

ZADKIEL THE CLEROMANCER

*To K. C.*

from a friend  
to the friend  
and his gay princely  
swiftly friendly  
air this air is piped

I am sad  
I could cry at a moment's notice  
did the lady into her veil  
how tearful maketh a veil  
when straightforth came the friend  
came riding in upon a champing train  
and he lifted the veil  
and found it was not a lady.