

Morphinomane

Thirst!

2 carbon

Not the thirst of the thirst,
Rough that be the wildest and worst
Of physical pangs - that smote
Alone to the heart of Christ,
Wringing the one wild cry
Thirst! from the lips young
While the tollies drave and died:
Not the thirst because
That calls the worker to mine,
Not the bodily thirst
Rough that be penny account
When the mouth is full of sand,
and the eyes are quizzed up, and the ears
Trick the soul till it hears
Water, water all the land,
When a man will dig his nails
In his breast, and drink the blood
already ~~coagulating~~ that clots and stales
Ere his tongue can lift its flood,
When the sun is a living devil
Vomiting vats of evil,
and the moon and the night but mock

He wretches on his barren rocks,
and the dome of heaven high-arched
Like his ^{mouth} heart is | and and parched,
and the canes of his heart high-spanned
are clothed with alkali sand!

Not this! but a thrust ~~of~~ unchartered.

Body and soul alike
Traitors named black-hearted,
Seeking a space to strike
In a victim already attuned
To one vast chord of wound.
Every separate bone
Cold, an incamate groan
Distilled from the icy spheres
Of Hell's implacable worms;
Every separate nerve
Awake and alert, on a curve
Whose asymptote's name is 'never',
In a hyperbolic for ever,
A bitten and humming snake
Striking its venom within it,
As if it might seem to take

Every ^{drop of the river} ~~capillary~~
Of blood affame and aguish
With form ^{seal and son-} ~~which~~
With a sudden ^{last} treacher at the end
Like certain jagged daggers.
* ~~And~~ [With bloodshot eyes dull-glassed
He screaming. Malay staggerers
Through his village a host.]
So blood wrenches its pain
Barbaric through heart and brain.

bitten & burning

The pain for the sake of a minute.

Awake, for ever awake!

Awake as we never is

While sleep is a possible end,

Awake in the void, the abyss

Whose trust is an echo of this

But martyrs, would without end,

~~But~~ (Would without end, amen!)

The man that falls and yields

For the power's mouth and an hour

To the line of the ^{man-steady} fields

Where the prim-poffy's flower.

Only the pride of a needle

Changed ~~at the touch of a hand~~ from a why and well.

Is this sufficient to wheelle

A soul from heaven to hell?

Was man's spirit weaned

From fear of its gods and gods

To fear at the feet of a friend?

Is it such terrible odds —

The heir of the ~~generations~~ eyes of wonder,

The crown of earth for an hour,

Strifling me with the Twoon

That still - but oh, how nicely! -

Comes at the thrust of the needle,

Steadily stuns and squarely,

No needs to fuddle and wheedle

Her slave a gasp for a kiss,

Here whose horror is this

That knows that viper would

Speckled and barred with black

On its rusty amber scales

Is his tomb

The staining, growing, mark

On which he wails - he wails!

Her cranial dome vaulted,

Her mad Mongolian eyes

Ablent with the certainties

Of King of Immune, exalted

Far beyond stars and skies,

Slits of amber and jet -

^{Her short}
~~Attends~~ for the quarry set

~~a thrust of best of blood~~

Her ~~mouth~~ Gross and fleshy and heavy and gross,

Bestial, broken across,
and below it, her mouth that drips
• Blood from the lips
That hide the fangs of a snake,
Trips on venomous udders
Roumbrous flanks that fret,
and the ~~small~~ spout ribs and shoulders
at the front of a nose that yet.

Olya! ~~like the~~ the golden bunt
The golden bunt, Bawled with ~~an~~ private pain,
~~And~~ fatal funtural mate
Of a propped body and brain!
Olya, the name that leers
Its leprous loy in and recovery,
And ~~Whispered~~ ^S in ~~craying~~ ears
The secret-shell of the slavery.

crazing

Honor indeed intense,
Seduction ever intenser,
Sung in the smoke of course
From the bowl of a smoking pipe!
Behind me, behind and above,

She stands, that ~~was~~ mirror of love
Whenever is in young smiling
and dandy of the devil beginning.
Her nails fingers are supple-jointed;
Her nails are polished and pointed,
and tipped with spurs of gold:
With them she wounds the brain.
Her heart is critical, cold,
and her Chinese cheeks are pale
as she demurely picks, profane
With her outburst lips, and the teeth
Tugged and black beneath,
Pulp and blood from a nail.

One swift pinch was enough
In days gone by to awake her:
She was incarnate love
In the days hours when I first awake her.
Little by little I found
The truth of her, ~~black and bitter~~ stripped of clothing,
and Bitterness beyond all bound,
Lebors beyond all bounding.
Black ~~Wife~~, the plague of the ~~world~~ pit,
Her ~~with~~ pustules visibly fester,

Carcenous kisses that fit
The esp. of lust that caressed her.
Monsters of lure and deceit,
Fear and fury and lust,
The quick enchains to the dead,
The shine alive in the dust,

Bray! I have like a flame,
An eye of ~~cross~~ ~~corruption~~ ~~perpetual~~ ~~pollution~~
With hair beyond aim or name
Organism, death, dissolution!
Know you now why her eyes
So beautifully gaze, beholding
Unthinkable infamies
Like filthy flowers unfolding?
Langster widowed of ease,
A young banished from richness,
Death defeated of peace,
Is she not madness?

She waits for me, lazily leaning
As moon goes murdering moon;
The moon of her triumph is evening;
She will have me wholly soon.

And you, you faint another,
Who have nursed the morphia
crewing,
That ^{any} ~~that~~ ^{sum} if I call you brother,
And that ^{and that} ~~define~~ my mania raving,
Fools, seven times bequilled,
You have not known her? Well!
There was never a need she
smiled
To bring you into hell!
harry

Morphia is but, me
Spark of its secular fire.
She is the single sun -
Type of all desire!
All that you would, you are -
And that is the crown of a craving
You are slaves of the wounded tree.

analyzed,
~~Feeling~~, reason is evening.
Feeling, examined, is pain.
What heaven were to be
for a habit of it!
Life is any way, its end;
And death is not a
way out of it.