

VISION OFF SICILY

(The Victory of Samothrace)

DIANA SKALA

She rises, the vision of man's dearest dreams,
Raising his soul upon her mighty wings
Of stinging prophecy.
The soldier approaching the shores of Sicily
Feels her strange shape familiar in his heart,
(Was she not wrought from the hope of all mankind?)
And silent as a prayer in his mind,
He clasps her breast—a tower!
And knows, flowing through his limbs, once more the power
That has since ancient times fought on the side of right.

He sees her like a bursting fountain rise
Above the prow, the foam
From off her sea-feet round her body lies,
Her body, where dwells
The all-lovely Spirit of Freedom,
Wrapt in her all-tender robes.