

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### On Acrocorinth

by [Angelos Sikelianos](#)

The sinking sun set all the Rock aglow—  
The heady fragrance of seaweed that had  
Been blowing from the water down below  
Began to drive my little stallion mad.

His bit was foamy, and his eyes rolled white—  
And suddenly he struggled to break free  
(Although I checked the reins with all my might)  
To launch himself into vacuity.

Was it the hour? Aromas growing stronger?  
The salt-tang of the deep, its briny sting?  
Was it the far-off breathing of the trees?

O had the wind held out a little longer  
I know the steed I gripped with reins and knees  
Would have been Pegasus and taken wing!

**Angelos Sikelianos's** poems emphasized national history, religious symbolism, and universal harmony.

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