

# The Veil

By Walter de la Mare

I think and think; yet still I fail—  
Why does this lady wear a veil?  
Why thus elect to mask her face  
Beneath that dainty web of lace?  
The tip of a small nose I see,  
And two red lips, set curiously  
Like twin-born cherries on one stem,  
And yet she has netted even them.  
Her eyes, it's plain, survey with ease  
Whatever to glance upon they please.  
Yet, whether hazel, grey, or blue,  
Or that even lovelier lilac hue,  
I cannot guess: why—why deny  
Such beauty to the passer-by?  
Out of a bush a nightingale  
May expound his song; beneath that veil  
A happy mouth no doubt can make  
English sound sweeter for its sake.  
But then, why muffle in, like this,  
What every blossomy wind would kiss?  
Why in that little night disguise  
A daybreak face, those starry eyes?