

New Numbers

Volume 1.
Number 1.
February, 1914.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

From the collection of

DAVID AIKEN REED

Class of 1900

Presented in his memory by Mrs. Reed

10/1/11

New Numbers

NEW NUMBERS

BYRON GYMOND GARDNER

New Numbers

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Rupert Brooke
Lascelles Abercrombie
John Drinkwater

PUBLISHED AT
RYTON, DYMUCK, GLOUCESTER.

Bloodybush Edge is a remote spot on the border-line between England and Scotland, marked by a dumpy obelisk, on which is inscribed an old scale of tolls. A rough sandy road runs down across the dark moors, into England on the one hand, and into Scotland on the other. It is a fine, starry night in early September. Daft Dick, a fantastic figure, in appearance half-gamekeeper, half-tramp (dressed as he is in cast-off clothes of country-gentlemen) swings up the road from the Scottish side, singing.

“ Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid ;
But I wat they better hae stayed at hame ;
For Michael o’ Winfield, he lies dead ;
And Jock o’ the Side is prisoner ta’en.”

He stands for a moment, looking across the fells, which are very dark, in spite of the starry sky ; then flings himself down in the heather, with his back to the obelisk, and lights his pipe. Presently, he sees a dark figure, stumbling with uncertain steps across the boggy moor ; and watches it keenly as it approaches, until it reaches the road, when he sees that it is a strange man, evidently a tramp.

Tramp : A track, at last, thank God !

Dick : Aye, there be whiles

When beaten tracks are welcome.

Tramp : Who the . . . Oh !

I didn’t count on having company
Again in this world ; and when I heard a voice
I thought it must be another ghost. It’s queer
Hearing a voice bleat when you haven’t heard
A mortal voice for ages. I’ve not changed
A word with a soul since noon ; and when you spoke
It gave me quite a turn. A feather, Lord !
But it wouldn’t take the shadow of a feather
To knock me over. I’m in such a stickle,
Dead-beat, and fit to drop. To drop ! I’ve dropped
A hundred times already, humpty-dumpty !

Among the peat-hags at this time of night?
Unless you know the tracks by heart. . .

Tramp : I know
The Old Kent Road by heart.

Dick : The Old Kent Road?

Tramp : London, S.E. You've heard of London, likely?

Dick : Aye! aye! I've heard. . .

Tramp : Well, mate, I've walked from London.

Dick : You've walked from London, here?

Tramp : Well, not to-day.

It must be nigh three hundred mile, I reckon.
Just five weeks, yesterday, since I set out:
But, as you say, I've walked from London, here:
Though where "here" is, the devil only knows!
What is "here" called, if it has any name
But Back o' Beyond, or World's End, eh?

Dick : You're sitting
On Bloodybush Edge this moment.

Tramp : To think of that!
Bloodybush Edge! And that's what I have come to;
While all my friends, the men and women I know,
Are strolling up and down the Old Kent Road,
Chattering and laughing by the lighted stalls
And the barrows of bananas and oranges;
Or sitting snugly in bars; while, here am I,
On Bloodybush Edge, talking to Hamlet's father.

Dick : My name's Dick Dodd.

Tramp : Well, no offence, Old Cock!
And Hamlet's father was a gentleman,
A king of ghosts; and Lord! but he could groan.

Over Foulmire in the dark : though I could travel
The fells from here to Cheviot, blindfold. Aye !
And never come a cropper.

Tramp : 'Twas my luck,
My lovely luck, and naught to do with reasons —
My gaudy luck, and the devilish dust and heat,
And hell's own thirst that drove me ; and too snug
A bed among the heather. Oversleeping,
That's always played the mischief with me. Once
I slept till three in the morning, and . . .

Dick : Till three?
You're an early bird, if you call that oversleeping.
Folk hereabouts are mostly astir by three :
But, city-folk, I thought. . .

Tramp : I'm on the night-shift.
I sleep by day, for the most part, like a cat.
That's why, though dog-tired now, I couldn't sleep
A wink though you paid me gold down.

Dick : Night-shift, you !
And what may your job be ? Cat's night-shift, likely,
As well as day's sleep !

Tramp : Now, look here, Old Cock,
There's just one little thing that we could teach you
Down London way. Why, even babes in London
Know better than to ask too many questions.
You ask no questions, and you'll hear no lies,
Is the first lesson that's hammered into them.
No London gentleman asks questions. Lord !
If you went " What's-your-job ? " -ing down our way.
You'd soon be smelling someone's fist, I reckon ;

Or tripping over somebody in the dark
Upon the stairs: and with a broken neck,
Be left, still asking questions in your coffin,
Till the worms had satisfied you. Not that I
Have anything to hide, myself. I'm only
Advising you for your own good. But, Old Chap,
We were talking of something else . . . that hell-hot mad.
I'd pegged along it through the blazing dust
From Bellingham, till I could peg no more,
My mouth was just a limekiln; and each foot,
One bleeding blister. A kipper on the grid,
That's what I was on the road. And the heather looked
So cool and cosy, I left the road for a bit;
And coming on a patch of wet green moss,
I took my boots off; and it was so champion
To feel cold water squelching between my toes,
I paddled on like a child, till I came to a clump
Of heather in full bloom, just reeking honey;
And curled up in it, and dropt sound asleep;
And, when I wakened, it was dark, pitch-dark,
For all your stars. The sky was light enough,
Had I been travelling that way. But, for the road,
I hadn't a notion of its whereabouts.
A blessed babe-in-the-woods I was, clean lost;
And fit to cry for my mammy. Babes-in-the-wood!
But there were two of them, for company,
And only one of me, by my lone self.
However, I said to myself: You've got to spend
A night in the heather. Well, you've known worse beds,
And worse bed-fellows than a sheep or so—
Trying to make believe I wasn't frightened.

