

## ON AN IDEA BY LEONARDO

Ina Marshall

She stands before her glass and tests her hair  
 And thinks to see the writhing coppery locks  
 Of years when Grecian Helen was most fair ;  
 Then flinches as the guileless mirror mocks.

The virgin cheeks that Menelaus loved  
 Are lined as if by strokes of battle swords  
 And tawny eyes that youthful Paris moved  
 Reflect the horror of the murdered hoards.

The beauty Troy was burned to gain has fled ;  
 The truthful glass no more reveals the cause  
 For which the tranquil Trojan streams flowed red ;  
 The changes give her now a wounded pause—

Twice raped, I had no touch of life but grief.  
 O Time, O all-consuming Time, Thou Thief !

## FOOL

Robert Petty

So fast he ran to self surpass, so eager to succeed,  
 Forever seeking higher realms, embracing nobler deeds ;  
 Forever raising temples high, their spires against the blue,  
 Forever courting dreams of youth, their phantoms to pursue ;  
 Until at last with trophies won, with honors on his breast,  
 He turned to find he was alone, for love long stopped to rest.

## AUTUMN WATERS

Robert Petty

In what grey hour was your form conceived ?  
 What prophet's ink does shadow in your deep,  
 Reflecting still the millions who believed  
 Their lives could be as peaceful as your sleep.

What epitaph of life your silent pools :  
 Half drowned leaves—the wise man's broken dream ;  
 Thin ripples from the wind—the lives of fools ;  
 Dead lyrics to life's never-ending theme.

No promise of the spring lies in your rhyme :  
 Your death does not rejoice another's birth.  
 Or you must be, now cool and still with time,  
 The melancholy tears of all the earth . . .