

"Cristide"  
Amedeo Modigliani



Though structure of beauty possessed  
would flow in a woman's profile  
Its symmetry, balance and form  
That leads to enrichment of man;  
Grace is horizoned as hope.

Oh, woman

Deemed hurricaned hapless to age,  
as the roar of the lioness raged  
Comb the curl  
Adventuring youth to delight  
In the smart that eternal ascends;  
Redeem in your beauty the sage;  
Light as if nature to rest.