

Black as the Devil Painteth

Theatre of Tragedy

An artist is what is call'd the self that the brush holdeth -
Though hath it then caringly caress'd the Canvas of to-morrow?,
O Canvas! for thee I hold my tool - still! passionless it quive
reth,
Minding not that my hands are more than apt;
My Muse,

Where is hidden
The blue-huéd arch'neath the High Heaven's rich emblazonry,
The flowery meadow, embrac'd by the horizon - snowflakéd and ae
ry mountains,
In which the barebreastéd maidens dance to the lay o' midsummer
,
Aloft the distant lazy flapping of the doves in vainglore.

O Canvas!, wherefore canst thou these images not allow? -
I deem a projection of my Theatre they should be! -
Then, I challenge thee the wisdom of naysaying the yearns o' mi
ne -
What is this unforeseen that not enjoineth light shades to be sk
illfully paintéd?

The raven sky prey'd on by the snowfill'd, blustery clouds,
Unadornéd the meadow - hunger driveth the wolf out of the wood,
The maidens chainéd and whippéd within a dreary dungeon -
And, lo! 'twixt the wizen roses a mossy grave:
"The Devil is as Black as he Painteth" -
O Canvas! wherefore?...