

A REQUIEM FOR PIERROT

FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

Now that Pierrot is dead
Who will mourn for Pierrot?
There are prayers that should be said,
Lest his spirit go
Frightened and uncomforted—
Whither? Who shall know?

Hell's doors must be shuttered fast
To such wayfarers as this;
Such small stones of guilt to cast,
Such small sins were his,—
Staked his all, and at the last
Only death's chill kiss.

Prisoner in heaven's walls
How would such a vagrant fare?
With his baubles and his balls
What would he do there?
Crying through the shining halls,
Crying everywhere!

He that knew the painted town
And the Fair's buffooneries,
Mate to Harlequin and Clown
Now hath none of these:
Fold his mocking eyelids down
On what silences?

In the silver frosted night
Falls the blossom, falls the rose;
Now the hush is infinite,
Now the flowers close;
He that only knew the light,
Into darkness goes.

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Through the day's last glimmerings
Soft the secret fern leaves creep;
Soft the tired wood-thrush sings,
"Laugh no more, nor weep";
Soft the wild moth's moon-white wings
Drift above his sleep.

Faint as dew on gossamer
Lie the feet of Pierrette,
Little feet that never stir
Wonder nor regret:
Doth he now remember her?
Doth he now forget?

Comes no acolyte nor priest
Here to bless the folded sod,
Of all little ones the least,
Lonely ways he trod:
Turn his forehead to the east,
Turn his feet to God.