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A Hamlet for a Slothful Vassal

Behold a jocund morn indeed! -
 Sun on high - birds in sky.
 Yonder the whist eathing,
 Fro where a gale erranteth.

(Ye beholdest but the shadow) That is a lie!
 (Mayhap a tithe of trothplight) Lief I am not!
 (I deem - e'er and anon!) My words are but a twist.

'Tis a feignéd lie through loathing, I say!
 (To and fro, save hither, is thy love.)
 A dotard gaffer, I daresay...
 (Not a loth! - But vying for my kinsmen!)
 ...a sapling not!

(Beautiful tyrant!)
 (Fiend angelical!)
 (Dove-feathered raven!)
 (Wolvish-ravening lamb!)
 (A hamlet for a slothful vassal -)
 (Soothing ale for a parchèd sot.)
 (Hie to tell me)
 (What ye judgest as naught;)
 (I behold the shadow!)

Wherefore call me such names;
 Nay imp am I!
 Thou art my aghast hart -
 Grazing in the glade.

(E'er thou sayest aye!) That is a lie!
 (Thief of a plot!) Lief I am not!
 (Now go to thy tryst) My words are but a twist!
 (Go, leave, totter!) Fare well! - with joy I came,
 (Until ye dwindlest.) With rue I leave.
 (A morsel, nay more,) Even the orb cannot
 (For thy journey) Help me melt the ice?!
 (Hither an thither!)

Cheerful Dirge

Hap mirthfulness! - Oh joy of grand riddance;
Undress me my hauber! - the wyvern hath errant'd.

-- Ire of yore - bard of e'eryears -
-- I deem the brood hath wan'd - foe'ermore?!

Fro the chasm of the bosom, I hand back.
Hark! my dove - henceforth I bulwark thee! -
Feathers of swans in my pillow - I cede my heart.
Make haste! - I pray - respond my plea!

-- Lo! - a sire of great awe - a knight of many battles!

...And of kinsmen weeping for the slain!
Please! - heed my words;
In thy sorrow I will kiss thy tears -
In the bliss I will take thee by thy hand -
The sapor of grapes thou shalt savor -
And harken the nightingale sing oh so blithely!

-- On his knees... A plea to harvest roses;
-- No heed for the thorns yon count!
-- Wherefore vow me?
-- Wherefor this gildéd proffer?
-- Wherefore not pay court to a maid more fair? -
-- Morn of a joyous day! Flower 'twixt weed!
-- Fertile desert! Cheerful dirge!
-- Misery me not! - man nor beast; envy me;
-- Lest 'tis an act of wont!
-- Many are the drapes that my past bury -
-- Ineffable feeling indulgeth in battles!

Tisn't what thou vambrace'st thy words with!!;
I bethink dotingly only thy weal -
Therein abiding with thee
Is for me the grandest boon!

-- Forgive me for deeming thee direfully -
-- Yet I was a trifle daunt'd

To These Words I Beheld No Tongue

Whether the thoned Monarch weareth the crown
Which I know not whether to his belongeth
Doth he hence the sceptre sway?
Seasoneth he justice? -
Daresay I he doth not
Will he then use his sceptre as a wand? -
Where doth sit my awe? - Trieth me conjure
Perchance a spell?; a reptile, a sullied hound? -
Is the gentle rain a quality of his? -
I bethink this fro my thoughts; hitherto, about this
I beheld to these words no tongue; are the
Monarchs's men his thralls or his servants? -
Oft I waylay my tongue -
Those of which are withal by my gnarléd heart not heed'd
Or doth the trostle sing with more glee
At daybreak than a twilight? -
Brawl not my imp, nor my cherub; reserve my judgement -
Crave not the sword when the bodkin fro ere thine is
That undiscover'd country; be that
Of calamity, be that of joy, be that of apathy
Tread not paths of new when those of old are
Far by an only single footstep; walk, be it
On the left, on the right - be it the one which
Straight forward leadeth, the one of correct
I have as until now not heed'd any signs of!

Hollow-Heartèd, Heart-Departèd

Filthy harlots - the Lord's grape!
With lore ornamentéd entreating;
Hollow heartéd, heart-departéd -
Yet thou reapest the blooming rose -
When 'tis the weed which is to be swath'd

-- I do in the blooming flower pleasure find!

And me in the yesterday's blind?!

-- Innocence is reserved for the meek:

-- Of naught is my grasp ne'er to be!

Hah! - for thee even a hound holdeth the throne.

Unwantéd child of mother! - Plague of plagues!

Father of leprous children.

I wield ye to stint this brawl!

Nigh is the ford - yet harken! - do not thwart!

Desirest thou to do it withal,

I shall cause thy body by one head too short!

Sayest ye nay to my boon;

Then wilt thou from bloodshed swoon!

-- Err me not! - Must ye bethink my foolhardiness!

-- Be vanishéd! - Be banishéd! -

-- If ye deemest me not wroth.

