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The Wild Knight and Other Poems

By

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Another tattered rhymster in the ring, With but the old plea to the sneering
schools, That on him too, some secret night in spring Came the old frenzy
of a hundred fools

To make some thing: the old want dark and deep, The thirst of men, the
hunger of the stars, Since first it tinged even the Eternal's sleep, With
monstrous dreams of trees and towns and mars.

When all He made for the first time He saw, Scattering stars as misers
shake their pelf. Then in the last strange wrath broke His own law, And
made a graven image of Himself.

BY THE BABE UNBORN

If trees were tall and grasses short, As in some crazy tale, If here and there
a sea were blue Beyond the breaking pale,

If a fixed fire hung in the air To warm me one day through, If deep green
hair grew on great hills, I know what I should do.

In dark I lie: dreaming that there Are great eyes cold or kind, And twisted
streets and silent doors, And living men behind.

Let storm-clouds come: better an hour, And leave to weep and fight, Than
all the ages I have ruled The empires of the night.

I think that if they gave me leave Within that world to stand, I would be
good through all the day I spent in fairyland.

They should not hear a word from me Of selfishness or scorn, If only I
could find the door, If only I were born.