

A DOWAGER TELEVIEWED

The glowering matriarch with manic scowl,
Bedizened beldame, platformed in her place,
Prepared to disapprove, soon chose to growl
Her creed with neither graciousness nor grace,
Through draw-string lips, now petulantly pursed
Lest liberal dare blaspheme - whom woe betide !
Oh, how I hated all her kind, and cursed
Her prejudice, her privilege, her pride !
Then, at some flattering jest, to my surprise
She smiled, in charming, such disarming fun,
Turned winsome lass with shyly twinkling eyes;
And, for an instant, I was nearly won,
Till heart recalled as head then coldly bid,
That handsome always was what handsome did !

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