-- My hand hieth to unsheathe the sword

-- Lest thou tost totter -

-- Whid along! - Wherefore irk my haughtiness?

No man... No man at all!, -- Wherefore bereave

Be it lord or beggar -- The kine of the sward?

Bereaveth my dignity! -- Wherefore holdest thou for

-- Me such quailing scowl?

Loom my darling sun -

Bear the scarlet colour!

...A Distance There Is...

Come in out of the rain thou sayest —
But thou ne'er step'st aside;
And I am trapp'd, I'm trapp'd
A distance there is...
None, save me and the bodkin —
Pitter-patter on the roof:
Behold! — 'tis not the rain;
Thence me it hath to be —
I will not drink thy vintage wine, my dear;
Thou hast heed'd that I am of innocence,
Yet thou let'st thy lass into peril —
Thou let'st me be parch'd;
My heart, my heart, my heart
My heart, my heart, my heart
My heart is of frailthy, my pale skin is hued damask.
When thou thy tears hast hidden,
"Come back!", thou sayest —
There I soon am to be —
But how am I to run when my bones, my heart
Thou hast me bereaft —
But run thou sayest;
I run, I run, I run
And there and then I behold that a time will come
When I again dead will be.
Thou tell'st me to leave without delay —
I leave, I leave, I leave, I leave.
I leave with my bodkin and my tears in my hands;
Lo! — the shadows, the sky descending;
So by a dint of smite I gait there
Before I run and melt together with dusk.
In my mind in which is this event,
But it seems as if naught is to change anyway?!
After all these years thou left'st me down
In the emotional depths —
The sombre soak'd velvet drape is hung upon me,
Turning my feelings, turning my feelings away from our so ignorant world:
All the beautiful moments shared, deliberately push'd aside —
After all these years thou left'st me down
In the emotional depths —

The sombre soak'd velvet drape is hung upon me,
Turning my feelings away from our so ignorant world:
All the beautiful moments shared, deliberately push'd aside —
...a distance there is...
...a distance there is...

Sweet Art Thou

- Stay still patient; wilt thou my sister of merciful troth be?

- I shall attempt the halter of thy life make less tighten'd!

-- I shall climb the yew,

-- Will it subdue me or not!

-- Swooning emotions smite my bosom -

-- I have an aptness depriev'd thy eyrie

Oh! - ne'er alas; -- Fro many another a lass -

Lodge here fore'ermore. -- Dodge thither sable of yore!

- A narrow dell hath now for me turn'd into a broad land;

- A land rich with fields of the Simbelmyn.

-- Sonorous to my ears are the words form'd by thy tongue

-- Conquer me! - Waylay me! - Swathe me 'twixt thy arms!

-- Make me sense the wine which is drunk by queens,

Make me sense the wine which is drunk by kings,

-- And let it flow white and full in tast o'er my lips.

And let it flow red and full in taste o'er my lips.

-- A dais'd bridge o'er the ghyll,

-- In which a river bottomless -

-- I would have drownèd,

-- Yet thou drewest me out soaking!

Save thou art not yet all parchèd -

Eavesdroppest ye: A wee drop, -- I can hear it! - I can feel it!

Whence it comes I can only deem, -- Yet I will not tarry idly!

Lest this for me is a gay dream: -- Let it adamant be -

A dream that will sojourn eternally - -- Empty the flagon in me!

In which theatre I will act!

Mire

Harken! - the clouds muster'd in dark -
So painfully easing.
Hush! - hearest ye the yew doting;
Its years of yore in a mire,
Each like a corpse within its grave;
Wrought for us a yearn of lief;
'Tis not a lore of bale nor loathe;
Harmony and esthesia are its blisses;
Ne'er ere hath it exist'd so sonorously -
Jostl'd away the pale drape
That us had been o'erhung -
Tempt'd thy shutters to open
And thus quenched the hearth;
Thou giv'st to misery all thou hast: the cold -
With weal embrac'd the sprouting landscape
Like a star of heaven in the broad daylight -
This joy subdueth until it again waneth,
save the drooping winter of stalwart

Dying - I Only Feel Apathy

Now as I am to be bereaft of my troth
I cry aloud my last words of lost hope.
A violent gust of wind is my frame of mind;
Fluxes like moisture through pores.

I am unwilling to forgive
Him who depriev'd me of my life -
Gloaming the sequence -
A momentary view.
Perishing intervals of rejoice -
My supreme happiness is lost!

Baleful emotions of fear - my body is the earth -
The earth is now destinéd to be made forlorn -
Forlorn from the enlivening energies.
Am I not anylonger living?

In mournful silence I suffer -
In peace I now will rest.
My hard-working hands
Are now reposéd.

I close thee, my belovéd, into my heart -
Conceal thy memory in my inner sanctum.
In my thoughts thou shalt forever be -
As a dear and precious remembrance.

I'm dethronéd in the reign of entity -
My tears descend like of ebony -
Life is the theatre of tragedy -
Dying - I only feel apathy!
Dying - I only want sympathy!

Monotonë

