

Out of that unaccustomed, unhappy night  
And from the depth of my own estranged blood  
I have brought to light the stuff of which  
I shall make my own arcana.  
[1929]

*from* 1914–1915

I have seen you, Alexandria  
Crumbling on your ghostly foundations  
Become a memory for me  
In a half-completed embrace of lights.

Not long since, you eluded me; and I've no regrets  
For the seawrack thrown up by your tepid surf,  
Passing upon the sexes its sentence of frenzy,  
Nor the limitless and deaf full moon  
Of the dry nights that lay seige to you,  
Nor, amidst the howling dogs,  
Under a taut canopy,  
Cupids and dreams sprawling across the carpets.

I belong to another blood and have not missed you,  
But in this shipboard solitude  
More than usually the melancholy  
Delusion has come back, stranger,  
That you might be the city where I was born.  
[1932]