The Malady Of Genius

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Nervalian art survived his madness
For here the juice of genius flows,
_Sylvie_ had echoed frantic gladness . . .
Poetic, plastic, vertigoes.

Parisian moonlight snatches gleams of
His frosted tears and pallid face,
A madman's pockets cache the dreams of
Celestial Order, Mystic Grace.

Numb knuckles threaten doss-house doors
With desperate pleas for warmth and rest,
Scratch panes do but elicit sores
That syphiloid mind could but infest.

The man-wrought bars that spared the pane
Do now befriend an apron string
That clasps the throat that rasped in vain
And sought relief from wintry sting.

An empty wood was not disturbed
By silent acorn when it fell,
Le Bon Gerard, a voice unheard,
Has ended his Descent to Hell.