

SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

*Written in the woods above Kandy. Inscribed to
T. Davidson.*

LURED by the loud big-breasted courtesan
That plies trained lechery of obedient eyes,
He sits, holds bed's last slattern-sweet surprise,
Late plucked from gutter to grace groves of Pan.

The third one, ruddy as they twain are wan,
Hungriely gazes, sees her tower of lies
Blasted that instant in some wizard wise—
The frozen look—the miserable man!

What sudden barb of what detested dart
Springs from Apollo's bowstring to his heart?
On sense-dulled ears what Voice rings the decree?
"For thee the women burn: the wine is cool:
For thee the fresco and the fruit—thou fool!
This night thy soul shall be required of thee!"