

‘GO INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES,
AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN’

Let my fond lips but drink thy golden wine,
My bright-eyed Arab, only let me eat
The rich brown globes of sacramental meat
Steaming and firm, hot from their home divine,
And let me linger with thy hands in mine,
And lick the sweat from dainty dirty feet
Fresh with the loose aroma of the street,
And then anon I'll glue my mouth to thine.

This is the height of joy, to lie and feel
Thy spicéd spittle trickle down my throat;
This is more pleasant than at dawn to steal
Toward lawns and sunny brooklets, and to gloat
Over earth's peace, and hear in ether float
Songs of soft spirits into rapture peal.