



Image from Andy Dobbie Art

Robert Daseler

Actaeon Torn Apart by His Hounds

Impossible to know what you have seen
Until you stagger back and are undone,
Your eyes still rooted in your head but blind,
And you don't yet conceive what has begun.
You were hunting in the woods between
Home and a country of another kind
When suddenly you were not Actaeon,
But prey of yelping dogs in a ravine.
It's highly recommended to let gods
Disport themselves inviolate, beyond
Our prying curiosity, for they,
Though fascinating (Homer never nods,
Describing them), are only passing fond
Of us and watch us die without dismay.

Robert Daseler's plays, *Dragon Lady* and *Alekhine's Defense*, have been staged by South Coast Repertory in Costa Mesa, California. The University of Evansville published a collection of his

sonnets, *Levering Avenue*, and his essays, short stories, and poems have appeared in numerous journals.