And often I've heard him, cracking his hunting-crop,
On a winter's night, when the winds were in full cry ;
And heard the yelp of the pack, and the horn's halloo,
Over the howl of the storm, or caught at dawn
A glimpse of the tails of his green hunting-jacket.
Whenever you shudder, or break in a cold sweat,
Not knowing why, folk say that someone's stepping
Over your grave ; but that's all stuff and nonsense.
It's only some poor ghost that's walking through you.

Tramp : Well, ghosts or sheep, I'd had my fill of them ;
Went all to pieces, took to my heels and ran ;
And hadn't run three yards, when I pitched headlong.
That was the first. Since then, I've felt the bottom
Of every hole, five hundred to my reckoning,
From there to here.

Dick : You've covered some rough ground.
But you have doubled back upon your tracks,
If you were making North.

Tramp : Aye : I was making
For Scotland. I'd a notion

Dick : Scotland lies
Under your left heel, though your right's in England.

Tramp : To think of that ! Well, I can't feel much difference
Twixt one and the other. Perhaps, if I'd my boots off
But, Hamlet's father, isn't it a king's bed
We're lying on, and sprawling over two countries !
And yet, I'd rather be in Millicent Place,
London, S.E., and sleeping three in a bed.
This room's too big for me, too wide and windy ;

The bed, too broad, and not what I call snug :
The ceiling, far too high, and full of eyes.
I hate the loneliness. I like to feel
There are houses, packed with people, all about me
For miles on miles; I'm fond of company ;
I'm only really happy in a throng,
Crowds jostling thick and hot about me. Here
I feel, somehow, as if I were walking naked
Among the hills, the last man left alive.
I haven't so much as set eyes on a house,
Not since I left that blistering road.

Dick : The nearest
Is three miles off, or more.

Tramp : Well, country-people
Should be good neighbours, and quiet ; but, for me,
I'd rather be packed like herrings in a barrel.
I hate the loneliness : it makes me think.
I'm fond of company ; too fond at times.
If I hadn't been so fond of company
A while back, I'd hardly have been lying now
On Bloodybush Edge, talking of ghosts at midnight,
When I might be . . . but it won't bear thinking on.
Yet, even with you beside me, Bloodybush Edge
Is a size too big in beds—leaves too much room
For ghosts, to suit my fancy. Three in a bed,
And you sleep sound.

Dick : And why should you fear ghosts,
When, one fine night, you'll be a ghost yourself ?
How soon, who knows ! Why, even at this moment,
If you had broken your neck among the moss-hags

You'd be your own ghost sitting there, not you.
If you hadn't been so muddy, and so frightened. . .
Nay ; but I've seen too many ghosts in my time
For you to take me in. Ghosts often lean
Over me, when I'm fishing in the moonlight.
They're keen, are ghosts. I sometimes feel their breath
Upon my neck, when I am guddling trout ;
Or the clutch of their clammy fingers on my wrist
When I am spearing salmon, lest I miss.
And always at the burning of the water
You'll see them lurking in the shadows, beyond
The flare and the smoke of the torches, in the night,
Eager as boys to join in the sport ; and at times,
When they have pressed too near ; and a torch has flared,
I've seen the live flame running through their bodies.
But oftenest they appear to me when alone
I'm fishing like a heron ; and last night
As I stooped over Deadwater, I felt. . .

Tramp : And you're an honest man to be asking questions
Of gentlemen on tour ! So, you're a poacher,
A common poacher : though it must be rare sport,
I've often fancied. . .

Dick : To creep up to a pool
Where a big bull-trout lies beneath a boulder
With nose against the stream, his tail scarce flicking ;
To creep up quiet and without a shadow,
And lie upon your belly in the gravel ;
And slide your hands as noiseless as an otter
Into the water, icy-cold and aching,
And tickle, tickle, till you have him fuddled ;

Then lift him, cold and slithery, from the burn,
A quivering bit of silver in the moonlight. . .

Tramp : Aye, that must be rare sport ; but, for myself,
I'd rather manage without the help of ghosts.

Once, I remember, I was bending down—

'Twas in an empty house . . . I'd cut my thumb,

The window jamming somehow, a nasty cut :

The mark's still there . . (not that ! nay, that's the place

I was bitten by a friend) and as I fumbled

With a damned tricky lock, some Yankee patent,

I felt a ghost was standing close behind me ;

And dare not stir, or squint over my shoulder :

But crouched there, moving neither hand nor foot,

Till I was just a solid ache of terror,

And could have squealed aloud with the numb cramp,

And pins and needles in my arms and legs.

And then at last, when I was almost dropping,

I lost my head, took to my heels, and bolted

Headfirst down stairs, and through the broken window,

Leaving my kit and the swag, without a thought :

And never coming to my senses, till

I saw a bullseye glimmering down the lane.

And then I found my brow was bleeding, too—

At first I thought 'twas sweat—a three-inch cut,

Clean to the bone. I had to have it stitched.

I told the doctor that I'd put my head

Through a window in the dark, but not a word

About my body following it. The doctor,

He was a gentleman, and asked no questions.

A civil chap : he'd stitched my scalp before

Once, when the heel of a lady's slipper . . .

Dick : So you
Are a common poacher, too ; although you take
Only dead silver and gold. Still, it must be
A risky business, burgling, when the folk . . .

