

Theatre Of Tragedy "The Masquerader And Phoenix"

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Hist! - the sonorous orchestral ambience and the
arabesque-slave'd ballerina,
Her wee feet in an alacritic maelstrom-twirl,
And the dust-hurl with her tears blendeth - Egad! 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 eddying 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 foetal scream -
As the song climaxeth
And slowly
Dieth away...

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