

January 1940

## PORTRAIT

As stars upon a summer sky  
Her soft eyes shed a tender light  
Of sadness, and the glistening tears  
Are radiant as a misty night.

Her floating hair rests like a cloud  
With which the wistful winds have played,  
Its dusky darkness sheds a gleam  
About the green and grassy glade.

She stands alone, her soft sweet lips  
Breathe forth no words, no tender sighs,  
Yet sadness hovers all about  
And glimmers from her pensive eyes.

She stands as slender as a flower,  
As mystic as a dreaming faun,  
Then shadows deepen in the glade,  
A moment later she is gone.