

## **The Holy Aesthete**

*January 11, 2010*

So fling the curtain wide! For I defy  
what lies beyond the pane to suffer this:  
with cracked, with desert-drawn dry lips a kiss  
on stain-sick glass - it breaks, yet brings me nigh.  
'Tis all against me! World against me! By  
the curse of God against me! Yet amiss  
is dealt the poison dart; my sought-for bliss  
shall breathe alive, shall grow, shall never die!

But I will die. Yet this is bliss fulfilled;  
a pleasure now in God for beauties wrought  
is finished in the flutter of a shawl -  
revealing Who the poison arrow killed,  
Who yet lives on, Who scrapes away the blot  
that sickens sight, Whose glories never fall.