

Dead

A knock is at her door, but she is weak;
Strange dew has washed the paint streaks from her cheeks;
She does not rise, but, ah, this friend is known,
And knows that he will find her all alone.
So opens he the door, and with soft tread,
Goes straightway to the richly curtained bed.
His soft hand on her dewy head he lays.
A strange white light she gives him for his gaze.
Then, looking on the glory of her charms,
He crushes her resistless in his arms.

Stand back! look not upon this bold embrace,
Nor view the calmness of the wanton's face,
With joy unspeakable and 'bated breath,
She keeps her last, long, liaison with death!