Albert to Antinous

White tons of marble say that I and you
Brought forth a mourning offered unto few.

If broken up to make a pyramid,
The statues of us, as the quarries did,

Would give employment to entire East Ends.
If my Memorial, just now, offends

Aesthetics, you--medallion, statue, bust--
Offend as all idealism must

Created on command: it buys off guilt
By laying on the laurel, fig leaf, kilt.

Too much themselves to be idealized,
The Queen, the Emperor are well advised

To settle for their portraitists. The Greek
Identifies strong-featured with the freak,

So caught up as it is in vapid masks
Of pure idea, to the point one asks

If any sculptor ever used a live
And fully compos mentis model. Dive

Misjudged or self-destruction, when you drowned
You bloated just enough that in the round

No stomach muscles had to be defined.
Aesthetically with German-Greek aligned,

I, fittingly, have gained that bland un-face
Of discus throwers and a male Third Grace,

To be replaced, somewhat, by kilts and Brown.
And you? By any legionnaire in town.