ROUGHS IN BRUTAL PRINT

Frail shadow of a woman in the flesh,
These very eyes of mine saw yesterday,
Would I re-tell this story of your woes,
Would I have heart to do you detriment
By pinning all this shame and sorrow plain
To that poor chignon,—staying with me still,
Though form and face have well-nigh faded now,—
But that men read it, rough in brutal print,
As two years since some functionary's voice
Rattled all this—and more by very much—
Into the ear of vulgar Court and Crowd?

Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, 2:679-89 (Browning apostrophizing Mme Debacker [Clara de Millefleurs], as he recalls an occasion on which he encountered her in the course of a stroll through Tailleville)
For my mother