

ALL SOULS

THEY are chanting now the service of All the Dead
And the village folk outside in the burying ground
Listen--except those who strive with their dead,
Reaching out in anguish, yet unable quite to
touch them:

Those villagers isolated at the grave
Where the candles burn in the daylight, and the
painted wreaths
Are propped on end, there, where the mystery
starts.

The naked candles burn on every grave.
On your grave, in England, the weeds grow.

But I am your naked candle burning,
And that is not your grave, in England,
The world is your grave.
And my naked body standing on your grave
Upright towards heaven is burning off to you
Its flame of life, now and always, till the end.

It is my offering to you; every day is All Souls'
Day.

I forget you, have forgotten you.

I am busy only at my burning,

I am busy only at my life.

But my feet are on your grave, planted.

And when I lift my face, it is a flame that goes up

To the other world, where you are now.

But I am not concerned with you.

I have forgotten you.

I am a naked candle burning on your grave.