So that it live—The Germ! The Germ!
It matters not to me
If sheep or tiger, man or worm
Earth's victor-captain be.

PROLETARIA

The sunny rounds of Earth contain
An obverse to its Day,
Our fertile Vagrancy's domain,
Wan Proletaria.

From pole to pole of Poverty
We stumble through the years,
With hazy-lanterned Memory
And Hope that never nears.

Wherever Plenty's crop invites
Our pitiful brigades,
Lurk cannoneers of Vested Rights,
Jurisdict ambuscades;

And here hangs Rent, that squalid cage
Within which Mammon thrives,
Bound with the fetter of a wage,
The helots of his lusts.

With palsied Doubt as guide, we wind
Among the lanes of Need,
Where meagre Hungers scouting find
But slavered baits of Greed.

The wet-lipped Lamias of Caste,
Awaiting our advance,
Our choicest squadrons' fealty blast
With magic smile and glance:

Delilah-limbed temptations fit
Among our drowsy rows,
And on our willing captains fit
The badges of our foes.
What wonder sometimes if in stealth
Our starker outposts wait,
And in the prowling eyes of Wealth
Dash vitriol of Hate;
Our polyandrous dam has borne
To Satan and to God
The hordes of Night, the clans of Morn,
That through our valleys plod.

too many linger on the track;
A few outstrip the time:
Some, God has tattooed yellow, black,
And some disguised with crime.

Art's living archives here abound,
Carraras of Despair,
And those weird masks of Sight and Sound
The Tragic Muses wear.

Nay, when your world is over-tired,
Our race, by Nemesis inspired,
Old Order overthrows ;
I much prefer, and so do you,
To worn and rags and chains,
The pretty noths that flutter to
The tailored man of brains.

Shall I describe as traitor to
The people he would sell,
The morning rumour-vendor who
Pays Judas so well?

The soul may have its higher needs
(As if you pay, I'll show),
But he who with the mob succeeds
Must with its current go.

Successful Vice and Force and Fraud
Can only reach their goals
When such are what the crowds applaud,
And covet in their souls.

So I provide the lust that leads
My maidens hand in hand,
The rich rogue's praise, and war's red deeds—
Because they're in demand.

The dreamers warn of moral death
And raged Envy brays,
The Moment in my Muse's breath,
The Moment 'tis that pays.

I'd rather lure one pouting maid
To dalliance with a trill
Than with an epic for my blade
All Future's tyrants kill.

You say my race I'm dragging down!
Ha! With such nymphs a-knee,
With gold and wine and glory's gown,
What is my race to me?

'Tis but a glamoured dawn you seek:
The daylight's here and now,
Its flush is on my lady's cheek,
Its whiteness on her brow.

And as for quack notions of doom—
If doom is near, why, tryst
With me unto its Sibyl, Bloom,
And to its Sirens wink.

THE CITY

The City crowds our motley broods,
And plants its citadel
Upon the delta where the floods
Of evil plunge to Hell.

Through fogs retributive, that steam
From ooz of stagnant wrongs,
The towers satanically gleam
Defiance at our throngs.

It nucleates the land's deceit;
It slums our Lost decry;
It is the bordello where meet
Lewd Wealth and venal Joy.

Grim wards are here, where Timour Trade
His human cairns uprears;
There, silent Towers, where girls betrayed
Unseen rot through their years.

The City curbs the wrath that bays
Rebellious in our souls,
By soothing fumes, and pageant days,
And sweet Circean bowls.
With Saturnalia of the Serf
Our discontent it cures;
Its Fraud, to dalliance of the Turf,
Hysteric Folly lures.
The Babylonian Venus sways
In every city park;
Her idiot niece, Abortion, plays
Beside her in the dark.
Merc, Office,되는 fidelity
What stroked by gilded hands;
In bramble of chicanery
Betrayed Justice stands.
Glib Sophistry our mode deludes,
As showman does his beast,
By serving up their whims as foods
From wholesome Wisdom’s feast:
From craze to crime they bleeding rage,
Pursue what least is wise,
And, stoning the unselfish sage,
Glib Sophistry our mobs deludes.
At times in free-lance echelons,
Or called, at times, “The State”
Ubiquitous its myrmidons
Our foison desolate.
Exactions on its counters perch;
Steak Simony, behind the Church,
Prepares his ambuscades.
Dame Rumour, organized, the Press,
Spirts slander-for a fee;
Or, masked in Public Welfare’s dress,
She gags or dirks the Free.
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Or, masked in Public Welfare’s dress,
She gags or dirks the Free.
And awful Exorcists contrive
The potion and the thong
That from the City's breast will drive
Its incubus of Wrong.

Ripe knowledge of our ill and good,
In fellowship of woe,
Makes fertile streams of Brotherhood
From Ego's glacier flow.

The outcast sons of Art and Want
Tyrannous songs prepare,
To nerve us against the guns that daunt
From bastioned Mammon's lair.

Self-sacrifice avers His frown,
When angry, God at last
Our Gadarenean droves adown
Disaster's cliffs would cast.

And those Bohemians of the mist,
Arrayed against Law, would seem,
Are dreaming for the Harmonist
The City of His Dream.

THE PRESS

I teach the people what is good
For them and for—my purse;
If vice will aid my livelihood,
Then virtue has my curse.

Impostures simulate the real
When to my bosom I hie;
With threade of truth it can conceal
The abode of a lie.

I am the arbitr of style,
And, Caliph-like, decree
That books which question me are vile,
And useless which agree.

Opinion is the master-word,
When critics shatter my will,
With which I blind Exposure's sword
Or Competition kill.

To what they loathe I can compel
My devotees to subscribe;
Can Night-dusters to spawn of hell
With venom of a jibe.

With silver pieces I can lend,
From Honour's narrow way,
Each Judas with a pliant creed,
A Saviour to betray.

When Privilege would Progress blast,
Or Nemesis bid wait,
O'er goodliest fields of Peace I cast
The tares of racial hate.

The truth, now lopped to fit my bed,
Now lengthened to a lie,
I vend; and for my clients' bread
The slop of Passion's sty.