



* Cassandra

The mad girl with the staring eyes and long white fingers
 Hooked in the stones of the wall,
 The storm-wrack hair and the screeching mouth: does it
 matter, Cassandra,
 Whether the people believe
 Your bitter fountain? Truly men hate the truth; they'd
 liefer
 Meet a tiger on the road.
 Therefore the poets honey their truth with lying; but
 religion-
 Venders and political men
 Pour from the barrel, new lies on the old, and are praised
 for kindly
 Wisdom. Poor bitch, be wise.
 No: you'll still mumble in a corner a crust of truth, to
 men
 And gods disgusting.—You and I, Cassandra.

Cassandra, in Greek mythology the daughter of the King and Queen of Troy, refused to be seduced by the god Apollo. In retaliation he cursed her with the gift of prophecy that no one would believe.

Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962) lived the last five decades of his life in self-chosen semi-isolation (with his wife Una and twin sons) near Carmel on the Big Sur coastline of Central California.