

SONNET FOR GERALD KELLY'S
JEZEBEL.

LIFT up thine head, disastrous Jezebel!
Fire and black stars are melted in thine hair
That curls to Hell, as in Satanic prayer;
Thy mouth is heavy with its riper smell
Than clustered pomegranates beside a well;
The cruel savour of thy lust lies there,
That blood may tinge thy kisses unaware
To fill thy children with the hope of Hell.

O evil beauty! Heart of mystery
Wherein my being toils, and in the blood
Mixed with thy poison finds its subtle food,
Intoxicating my divinity!
Disdainful hands behind thee, I may take
What joys I will—but thou wilt not awake.