

A Mathilde

Enochian Crescent

A cruel love, to rend the hoary veil
Of cynic, hatred of mankind, and scorn
Of all things virtuous, seeing there is born
Within me now, with strange desire gone pale,

A newer sweetness in the nightingale,
Till I see good again. Thy love has torn
Philosophy's frail texture, and outworn
The sophist's falsehood and the cynic's tale.

A cruel love - I find in Magdalene
Seven angels with the seven devils wed!
I find true love where I had thought to find

A spirit to reflect my own obscene
And dead desire that scoffed at love - instead
Love comes... we part... I perish... Fate is blind!