

may perhaps be discharged. Even the doctrine of the *felix culpa* involves a further burden of guilt, for the death of God: 'the son of man shall be made as grass.' In 'The Coronet' the poet seeks 'with garlands to redress that wrong' (the crown of thorns) but in the flowers he picks, the Serpent 'disguised does fold / with wreaths of Fame and *Interest*'. The characteristic economic pun emphasizes the corruptness of all human motivation. In his images of a violent consumer-sexuality, too, Marvell describes the sickness of the human psyche. This is why his poetry is so extraordinarily modern in its range and direction, while remaining firmly rooted in the literary tradition of Spenser, Sidney, Donne and Jonson.

House

(Translated from the Finnish of Uno Kailas)

In a single night my house arose
Whose work, God only knows.
Did he help shape the timber,
That Black Carpenter?

Its cold windows face
Nightwards: mine's a chill place.
An icy fire, desperate,
Burns in the grate.

No friends, no guests call
At my house at all.
Two doors are all I have,
Two: to dreams and death.

PHILIP RILEY