

## IX

When thou art dead,dead,and far from the splendid sin,  
And the fleshless soul whines at the steep of the last abyss  
To leave forever its heart acold in an earthy bed,

When,forth of the body which loved my body,the soul-within  
Comes,naked from the pitiless metamorphosis,  
What shall it say to mine,when we are dead,dead?

(When I am dead,dead, and they have laid thee in,  
The body my lips so loved given to worms to kiss,  
And the cool smooth throat,and bright hair of the head—).