

LES DEUX GENIES.

GOOD bends and breathes into the rosy shell  
Of peace and perfume, love in idleness,  
Of pure cold raptures, hymns the mystic stress,  
Imagining's reiterate miracle.

Evil breathes, bending, the reverberate spell  
Conjuring ghosts of the insane address  
Of agony lurid in the damned caress,  
Exulting tortures of the heart of hell.

The maiden sits and listens, smiles. Her breath  
Is easy; over her bowed head fall deep  
Glowing cascades of hair; she combs her hair

With subtle ecstasy, electric sweep  
Of unimaginable joy; let life and death  
Pass; she will comb, and comb, and will not  
care.