“Some Think a Fleet”

by Sappho
Some think a fleet, a troop of horse
Or soldiery the finest sight
In all the world; but I say, what one loves.
Easy it is to make this plain
To anyone. She the most fair
Of mortals, Helen, having a man of the best,
Deserted him, and sailed to Troy,
Without a thought for her dear child
Or parents, led astray by [love’s power.]
[For though the heart be pr]oud [and strong,]
[Love] quickly [bends it to his will.-]
That makes me think of Anactoria.
I’d sooner see her lovely walk
And the bright sparkling of her face
Than all the horse and arms of Lydia.