

WHO OR WHICH?

Thus the burning heart found incense,
And the aching eyes found light
In the realms just and golden,
From the jeering crowd's mad flight,
From the naked shame of their wildness,
And the guilt that cries all night.

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Broadcast along the city streets
The naked red lights thrive;
They call them to the skirmish,—
The glut of many a dive,—
The flashy knave and the liquor slave,
Scorched in the gilded hive.

They hide their name behind their shame,
Their shame behind the grave;
For some are never seen again,
Save in the horrid rave;
Some are so bold, some uncontrolled,
But all steeped in the lave.

So men are still the prompting ones
That take their sated toll
From a woman's rash undoing
And waste her trustful soul,
And bind her life to fetid shame,
Beneath her uncontrol.