

HONEY AND GALL. POEMS

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Honey and gall. Poems by Francis S. Saltus

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FRANCIS S. SALTUS

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GALL. POEMS**

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BY

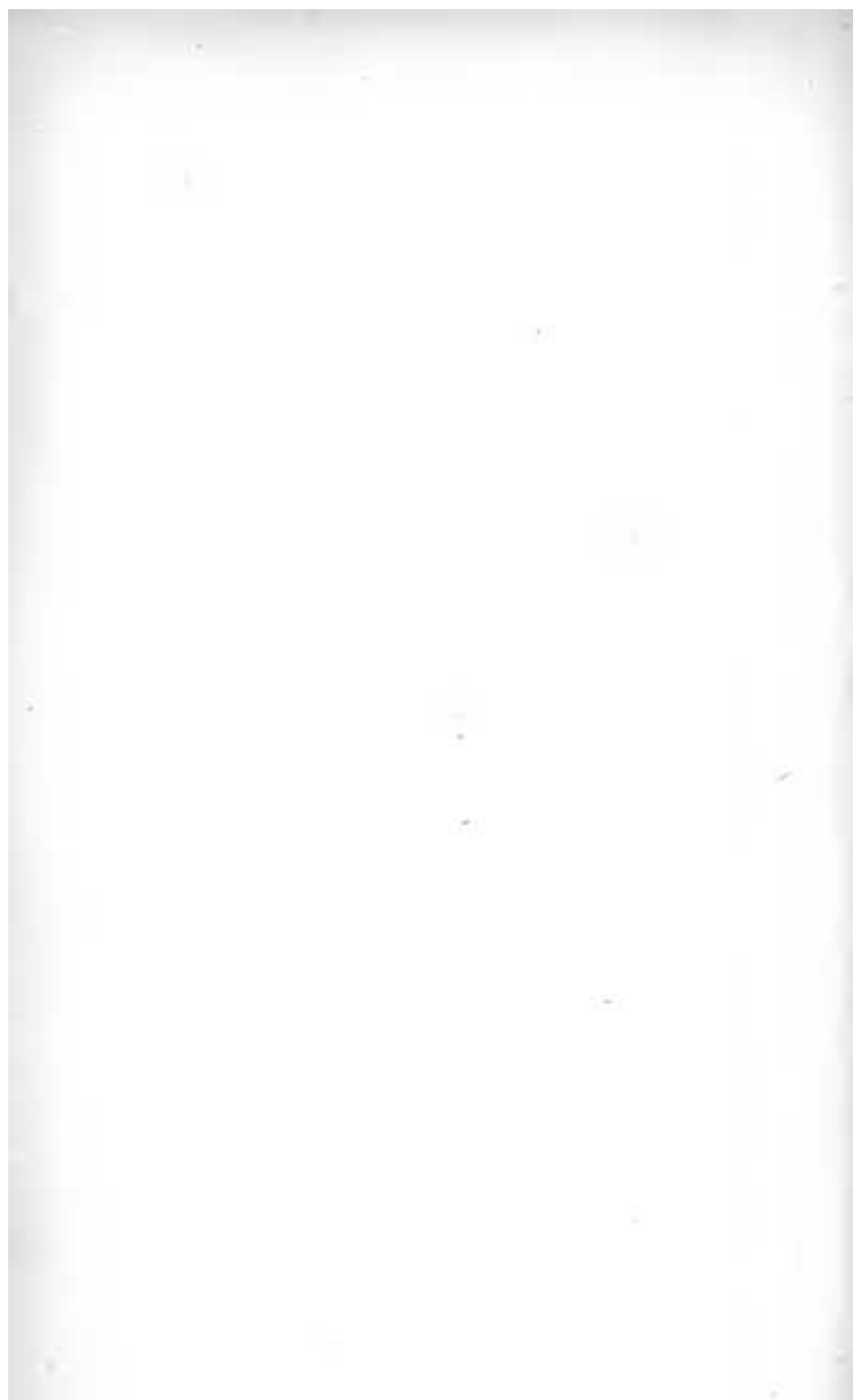
FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

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Je suis comme le roi d'un pays pluvieux,
Riche, mais impuissant, jeune et pourtant très-vieux,
Qui, de ses précepteurs méprisant les courbettes,
S'ennuie avec ses chiens comme avec d'autres bêtes.
Rien ne peut l'égayeur, ni gibier, ni faucon,
Ni son peuple mourant en face du balcon.
Du bouffon favori la grotesque ballade
Ne distrait plus le front de ce cruel malade ;
Son lit fleurdéliné se transforme en tombeau,
Et les dames d'atour, pour qui tout prince est beau,
Ne savent plus trouver d'impudique toilette
Pour tirer un souris de ce jeune squelette.
Le savant qui lui fuit de l'or n'a jamais pu
De son être extirper l'élément corrompu,
Et dans ces bains de sang qui des Romains nous viennent,
Et dont sur leurs vieux jours les puissants se souviennent,
Il n'a su réchauffer ce cadavre hébété
Où coule au lieu de sang, l'eau verte du Léthé.

BAUDELAIRE.



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PROEM.

Thus, the song of my blood and the singing—
Of pains, I now offer to please.
What I bring in the seed is the bringing
Of fruits that will ripen and ease
Bitter thoughts, by a perfume close clinging,
By these rhyme-storms, like turbulent seas.

I sing of strange songs and the wringing
Of hands in fatidical zeal,—
Of great gloom-throated bells, ever ringing
With wild poems of bronze till they reel.
I sing of all terrors bell-springing,
And I sing of our woe and our weal.

Like a bee on a tulip-leaf swinging,
I extract all the juice and the meat,
All the dross and the dew, nothing flinging—
Aside, whether good or effete.
For are bees to be shunned for their stinging,
If their honey is luscious and sweet?