

## THE CONQUEROR

*Freytag-Loringhoven, (Baroness) Elsa von, 1874-1927*

That man who sees her lips love-red is gay as a child—strong as a conqueror.  
That man who sees her lips love-red whistles for strength.  
He throws out his arms and dances with his feet.  
That man who sees her lips love-red lives as the lion lives:  
He shakes his wavy mane, he looks out of steady eyes and is careless!

Oh, how he smiles and stretches his limbs lazily.  
That man who sees her lips love-red – as a poppy red—that man lives!  
He whistles and dances, his eyes are no less powerful than the sun at mid-day.

But her eyes?  
Her eyes are like the shimmering stars—bright, misty, and far away.  
They do not burn.

That man who sees those shimmering stars leaps his path as a flame, cuts his path as a sword,  
sweeps his path as a scythe.  
His strength never wavers, his joy never ceases nor his youth.  
But his wisdom is as high as the tall towers of the rich merchants of America.  
He is guided.  
He is conqueror.  
He is king.