

THE OCTOPUS
To my Mother

THE red lips of the Octopus are more than myriad stars of
night.

The great beast writhes in fiercer foam than thirty
stallions amorous.

I would they clung to me and stung; I would they
quenched me with delight,
The red lips of the Octopus.

They reek with poison of the sea, scarlet and hot and
languorous.

My skin drinks in their slaver warm; my sweats his
rapt embrace excite.

The heavy sea rolls languidly o'er the ensanguine kiss of us.

We strain and strive, we die for love; we linger in the
lusty fight;

We agonize; our clutch becomes more cruel and more
murderous;

My passion splashes out at last; ah! with what ecstasy I
bite

The red lips of the Octopus!

Amsterdam, Xmas 1897.