

CONVENTIONAL WICKEDNESS

BEFORE the altar of Famine and Desire,
The Two in One, a golden woman stands,
Holding a heart in her ensanguine hands,
The nightly victim of her whore's attire.
Quick sobs of lust instead of prayers inspire
Some oracle of Death. From many lands
Come many worshippers. Their fading brands
Rekindle from the sacrificial fire.

Before the altar of Plenty, Love, and Peace,
Stand purer priests in bloodless sacrifice,
And quiet hymns of happiness are heard.
Here sound no hatreds and no ecstasies ;
Here no polluted sacrament of Vice
Unveiled ! I chose the first without a word !