
For Susan, my Beatrice

*My lady shows so much grace and dignity
whenever greeting those who pass her way,
that every tongue falls silent, quivering,
and eyes dare not direct their gaze at her.
She moves along, attending words of praise,
benignly dressed in true humility;
and I believe she is a creature come
from Heaven to Earth to show a miracle.*
Dante Alighieri, *Vita Nova* XXVI 5–7

