

## LA JUIVE

Rose dotted with grey stars the bed  
Where my fair Jewess lay and smiled:  
Her breasts were full, her eyes were red,  
Her lips with God unreconciled.  
In wanton disarray, her hair  
Streamed jetty black—Ah! God, how fair!

The quilt had gold embroidery,  
About the room were furs and silk:  
Her eyes were full of devilry,  
Her finger-tips were soft as milk:  
Above the bed a crest was set,  
A gold and sapphire coronet.

She was of noble birth, and—best—  
A Jewess; her bad lips enticed  
My lips to taste; I held her breast  
Fresh from the crucifying Christ;  
It seemed her thighs were hot with blood  
Sucked from the bastard Son of God.

I saw his broken body hang  
Sweating and bleeding on the cross;

I heard his curses champ and clang;  
I spat upon his reeking corse;  
I licked the spear; my feet were shod  
With iron as I kicked my God.

Such frightful fancies dim my eyes—  
I can remember how his side  
Lay open for a lover's prize—  
I violate the Crucified!  
Hell shrieks with impious laugh; they sing  
A mad lewd chant; Hell hails me king!

So runs my dream; but what am I?  
A lover by a Jewess' bed,  
A lover waiting wistfully  
For his desires to be fed;  
His only lust—a lover's bliss,  
And with no language but a kiss!

In her loose lusts I find again  
The memory of that dream gone by;  
Her kisses waken in my brain  
The picture of that infamy,  
The low dark hill, the storm, the star  
That lit my bestial lupanar!

Her breasts are Golgotha to me!  
Her lips, his dripping hands and feet!  
Her secret-cinctured armoury  
Of pleasures seems—how utter sweet!—  
The gaping spear-wound in his side  
Wherein I smote the Crucified!

Come, night! dip, shadows! Only let  
One incense-flame burn red and low,  
Regild the golden coronet,  
Gleam on her nude lewd hips, and glow  
On hours of weariless desire,  
A bastard and infernal fire.

Smite me, my fiend-fair whore, nor spare  
My raging hips, but wake again  
The old desires ere I'm aware,  
Joy more intense from cruel pain:  
They say he hoped his crown to fix  
By his delirious crucifix.

Yes, spare me not, red-lipped, low browed,  
Large-featured animal I love:  
Prolong the orgie, shriek aloud  
With drunken vehemence above  
All violence more than Corybant  
To our Iacchian God—Absinthe!

Ah! thy red lips, and its green glint!  
Its wavy splendour, and the dance  
Thy belly weaves, a triple hint  
Of Hell, and Algiers, and France!  
Ah! Judas-love! this flask we'll drain,  
Kiss hard—and so to bed again!