

APPENDIX

À MADEMOISELLE LE MODELE—DITE JONES

(To serve as Prelude to a possible Part II.)

IN order to avoid the misunderstanding, which I have reason to believe exists, I append this simple personal explanation : let it serve, more-over, as the *hors d'oeuvre* to a new feast. For it is not manifest that who wrote so much when all was mystery, should write yet more now all is clear ? It is perhaps due to you, the bedrock of my mountains of idealism, that I attained the magical force to make all those dreams come true : for that, then, this.

Further, should Nietzsche play you false, and supply no key to this Joseph confection ; a kid glove and an ortolan are alike to him—and, if this be a haggis, much more is this the case !—you may apply to the only educated man in your neighbourhood, as you applied before in the matter of the Bruce Papyrus (I do not refer to Bruce Papyrus which all who run may read—all honour to the scribe !), and he will take pleasure in explaining it to you line by line, and letter by letter, if that will serve.

Possess yourself in patience, that is to say, and, should I return from the wilds into which my restless destiny so continually drives me, you may hope for a second part which shall excel the former as realism always must excel idealism.

I have no hope for your brain, and, I am sorry to add, as little for your heart ; but there must be a sound spot in you somewhere [could you not be natural ?—But no, no !], and that spot may yet be touched and healed by the Homocea¹ of irritable, if never yet by the Lanoline² of amoroso-emasculatory, verse. With this, then, farewell !

¹ Latin, Homo, a man. Cea, waxen ; hence, an angry man.

² Tibetan, La, a pass ; English, no, No ! Greek Linos, a dirge ; hence, a temporary pæan.

I.

There is an eye through which the Kabbalist
Beholds the Goat.
There is an eye that I have often kissed.
(That hath a throat.)
There is an eye that Arab sages say
Weeps never enough.
There is an eye whose glances make the day
The day of Love.
There is an eye that is above all eyes,
That is no eye.
(Stood proud Anatta on the Bridge of Sighs
And thundered “ Why ? ”)
Which eyes are mine, which thine, poor ape, discover
And even yet thou hast not lost thy lover.

II.

Khephra, thou Beetle-headed God !
Who travellest in thy strength above
The Heaven of Nu, with splendour shod
Of Thoth, and girt about with Love !
O Sun at midnight ! in thy Bark
The cynocephali proclaim
Thy effulgent deity, and mark
The adorations of thy name
In seemly stations one by one,
As thou encirclest blinder poles
Than Khem or Ammon showed the sun
In one-eyed sight of secret goals.
So I adore, and sing : for I
This magic monocle avow,
Distorted from Divinity
And wrought in subtler fashion now.
An invocation shrined and sealed

Be this ! The many hear me not,
 Though I be vocal, thou revealed.
 I scorn the eye, uphold the—what
 Gods call the lotus poppy-hued,
 Brave wound of weeping Isis !—eye
 Of Demiourgos, understood
 Of none, O Lilly, ladily
 Laden with lays of Buddhist bard,
 Maiden with ways and bays of mirth,
 And music—is the saying hard ?
 Shall “ Cryptic Coptic ” block the birth
 Of holy ecstasy ? Forbid,
 Ye Gods, forbid ! Posed block, you fail
 Of bulging heart by drooping lid.
 Can you not serve as finger-nail ?
 Ay ! God of scissors ! barber God !
 My earlier mystery did you learn ?
 Unshoe the aching pseudopod !
 Mysterious donkey, chew or churn
 Your human-kindness-milk to butter !
 I gave you gratis God’s advice
 (Since God’s responsible) to—mutter
 In gutter, pay your tithe to vice
 Since virtue kicks you down its stairs.
 So thus I clothed it in strange word
 To catch you thinking unawares.
 Think ? do you think ? Then, thinks a bird.
 Read your Descartes ! Nietzsche demurred ?
 To you, who give yourself such airs,
 This riddle cannot offer snares !
 “ Love’s mass is holier than wine and wafer.
 “ Thou couldst not beetle be : then, be cockchafer ! ”
 Hence my address, this swoodier Swood
 To Khephra, hence the ambiguous speech,
 The alluring analogue, the good,
 The loftiest heaven Art hopes to reach,
 The highest goal of man as man ;

The sly Paraprosdokian.
You could not love ! You could not serve
The scouring of Love's scullery ! You,
ἰσοϋς Θεοισιν ? Ha, you swerve
Back to that subtler meaning ! Few
Can guess that miracle of reserve,
That sacrament of mathematics,
That threescore glee, that three times three,
That added scream of hydrostatics !
Not I, for one ! Be assured, to fail
With me no *arrière-pensée* lends.
Fall once the penny, head or tail,
I care not—all the less my friends !
Faultlessly faulty ! Regular
In ice or fire, 'tis nullness counts.
So, spring of those Parnassian founts,
A thousand garters heralded
Thy flawless solitary star :
A million garters shall bestead
The poet's turn, when, lone and far,
All are dismissed : Some man, low brute,
Cry " Shame, O star that would not shoot,
And yet went out ! " But I, my dear,
(Good-bye !) get neither shriek nor groan :
Kiss, curse, cat's hiss, I shall not hear,
My dear, for I shall be alone.

III.

What change of language ! Ah, my dear,
The reason is not far to seek.
You know of old how oft I veer
From French to Zend, from Jap to Greek.

