

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

True witness to her cult
That looks not back to cause, nor forward to result.

My soul is sundered by her sickle. Each nerve,
Each cell exactly chosen
Feeds, but not surfeits, the one need, to serve
That sublime altar, that flame fixed and frozen.
Flowers in my soul that bloomed
Ye are utterly consumed
Even as the weeds and herbs of pestilence,
Her soul esteeming hate
And love alike offence
To silence, the pure state
Of virtue that would live
Perfect with all, unsoiled by self's initiative.

Hush! the moon dazzles. But a meteor streaks
The midnight. Sudden I see
The sky her glamour hid. The Pole Star speaks
Firmness, the Great Bear signals Loyalty.
Sirius blazes: "None
Of us but whirls a sun,
Shepherd of systems! none but plays his part
Minute in some august
Galaxy, brain and heart
Aflame, yet with no lust
One state to gain, to shirk
Another, but—huge joy for the work's sake, to work."

Io Paian! The moon dazzles not. Dead globe,
Cast clout of Mother Earth,
Her lackey, flaunting our great Father's robe
Of light, an insolent wench vaunting her girth,
The pettiest satellite
In heaven! The slut of night!
To work! Sweep well our doorsteps with the tides!
Rule sailors, hunters, witches,
Lovers and other lunatics, wide's
The scope! be bayed by bitches,
But ask no hymns from one
Who knows Mother Earth's breast shades his sleep from
Father Sun.