

## VI - MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### LOST

So you have gained the golden crowns, so you have piled together      The  
laurels and the jewels, the pearls out of the blue,      But I will beat the bounding  
drum and I will fly the feather      For all the glory I have lost, the good I never  
knew.

I saw the light of morning pale on princely human faces,      In tales  
irrevocably gone, in final night enfurled,      I saw the tail of flying fights, a  
glimpse of burning blisses,      And laughed to think what I had lost--the wealth  
of all the world.

Yea, ruined in a royal game I was before my cradle;      Was ever gambler  
hurling gold who lost such things as I?      The purple moth that died an hour ere  
I was born of      That great green sunset God shall make three days after I die.

When all the lights are lost and done, when all the skies are broken,  
Above the ruin of the stars my soul shall sit in state,      With a brain made rich,  
with the irrevocable sunsets,      And a closed heart happy in the fullness of a  
fate.

So you have gained the golden crowns and grasped the golden weather,  
The kingdoms and the hemispheres that all men buy and sell,      But I will lash  
the leaping drum and swing the flaring feather,      For the light of seven  
heavens that are lost to me like hell.

**BALLAD OF THE SUN**

O well for him that loves the sun      That sees the heaven-race ridden or run,  
The splashing seas of sunset won,      And shouts for victory.

God made the sun to crown his head,      And when death's dart at last is  
sped,      At least it will not find him dead,      And pass the carrion by.

O ill for him that loves the sun;      Shall the sun stoop for anyone?      Shall  
the sun weep for hearts undone      Or heavy souls that pray?

Not less for us and everyone      Was that white web of splendour spun;      O  
well for him who loves the sun      Although the sun should slay.

**TRANSLATION FROM DU BELLAY**

Happy, who like Ulysses or that lord      Who raped the fleece, returning full  
and sage,      With usage and the world's wide reason stored,      With his own  
kin can wait the end of age.      When shall I see, when shall I see, God knows!  
My little village smoke; or pass the door,      The old dear door of that unhappy  
house      That is to me a kingdom and much more?      Mightier to me the house  
my fathers made      Than your audacious heads, O Halls of Rome!      More  
than immortal marbles undecayed,      The thin sad slates that cover up my  
home;      More than your Tiber is my Loire to me,      Than Palatine my little  
Lyré there;      And more than all the winds of all the sea      The quiet kindness  
of the Angevin air.

## THE HIGHER UNITY

"The Rev. Isaiah Bunter has disappeared into the interior of the Solomon Islands, and it is feared that he may have been devoured by the natives, as there has been a considerable revival of religious customs among the Polynesians." A real paragraph from a real Paper; only the names altered.

It was Isaiah Bunter Who sailed to the world's end, And spread religion in a way That he did not intend.

He gave, if not the gospel-feast, At least a ritual meal; And in a highly painful sense He was devoured with zeal.

And who are we (as Henson says) That we should close the door? And should not Evangelicals All jump at shedding Gore?

And many a man will melt in man, Becoming one, not two, When smacks across the startled earth The Kiss of Kikuyu.

When Man is the Turk, and the Atheist, Essene, Erastian Whig, And the Thug and the Druse and the Catholic, And the crew of the Captain's gig.

## THE EARTH'S VIGIL

The old earth keepeth her watch the same.      Alone in a voiceless void doth stand,  
Her orange flowers in her bosom flame,      Her gold ring in her hand.  
The surfs of the long gold-crested morns      Break ever more at her great robe's hem,  
And evermore come the bleak moon-horns.      But she keepeth not watch for them.

She keepeth her watch through the awns,      But the heart of her groweth not old,  
For the peal of the bridegroom's paeans,      And the tale she once was told.

The nations shock and the cities reel,      The empires travail and rive and rend,  
And she looks on havoc and smoke and steel,      And knoweth it is not the end.  
The faiths may choke and the powers despair,      The powers re-arise and the faiths renew,  
She is only a maiden, waiting there,      For the love whose word is true.

She keepeth her watch through the aeons,      But the heart of her groweth not old,  
For the peal of the bridegroom's paeans,      And the tale she once was told.

Through the cornfield's gleam and the cottage shade,      They wait unwearied, the young and old,  
Mother for child and man for maid.      For a love that once was told.  
The hair grows grey under thatch or slates,      The eyes grow dim behind lattice panes,  
The earth-race wait as the old earth waits,  
And the hope in the heart remains.

She keepeth her watch through the aeons,      But the heart of her groweth not old,  
For the peal of the bridegroom's paeans,      And the tale she once was told.

God's gold ring on her hand is bound,      She fires with blossom the grey hill-sides,  
Her fields are quickened, her forests crowned,      While the love of her heart abides,  
And we from the fears that fret and mar      Look up in hours and behold awhile  
Her face, colossal, mid star on star,      Still looking forth with a smile.

She keepeth her watch through the sons,      But the heart of her groweth not old,  
For the peal of the bridegroom's paeans,      And the tale she once was told.

## **ON RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION**

When Adam went from Paradise      He saw the Sword and ran;      The  
dreadful shape, the new device,      The pointed end of Paradise,      And saw what  
Peril is and Price,      And knew he was a man.

When Adam went from Paradise,      He turned him back and cried      For a  
little flower from Paradise;      There came no flower from Paradise;      The woods  
were dark in Paradise,      And not a bird replied.

