

Ozymandias

Browning

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said

“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.
Near them, in the sand, half-sunk
A shattered visage lies
Whose frown and wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
That yet survive, stamped on those lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.

And on the pedestal these words appeared:
‘My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings.
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.’”

Nothing beside remains.
Round the decay of that forgotten wreck,
Boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”