

Arrayed in her most lovely robes she took her  
stately way

By courtiers attended, through the palace  
vast and still.

Her beauty was a thing to hold all bitterness at  
bay,

To move the hearts of men, and bend their  
spirits to her will!

She passed beneath the rose red lights that hung  
from roof and door,

And by unseeing gods, where curled an incense,  
blue and sweet;

As one who walks in sleep she crossed the cool  
mosaic floor,

That echoed to the music of her little sandalled  
feet.

She reached the council chamber and there  
entered silently;—

But though the bowing wise men had been  
reeds the wind could sway

Would have noted them as little. She only  
seemed to see

One face, inscrutable and dark, toward which  
she took her way.