Tramp : Risk ! aye, there's risk ! That's where the fun comes in :
To steal into a house, with people sleeping
So warm and snug and innocent overhead ;
To hear them snoring as you pass their doors
With all they're dreaming of stowed in your pockets ;
To tiptoe from the attic to the basement,
With a chance that you may find on any landing
A door flung open, and a man to tackle.
It's only empty houses I'm afraid of.
I've more than once looked up a pistol's snout,
And never turned a hair . . . though once I heard
A telephone-bell ring in an empty house—
And I can hear the damned thing tinkling yet. . . .
I'm all in a cold sweat just thinking of it.
It tinkled, tinkled . . . Risk ! Why man alive,
Life's all a risky business, till you're dead.
There's no risk then . . . unless . . . I never feared
A living man, sleeping or waking, yet.
But ghosts, well, ghosts are different somehow. There's
A world of difference between men and ghosts.
Let's think no more of ghosts—but lighted streets,
And crowds, and women ; though it's my belief
There's not a woman in all this country-side.

Dick : There's womenfolk, and plenty. And they are kind,
The womenfolk, to me. Daft Dick is ever

A favourite with the womenfolk. His belly
Would oft go empty, were it not for them.

Tramp : You call those women, gawky, rawboned creatures,
Thin-lipped, hard-jawed, cold-eyed ! I like fat women.
If you could walk just now down the Old Kent Road,
And see the plump young girls in furs and feathers,
With saucy black eyes, sparkling in the gaslight ;
And looking at you, munching oranges,
Or whispering to each other with shrill giggles
As you go by, and nudging one another ;
Or standing with a soldier eating winkles,
Grimacing with the vinegar and pepper,
Then laughing so merrily you almost wish
You were a red-coat, too ! And the fat old mothers,
Too old for feathers and follies, with their tight
Nigh-bursting bodices, and their double chins,
They're homely, motherly and comfortable,
And do a man's eyes good. There's not a sight
In all the world that's half as rare to see
As a fat old wife with jellied eels and porter.
Aye, women should be plump . . . though Ellen Ann
Was neither old nor fat, when she and I
Were walking out together, and she'd red hair,
As red as blazes, and a peaked white face.
But 'twas her eyes, her eyes that always laughed,
And the merry way she had with her. . . But, Lord,
I'm talking ! Only mention petticoats,
And I'm the boy to talk till doomsday. Women !
If it hadn't been for a petticoat, this moment
I might be drinking my own health in the bar

Of The Seven Stars or 'The World Turned Upside Down,
 Instead of . . . Well, Old Cock, it's good to have
 Someone to talk to, after such a day.

You cannot get much further with a sheep ;
 And I met none but sheep, and they all scuttled,
 Not even stopping to pass the time of day,
 And the birds, well, they'd enough to say, and more,
 When I was running away from myself in the dark,
 With their "Go back! Go back!"

Dick : You'd scared the grouse.
 They talk like Christians. Often in the dawn . . .

Tramp : Bloodybush Edge! But why the Bloodybush?
 I see no bush. . . .

Dick : Some fight in the old days, likely,
 In the days when men were men. . . .

Tramp : I little thought,
 When I set out from London on my travels,
 That I was making straight for Bloodybush Edge.
 I had my reasons, but, reason or none, it's certain
 That I'd have turned up here, someday or other :
 For I must travel. I've the itching foot.
 I talk of London, when I'm well out of it
 By a hundred miles or so ; but, when I'm in it,
 There always comes a time when I couldn't stay
 A moment longer, not for love or money :
 Though in the end it always has me back.
 I cannot rest. There's something in my bones—
 They'll need to screw the lid down with brass screws
 To keep them in my coffin. When I'm dead,
 If I don't walk, I'll be surprised, I . . . Lord,

We're on to ghosts again ! But I'm the sort
That's always hankering to be elsewhere,
Wherever I am. Some men can stick to a job
As though they liked it. I'm not made that way.
I couldn't heave the same pick two days running.
I've tried it : and I know. I must have change.
It's in my blood. And work, why work's for fools.

Dick : Aye, fools indeed : and yet they seem content.
Content ! why my old uncle, Richard Dodd,
He worked till he was naught but skin and bone,
And rheumatism : and when the doctor told him :
“ You must give up. It's no use ; you're past work.”
“ Past work,” he says, “ past work, like an old horse :
“ They shoot old nags, when they are past their work.
“ Doctor,” he says, “ I'll give you five pound down
“ To take that gun, and shoot me like a nag.”
The doctor only laughed, and answered, “ Nay.”
“ An old nag's carcass is worth money, Richard :
“ But yours, why, who'd give anything for yours ! ”
They call me daft—Daft Dick. It pleases them.
But I have never been daft enough to work.
I never did a hand's turn in my life :
And won't, while there are trout-streams left, and women.
And I am a traveller, too, I cannot rest.
The wind's in my bones, I think, and like the wind,
I'm here, to-night ; to-morrow, Lord knows where !

Tramp : London, perhaps, or well upon the road there,
Since I'm on Bloodybush Edge.

Dick : Nay, never London.
I cannot thole the towns. They stifle me.

I spent a black day in Newcastle, once.
Never again! I cannot abide the crowds.
I must be by myself. I must have air :
I must have room to breathe, and elbow-room,
Wide spaces round me, winds and running water.
I know the singing-note of every burn
'Twixt here and High Cup Nick, by Appleby.
And biids and beasts, I must have them about me.
Rabbits and hares, weasels and stoats and adders,
Plover and grouse, partridge and snipe and curlew,
Red-shank and heron. I think that towns would choke me ;
And I'd go blind shut in by the tall houses,
With never a far sight to stretch my eyes.
I must have hills, and hills beyond. And beds—
I never held with beds and stuffiness.
I'm seldom at my ease beneath a roof :
The rafters all seem crushing on my head,
A dead weight. Though I sleep in barns in Winter,
I'm never at home except beneath the stars.
I've seen enough of towns ; and as for the women,
Fat blowsy sluts and slatterns. . . .

