Jerusalem I

of all my treasures

surely you are the most beautiful

in my despair i gave them

the hottest red heat

the consciousness of purest pain

and mindlessly they sensed nothing

then in fury and desperation

i gave them the most pitiless of cold

and as their kernels of awareness slipped into the deep

they sensed nothing

all but you alone

you of all my creatures may resist me

may know the fullness of my anguish

the loneliness of the peerless

you alone may know the rigours of fire

and the depths of cold

yet still you are in my power

and therefore i do bid you

take these, the seeds of the flowers of evil

go with them to Jerusalem

there to take root

and I will wait, still

in my own garden

for their voice to reach my ears

i will give you silk and virgins

send a thousand forms of delight to assail you

and rarely, only rarely

let you die