

LA JUIVE

Rose dotted with grey stars the bed
Where my fair Jewess lay and smiled:
Her breasts were full, her eyes were red,
Her lips with God unreconciled.
In wanton disarray, her hair
Streamed jetty black—Ah! God, how fair!

The quilt had gold embroidery,
About the room were furs and silk:
Her eyes were full of devilry,
Her finger-tips were soft as milk:
Above the bed a crest was set,
A gold and sapphire coronet.

She was of noble birth, and—best—
A Jewess; her bad lips enticed
My lips to taste; I held her breast
Fresh from the crucifying Christ;
It seemed her thighs were hot with blood
Sucked from the bastard Son of God.

I saw his broken body hang
Sweating and bleeding on the cross;

I heard his curses champ and clang;
I spat upon his reeking corse;
I licked the spear; my feet were shod
With iron as I kicked my God.

Such frightful fancies dim my eyes—
I can remember how his side
Lay open for a lover's prize—
I violate the Crucified!
Hell shrieks with impious laugh; they sing
A mad lewd chant; Hell hails me king!

So runs my dream; but what am I?
A lover by a Jewess' bed,
A lover waiting wistfully
For his desires to be fed;
His only lust—a lover's bliss,
And with no language but a kiss!

In her loose lusts I find again
The memory of that dream gone by;
Her kisses waken in my brain
The picture of that infamy,
The low dark hill, the storm, the star
That lit my bestial lupanar!

Her breasts are Golgotha to me!
Her lips, his dripping hands and feet!
Her secret-cinctured armoury
Of pleasures seems—how utter sweet!—
The gaping spear-wound in his side
Wherein I smote the Crucified!

Come, night! dip, shadows! Only let
One incense-flame burn red and low,
Regild the golden coronet,
Gleam on her nude lewd hips, and glow
On hours of weariless desire,
A bastard and infernal fire.

Smite me, my fiend-fair whore, nor spare
My raging hips, but wake again
The old desires ere I'm aware,
Joy more intense from cruel pain:
They say he hoped his crown to fix
By his delirious crucifix.

Yes, spare me not, red-lipped, low browed,
Large-featured animal I love:
Prolong the orgie, shriek aloud
With drunken vehemence above
All violence more than Corybant
To our Iacchian God—Absinthe!

Ah! thy red lips, and its green glint!
Its wavy splendour, and the dance
Thy belly weaves, a triple hint
Of Hell, and Algiers, and France!
Ah! Judas-love! this flask we'll drain,
Kiss hard—and so to bed again!