

RODIN  
V  
La Fortune

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"O Tyche! From the Amalthean horn  
    Pour forth the store of love! I lowly bend  
    Before thee; I invoke thee at the end  
When other gods are fallen and put to scorn.  
Thy foot is to my lips; my sighs unborn  
    Rise, touch and curl about thy heart; they spend  
    Pitiful love. Lovelier pity, descend  
And bring me luck who am lonely and forlorn."

Fortune sits idle on her throne. The scent  
    Of honeyed incense wreathes her lips with pleasure.  
For pure delight of luxury she turns,  
    Smooth in her goddess rapture. So she spurns  
And crushes the pale suppliant. Softly bent,  
    Her body laughs in ecstasy of leisure.