

THE CAULDRON

To Ethel Archer

I WAS born when a witch
Spread her withered hands over a blaze,
With a big hazel-switch
 With notches for days,
 With notches for days.
And slimy and rich
 Her ugly voice prays:
By God! I was there with the witch!

What matter to me
If the sun be at war with the sea?
 Will they drench me or burn?
 I was born in the heart of an urn
When the gold was all fled;
And they thought I was dead
Before birth, but I sped
 Forth, forth from the fire
 And lo! with desire
I escaped, and I roam
At will from my home.

They call me, and lo!
Why should I go?
They feed me with gold;
They are withered and old,
For I suck and I suck,
And they give me good luck.

Lo! I am one with the air,
For air is my blood and red fire is my hair,
And the wind is my lair.
 And they draw me with thought,
 For of air am I wrought.
They call me, and then
I flee among men,
 And madness and rust
 And the music of dust
I give them, and they,
 With the fury of trust,
 Feed me with flame of desire and bright lust!
And I conquer the day,
And I float, and I float, and I float far away.