

ON—ON—“ POET ”

I to the open road,
You to the hunchbacked street—
Which of us two
 Shall the earlier rue
That day we chanced to meet?

I with a heart that's sound,
You with sick fancies of pain—
Which of us two
 Would the earlier rue
If we chanced to meet again?

I jingle homely lore,
While you rhyme is with kiss—
Which of us two
 Will the earlier rue
The love of the *Hoylake Miss*?

Not I the first to go,
Nor I the first to deceive—
Which of us two
 Shall the the earliest rue
Our garden of make-believe?

THE EQUINOX

You were a Chinese god,
I an offering fair,
As we entered the
 Garden of Allah,
To sing our holy prayer.

Entered with hearts bowed low,
Yet I heard a voice that cried :
For he is the god of the
 Sacrifice,
You are the crucified.

It was all make-believe,
A foolish game of play,
Our garden of Allah
 A drawing-room,
Our Chinese god of clay.

Strings of bruises for pearls,
Tears for forget-me-nots,
And a deadly pain
 Of the sickening shame
Watching the fading spots.

As quickly they faded,
The heart of me faded as well,
Until nothing is left
 Of my garden,
But a soul sunk to hell.

ON—ON—“ POET ”

Hail !

Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaitre,
No more together we'll enter the
Enchanted garden of make-believe,
Nor my sad soul listen while thine deceive.
No more you'll be the God of Sacrifice,
Nor I the crucified.

Ah, Garden of Allah—how bitter sweet
Thy fruit. Why breakest thou the heart ?
Why spoilest thou the soul with notes
From thy golden lute ?

Lo ! our garden a common room,
Our Chinese god burnt clay, and
The singing of verses a funeral hymn
That awakes with awakening day.

'Twas all such a meaningless play,
Poet prend ton lute—Je disparaitre.

Hail !

Poet, take my hand—we'll walk
Still a little way.

I'll not desert thee at the close of day,
I, too, must pray.

A beggar asking alms of passers-by,
Does not refuse a drink to one who's dry
That once by him did lie.

Poet, come close—before I leave for aye
Take thou my hand, we'll walk still
A little way.

THE EQUINOX

One garment covered both to keep us warm,
What harmed the one, was 't not the other's harm?
Close clasped, one single form.
Was it not meant for aye?
Poet, take thou my hand—we'll still
Walk a little way.

MARY D'ESTE.

(MARY DEMPSEY-BLIDEN-STURGES-BEY.)

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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