

Kallipateira

Lady of Rhodes, how did you get in?

A custom ancient here drives women
out. "I have an uncle, Eucleides,
three brothers, sons of a father who were Olympians.

You must let me go in, judges of the Greeks,
so I can admire the beautiful
bodies that fight for the wild olive of Heracles,
men's souls competing for glory.

I am not like other women;
my family will appear in the ages
with the immortal privileges of bravery.

Written in gold praises it
on a glittering marble
a golden hymn of the immortal Pindar!