

THE CAPTIVE FAUN

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

A god's strength lies
More in the fervor of his worshipers
Than in his own divinity.
Who now regards me, or who twines
Red wool and threaded lilies round the
brows

Of my neglected statues?
Who now seeks my aid
To add skill to the hunter's hand,
Or save some pregnant ewe or bitch
Helpless in travail?
None, since that fierce autumn noon
I lay asleep under Zeus-holy oaks
Heavy with syrupy wine and tired
With the close embraces
Of some sweet wearer of the leopard-
skin —

That noon they snared and bound me
as I slept,
And dragged me for their uncouth
mirth
Out of my immemorial woods and
crag
Down to their bastard hamlets.

Then the god's blood my father spilled
To get me upon a mortal stock, dwind-
led and shrank.

And I was impotent and weak
As the once desirable flesh of my hu-
man mother;

I that should have been dreaded in wan
recesses,
Worshiped in high woods, a striker
of terror

To the wayfarer in lonely places.
I, a lord of golden flesh and dim music,
I a captive and coarsely derided.

Ah! I could bite the brown flesh
Of my arms and hands for shame and
grief.

I am weary for the freedom of free
things:

The old, gay life of the half-god,
Who had no dread of death or sorrow
I am weary for the open spaces,
The long, damp sands acrid with many
tides,

And the infinite wistfulness of evening
seas.

I am weary for wooded silences,
The nymph-rapt hours of heat,
The slow, cool lapse of moonlit nights
The solitude of the mysterious stars
Pearlwise scattered upon the domed
breast of the great Mother,
Oh, weary for my brown, clean streams,
And wet petals of woodland flowers,
Scented with dew and delicate as a kiss.

Here they grow careless, thinking me a
coward,

But one night I shall break these
thongs

And kill, kill, kill in sharp revenge.
Then out of doors by the lush pastures
To the heath and the foot-hills and the
hills,

To the wild-rose kisses of the deathless
girls

Who laugh and flash among the trees,
Out to the unploughed lands no foot
oppresses,

The lands that are free, being free of
man.

The Nation

TO A LAMP IN WAPPING

BY JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH

Because you're not a bleak official
sphinx

Set on a stiff black stalk, but flowerlike
spring

From night-gray stone, a curious or-
chid thing —

Your flame in ruffian humor blows and
blinks;

A relic from that older London gleams
With haunted water, starlight, ooze,
and wreck;

A faun-like visage on a crooked neck
Is yours — and a mad multitude of
dreams!

Oh, druid wisdom with the joy of
Puck,

Drink with us to Adventure! Give us
luck!

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