

## IN MEMORIAM

E. R. et E. H.

STRIP, dear! Naked-pure you lie—  
Surely we are done with dreams!  
Open to the world's wide eye!  
Let them know, sweet, how it seems  
(To a love like ours) to die!

So, dear! Virginal you were  
When I touched your life with song;  
Virgin now to death lie there!  
You shall not await him long.  
(Fold your body in your hair!)

Satan, hail! our consecration!  
Lilies, lilies: let them swathe you,  
Robes baptismal of damnation!  
Tuberose and iris bathe you  
In the sea, annihilation!

All white flowers I build, a fane  
Fit to shroud the sacrifice.  
I will kiss you once again  
Ere I pull the trigger twice.  
—Or our death were died in vain.

Are you ready, sweet? Then fold  
Once your arms about me, cling  
Close and clip me as old—  
In the presence of the King  
That awaits us. Love is bold.

We are witness—by our fate—  
To one poet—is there one?  
That beyond the miry weight  
Of the fog there shines a sun!  
Be he comforted thereat!

Yea! I chant your mastery!  
In the hag-ridden, mange-bitten,  
Sodden, superstitious sty  
That John Milton made of Britain  
In the twentieth century,  
Two in blood the runes have written—  
How to love and how to die!

Praise, O Martyrs! Not one bead  
Of your strong blood but shall thrill  
In our hearts, and burn and breed  
Myriad children to your will.  
We will damn the coward's creed,  
And the eunuch's squeaking still,  
Till the world is yours indeed!

Yea! at last the spell shall break  
Wherewith Christ and Cromwell bound us  
We shall once more (for your sake!)  
Be the men that Shakespeare found us.  
All our life and lust awake!  
All your love and joy surround us  
Smooth and deadly as a snake!

Thus I build your monument,  
Happy martyrs, passion-crowned!  
Death your holiest sacrament,  
Life mere garlands that you wound  
Laughing on your brows, and rent!

Fare ye well, O world-renowned!  
Enter into great content!