

# MADONNA MIA

*Oscar Wilde*

A lily-girl, not made for this world's pain,  
With brown, soft hair close braided by her ears,  
And longing eyes half veiled by slumberous tears  
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain:  
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its stain,  
Red underlip drawn in for fear of love,  
And white throat, whiter than the silvered dove,  
Through whose wan marble creeps one purple vein.  
Yet, though my lips shall praise her without cease,  
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold,  
Being o'ershadowed by the wings of awe,  
Like Dante, when he stood with Beatrice  
Beneath the flaming Lion's breast, and saw  
The seventh Crystal, and the Stair of Gold.