

SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

“ποικιλοθρον αθανατ Αφροδιτα”

Σαπφω.

“—We have seen

Gold tarnished, and the gray above—”

—SWINBURNE.

As some lone mountebank of the stage may tweak  
The noses of his fellows, so Gavin  
Tweaks with her brush-work the absurd obscene  
Academicians. How her pictures speak!  
Chiaroscuro Rembrandtesque, form Greek!  
What values! What a composition clean!  
Breadth shaming broadness! Manner epicine!  
Texture superb! Magnificent technique!

Raphael, Velasquez, Michael Angelo,  
Stare, gape, and splutter when they see thy colour,  
Reds killing roses, greens blaspheming grass.  
O thou art simply perfect, don't you know?  
Than thee all masters of old time are duller,  
O artiste of the Quartier Montparnasse!