

L'ALCHIMIE DE DOULEUR

ONE with his ardour makes thee tender,
Another clothes thee in his grief,
Nature! Saith one: "The falling leaf!"
The other: "Praise October splendour!"
Thou unknown Hermes that assists
Me, before whom I crouch and tremble;
Thou mak'st me Midas to resemble,
The saddest of all alchemists!

For gold within my crucible
Turns iron; and heaven turns to hell
In cloudland's ghostly napery
I find a corpse—that I loved well
And in celestial gardens I
Build mightiest sarcophagi