

SLEEPING IN CARTHAGE

The month of thirst is ended. From the lips
That hide their blushes in the golden wood
A fervent fountain amorously slips,
The dainty rivers of thy luscious blood;
Red streams of sweet nepenthe that eclipse
The milder nectar that the gods hold good—
How my dry throat, held hard between thy hips,
Shall drain the moon-wrought flow of womanhood!

Divinest token of sterility,
Strange barren fountain blushing from the womb,
Like to an echo of Augustan gloom
When all men drank this wine; it maddens me
With yearnings after new divinity,
Prize of thy draught, some where beyond the tomb.