Le Maudit

By Richard Aldington

Women’s tears are but water;
    The tears of men are blood.

He sits alone in the firelight
    And on either side drifts by
    Sleep, like a torrent whirling,
    Profound, wrinkled and dumb.

Circuitously, stealthily,
    Dawn occupies the city;
    As if the seasons knew of his grief
    Spring has suddenly changed into snow

Disaster and sorrow
    Have made him their pet;
    He cannot escape their accursed embraces.
    For all his dodgings
    Memory will lacerate him.

What good does it do to wander
    Nights hours through city streets?
    Only that in poor places
    He can be with common men
    And receive their unspoken
    Instinctive sympathy.

What has life done for him?
    He stands alone in the darkness
    Like a sentry never relieved,
    Looking over a barren space,
    Awaiting the tardy finish.

from Coterie, 1920