For only comfort or contempt,      For jest or great reward,      Over the walls  
of Paradise,      The flameless gates of Paradise,      The dumb shut doors of  
Paradise,      God flung the flaming sword.

It burns the hand that holds it      More than the skull it scores;      It  
doubles like a snake and stings,      Yet he in whose hand it swings      He is the  
most masterful of things,      A scorner of the stars.

## **WHEN I CAME BACK TO FLEET STREET**

When I came back to Fleet Street,      Through a sunset nook at night,  
And saw the old Green Dragon      With the windows all alight,      And hailed  
the old Green Dragon      And the Cock I used to know,      Where all good  
fellows were my friends      A little while ago;

I had been long in meadows,      And the trees took hold of me,      And the  
still towns in the beech-woods,      Where men were meant to be.      But old  
things held; the laughter,      The long unnatural night,      And all the truth they  
talk in hell,      And all the lies they write.

For I came back to Fleet Street,      And not in peace I came;      A cloven  
pride was in my heart,      And half my love was shame.      I came to fight in  
fairy-tale,      Whose end shall no man know--      To fight the old Green Dragon  
Until the Cock shall crow!

Under the broad bright windows      Of men I serve no more,      The groaning  
of the old great wheels      Thickened to a throttled roar;      All buried things  
broke upward;      And peered from its retreat,      Ugly and silent, like an elf,  
The secret of the street.

They did not break the padlocks,      Or clear the wall away.      The men in  
debt that drank of old      Still drink in debt to-day;      Chained to the rich by  
ruin,      Cheerful in chains, as then      When old unbroken Pickwick walked  
Among the broken men.

Still he that dreams and rambles      Through his own elfin air,      Knows  
that the street's a prison,      Knows that the gates are there:      Still he that  
scorns or struggles      Sees, frightful and afar.      All that they leave of rebels  
Rot high on Temple Bar.

All that I loved and hated,      All that I shunned and knew,      Clears in  
broad battle lightning,      Where they, and I, and you,      Run high the  
barricade that breaks      The barriers of the street,      And shout to them that  
shrink within,      The Prisoners of the Fleet.

## **A CIDER SONG**

To J.S.M.

EXTRACT FROM A ROMANCE WHICH IS NOT YET WRITTEN AND  
PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE.

The wine they drink in Paradise They make in Haute Lorraine; God  
brought it burning from the sod To be a sign and signal rod That they that  
drink the blood of God Shall never thirst again.

The wine they praise in Paradise They make in Ponterey, The purple  
wine of Paradise, But we have better at the price; It's wine they praise in  
Paradise, It's cider that they pray.

The wine they want in Paradise They find in Plodder's End, The apple  
wine of Hereford, Of Hafod Hill and Hereford, Where woods went down to  
Hereford, And there I had a friend.

The soft feet of the blessed go In the soft western vales, The road the  
silent saints accord, The road from Heaven to Hereford, Where the apple  
wood of Hereford Goes all the way to Wales.



## THE LAST HERO

The wind blew out from Bergen from the dawning to the day,      There was a  
wreck of trees and fall of towers a score of miles away,      And drifted like a livid  
leaf I go before its tide,      Spewed out of house and stable, beggared of flag and  
bride.      The heavens are bowed about my head, shouting like seraph wars.  
With rains that might put out the sun and clean the sky of stars,      Rains like  
the fall of ruined seas from secret worlds above,      The roaring of the rains of  
God none but the lonely love.      Feast in my hall, O foemen, and eat and drink  
and drain,      You never loved the sun in heaven as I have loved the rain.

The chance of battle changes--so may all battle be;      I stole my lady bride  
from them, they stole her back from me.      I rent her from her red-roofed hall, I  
rode and saw arise      More lovely than the living flowers the hatred in her eyes.  
She never loved me, never bent, never was less divine;      The sunset never loved  
me; the wind was never mine.      Was it all nothing that she stood imperial in  
duresse?      Silence itself made softer with the sweeping of her dress.      O you  
who drain the cup of life, O you who wear the crown,      You never loved a  
woman's smile as I have loved her frown.

The wind blew out from Bergen from the dawning to the day,      They ride and  
run with fifty spears to break and bar my way,      I shall not die alone, alone, but  
kin to all the powers.      As merry as the ancient sun and fighting like the  
flowers.      How white their steel, how bright their eyes! I love each laughing  
knave.      Cry high and bid him welcome to the banquet of the brave.      Yea, I  
will bless them as they bend and love them where they lie,      When on their  
skulls the sword I swing falls shattering from the sky.      The hour when death is  
like a light and blood is like a rose,--      You never loved your friends, my friends,  
as I shall love my foes.

Know you what earth shall lose to-night, what rich, uncounted loans,      What  
heavy gold of tales untold you bury with my bones?      My loves in deep dim  
meadows, my ships that rode at ease,      Ruffling the purple plumage of strange  
and secret seas.      To see this fair earth as it is to me alone was given,      The  
blow that breaks my brow to-night shall break the dome of heaven.      The skies I  
saw, the trees I saw after no eyes shall see.      To-night I die the death of God; the  
stars shall die with me:      One sound shall sunder all the spears and break the  
trumpet's breath:      You never laughed in all your life as I shall laugh in death.