

THE WHITE CAT.

HAIL, sweet my sister! hail, adulterous spouse,
Gilded with passionate pomp, and gay with
guilt:

Rioting, rioting in the dreary house

With blood and wine and roses splashed and spilt
About thy dabbling feet, and aching jaws

Whose tongue licks mine, twin asps like moons
that curl,

Red moons of blood! Whose catlike body claws,

Like a white swan raping a jet-black girl,
Mine, with hysteric laughter! O white cat!

O windy star blown sideways up the sky!
Twin cat, twin star, 'tis night; the owl and bat
Hoot, scream; 'tis us they call—to love or die.
Twin cat, our broomsticks wait: we'll fly afar!
We'll blaze about the unlighted sky, twin star!