Mahon, St. Eustace

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St. Eustace

Derek Mahon

The hunt ceases Here; there will be no more Deranged pursuit of the mild-eyed Creatures of the countryside. Startled, he reins before His nemesis

And stares amazed At the hanged man of wood--Gawain caught in the cold cathedral Light of a temperate forest, Paul Blind on a desert road, One hand upraised.

He will not burn, Now, with such nonchalance Agape beasts to the gods of Rome Whose strident, bronze imperium He served devoutly once But in his turn

Rotate above A charcoal brazier, Braised in his own fat for his contumacy And vision; in his dying briefly One with the hind, the hare And the ring-dove.

Antonio Pisanello, Saint Eustace (c. 1450)

Egg tempera on wood, approximately 21.5 inches x 26 inches. National Gallery, London.

