

NEPHTHYSS

“There is no light, nor wisdom, nor knowledge in the grave,
wither thou goest.”—SOLOMON.

A FOOLISH and a cruel thing is said
By the Most High that mocks man's empty
breast,

As if the grave were mere eternal rest,
Or merest resurrection of the dead.

All petty wishes: at the fountain-head,

A dead girl's whisper—I have stooped and pressed
My ear unto her heart—her soul confessed
That none of life her joy relinquished.

“I died the moment when you tore away
The bleeding veil of my virginity.

The pain was sudden—and the joy was long.
Persists that triumph, keenly, utterly!

Write, then, in thy mysterious book of song:
‘Death chisels marble where life moulded clay.’”