

EPILOGUE TO “PETITS POEMES EN PROSE”

MINE heart at ease, I climbed the promontory

Whence one may contemplate the town out-spread:
Hospital, brothel, jail, hell, purgatory,

Where each thing monstrous rears its prospered head!

Well know'st Thou, Satan (ease this woe of mine!)
I went not thither futile tears to shed;

But, an old lecher with's old concubine,

To madden sense on the enormous bitch
Whose hellish charm pours youth from me like wine!

Whether thou sleep in morning's sheets (dear witch!)

Heavy, obscure, and chill; or preen thee, vain,
In evening's veils, with gold embroidery rich,

Infamous Capital, I love thee! Drain

Whose thieves and whores give me to ease life's itch
Pleasures inscrutable to the profane!