

**LUSTRA OF
EZRA POUND**

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Lustra of Ezra Pound by Ezra Pound

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EZRA POUND

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LUSTRA

OF

EZRA POUND

Definition—"LUSTRUM: an offering for the sins of the whole people, made by the censors at the expiration of their five years of office."

Elementary Latin Dictionary of Charlton T. Lewis.

200 copies privately printed, of which this is No. . .

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CERTAIN of these poems have appeared in *Poetry*,
Blast, *Poetry and Drama*, *Smart Set*, and *Others*,
to the editors of which magazines the author
wishes to make due acknowledgment.

E. P.

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Tenzone

WILL people accept them ?

(i.e. these songs).

As a timorous wench from a centaur

(or a centurion),

Already they flee, howling in terror.

Will they be touched with the verisimilitudes ?

Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.

I beg you, my friendly critics,

Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags ;

the hidden recesses

Have heard the echo of my heels,

in the cool light,

in the darkness.

The Condolence

*A mis soledades voy,
De mis soledades vengo,
Porque por andar conmigo
Mi bastan mis pensamientos.*
Lope de Vega.

O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth,
A lot of asses praise you because you are "virile,"
We, you, I! We are "Red Bloods"!
Imagine it, my fellow sufferers—
Our maleness lifts us out of the ruck,
Who'd have foreseen it?

O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the
trees,
We were in especial bored with male stupidity.
We went forth gathering delicate thoughts,
Our "*fantastikon*" delighted to serve us.
We were not exasperated with women,
for the female is ductile.

And now you hear what is said to us:
We are compared to that sort of person
Who wanders about announcing his sex
As if he had just discovered it.
Let us leave this matter, my songs,
and return to that which concerns us.

The Garret

COME let us pity those who are better off than
we are.

Come, my friend, and remember
that the rich have butlers and no friends,
And we have friends and no butlers.
Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet
like a gilded Pavlova,
And I am near my desire.
Nor has life in it aught better
Than this hour of clear coolness,
the hour of waking together.