Arxo

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ARXO

A night of gloom and dark of deepest pall,
A cloud of dull and creeping mist from Hell;
A stygian blackness spread a chill of hate,
And Death from Life sought its eternal mate.

On such a night of gloom and dark was born
With soul of hate and eyes of living scorn
A child whose fate was that of mean desire,
A child whose worldly sin was living fire.

A god there was whose passion for the beast
Gave way from lordly great to lowly least;
Imbued not with the love of his own kind
He sank—with loathsome lust within his mind.

Malignant venom thus did lead his way
To the foul spot wherein the lewd beast lay.
Here lull’d in dank and pestilential rot
It courséd the filthy stench that was its lot.

And lurching forth in uncontrolled desire
The fallen god leaped in the ghoulish mire;
And fighting now the beast, shrieked curses black,
And clutched with gutted groins the hairy back.

Great Zeus from his lofty throne looked down,
And on this curse cast a scornful frown;
And loath lest any should see this hideous sight,
He hid it deep beneath the cloak of night.

So then when terrored time had come and gone
With frightful pain a spewing child was born.
And in this night of gloom and deepest pall,
And in this dark and creeping mist from hell,

Great Zeus again looked from his lofty height;
Then shrinking from this cursed sight,
He placed upon the child this ghastly ban,
And marked its cankerous growth by the name of MAN.

—F. W. Ness.