Tramp : Easy, Old Cock !

“ What's one man's meat . . . ” as the saying is ; and so,
Each man to his own world, and his own women.

*(They sit for awhile smoking in silence Then Daft Dick begins
singing softly to himself again.)*

Dick : *(singing)*

“ Their horses were the wrong way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine,
Wat on his old horse, Jock on his bay ;

And on they rode for the waters of Tyne.

“ And when they came to Chollerton Ford,
They lighted down by the light o’ the moon ;
And a tree they cut with nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa’ of Newcastle toun.”

Tramp : What’s that you’re singing, matey ?

Dick : “ Jock o’ the Side.”

A ballad of the days when men were men,
And sheep were sheep, and not all mixter-maxter.
Thon were brave days, or brave nights, rather, thon !
Brave nights, when Liddisdale was Liddisdale,
And Tynedale, Tynedale, not all hand-in-glove,
And hanky-panky, and naught but market-haggling
Twixt men whose fathers’ swords were the bargainers !
That was a man’s work, riding out, hot-trod,
Over the hills to lift a herd of cattle,
And leave behind a blazing byre, or to steal
Your neighbour’s sheep, while he lay drunk and snoring—
A man’s work, ever bringing a man’s wages,
The fight to the death, or life won at the sword’s point.
God ! those were nights : the heather and sky alow
With the light of burning peel-towers, and the wind
Ringing with slogans, as the dalesmen met,
Over the singing of the swords :
“ An Armstrong ! An Armstrong ! ”
“ A Milburne ! A Milburne ! ”
“ An Elliott ! An Elliott ! ”
“ A Robson ! A Robson ! ”
“ A Charlton ! A Charlton ! ”
“ A Fenwick ! A Fenwick ! ”

“ Fy, Tynedale, to it! ”

“ Jethert’s here! Jethert’s here! ”

“ Tarsset and Tarretburn! ”

“ Hardy and heatherbred! ”

“ Yet! Yet! ”

Man, did you ever hear the story told
Of Barty Milburne, Barty of the Comb,
Down Tarsset way? and how he waked one morning
To find that overnight some Scottish reiver
Had lifted the pick of his flock: and how hot-foot
He was up the Blackburn, summoning Corbet Jock:
And how the two set out to track the thieves
By Emblehope, Berrymoor Edge and Blackman’s Law,
By Blakehope Nick, and under Oh Me Edge,
And over Girdle Fell to Chattlehope Spout,
And so to Carter Bar; but lost the trail
Somewhere about the Reidswire: and how, being loth
To go home empty-handed, they just lifted
The best sheep grazing on the Scottish side,
As fair exchange: and turned their faces home.
By this, snow had set in: and ’twas sore work
Driving the wethers against it over the fell;
When, finding they were followed in their turn
By the laird of Leatham and his son, they laughed,
And waited for the Scots by Chattlehope Spout
Above Catcleugh: and in the snow they fought,
Till Corbet Jock and one of the Scots were killed,
And Barty himself sore wounded in the thigh;
When the other Scot, thinking him good as dead,
Sprang on him, as he stooped, with a whickering laugh:

And Barty, with one clean, back-handed blow,
Struck off his head, and, as they tell the tale,
“Garred it spang like an onion along the heather.”
Then, picking up the body of Corbet Jock,
He slung it over his shoulder; and carried his mate
With wounded thigh, and driving the wethers before him
Through blinding snow, across the boggy fells
To the Blackburn, though his boot was filled with blood.
Or the other tale, how one of the Robson lads
Stole a Scot’s ewes: and when he’d got them home,
And had mixed them with his own, found out, too late,
They’d got the scab: and how he went straight back
With a stout hempen rope to the Scot’s house,
And hanged him from his own rooftree by the neck
Till he was dead, to teach the rascal a lesson,
Or so he said, that when a gentleman called
For sheep the next time, he’d think twice about it
Before he tried to palm off scabbit ewes.
Poachers and housebreakers and bargainers!
Those men were men: and lived and died like men;
Taking their own road—asking no man’s leave;
Doing and speaking outright, hot and clean,
The thing that burned in them, and paying the price.
And those same gawky, rawboned women mothered
Such sons as these; and still do, nowadays—
For hunting foxes, and for market-haggling!
You fear no living man! A glinting bullseye
Down a dark lane would not have set them scuttling.
They didn’t dread the mosshags in the dark.
And seemingly they’d little fear of ghosts,
Being themselves so free in making ghosts.

Ghosts! why the night is all alive with ghosts,
Ghosts of dead raiders, and dead cattle-lifters;
Poor, headless ghosts; and ghosts with broken necks . . .
See that chap, yonder, with the bleeding thigh,
On a grey gelding, making for Hurklewinter—
A horse-thief, sure . . . And the ghostly stallions whinney
As the ghostly reivers drive their flocks and heids . . .

(listening)

They are quiet now: but I've often heard the patter
Of sheep, or the trot-trot of the frightened stirks
Down this same road . . .

Tramp: Stop man! You'll drive me crazy!
Let's talk no more of ghosts! I want to sleep.
I'm dog-tired. . . but I'll never sleep to-night.
What's that . . . I thought I heard . . . I'm all a-tremble.
My very blood stops, listening, in my veins.
I'm all to fiddlestrings . . . Let's talk of London,
And lights, and crowds, and women. Once I met
A chap in the bar of *The World Turned Upside Down*,
With three blue snakes tattooed around his wrist:
A joker, he was; and what he didn't know
Of women the world over you could shove
Between the nail and the quick, and never feel it.
He told me that in Valparaiso once
A half-breed wench that he . . . but, Lord, what's that!

