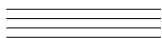


THE GODS MAKE MISCHIEF



C L I V E J A M E S

The pliability of Jupiter
Is easily explained. When Juno pleaded
For Turnus, what she wished seemed granted her
By the great god. But her wish was not needed
To change his mind, which changed itself: the day
Of death for that young man was undecided
As yet, and in the long run Fate would say
When it would be. Her fervour was misguided:
She spoke too soon. My mother spoke too late.
Our God could not postpone her husband's dying.
It was already done. Though God was great,
Deep into hell her cries of grief went flying,
And I began to be what I became,
Doing my level best to seem undaunted:
What use are gods, if Chance is their real name?
The lifelong question by which I was haunted –
Taunted, as if I were the one to blame.