

Maudlin Of The Well "A Conception Pathetic"

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He beckons from across the languid room, eyes wild
like oceans, caught up and glittering! Everything
'comes all dark, save
Those embers that burn right through my quaking soul!
The old man is frightened and waiting to die; she looks
on from her LUNAR
Perch and laughs, "One sip from this cup of steaming
wine, and then you dream!" No more, now is night.
Poison! They all sing to
Me, stars in their brightness, and young, singing in
golden cages, rough-hewn by some dead race! I saw in
one room a CANDLE, and
In another a votive WREATH. Which shall crucify me?
Which shall resurrect me? Rain from her mouth doth
heal! Let it run through
Me! I kiss her silken lips! And breasts that heave with
passion e'er growing!
We couched below the flowers dead! And gave new life
to them! No! Not in this place! By starlight he'll come to
devour us
All! Through terrors he'll rise to hurt us!

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