

## SUCCUBUS.

WHO is Love, that he should find me as I strive,  
Pale and weary, dumb and blind, where curses  
    thrive,  
Fold my sleep within his wings, and lead my  
    dreams  
Through a land of pleasant things, of woods and  
    streams,  
Bind my slumber with a chain of pure delight,  
Though the canker of it stain at death of night,  
Fill with passion and distaste and wakened pleasure  
All the moments run to waste that else were  
    treasure?  
Who is Love? a fury red with all men's blood  
On his cruel altars shed, a deadly flood?  
Or a veiled vision black with shame and fear,  
Whose most loathliest attack at night is near,  
When the gates of spirit tense with angel's tread  
Close, and all the gates of sense swing wide instead,  
When the will of men is sleeping, and when the  
    mind  
Hears no sobs of spirits weeping above the wind,  
All the subtle paths are clear for wicked breath,  
And no angel warns the ear that this is death?  
Is this fiend the Love that came when youth rose  
    up

Purple with its holy flame, and flower-fair cup,  
Gave me of his burning wine to fire my heart,  
Filled me with desires divine toward my art?  
Is he then the Love who robs me of my aim,  
Doubts me if my heart still throbs with that cold  
flame,

Calm and eager purpose yet to reach the goal  
That high hopes have sternly set before my soul,  
To know, will, dare for man's sake if man may,  
Grasp the secret of the plans that rule the way  
Of stars and suns, that shape the tiniest blade  
Of Grass whose frailties 'scape the passing maid,  
Whose light foot brushes fern and moss? But Love  
Comes a thief to men who turn toward things above  
To set snares, by night, and makes afraid  
The spirit's holy might with one slight maid  
Visioned and unsubstisting save in foreign thought,  
To its own strength a slave by witchcraft brought!  
This is not Love but Lust, not Life but Death is  
found:—

All the halls of sense with strife cry and resound.  
The Brain awakes in wrath; behold! the foemen  
flee,

All the earth is clad with gold and all the sea;  
Driven back the demons yield, falter and cease;  
For a little while the shield of sleep is peace.  
Clear and bright the lamp burns; clean and sharp  
the sword,

While I watch their paths between before the  
Lord.