A Morphogenesis

Headlong from hence to plunge her self she springs,
But shoots along, supported on her Wings;
A Bird new-made, about the Banks she plies,
Not far from Shore, and short Excursions tries;
Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:
Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking Noise,
And imitates a lamentable Voice.
Now lighting where the bloodless Body lies,
She with a Fun'ral note renews her Cries:
At all her Stretch, her little Wings she spread,
And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead.
Ovid's Metamorphosis, Book XI, translated by John Dryden[1]

[1] *Ovid's Metamorphosis, in Fifteen Books. Translated by the Most Eminent Hands*, 2nd ed. (J. Tonson, 1720), 222–23.

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