was the first thing I recognized when I entered the cave. The cave in which perhaps I bore a son to a god, a son, no, no. What am I saying? I know nothing, nothing at all about it... I don’t know who is father to this child. I didn’t know then, I don’t know now. God’s it cannot be, and it cannot be my beloved; it hears no likeness to him nor to me—not to anyone; he is like no human being, and still less like a god. But I shake my fist at him. He treated me so, who used me in this way, in his pit, his oracle pit—used me as his passive instrument—wed my body and soul, possessed me with his frightful spirit, his delirium, his so-called inspiration, with his hot breath, his alien fire, and my body with his lust.2

Anne had entered the Corycian cave, an ancient meeting place of the nymphs that Pausanias described in his travel writings. A circle of moist goat droppings lay on the ground. The ancient springs dripped water on them. Anne went deep into the cave. Was she going to the end of the world? Darkness enveloped her. She was knee-high in water as light poured in. She had come out the other end of the cave to the waves of the Mediterranean Sea and the sun.

But all is to be dared, because even a person of poverty...1

Her question was left unanswered and she did not care. Anne de Cybelle dived into the ocean and swam away.

Ωξε. No. She heard the nymphs sing.