Teste der titre polyglot
Del Berashith, *χαλος* kitab !
I trust you take me, do you not ?
But change of thought—ay ! there's the barb
To stick and quiver in your heart !
Well, little lady, what of art ?

IV.

All things are branded change. My thought
Long ran in one delicious groove.
Now newly sits the appointed court
To try another case, to prove
Another crime. Last week the law
Dealt with the garter's gross offence.
You were the Judge, enthroned on awe :
I wove that eloquent defence,
Unwove that Rhadamanthine frown
Which I had made myself, my star ;
For I was counsel for the crown,
And I the prisoner at the bar.
Did you not see—the sight is sad !—
How tiny was the part you played,
How little use the poet had
Even in Maytime for a maid ?
Why ! all's a whirl ; but I, be sure,
Am axle, if at all I be ;
So you, if yet your light endure,
Are model, and no more, to me.
So well you sit, though, you shall earn
Beyond your hourly increment
A knowledge. Are you fit to learn,
Or will you rather be content
With muddled mighty talk of Teutons
Evolving from the tangled Skein,

Neitzsche's research compared to Newton's
In some one's enervated brain.
(Did I say—brain ?) I'll talk, and you
Listen or not, as best beseems
Your lily languor. Irish stew
Shall float like dewdrops in your dreams.
So shall my new Apocalypse
Appear to you, my model ! Once
You saw a languor on my lips,
A dawn of many molten suns,
And laughed in springtide of delight ;
But now eclipse inveils your mood
Of me : descends artistic night ;
I see a sun called solitude.
So models kiss, and understand
So far : the picture moves them not.
By label they approve the grand ;
By critic's candour rave o'er rot.
But, let me hoist you Thornycroft,
And cry " Behold this Rodin ! " bring
Some Poynter, lift the thing aloft,
Announce a Morice, see you fling
Your soul on knees in fervid praise :—
If so—Off, Lilith ! runs the phrase.
Now, is no barb upon the dart ?
Now, little lady, What of art ?

V.

Moreover (just a word) this chance
I fling you over space—for luck !
This Scotland yet may catch your France,
My crow grow germane to your cluck.
See art : see truth as I who see,
(Am wellnigh fallen in the fight !)

Then the last lie, duality,
 May break before the victor sight.
 Then, and then only, That. Sweet hours
 Of trivial passion deep as death,
 Ye are past : I face the solemn powers
 Of sex and soul, of brain and breath.
 For you I lift the veil : discover
 The actual, for I was your lover.
 What should such word imply ? I showed
 Late, in the earlier dithyramb.
 But—in yon stone there lurks a toad !—
 The Quarter bleats no palinode ;
 Goat it may be, no woolly lamb.
 Arithmetic assuage your wrath
 Should Cambridge wit write quarter “ fourth ” !
 What said the unctuous slime of art,
 Scrapings of beauty’s palette, pimps
 Of serious studios, stews or mart
 Of filth, not vice ? Those painter shrimps !
 What did they gloat upon, delight
 To think of better folk than they ?
 Hear then their oracle of might,
 The sortes of a Balaam bray.
 Through muddy glasses Delphi squints ;
 Cowards lack words and glut on hints.

VI.

Sibyl says nothing—she’s a Sphinx !
 I wonder, though, what Sibyl thinks.
 She argues “ he would have her grow
 So fell a Trixy—point device !—
 His Dante to her Beatrice
 Should seem—let music’s language show :—
 Andante move to Allegro,

Alas for pianissimo ! ”
And, in return, suspects I don
One glory more than Solomon :
“ Rocks cannot satisfy the coney ;
Lingerie’s always worth the money. ”
In fine, flop, German, from thy throne !
Leave Greek and Papuan alone !
What foreign tongues be worth our own ?
Is Armour jointed unawares ?
Is Canning King, as Carlyle swears ?
This is indeed Cumaean lore—
Ah well, ‘tis pity !—say no more !
There’s one and twenty for your score,
Ah, how your divination slewed awry,
Ye purriest guttersnipes of prudery !
We know as much, my girl ! We laughed,
And still can laugh at Barbercraft
Plied thus askew. Then leave them so !
Evoke the ancient afterglow
Rose on our sacramental snow
Of silent love, of mountain grace.
Remember the old tenderness
Even in these bitter words that press
Their ardent breast, their iron face,
Out to expression. Ay ! remember
 The ancient phantom fire of flowers,
The druid altars of December,
 The Virgin priestess, the dread hours
Of solemn love. Then quail before
 The deadly import of my word !
Forget your silly self, and store
 Its vital horror, stabbed and spurred
To fearful pace and torture wild
Deep in your true heart’s core, my child !
For though I strip you bare, and run
 My red-hot iron through your flesh,

There is a citadel that none
May touch—not God ! The rotten rest
Evacuate ; be seated there.
Let there be music, and Rome burn !
Then you may climb to be aware
How well you serve my idle turn,
Yet to yourself avail. There too
Lies a last doubtful chance for you.
Behold who dare ! (Ay, you are fain !)
Purblind with passion ? Sight in vain.
Palsied with passion ? Sight in vain.
Stupid with sense of self ? Division.
Picture, not model ? Then you win.
I painted soul, who saw your skin :—
Be soul ! That saves you. If you fail,
Why, then, you fail ! Enough of this—
(Read not again Macbeth amiss !)
Give me one customary kiss—
An end of it ! I rend the veil.
The flag falls for the Stakes of Song.
Run, filly, for the odds are long !