

Under a veil immortally she stands
Benzo's secret love held in her hands
Under soft waves of veils that never
shift
Being marble-wrought - and ~~none~~ no one
dare uplift!

And then that masterpiece of capricious hood,
Mephistopheles deftly wrought in wood,
On this side, he, the hard ~~and~~ implacable
one,
Behind him, peace-embodiment, a nun,
Breathing of purity and innocence -
These statues capture us and make
the sense
Drowse into France - ... well then, it now
appears
that I could go on writing thus for
years -
But I must stop... but ere I stop,
I bend
My head in all humility to my friend
whose genius, in every piece, reflected,
Has deathless now in all that he
has collected -
A prince among collectors, he outlives
the centuries beyond a doubt -
and gives