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# **The door**

**Hulme Edward Maslin**

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**Author: Hulme Edward Maslin**

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THE DOOR.



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BY

E. H. W. M.

[ Hulme, Edward Maslin ]

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*Vos lupi feraeque tigres, vos leonum semina,  
Vos aves intempestivae caecis cum serpentibus,  
Vos imploro, ferte ferte fuscae noctis munera,  
Ut vobiscum matris vestrae supplicem potentiam :  
Vosque adeste, sancti vultus antiquorum numinum,  
Pan, Silvane, cum Sileno Faunis et silvestribus,  
Diri montium custodes et paludum spiritus,  
Omnes arborum puellae fluminumque Naiades,  
Vosque mortuorum manes inter ossa conditi,  
Vosque larvae, vos penates, vos ignota numina,  
Mystica saltatione longum carpentes iter,  
Invoco vos, Invoco vos, grandia in mysteria.*

I.

STANDING within the church I saw  
Bright on the window Adam and Eve  
Sinning against the primal law,  
The serpent smiling, to deceive  
Their wits, with apple in his mouth :  
(Ay, and the wind was blowing south).

These words were blazoned by his tongue—  
“ Ye twain shall be as gods and know  
Good things from evil ; ye are young  
And I am old ; to you I show  
How God is trampled into nought.”  
(That lore, methinks, was dearly bought).

Adam stood distant from the tree,  
And Eve was nigh the serpent's fang,  
(Her goodman thus she might not see),  
The serpent on the trunk did hang,  
The apples all were gleaming red,  
The colour of a rich man's bed.

And round about were bird and beast  
In grass adorned with purple flowers,  
And made thereon unending feast  
Of pomegranates from yellow bowers,  
And mulberries, and a great fruit  
That hung like mandrake from its root.

Around the tree there flowed a stream  
Of double colour, red and blue,  
With fishes flying like a dream,  
Each painted in a different hue.  
(And not a sound: methought the stones  
Without were white like dead men's bones).

And gnats and gaudy buzzing flies  
Swam round and round the greenwood tree,  
And things above with greyish eyes  
Were looking wisely down on me,  
And demons stood on either side,  
Their mouths and ears were open wide.

Behind the garden was a hill,  
And on the hill a tower of stone  
That seemed to rise and rise, until  
By thunder it was overthrown ;  
And BABEL TOWER was written by it,  
That you should by the name descry it.



Beside this wondrous Tower of Babel  
(For so it seemed unto mine eye)  
Young Cain was set on killing Abel  
In a ploughed field, with no one by.  
(By now, methought, the moon was high  
Above the stones, within the sky).

And all about this tale of old  
Were painted creatures blue and green,  
With scarlet tongues and ears of gold,  
The strangest I had ever seen ;  
And at each corner, clear to view,  
Crowns of mandragora and yew.

There was no light within the church,  
For all was lighted by the moon :  
Thrice the whole world you well might search,  
And then you would not find it soon.  
I'll tell you where it is, may be  
You'll know it when the place you see.

The church was in a hollow set  
Close to a hill with three white stones,  
Beside whose foot two pathways met  
Under a tree with crackling cones.  
The land in agaric was rich  
That served as food for many a witch.

I read the painted glass aright,  
And then I went upon the hill  
And turned a stone ('twas twelve o' the night)—  
The other stones were firm and still :  
I turned the stone nine times, that I  
Might laugh at the window bye and bye.

Once, twice, thrice—no sound :  
Once, twice, thrice—again :  
Once, twice, thrice—the ground  
Heaves like a flower beneath the rain ;  
Three times thrice have I turned the stone,  
Now God is dead as a dead man's bone.

I'm a witch, a witch ; the window's gone  
But demons stand there still,  
The spaces of glass are stark and wan  
As the stones upon the hill—  
No more, no more ; my ragwort staff  
Will bear me on : so laugh, so laugh.

## II.

MANNIKIN with the tail,  
 Upon the curtain climbing,  
 I would that I were rhyming  
 As fast as you can scale  
 Whate'er you will, Homunculus,  
 From cedar to ranunculus.

Mannikin with the tail,  
 You bobbing piece of magic,  
 I'll do a deed so tragic,  
 If but your power avail,  
 Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,  
 'Twill blot the light from off the sun.

Mannikin with the tail,  
 I'd gladly know who bore you,  
 The progeny before you,  
 What woman and what male :  
 Did Incubus beget you, babe,  
 Upon a chymist's astrolabe ?

Mannikin with the tail,  
 Did Incubus beget you,  
 And thereon slily set you  
 Amid a pelting gale,  
 Just spawned, his fantasy to please,  
 From tincture of Hippomanes ?

Mannikin with the tail,  
 While Chymist unbelieving,  
 His wily soul deceiving  
 Upon th' Elixir's trail,  
 Could only hear a rainy sound  
 Upon his astrolabe rebound.

Mannikin with the tail,  
 Could Hermes self so dull him,  
 So mischievously gull him,  
 Sad fool of pot and pail,  
 As to pursue a quest forlorn  
 The very hour that you were born ?

Mannikin with the tail,  
 Abridge your easy dances  
 That hazard all our chances ;  
 For sure the spell is frail  
 Whose binding words be only writ  
 After the owl and darkness flit,