

# A VISION

*Oscar Wilde*

Two crownèd Kings, and One that stood alone  
With no green weight of laurels round his head,  
But with sad eyes as one uncomfòrted,  
And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan  
For sins no bleating victim can atone,  
And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.  
Girt was he in a garment black and red,  
And at his feet I marked a broken stone  
Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.  
Now at their sight, my heart being lit with flame,  
I cried to Beatricé, 'Who are these?'  
And she made answer, knowing well each name,  
'Æschylos first, the second Sophokles,  
And last (wide stream of tears!) Euripides.'