

EVE.

Written in the Mosque of Omar.

HERS was the first sufficient sacrifice
That won us freedom, hers the generous gift
That turned herself upon the curse adrift
Sailable and rudderless, to pay the price
Of permanence with pain, of love with vice,
Like a tall ship swan-lovely, swallow-swift,
That makes upon the breakers. So the rift
Sprang and the flame roared. Farewell, Paradise!

How shall a man that is a man reward
Her priceless sacrifice, rebuke the Lord?
Why, there's Convention's corral; ring her round!
Here's shame's barbed wire; push out the unclean
thing!
Here's freedom's falconry; quick, clip her wing!
There, labour's danger—thrust her underground!