

THE CONVERT
To Millicent Tobias

(A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE)

There met one eve in a sylvan glade
A horrible Man and a beautiful maid.
“Where are you going, so meek and holy?”
“I’m going to temple to worship Crowley.”
“Crowley is God, then? How did you know?”
“Why, it’s Captain Fuller that told us so.”
“And how do you know that Fuller was right?”
“I’m afraid you’re a wicked man; Good-night.”

While this sort of thing is styled success
I shall not count failure bitterness.