(A low distant sound of trotting drawing quickly nearer).

I thought I heard . . . Do you hear nothing?

Dick:

Naught.

Tramp: I'm all on edge; I could have sworn I heard—

Where was I? Well, as I was saying . . . God!
Can you hear nothing now? Trot-trot! Trot-trot!
I must be going crazed, or you're stone deaf.

Dick: Nay, I'm none deaf.

Tramp: It's coming nearer, nearer . . .
Trot-trot! trot-trot! Man, tell me that you hear it,
For God's sake, or I'll go mad!

Dick: No two men ever
May hear or see them, together, at one time.

Tramp: Hear what? See what? Speak, man, if you've a tongue!

Dick: The ghostly stirks.

Tramp (starting up): The ghostly stirks! Trot-trot!
Trot-trot! They're almost on us. Look you! there!
Along the road there, black against the sky.
They're charging down with eyes ablaze . . . O Christ . . .

(He takes to his heels, running lamely down the road on the Scottish side, as a herd of frightened young stirks gallops down the road from the English side. They pass Dick, who watches them, placidly smoking, until they are by, when, taking his pipe from his mouth, he gives a blood-curdling whoop, which sends them scampering more wildly after the tramp. Presently the cattle-drover, panting and limping half-a-mile behind his herd, comes down the road. Seeing Dick, he stops.)

Drover: Have any beasts come by? Lord, what a dance
They've led me, since we quitted Bellingham!
I've chased them over half the countryside!

Dick: Aye: they were making straight for Dinlabyre.

Drover: Then I can rest. They cannot go far wrong now.
We're for Saughtree; and I'm fair hattered, and they
Can't have the spunk left in them to stray far.

They'll be all right.

Dick : Aye! and your brother's with them.

Drover : Brother? I have no brother . . .

Dick : Well, he and you

Are as like as peas—a pair of gallows-birds.

And he was driving them, and walloping them . . .

Drover (starting to run) : Good God! Just wait till I catch up
with him!

Dick (calling after him) : It will take you all your time, and more,
to catch him.

(To himself.)

Now, I can sleep in peace, without bedfellows.

Two in a bed is one too many for me—

And such a clatter-jaw!

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

Somewhile before the dawn I rose, and stept
Softly along the dim way to your room,
And found you sleeping in the quiet gloom,
And holiness about you as you slept.
I knelt there; till your waking fingers crept
About my head, and held it. I had rest
Unhoped this side of Heaven, beneath your breast.
I knelt a long time, still; nor even wept.

It was great wrong you did me; and for gain
Of that poor moment's kindness, and ease,
And sleepy mother-comfort!

Child, you know
How easily love leaps out to dreams like these,
Who has seen them true. And love that's wakened so
Takes all too long to lay asleep again.

WAIKIKI.

October, 1913.

To-day I have been happy. All the day
I held the memory of you, and wove
Its laughter with the dancing light o' the spray,
And sowed the sky with tiny clouds of love,
And sent you following the white waves of sea,
And crowned your head with fancies, nothing worth,
Stray buds from that old dust of misery,
Being glad with a new foolish quiet mirth.

So lightly I played with those dark memories,
Just as a child, beneath the summer skies,
Plays hour by hour with a strange shining stone,
For which (he knows not) towns were fire of old,
And love has been betrayed, and murder done,
And great kings turned to a little bitter mould.

THE PACIFIC.

October, 1913.

They say there's a high windless world and strange,
Out of the wash of days and temporal tide,
Where Faith and Good, Wisdom and Truth abide,
Aeterna corpora, subject to no change.
There the sure suns of these pale shadows move;
There stand the immortal ensigns of our war;
Our melting flesh fixed Beauty there, a star,
And perishing hearts, imperishable Love

Dear, we know only that we sigh, kiss, smile;
Each kiss lasts but the kissing; and grief goes over;
Love has no habitation but the heart.
Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch awhile,
Cling, and are borne into the night apart.
The laugh dies with the lips, "Love" with the lover.

South Kensington—Makaweli,

1913.

It is in Crete, a many years ago :
Under a peak that strained in icy stone
To thrust an endless gesture at the stars.

Two peasants, son and mother, in their hut
Were talking : mouth close against ear they talkt,
Because a great storm poured over the hut
A sound of rain, driven so hard it smackt
Against the walls like pebbles thrown in volleys ;
And, carrying this, a rushing sound of wind
That fled through woods, tearing itself, and blew
Across the mountain piled above the hut,
Making the rocky hollows and ravines
Snore like monstrous jars in its pauseless breath.

Yet it was time for pleasant days. The earth—
All winter long since dried in her, and death
Searcht out and crumbled in the ground by frost—
Waited for spring to burn her once again,
Ready as tinder is for touch of fire
To thrill its tranced nature and unseal
The striving self-creative will of flame.
Yea, full time now for the woods to toss their flame,
Burning with every green that water knows :
From the green gold of oaks, like mounded waves
In green mid-sea full of a golden gleam,
To birches like the quiet depth beside
Sheer downward cliffs, where shallow light of green
Is mixt with blue from under. And already
Flowers began to hire the wings of bees
At a delicious wage to carry love,
Their golden trade, to far off unknown mates.

But the storm came, and with its wind trod out,
And drencht with its rain, the spring's sweet travelling fire.

Not heeding the loud air, these peasants talkt.

