

Her Eyes

No apple ever weighted bough
Could lure or sweeter tantalize
Than the liquid honey of her eyes.

To drown within an amber well!
Their chambered nautili descend
Somewhere within their starless night
Her soul in sovereign silence dwelled.

All manhood bowed before their spell
They numbered legion, who were felled
Her hand pursued with sword and verse
In failing, then, her beauty cursed!

Then there grew whispers: "Sorcery!"
Some witnessed they had been possessed.
An inquisition was arranged.
The pope proclaimed it heresy.

Till she the emperor's suit declined.
Reviling the idol, he once so prized
"She's much too proud!" he swift opined
And bade the guards pluck out her eyes.