

## A Poetry Society – In Madagascar?

*Originally published in the January 1918  
edition of The International.*

The Poetry Society. St. Vitus,  
St. Borborygmus, aid! The thin screams fell  
And rose like spasms in some hothouse hell  
Peopled by scaggier harpies than Cocytus.

Dull dirty décolletées dilettante!  
I sickened to the soul; above the babble  
Of the cacophonous misshapen rabble,  
Rose like a cliff the awful form of Dante.

Colossally contemptuous, in airy  
Stature the iron eyes of Alighieri  
Burn into mine; their razor lightnings carve  
My capon soul. "What dost thou here?" they said:  
"Art thou not even worthy to be dead?  
"Canst thou not go into the street, and starve?"