

Lent

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Thou pulse of purple in God's heart
Monotonous and musical,
Hilarion, to live apart
Is not to live at all.

Together we may work and play,
Always thy mood a match for mine;
Apart, ghoulish night haunts phantom-day;
We only pule and pine.

Love twists his tendrils on our limbs.
Now Carnival is turned to Lent,
We that harped holy and happy hymns
Awake the lute's lament.

O love, endure the iron hours.
"Love under Will" shall bear us on
To Easter, and the world of flowers —
Our world, Hilarion.