

## A BALLAD OF VICTORY

S HE made a whip of sunbeams from her  
tresses ;  
The frightened Cupid checked his hardy  
glee.

She chased him far, in wrath for his excesses,  
Across her fields till by the pathless sea  
She caught Love's curls and whipped him cruelly.

The baby god, his prettily dimpled shoulders  
All red and smarting with unwonted pain,  
Angry and sobbing, slunk among the boulders.  
Night and a pallid moon rose on the main,  
And day set golden with a hint of rain.

She turned again, quick moving through the  
grasses—

My lady, with Love's weapons as a prize.  
(Her smile, I thought, the golden day surpasses  
When sunset flashes in the autumn skies,  
But dusk of twilight harbours in her eyes.)