

To the Corset Victim

BY MAX FITZERIN

O THOU near-severed, unsexed thing,
 Thou something like to bee,
 Thou social butterfly—save wing—
 Doth it ne'er sadden thee
 To look on maid with maiden power
 And human symmetry,
 Elate and virgin, mid the flower
 Of virile gallantry?

O DAINTY, mincing, genteel, frail,
 Bleeding from fashion's fang,
 Thou blighted fair, all underpale,
 Gives it thy heart no pang
 To mark the maid of wild rose glow,
 Gladsome, lithe-limbed and free ;
 Whose full life tides all buoyant flow
 To beauty's ministry ?

O TAILOR-MADE, marred bric-a-brac,
 O corset-slain alarm,
 Thou female derelict, so lack
 In each best, woman charm,
 What devil's fad e'er patterned thee?
 What matrix gave thee form?
 And canst thou gender such as be
 Less fit for life's rude storm?

MAID of short, giddy, even whirl,
 Blue-blood of afternoon,
 Sad counterfeit of morning girl—
 True, red-blood, manhood's boon—
 Life ever lost to fact of home,
 Far flung thy fairest grace ;
 Thou treasurest but rippled foam ;
 Thy sunset comes apace.