

## THE EYES OF DOROTHY

*To Dot*

O MISTRESS of a myriad mysteries!  
I can remember every curve and span  
Of every lovely thing; I have the plan  
Of every crested crag and maze of ice  
That ever I beheld; then what device,  
Strange sorceress, has barred me with its ban  
From you? How is it, mistress, that I can  
Remember nothing of you but your eyes?

Your eyes! Live arrows with a thousand deaths  
Armed! Suns of poison, menacing the wreaths  
Of bay and myrtle that you twined! Dread spies  
Of Satan that unveil the God in me,  
And strip it naked with their mockery!  
Death! will you never take away your eyes?