

NABUCHADNOSOR.

SENSELESS the eyes ; the brow bereft of sense.
Hunger is on the throne of pride ; and naught
Fills the gray battlefield of ancient thought,
The market places of intelligence,
Save need and greed ; whose royal words incense
The jealous God of Israel is distraught.
No jewels in the casket nobly wrought.
The shrine is grand ; the god is ravished thence.

On clawing hands and hardened knees the King
Exists, no more ; is it a little thing ?
King Demos, hear my parable ! We pass,
We poets, see you grovel at our feet,
Despise our love, and tender flesh, and wheat,
Clamour for lust, and carrion, and grass.