

Love Lies Bleeding

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Curled on itself for love of its own mould,
The siren shell lies open to the globe
Of Godhead that rays forth with purple probe
Light of fierce force, a galaxy of gold;
And by the spell whereon his fingers fold
The murex blood beams oozing from the lobe
Whose delicate blushes modesty disrobe
The virgin Venus that her nymphs uphold!

The sand is still like star-dust in my hair;
The sea is still like slumber in my brain;
The sun still burns my face — and on the air
(While in the Rose and crimson Thorn makes merry)
Come nightingales — and bells — and through their strain
The vision of the towers of Glastonbury!