

LA COUREUSE.

Written in the Quartier Latin, Paris.

A FADED skirt, a silken petticoat,
A little jacket, a small shapely shoe,
A toque. A symphony in gray and blue,
The child ripples, the conquering masternote

Subtlety. Faint, stray showers of twilight float
In shadows round the well-poised head; dark, true,
Joyous the eyes laugh—and are weeping too,
For all the victory of her royal throat.

She showed her purse with tantalising grace :
Some sous, a franc, a key, some stuff, soft grey.
The mocking laughter trills upon her tongue :
“There’s all my fortune.” “And your pretty face !
What do you do ?” Wearily, “I am gay.”
“What do you hope for ?” Simply, “To die young.”