

"IN THE SEVENTIES"

"Qui deridetur ab amico suo sicut ego."--JOB.

In the seventies I was bearing in my breast,

Penned tight,

Certain starry thoughts that threw a magic light

On the worktimes and the soundless hours of rest

In the seventies; aye, I bore them in my breast

Penned tight.

In the seventies when my neighbours--even my friend -

Saw me pass,

Heads were shaken, and I heard the words, "Alas,

For his onward years and name unless he mend!"

In the seventies, when my neighbours and my friend

Saw me pass.

In the seventies those who met me did not know

Of the vision

That immuned me from the chillings of mis-prision

And the damps that choked my goings to and fro

In the seventies; yea, those noddors did not know

Of the vision.

In the seventies nought could darken or destroy it,

    Locked in me,

Though as delicate as lamp-worm's lucency;

Neither mist nor murk could weaken or alloy it

In the seventies!--could not darken or destroy it,

    Locked in me.