

INFELICIA

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Infelicia by Adah Isaacs Menken

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ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

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BY

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1869.

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*"Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears."*

WQR 19 FEB '36

TO
CHARLES DICKENS.

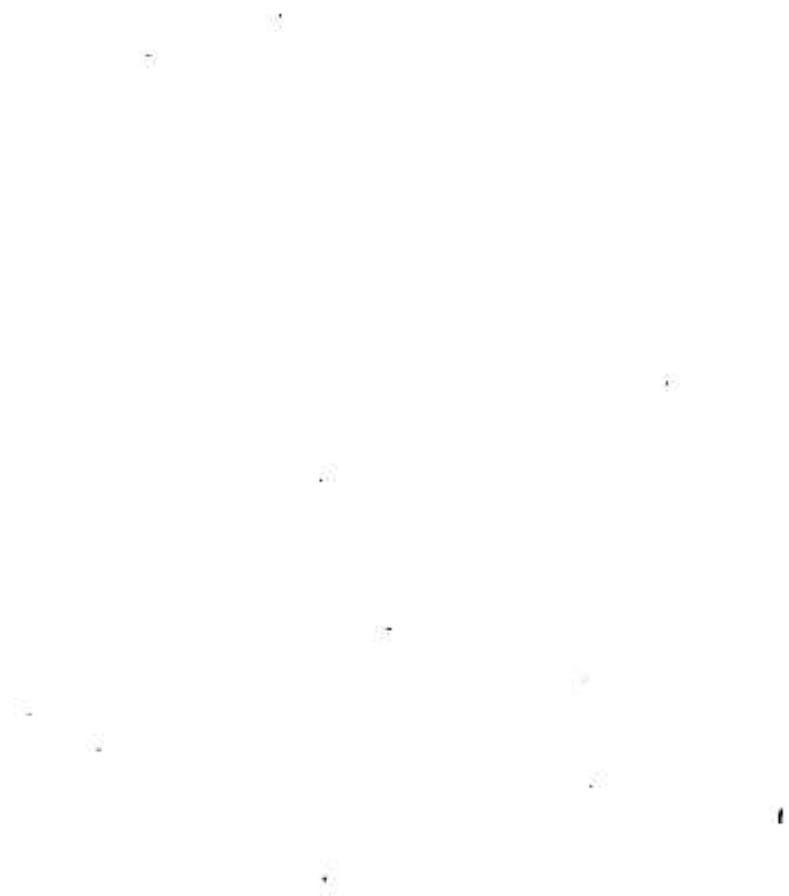


图 2-1 空间直角坐标系

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INFELICIA.

RESURGAM.

I.

YES, yes, dear love! I am dead!

Dead to you!

Dead to the world!

Dead for ever!

It was one young night in May.

The stars were strangled, and the moon was blind with the
flying clouds of a black despair.

Years and years the songless soul waited to drift on
beyond the sea of pain where the shapeless life was
wrecked.

The red mouth closed down the breath that was hard
and fierce.

The mad pulse beat back the baffled life with a low
sob.

And so the stark and naked soul unfolded its wings to
the dimness of Death!

A lonely, unknown Death.

A Death that left this dumb, living body as his endless
mark.