

'Now Let No Charitable Hope by Elinor Wylie



Date: April 11, 2017 **Author:** Alixa

*Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am in nature none of these.*

*I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
The little nourishment I get.*

*In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.*