Edgar Saltus (1855-1921)

Published by

Elledge, Jim.
Masquerade: Queer Poetry in America to the End of World War II.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/113349.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/113349
had the girl as his wife. He did not take his Kwal'ashi wife with him when he returned to his home. On his return he passed south of Itwanna (Zuñi). Shits’ukia and Kwe’lele still visit Ko’thluwala’wa.

EDGAR SALTUS
1855–1921

Infidelity

In dreams released from memory's oubliette,
    I leave the echoing corridors of care—
And now with Manon, now with La Valliere,
Move to the measure of the minuet.
Sappho's astounding eyes and mine have met
    And I have lunged in storiad gardens, where
To greet me came Yseult and Guinevere,
Francesca, Marguerite and Juliet.
I too have wandered with Calirrohoe
    Along the laurel reaches of the stream
That pulses through the blue nymph-haunted seas,—
And back again through all of Arcady.
Yet ever in the pauses of the dream
    Twas You I sought, and only you,—not these.

Imeros

Beautiful as an uncommitted sin,
    You stood before me, as that winter day
Sank precipate into the dusk away.
Ah Love! I cannot now again begin
To tell how earnestly I strove to win
Some hope, nor how I urged to hear you say
The word that turns December into May,
And makes the heart throb riotous within.
And yet you would not, and so I went away—
And wandered through the giant avenues
When suddenly beneath the wan lamplight
I thought I saw your face and heard you say
In that dull sing-song that the harlots use,
“Come, sir! and let us taste of love tonight.”

Hope

Rich in the dreams that youth can scarce outlast,
I strolled beneath Venetian stars, and thought
Of all the pleasant things that life had brought—
And planned a future fairer than the past.
And while I mused this wise in scenes forecast—
A man with haggard eyes as one distraught
Approached me suddenly, and when I sought
To distance him, he caught and held me fast.
In vain I struggled. To his face had pressed
Whole chronicles of grief and crime and hate,
But still his eyes shone out familiarly.
“What is it that you would with me?” I gasped.
“Tobias Holt, Bachelor

At twenty
Holt seemed like other chaps
In his own set and circle:
He waltzed and redowa’d,
Was handy, brisk at picnics,