

DISAPPOINTMENT

(AN ESSAY IN TACTICS)

To Sadie B—

“A FEMALE eunuch—a stale courtesan
With a Jew’s hook, fat lips, and goggle eyes
Wrinkled with grime and lust—so any man
May maul you; there’s a scarcity of vice!
A woman’s soul is in her ovaries;
Cut those, that flies. O salt and shallow pan
Of verminous moisture!—bathe in thee, forsooth?
Age and consummate pox, avoid my youth!”

I would have loved you—so I love to love—
Wrapped you in beauty! Lucid gauze of rime
Had made your limbs go glimmering down through
time,

A gracious ghost; the soiled and draggled dove
Of Venus should be spurned, and you, my swan,
Superbly floated on the giant stream
Of fame, its crown and culmination, dream
Most inaccessible, meditated on
In vain by the world’s greatest lovers. Yet
Your lazy lewdness happens to forget

My boy’s lust—all the mighty building’s glamour
Dislimns—the shrine’s a sty. Who dares to blight
My dreams I damn. You would not throw—last night—
Your carrion lump of lechery to my clamour,
Cheap, common as it is, a crawling cheese . . .
So, for those verses, be content with these!