

In the Red Room of Rose Croix

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The bleeding gate of God unveils its rose;
The cavernous West swallows the dragon Sun;
Earth's darkness broods on dissolution,
A mother-vulture, nested on Repose.
Ah then! what grace within our girdle glows,
What crimson web of will-work, wizard-spun
To garb thy glee-gilt heart, Hilarion,
An Alpenbluehn on our star-crested snows!

O scarlet flower, smear honey on the thigh
Of this thy bee, that sucks thy sweetness dry!
O bower of sunset, bring me to thy sleep
Wherein move dreams stained purple with perfumes,
Whose birds of paradise, on Punic plumes,
Declare dooms undecipherably deep!