

AVE ADONAI
To G. M. Marston

PALE as the night that pales
In the dawn's pearl-pure pavilion,
I wait for thee, with my dove's breast
Shuddering, a god its bitter guest—
Have I not gilded my nails
And painted my lips with vermilion?

Am I not wholly stript
Of the deeds and thoughts that obscure thee?
I wait for thee, my soul distraught
With aching for some nameless naught
In its most arcane crypt—
Am I not fit to endure thee?

Girded about the paps
With a golden girdle of glory,
Dost thou wait me, thy slave who am,
As a wolf lurks for a strayed white lamb?
The chain of the stars snaps,
And the deep of night is hoary!

Thou whose mouth is a flame
With its seven-edged sword proceeding,
Come! I am writhing with despair
Like a snake taken in a snare,
Moaning thy mystical name
Till my tongue is torn and bleeding!

Have I not gilded my nails
And painted my lips with vermilion?
Yea! thou art I; the deed awakes,
Thy lightning strikes; thy thunder breaks

Wild as the bride that wails
In the bridegroom's plumed pavilion !