

## A Mathilde

Enochian Crescent

A cruel love, to rend the hoary veil  
Of cynic, hatred of mankind, and scorn  
Of all things virtuous, seeing there is born  
Within me now, with strange desire gone pale,

A newer sweetness in the nightingale,  
Till I see good again. Thy love has torn  
Philosophy's frail texture, and outworn  
The sophist's falsehood and the cynic's tale.

A cruel love - I find in Magdalene  
Seven angels with the seven devils wed!  
I find true love where I had thought to find

A spirit to reflect my own obscene  
And dead desire that scoffed at love - instead  
Love comes... we part... I perish... Fate is blind!