

LA CASQUE D'OR

A NINA OLIVER.

You laughing little light of wickedness, low ripples
round you love and coils
And twists the Casque of Gold about the child-face
with a child-caress.
O glory of the tangled net! O subtle vase of scented
oils!
You laughing little light of wickedness!

Through all the misty wind of light that glamours
round you, sorceress,
Your face shines out with feline grace, exults, a
tiger in the toils!
They shall not hold your passion in; fling, fling
your lips, my murderess,

On mine that I may pass away, a vapour that your
passion boils,
A rose whose petals flutter down as cruel lips and
fingers press.
Hear one last careless laugh acclaim my corpse the
latest of your spoils,
You laughing little light of wickedness.