

**A NOVELTY**

Why should I care for the Ages Because they are old and grey? To me, like sudden laughter, The stars are fresh and gay; The world is a daring fancy, And finished yesterday.

Why should I bow to the Ages Because they were drear and dry? Slow trees and ripening meadows For me go roaring by, A living charge, a struggle To escalate the sky.

The eternal suns and systems, Solid and silent all, To me are stars of an instant, Only the fires that fall From God's good rocket, rising On this night of carnival.