

The Scarabee

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I did not make the scarabee
 Of scarlet that I saw tonight
 Upon your breast. Not my delight,
O lily-lure to honey-bee,
Sucked through your skin the scarabee.

O rose of sun at midnight born,
 Khephra, within his bark of blue,
 Bears, in his beetle-claws, anew
Each night thine orb, through murk to morn,
O rose of sun at midnight born!

Upon the bosom of Nuith
 He sails, and all the stars acclaim
 The awe, the wonder of His name.
He kindles with His fiery feet
The blossom-bosom of Nuith!

And thou, who art, in these pale eyes
 Of mine, incarnate of desire,
 The plectron's vain unless the lyre
Answer its arrogant emprise
With antiphonal harmonies.

My vessel's free to cleave the foam,
 Its armed prow with manhood shod —
 Hark to the hymns that greet the god
Driving in exultation home
Through the fresh fervour of the foam!

Yea! Come the midnight dawn, burn high!
 Amid the cloudy fleece sail on!

There's heaven beyond the horizon!
The goal's to gain — and you and I
With every pulse-throb soar on high.

O let the sacred scarabee
Scarred nightly on thy breast be mine!
Thy blood more excellent than wine,
Thy body more than bread to me —
I make the scarlet scarabee.