

# A Vision By Oscar Wilde

TWO crownèd Kings, and One that stood alone  
With no green weight of laurels round his head,  
But with sad eyes as one uncomforted,  
And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan  
For sins no bleating victim can atone,  
And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.  
Girt was he in a garment black and red,  
And at his feet I marked a broken stone  
Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.  
Now at their sight, my heart being lit with flame