

Princess with Vultures (1893) by Henry Justice Ford (1860-1941)

Metamorphosis

This lady here is seeking
The essence of her life.
She wonders who she's meeting
While sitting on the rock,
Where a bird once lay below.
But then it wandered off.

A prince rode by on steed of white
Jumped down to grasp the bird
Mother vulture swooped, a frenzied flight
As screams of fright she heard.
Then appeared the court magician
To save his master's life.
"You cannot keep this little bird
Unless she be your wife".

The prince's eyes were full of love
This fledgling to possess
So taken with his precious find
The prince agreed no less.
Then by his side a black cone hat
And veil of creamy white
A face so fair and long blond hair
Red gown; brown eyes, so bright.

Each day princess Verna sighs
As she sits upon the rock.

Always wears the black cone hat
Watching the vultures flock
Down to the sea and back again
She stares for one she knows.

She wished to find an answer
To what it really meant
The black cone hat upon her head
She'd often heard it said
Was once a sharp black beak.
Light white veil was once a wing!
Oh to know the truth of a thing!

Swooping, circling and retreating
Just one bird came close enough
Its eyes met Verna's- she cried
"Oh mother it is me!"
"Help me fly back with the flock
T'is with you I want to be."

Mother bird flew down to her,
The child she'd heard in need
Large wings enclosed her body
Then off they flew at speed.

When prince and friends did search for her
They found where she had sat
And on that rock was nothing more
But a veiled, black, cone hat.

