

A PORTRAIT.

Leonie, with deep, dark pathetic eyes,
Like unto dusk of autumn's midnight skies,
Crowned with a cloud of sun-gold wind blown hair,
Fit setting for a brow so pure and fair.

A mouth ripe, rich, like to a cloven rose,
Steeped in the witchery that the god, Love, throws,
For weal or woe, a mouth to woman given,
Whose passion-touch would make this earth a heaven.

Arrayed in softness of old rich brocade,
Falling in lines of beauty fold on fold,
Behind you, the deep shadows of the glade,
Illumined with the sunset's clouds of gold!

Nestling 'mid laces near your bosom's snow
A blo d-red Rose, with sweetly perfumed tips,
Yearns madly upwards, with its heart aglow,
In wild desire, to your crimson lips.