

A Face in the Street

I MEETING her, for unassumèd pride,
For irreproachable beauty, for calm health,
Thought I saw Cleopatra live again;
She was not naked but was clothed as one
On whom a robe is needless for defence
And vain if for adornment, wholly vain.
Live in her eyes there shone delight in men,
Though nothing that sought friendship of a soul;
But as a child that gazes on a lion,
Being brave of heart, she gazed on handsome men;
And as a princely child disdains to snatch
Though it have appetite, she without greed
Surveyed each stalwart form with those grand eyes
Whose estimate of Antony and Cæsar
Has since received endorsement from the world:
They looked assured that history would yield
That echo of their judgment, which is fame.

*A FACE IN
THE STREET*

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