



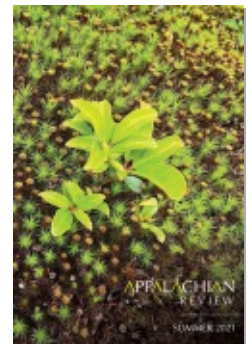
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Persona Poem of the Shakespearean Witchnurse in a *Winter's Tale*

Elizabeth Upshur

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# PERSONA POEM OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN WITCHNURSE IN A *WINTER'S TALE*

I think but of Apollo, his sunned  
visage bright as second winter stars to  
gaze upon, methinks my queen was his true  
equal a like as like to God enthroned.  
O even as the fair and gentle  
Dian beside her too as sweet maiden  
ness can boast was she, were she, will she be  
if these lips, cold as frost did melt under  
mine then, my own earnest embrace, lips to  
lips, anon buried we her corpse all in  
velvet thick as her beauteous rust mane  
How like Persephone she lay as one dead, yet  
hope I ere some livered strength such as men  
may claim, is hers to the hilt and like a  
falcon, held on Deaths dark gloved hand  
she might rise to behold her castle keep.

ELIZABETH UPSHUR