manner. However, Aphrodite, rather than Eros is there described as the source of passion. For so did the pair Eros and Kypris Cypris [Aphrodite] persuade them, that they should go in secret to your house and take your nine daughters. When he intended to keep him back,

without presenting him to Jove [Zeus] as he did the others, Cupid [Eros] reported this to Jove, whereupon Mercurius [Hermes] was sent to Phaenon and persuaded him to come to Jove and become immortal. Therefore he is placed among the stars. He took out the divine quiver, in which were kept apart twelve fire-fed arrows for Zeus, when his desire turned towards one or another of mortal women for a bride. Right on the back of his quiver of lovebolts he had engraved with letters of gold a sentence in verse for each: The second shall Europa woo for the bold bull abducting. The fifth shall offer Semele a burning fiery wedding. The sixth shall bring the King of heaven an eagle to Aigina Aegina. The seventh joins Antiope to a pretended Satyros. The eighth, a swan endowed with mind shall bring to naked Leda. The ninth a noble stallion gives unto Perrhaibid Dia. The twelfth draws to Olympias her thrice-encircling husband. When Eros had seen and handled each in turn, he put back the other fire-barbed shafts, and taking the fifth he fitted it to the shining bowstring; but first he put a sprig of ivy on the barb of the winged arrow, to be a fitting chaplet for the god of the vine, and dipt the whole shaft in a bowl of nectar, that Bakkhos Bacchus [Dionysos] might grow a nectarial vintage.