

CARYATIDE

SHALL beauty avail thee, Caryatid, crouched,
crushed by the weight of a world of woe?
By birthright the burden is thine; on thy shoulders
the sorrow hath slid
From the hand of the Healer; behold, in the
steady, continuous throe,
Shall beauty avail thee, Caryatid?
Thou was proud of thy beauty; the burden of
beauty was hid
From thy eyes; how is't now with thee, now?
By the sweat dropping slow
From the brows of thy anguish, we see what the
weight of it did
To the patient despair of the brain. Shall no god
strike a blow?
Shall no hero be found the unbearable burden to
rid?
And if these be extinct—'tis a fiend that laughs
eager and low:
"Shall beauty avail thee, Caryatid?"