

# **“The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel”**

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He sipped at a weak hock and seltzer  
As he gazed at the London skies  
Through the Nottingham lace of the  
    curtains  
Or was it his bees-winged eyes?

To the right and before him Pont Street  
Did tower in her new built red,  
As hard as the morning gaslight  
That shone on his unmade bed,

“I want some more hock in my seltzer,  
And Robbie, please give me your hand —  
Is this the end or beginning?  
How can I understand?

“So you’ve brought me the latest Yellow  
    Book:  
And Buchan has got in it now:  
Approval of what is approved of  
Is as false as a well-kept vow.

“More hock, Robbie — where is the  
    seltzer?  
Dear boy, pull again at the bell!

They are all little better than cretins,  
Though this is the Cadogan Hotel.

“One astrakhan coat is at Willis’s —  
Another one’s at the Savoy:  
Do fetch my morocco portmanteau,  
And bring them on later, dear boy.”

A thump, and a murmur of voices —  
 (“Oh why must they make such a din?”)  
As the door of the bedroom swung open  
And TWO PLAIN CLOTHES  
    POLICEMEN came in:

“Mr. Woilde, we ‘ave come for tew take yew  
Where felons and criminals dwell:  
We must ask yew tew leave with us  
    quietly  
For this is the Cadogan Hotel.”

He rose, and he put down The Yellow  
    Book.

He staggered — and, terrible-eyed,  
He brushed past the plants on the staircase  
And was helped to a hansom outside.

