

But they are few, and all romance has flown,  
And men can prophesy about the sun,  
And lecture on his arrows - how, alone,  
Through a waste void the soulless atoms run,  
How from each tree its weeping nymph has fled,  
And that no more 'mid English reeds a Naiad shows her head.

Poem: The Harlot's House

We caught the tread of dancing feet,  
We loitered down the moonlit street,  
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,  
We heard the loud musicians play  
The 'Treues Liebes Herz' of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,  
Making fantastic arabesques,  
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin  
To sound of horn and violin,  
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,  
Slim silhouetted skeletons  
Went sidling through the slow quadrille,

Then took each other by the hand,  
And danced a stately saraband;  
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed  
A phantom lover to her breast,  
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette  
Came out, and smoked its cigarette  
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,  
'The dead are dancing with the dead,  
The dust is whirling with the dust.'

But she - she heard the violin,  
And left my side, and entered in:

Love passed into the house of lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,  
The dancers wearied of the waltz,  
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,  
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,  
Crept like a frightened girl.

Poem: From 'The Burden Of Itys'

This English Thames is holier far than Rome,  
Those harebells like a sudden flush of sea  
Breaking across the woodland, with the foam  
Of meadow-sweet and white anemone  
To fleck their blue waves, - God is likelier there  
Than hidden in that crystal-hearted star the pale monks bear!

Those violet-gleaming butterflies that take  
Yon creamy lily for their pavilion  
Are monsignores, and where the rushes shake