

## A Perfect Pianissimo

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Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my  
body groans.

I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones!  
My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons by  
scores,

And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot me-  
teors!

I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth at  
their flanks;

All space and time take flight as my chariot tears their  
ranks.

I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine;  
I grip God's beard in my fist, and my axe cleaves gorge  
and spine;

At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens answer  
my will;

The universe breaks like a bubble — and I am lonelier  
still.

Silence, and horror, the void — these are my feudals to  
friend!

I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end.

Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical air,  
A sycophant spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of De-  
spair.

Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath!  
Send but a note to prolong this langourous lust of  
Death!

For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a bird  
Loftily loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard,  
(So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar  
Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than a  
star!

And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed  
down to thy knee,  
Thy loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me;  
Bend didst thou yet lower — incarnate bliss as thou art —  
Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about mine  
heart.  
Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad  
mouth met,  
And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set,  
And God brake out ablaze — O sister, born at a birth!  
Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the vir-  
gin earth!  
Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun for  
a steed!  
Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a water-  
weed,  
And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves, as  
They  
Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their  
play.  
Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes of  
time,  
Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of  
stars for rime,  
Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of  
thought,  
Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods  
call Naught;  
There let us rest, let us rest — O the jasmine in your  
hair  
As your head sinks on my breast — have we not rested  
there?