

Or do not ask. Questions can't be too few.
 A numerous progeny her years did prove,
 And gave her cares another soul would move ;
 But Marcia's never. In the darkened past,
 Emotion of the gentler kind, had fast
 Hurried from her and left but hideous shade,
 That with her pointless feelings sometimes played ;
 And heavy on her hands her offspring hung,
 Like poets' songs that never have been sung.
 Their mother so absorbed the family fame,
 That their importance dimmed before her flame ;
 And so they lived upon her greatness crumbs,
 And sucked in silence their unheeded thumbs,—
 In silence—well I'll qualify a little—
 By chaos truth is getting very brittle ;—
 Sometimes in the great storms of raging right,
 They swelled the din with an untuneful mite
 Of hungry cavilling against the sins
 That pricked so hard their mother's vengeful shins.
 Not unemployed they always filled her path ;
 Sometimes they pimped to feed her righteous wrath,
 And gathered such an hoard of horrid scandal,
 She grew confused in choosing the best handle,
 Wherewith to play the Michael here on earth,
 And hurl those who insulted her pure worth,
 From stations that a thoughtless, sinful world
 Had placed them in. Her sails were never furled,
 And like a privateer whose letter of marque
 Was gotten of God, invulnerable her barque,
 She cruised about to hurry on Doomsday,
 By making earth more fit for godly sway.
 Her home is in a city young and fair,
 The focus of a country's hot ambition,