

## **CYCLOPEAN**

A mountainous and mystic brute No rein can curb, no arrow shoot, Upon  
whose domed deformed back I sweep the planets scorching track.

Old is the elf, and wise, men say, His hair grows green as ours grows grey;  
He mocks the stars with myriad hands. High as that swinging forest stands.

But though in pigmy wanderings dull I scour the deserts of his skull, I never  
find the face, eyes, teeth. Lowering or laughing underneath.

I met my foe in an empty dell, His face in the sun was naked hell. I thought,  
'One silent, bloody blow. No priest would curse, no crowd would know.'

Then covered: a daisy, half concealed, Watched for the fame of that poor  
field; And in that flower and suddenly Earth opened its one eye on me.