Son : But 'tis a trade despised.

Mother : By tongues that go
Like tails of cows in summer, flicking the clegs :
They flourish their lithe talk in the air, to switch
The flies of jealousy that so prick their minds.
Is it despised ? Look you, is man a beast,
Or is he man ?

Son : He's man till he's a corpse ;
And then he should be filth ; and scorn's the thing
For those whose trade is dabbling among filth.

Mother : The kitten miaows his scorn ! But think on it,
That you'd be nothing of the handsome man
You take yourself to be—you'd be a lump
Of worse than dung—dabble your thought in that !—
If I'd not had my trade and fed you on it.

Son : I know all this. But what I mean to say—
I am grown now to work for both of us,
And leave corpse-tending be.

Mother : No gain in that,
And loss a plenty. You've a name abroad
For your strong work, Milon himself no better.
And I've my name for setting corpses right ;
As much to me as any feats to you.

Son : My name's honest : it's queer you love your scorn.

Mother : Is man a beast, I say, or is he man ?
And what is most the man in him ? 'Tis pride.

And go through all his uses, you'll not see
His pride standing taller and more daring
Than in my trade. Naught lives but must lie down
Helpless, and fastened in a tomb must let
The earth at her detestable slow pleasure
Meddle with what was once so much delight.
Well, shall man go to his disgrace like beasts
All in a desperate huddle? Not he; he'll go
A neat corpse, a polite death. While he holds
The shape of man, he will have decent pride
About the shape. And 'tis from me he has it.
I, the scorn'd crone, who stretches out dead men,
(But the boys daren't halloo me!) I think myself
Like a worn twisted shell the tide has beacht
Where man may find it, marred with an age of journey
Under the sea, and ruffian'd by the stones;
But if he set his purposed lips against
That knockt shell's breakage, he can make it sound
A booming call, will thunder down the surf.
And so his brave breath uses me; he sends
Through my lame toil his purpose to be man
And his own reverence past the great stound of death,
Announcing it even to his own corruption.

Son: You make it out a fine thing. But I'm sure
'Tis a vile business you were best be quit of.

Mother: Truly I like my corpses, and the way
I make death prouder sign of man than life.
I like to watch, with hiding of my smiles,
The mourners making much of themselves with grief,
Howling themselves into their neighbours' notice;

And I the while knowing myself alone
The mind that has allowed their ceremony,
That caught death up out of wretchedly being
An asham'd riddance of poor carrion lumber.
And sometimes I will eat their sins, poor fools :
'Twere pity if I made the look of death
Dignity sleeping sound, and left the spirit
A writhen thing, mean with a useless fear.

Son : It is because they set you down so low,
You the straker of corpses, they can bear
To think of you defiled by death without,
Defiled within by meals of their rank evil.

Mother : Let them be thinking ; they give me their sins
Like children laying pranks of mischief on
Their kindly nurse, who smiles to bear the blame.

As speech will drop from those who talk in quiet,
Because a sudden blow of dinning noise
Falls there, and leaves the silence like stunn'd thought,
But ringing like a breadth of metal : so
These, who here talkt in an unheeded rage
Of noise, were startled dumb because there smote
Upon the steady roar of hurlyng air
About them, huge and heavy and swift silence
Down like the shock of hammer. No smallest whine
Of sound moved under it, all so instantly
The night was tyrannized, though in their brains
The breakers of the wind were shouting still.
And their amazement had not nerved their tongues
To venture stir of speech in the grave quiet,
Before the door rattled, and an old man

Came in, limping, hideous, crooked with age.
Unshod his feet, but in foul gear of mud,
And tatter'd shame were all his clothes. He stood
And bleared upon the candle, stoopt and gaping.
Upon his wiry trembling neck pusht out,
The weight of his head was poised like a baboon's ;
And the draught played with his spare goatish beard.
From pucker'd clefts as red as wounds his eyes
Lookt weeping ; but the bone of his brow and face,
Though peering horribly through the stretcht and scorcht
Mask of his tann'd age, was framed to hold
The governance and decree of mighty spirit,
Superb above control of common fate,
Before this ponderous disease of years
Had clung about it. For a striving while
Some still unmastered royalty in him
Would right the toughen'd warping of his spine ;
But could not. Then he spoke. His voice,
Clear strength with feeble harshness jarring through it,
Was like a trumpet when the brass is flawed ;
So nobly in the hollows of his skull
The sound was muster'd, but began from strings
So slack and fretted, and with rheum so hinder'd.

“ O Cretans, he is dead ! ”

He stumbled back,
And then came burdened in again ; he bore
Lapt in a goatskin bundle some small weight
A boy would swing in single-handed play ;
But he with strains and age's gasping grumble
Workt hard to be its porter. Up to the bench

He sidled, backt against it, bent his knees,
And with a grunt he let his parcel slide
Down the hunch of his shoulders. Then to his hosts
He turned, with dropt jaw quivering, eyebrows up
High-pitcht in anxious bridges over their sockets;
And from the thrust of them the curving horror
Pusht his forehead rugged up to his pate
In creases of bald skin; like the half-rounds
Of ripples pusht backward by a buttress
Against a steady stream. He faced them so,
All signed with the absurd deformity
The labour of grief must be content to earn
When it is working for life pincht in age.
And leaning over the small thing that lay
Wrapt up before him, at last he spoke again.

Old Man : He is dead now, and you must be with me
In burying him.

Mother : A baby! And by your speech
You're some outlandish vagabond. It will be
You've made some demon happy with the blood
And burnt fat of the bairn; ay, it has been
Some wizard's murder, I'll be bound. And now
It's I must get you quit of your pitiful rubbish!
But you are wrong there.

