

LOVE AND LIFE

To My Mother

BECAUSE of mine inheritance, and all
The murmurous monotonous of whispering
lust
Within me, winds that stir the primal dust
Of my weak soul, I pray ye watch my fall
Into the slime. Ah! Let the syren call,
And I shall go to her, as go I must,
And song shall answer song, and thrust meet
thrust.
Yea! Me the dead past holds, a willing thrall.

Still through the void shall no hand reach unto me?
No voice impel me back? Nay! For the past
Is blind and dumb; a skeleton, a ghoul.
Foul-lipped and bleary-eyed, she shall undo me,
And though that all men scorn me for a fool,
I shall be still a victim to the last!