

The Kaiser Abdicates

AT last, the bubble of my pride has burst,
The sweet has turned to bitter on my lips,
No more a god, a weeping, crouching wretch,
I kneel and whimper fruitless prayers to Him
Whose sacred name my lips so oft profaned,
Asserting His approval of my deeds.

I NOW resign. Ah, whither shall I flee?
The hosts bereaved will shrill their curses loud,
The helpless blind, reproach with sightless eyes,
The millions maimed, outstretch their handleless
arms;

Earth has no place to hide my guilty head.
And in the world to be, the pallid ghosts—
Sweet baby faces, famine-blackened lips,
Deflowered maids, and mutilated forms
Bestrewing pathways of my brutal hosts—
In myriads, will point their taunting hands
And shriek their hollow curses on my soul,
Can Lethe's billows all these horrors hide,
Or drained Nepenthe bring forgetfulness?
In all the aeons of the world to be
O, what can lift this burden from my soul?
I would that all were Nothingness and Night
Where mem'ry of the Past would never come.