Bombyx the Beautiful – An Ode to Beauty

Her eyes are the Mist of the Morning
When the night has been still,
And the earliest flush of the dawning
Rises over the hill.

Though the field and the wordland & river
On Earth’s bosom slept,
They would answer and tremble and quiver
If she wept

Her eyes are the strait-light of the even
When the Moon is away,
And Mystery reigns in the heaven
In her mantle of gray
Though the spheres were with sorrow o erladen
But the ages defiled
Yet their song would respond to the maiden
If she smiled.

- Byronides, in Times of India, London, 1899