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ODE TO THE IMAGE OF APOLLO

Creation's masterpiece,  
Body of heaven,  
Victorious work, the perfect one  
And bearer from the frontiers of the sun  
Tidings of unity and might  
You once descended through the seven  
Spheres of the universe, to fill  
Our planet fully at your will  
With poetry and light  
Never to cease.

Your marble eyes,  
What colour shapes their sight?  
That of the seas or skies?  
Or that of darkness and old night?  
Does spring burst there in verdant grasses  
Or do they glow with purest love  
Free as the wind that passes  
Across the earth?  
Majestic body and inspired soul  
Together harmonise the choir  
Of perfect concords in the spheres above:  
You are the one who brings to birth  
The ideal in this world, your triumphs roll  
Conquering through space.  
From love, from struggle, from suffering and desire  
You are composed, from these you trace  
Your male-god essence and increase -  
Body of heaven, creation's masterpiece.

ZHALEH