

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Counting not cost nor issue,
Weighing not end and aim,
Sprung from the clay-built cabin
To powers that have no name.

And with all his soul and body
He shall only seek one thing;
For that is the madness of Ishtar
Which comes upon earth in spring.

*A Creature
Catechism*

I
Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the sea?

LORD, said a flying fish,
Below the foundations of storm
We feel the primal wish
Of the earth take form.

Through the dim green water-fire
We see the red sun loom,
And the quake of a new desire
Takes hold on us down in the gloom.

No more can the filmy drift
Nor draughty currents buoy
Our whim to its bent, nor lift
Our heart to the height of its joy.

When sheering down to the Line
Come polar tides from the North,
Thy silver folk of the brine
Must glimmer and forth.

Down in the crumbling mill
Grinding eternally,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the sea.

II

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the air?

Lord, said a butterfly,
Out of a creeping thing,
For days in the dust put by,
The spread of a wing