

## A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

OUT from the windswept hollows of the Tomb  
Into the Night,—  
Impenetrable gloom  
Folding me in from sound and sense and sight ;  
No Light,  
Save from that leprous orb men call the Moon,  
Whose rune  
Spells Death and Madness :  
Like to a blinded babe from out the womb,  
Like a dishevelled ghost before the tomb,  
I wandered, seeking for my Self, the DOOM.  
Of ANCIENT DAYS was on me.

Not a star  
Swam in the heavens,—but aloft, afar,  
One Meteor  
Rolled like a great gold goblet through the sky,  
Spilling strange dreams.  
Strange dreams that ever flow, yet flow amiss  
The while a slow voice whispers : “ This, perchance then THIS ! ”  
Yet never comes the *right* one.

Time is ended.  
Time and Eternity with Fate have blended

## THE EQUINOX

Mine awful Destiny :—

“ To watch for ever.

For ever watch, nor see the blind endeavour  
Of battling with the soul that wills Eclipse.

“ Ever to know.

And yet to know not ever

The thing that irks thee most, how to dissever  
Thy Self from the blind wraith that watches thee.

“ The deed undone, that is before thee ever !

There is NO TIME, thou canst forget it never,

The Thing Undone is as the Thing Before.

An endless chain, they stretch before thee, ever

Mocking thy soul with purblind hopes that shiver

As salt sea-spray on ice-bound rocks beneath.

“ LAUGH ! For I bid thee laugh.

I bid thee mangle

These unborn babes of thine,

These hopes that dangle

Like fond frail lilies o'er a lost lagoon :

Witch-tress of innocence it sure would tangle

In subtler mesh than those strange weeds that strangle

Lost swimmers in the foul Sargasso Sea ! ”

I shut me up. I builded me a Tower

To hide me from the laughter of the world.

I said : “ They shall not lure me from my bower

To where their love, a lecherous snake, is curled :

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A Basilisk-snake that plays upon the sward  
Writhing in slow obedience to its lord.

“What if the Day be long, the Night be cheerless?  
Is not an universe within my brain?  
Is not the high will strong, the strong will fearless?  
All I have built, shall I not build again?  
Some other Universe where All is One.  
Where ONE is ALL I am, and I AM—None!

“Words! ‘Tis ever words, and I am stranded  
With words, and tangled skeins of Things to Be.  
Each word denies a word, and all are branded  
Within my brain, and I must strive to see  
The subtly sneering forms, the leering faces  
Of words each word calls up. For me, NO GRACE is.”

ETHEL ARCHER.