

Theatre Of Tragedy "The Masquerader And Phenix"

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Hist! - The sonorous orchestral ambience and the
arabesque - stanc'd ballerina
Her wee feet in an alacritic malstrom-twirl
And the dust-hurl with her tears blendeth -
Egag! this quagmire;
Pasteth her unaptly apt feet to the stage;
Like the wither'd rose of the luciferous Eden
By the mummer'd-masquerader espied vigilly and
mockingly,
His behesting visage, tho' ruddily mummer'd 'tis -
Embower'd and eddyng oft and eft gloam by gloam,
Her sweetness ne'er cloy - further! further! -
His scratching and dallying hollow-hearted eyes
Her breasts and vestal heart caress,
And like the dove and bird of prey leapeth she aerily,
Whileas the orchestra playeth on travailingly;
His one and sole swath
With the pizzicato'd ensemble blendeth -
And her umbral fatal scream -
As the song climaxeth
And slowly dieth
Away...

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