

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Written at Vera Cruz.

DIM goes the sun down there behind the tall
And mighty crest of Orizaba's snow :
Here, gathering at the nightfall, to and fro,
Fat vultures, foul and carrion, flap, and call
Their ghastly comrades to the domed wall
That crowns the grey cathedral. There they go—
The parasites of death, decay and woe,
Gorged with the day's indecent festival.

I think these birds were once the souls of priests.
They haunt by ancient habit the old home
Wherein they held high mass in days of old.
But now they soar above it—for behold !
God hath looked mercifully down on Rome,
Promoting thus her children to be beasts.