

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

“You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?”

Taming of the Shrew.

THE inexpiable fate whose shuddering wing
Fear fled from, changed the native deed of sin
Into a spasmic kiss too salt and keen,
Windless, that ended with a sterile sting
The earlier hour whose heart was full of spring;
And the large love grew piteously lean;
Dreadful, like death; withdrawn and epicene
At the mad crisis of the eventful thing.

O that such tender fondness like a flower's
Should take such nameless infamy! That we
Should pluck such bitter bloom, rooted in fear,
Salt with the scurf of some diseased sea,
Foul with the curse of God: that we are here,
Hating the night's inexorable hours.