Τὰ ἐἰς ἑαυτόν
from Marcus Aurelius’ Ancient Greek to the new English verse translation
Speaking Stoic: Unto thyself by Ginger F. Zaimis

Book Three
(excerpts of)

Regard not; anything
Which obliges one
To break from your faith –!
Neither which flings integrity
Behind, or embraces hate
Nor curses another,
Covets and/or shapes
That needing walls of secrecy,
Shrouded as curtains, draped.
Put first, one’s own divinity,
And mind – all the while
Tending the seed
Of the Divine
Within, as holy deed.

Yet revere the no non-sense
– common sense.
It is often
Most uncommon
Wedded with the art
Of inner discerning
And teeter in check
With agility to enact
– sound judgment.

Yet remember the body; behold
Mind, soul, and – broth
Similar to cattle; the flesh unfolds
Pallid as butterfly, or velvet moth –
And if the soma hardens cold
Allow the inking of perception
Which niggles; flickers
Alive within your spirit –
As impulse that lingers
For they speak intuition
Higher knowing from within
Like puppet-strings taut above,
Allow their intervention –
Though safe-guard the mind, vigilant
In wellness like sage-guide, diligent
As both student and teacher
Of wisdom giv’eth
And/or received.

This shall delineate you, good
One that can love – embrace
Any form; color of thread
Sown within his or her as innate
Less poison that pollutes the head
And/or the divinity that speak
From within your center-piece
As the magneto dances; in braids
Expanding while it preserves
The heart which necessitates
Your music in favor
Assuring allegiance ‘ever
With the gods – the universe.
Speak your voice true
All in justice, honor, truth.

And should some cast
You in mistrust –
For living joy-filled; in cheer
A life that gush’eth over
Like fresh spring or frothy beer
Sourced from the ever-well
Living without quarrel nor fear –
Or distraction, less detour.
Journey the long road
Which lead’eth all home
The ultimate path; our linchpin goal
Allowing purity of heart
At peace within the soul
Readying to depart
On moment’s note –
With unforced harmony
Your inner being that doth dote

Become your destiny;
Become your fate.
One with one’s Divinity
All which you shape –

There are 33 copies printed from New Roman and Greek types in dedication to President, Tania Tetlow and Trustee, William Loschert, K.S.G. on the occasion of Fordham University’s Presidential Reception, October 26th 2022, London, at the Shangri-La Ren Room, the Shard.