

Come, Prince of Death.

FIREBIRD

Let us converse

A poem Q.L.K.

I am only a poor poet

And thou art Divine

Send thy FIREBIRD if thou wilt

I am not afraid

But grant me this

- little life & little love

- little wine before I perish

on lips I shall never learn

the secret of the enigmatic stars

thou art holy and I am but a speck

of dust in this wilderness

of all universes

But men seek their loves

while yet there is life

A little time I beg of you

before the implacable curtain descends

his final jest is destruction - oblivion

and death - his hand is set and

will not be turned from its apocalyptic course

like the poet Shelley we perish in a sea of flames

and then there is silence. The play is ended

and once again only God has meaning

yet the stars still shine

and follow their appointed courses in the night

over
↓

WHAT MEANS THIS FOOL MAD HIS MIND IS FEEBLE
AND HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND
SO COME LEAD ME GENTLE CHRIST
HE HAS MADE US FEAR HIM
SO I WILL WANDER IN MY CAGE OF EARTH
SEEKING LIKE THE WIND I KNOW NOT WHAT
UNTIL BECOMING OLD AND WEARY
SHALL DIE NEVER REALLY KNOWING
WHAT I WAS ABOUT
GREAT BRILLIANT ANGEL OF LIFE AND DEATH
SHALL WE REALLY HAVE "WORLD WITHOUT END"?
COME DOWN FROM YOUR LOFTY PERCH
FOR I WOULD TALK WITH THEE
AM I A POET BECAUSE I AM AFRAID?
TELL ME GOLDEN BUDDHA!
TELL ME GENTLE JESUS!
SPEAK, MOHAMMED
INFORM THIS FOOL AS TO HIS FATE
AND THEN I PEER UP INTO THE MUTE HEAVENS
ALL IS SILENCE. ALL IS JEST
AND YET I LIVE - AND YET I LIVE!
HERE IS MY PLACE THAT IS ALL I KNOW
GOOD NIGHT SWEET CHRIST! FINIS

Exeter
neg