Son : You go too hard upon him.
Look how his mind stares from his ancient face,
Posed to make out your wording, what it means.
He's honest, sure, and brings no harm in him.

Mother : What, an old shabby man who tramps abroad
In a fiends' holiday of a storm, and brings

Lapt up strangely and slung on his wicked back
A dead baby ! I warrant, he deals in them ;
He is a sorcerers' monger. I would know
More of him, if he wants my skill. And the wind,
When he came in, fell down from noising aloft,
Headlong down as a drunk man falls, who runs
Blind and shouting over a cliff : belike
That means some wicked league goes faithful with him.—
Whose is this baby ? Have you strangled it ?

Son : The grasp, see, of those wavering hands would scarce
Strangle a worm.

Old Man : You said the wind had fallen ?
Yes, surely it would : I should have noted it.
Indeed, they would call it off, whistle it back
To kennel, now it has worried him to death.
I pickt him up, and bore him in my arms
Hither, soon as I knew he was to die.
But that fierce hound of a storm was after us
All my stumbling way ; it tore at him,
And with a hundred dreadful snatching jaws
Would jerk him from the fold of my trembling arms
Where he lay snuggled, whimpering to be safe.
And terror at last of all that hatred yelling
Into his face and biting at his limbs
Forced death upon him ; he was so weak, so weak ;
Breath could not live in such a shaken body.
So it is ended now ; now he is yours
To wash and bury : and will you eat his sins ?

Mother : An easy mouthful that, poor bairn ! Ay, sad
To think of all the lusty cheerful sins

He might have played with, but for that killjoy death.

O I will eat his sins : I've had my meals
Of rapes, murders, and jeering at the gods,
And never known them quarrel with me yet,
Not even saying a twinge of colic against me.
Ay, baby ! your little secret spawn of sins
Will make no bother for my heart : soft roe
Were tastier, but not milder in my belly.
Look, sir ; this is the trick we use.—
Boy, be stirring, undo the poor wee brat.

She took a crust, sopt it and salted it,
And gave it to the crouching man ; and he
Over the bundled thing upon the bench
Handed the morsel back. She muncht it down,
Then turned to bustle with her needs, and get
Her skill in order for the laying out.
Truly she was unwilling ; but their minds
Thrilled strangely in the look of his tarnisht eyes,
That sent invisibly burning rays among
Their piercèd thoughts, and gathered them to shape
The act of his desire, like powder'd iron
Drawn into pattern of a magnet's force.

Yet as she turned from bolting down that crust
Her casual rite had made bitter as tears,
A sign for the reproach of sin, his face
Went blank with timid wonder, in its stare
After her busily searching corners and cupboards ;
Like an old puzzled ploughman at a fair,
Who gapes after a juggling tightrope dancer,
Seeing him, when his risky show is done,

Push unconcerned and whistling through the crowd :
So he was looking, as it were dreadfully strange
She made so little of those eaten sins.

Meanwhile, she ferreting for cloths and pans,
And the ancient traveller lost in his feckless gaze,
The son was fingering the feeble knots
That kept the stranger's baggage,—very loath
To pluck the ragged hide unfastened, yet
He could not fumble there for long, so slack
And such a foolish work the tying was.
A stealing cat, left in a room alone
Where supper's on the table, smelling out
A dram of milk low down in a narrow jug ;
Careful not to be noisy and not to spill,
Her dainty paw dips in and soaks her fur,
Then daintily draws out again and licks
The dripping theft. Even so gingerly
Into the bundle's folds his hand went loosening.

She heard, the mother bustling with her things,
Suddenly heard, from where she left her son,
Such a harsh gasp of forced desperate breath
As comes from lungs coopt in hard agony
Of terror, muscles clencht about the bones
Like a red-hot tyre that shrinks on a smoking wheel.
She turned, and saw her boy in palsy, his arms
Fixt half-way raised, and eyes that could not wink
But only glare into the opened pack.
She scurried to him ; and a grim thing lay
For her to see : no baby, but a man
Unbelievably withered into age,

The cinder of a man, parcht and blasted
To smallness like a baby, puny and dried,
His body all drawn up into a fist ;
The pined legs, crooked as burnt candle-wicks,
So taut with perisht sinews that their knees
Thrusted the shrivelled belly ; and his arms
Hugg'd his chest with little graspless hands.
Brown as though age had scorcht like fire at last
And full of creases was the ancient skin.
But nothing babyish was the wasted head
Thrawn on his chest (and bigger than his chest
The great head seemed) : the sharpened edge of jaws,
With thin beard scanted to a crisp grey wool ;
The lean nose peaking like a puffin's bill ;
And brow and brain pan smooth as it were wrought wood,
But vaulted for a god's imagination.

Horror was feasted in their minds. But he,
The wretch who brought with him that dreadful luggage,
Still lookt towards where the woman had been busy,
Moveless but for the bent knees shivering,
A standing swoon, empty of all but sorrow.
They turned on him ; the life in them broke loose
From pausing aghast, and clamoured like a stream
Bursting a weir : the son threaten'd, and she
Wrung his shoulder and spoke in angry fear :
" Leave off your doating, you monstrous old man ;
What's this you've brought us ? " Then again he tried
To brave the burden of his years and stand
Upright before their question ; and again
He summoned from his wreck of royal life
Commanding voice : it came broken and crippled

To serve him, and five words were toil enough
Now for the voice of his greatness to endure
Before it fainted :

“ Zeus ! It is Father Zeus ! ”

Grief seemed to clench his body. Down he fell
From difficult stature and lay crouching there
As low as worship before these poor folk ;
And from the heap came shaken whispering :
“ The thundering Zeus ! His favour was the prayer
Of gods and men, his sentence was their lives.
Now he is that small twisted husk ; and I,
This halt misery of perishing age,
I am Apollo, I am Apollo ! ”

A long while, sobbing and with shrill breath, he lay ;
At last, his head a little sideways turned,
He told his tale, in voice all dwindled small
To husky twittering, a hissing whine
That sometimes went into a peewit-squeak :
Like to the rustling drag of a fray'd rope
Over a pulley creaking in its rust,
When he that hauls is tired and often waits.

