

AD FIDELEM INFIDELEM

To Elaine W K—

AH, sweet my sister! Was it idle toil,
When in the flowerless Eden of Shanghai
We made immortal mischief, you and I
“Casting our flame-flowers on the dull brown soil?”
Did we not light a lamp withouten oil
Nursed by unfruitful kisses, stealthily
Strewn in the caldron where our Destiny
Bides brooding—Mother, bid its brew to boil!

Ah, Sweetheart, we were barren as Sahara,
But on Sahara burns our subtle star.
Soon an oasis, now too lone and far,
Shall bloom with all the blossoms of Bokhara:
See! o'er the brim the mystic fountain flows!
Cull from the caldron the ensanguine Rose!