Apollo : We were upon the mountainous Height of the gods
That has the whole world under it ; and thence—
Like mountain-water feeding the fuming seas—
Divine life down from our lofty quiet streamed,
Down where the tides of men were labouring
In hollow earth, and rolling to and fro
Their floods of brackish fortune : into the depths
Of all that living brine we poured our power,
Fresh heavenly water sweetening the vast salt,

A shining song into the helpless roaring.

But lately there had seemed some growth of change
To hold the speed and plenty of our gift :
As on the flanks of ancient naked stone
Ages of water grind sheer rock to soil,
And soil at last grows into moss and weed,
Till falling water soaks the whole hillside
And drips from ledge to ledge of sodden turf.
And to our sight, scanning the scope of time
Easily as the distance of the earth,
Appeared, behind the haze of things to come,
Enormity, disaster crouching low,
Like darkness charged with fire—the far-off sleep
Of ruinous purpose, dreaming itself awake
In dreams that made the dark drowse suddenly blaze.

We glanced at it as feasted men will look
At lightning, when the storm is so far off
The winking glare burns noiseless as the stars
Along the rim of pale sweet summer-dark,
Giving a moment's shadow to the trees.
Or if fear toucht our hearts, it was as light
As tickling threads of spider-work will touch
The face of one who loiters in the evening.

We knew how the whole drift of living world
Lies in the nets of law, that hoist and drag
Their booty of Existence out of depths
Unknown to land it dying none knows where.
But, for the ages while that cast is drawing,
We thought the pressure of its grasp would fall
Upon us through our element as mild

As light, the sun's command, shines through a pool
Of rippled water, and rules with quivering gleam
The sand that sleeps beneath in golden nets.

Certain, within the world's slow draught, our keep
Stood mountainous above the tides of men ;
And they, in surge against its sightless prow
Of anchor'd stone, were spent about the huge
Foundations of our fate, and backward failed
Into surrendering spray from rearing towards us.

Zeus the Father assembled us, and spoke :
" It has been known, that from some other source
Than our divinely streaming mountain, men
Have tempered the old brine of mortal souls.
Gods like a wandering rain have plenisht them
With sweetness, when perhaps our gift was stayed :
Bacchus we found descended among men
Out of the flying winds of shapeless spirit,
Dying into them like a rain at sea,
Shedding divine fresh water of his life
Over their salty torrent, and again
From out the depths of them rising a ghost
Pure of the bitter earth they have dissolved,
Again to pour on them immortal moods.
We treated with him to dwell here, to take
A heavenly name, and to be Dionysus.
So we did well, and he."

We turned to smile

Brotherly pleasure on our lovely guest.
He was not in his place ; he was not found
In heaven that day, the last of heaven's days.
Where had he gone, our belov'd Dionysus ?

The Father spoke again : " On the low earth
Now in a patch of men another god
Appears. Despise him not, Olympian gods !
Him too we will persuade into our manner ;
What has been once well done, may be again."

So to mankind we bent. Our gaze devoured
The height that made the press of flocking lives
Molten in one vague to-and-fro of sea ;
Our eager sense closed with the life of man,
Till the whole sight of it roaming the earth
In single swaying flow, one driven tide,
Crumbled into passionate wilful men
Innumerosly seen, in separate hastes
Wrangling their groping purposes. We found
Amid the ruffle of confused small errands,
That moil of jarring wills, a piece of earth
Where all the crossing lives seemed to be stroked
Into one pause of strain'd wondering order
By ruling passage of some great event ;
As when there have been floods upon the fields,
The matted twigs and straws of broken woods
Lie combed and laid and handled by the water,
All packt one way. So these lives, massed and straighten'd,
Were held from their loose custom in a firm
Intent, towards where they had three of their kind
Hung up on gallows crosses. Black they spiked
In twilight against splendid cloudy flames
Of scarlet evening. It was a low bare mound
That thrust these cruelties up at the sky,
So that it seemed the half-nave, and the poles
The jutting spokes, of a great ruin'd wheel

Sunk to the axle in the fens of life.
But in the heaven behind it, the sun's rays
Were like a wheel of white-hot burning gold,
Terrible whirling spokes of spouted fire,
The blazing pillars of a wheel that fled
Over the earth travelling gloriously.

For we had found the stranger god—a god
Hang'd and dying between murderers:
Once more a god kill'd for earthly worship!
His death was while we lookt and said, "He dies,
He dies! Again it is a god that dies!"
But in his death this was a mightier god
Than those that died before. There fell on us
At once a frost of horror from above.
Darkness was perfect over us: it was
Time, the immense muster'd power of the whole
Time of the world, stowed in one moment's nature.
The darkness we had seen far off, that was
The mere length of our lucid view in time
Ending as darkness, like to searching light
In a clear depth of water losing itself,—
That darkness of our sight was real now
And triumphing,—vengeance for all the debt
We had not heeded owing, neglected time
Gathered into a single storm that struck
A single fire of all the years till then,
Blasting us instantly into dry age,
But leaving us a while to feel our deaths.
And I saw Zeus, charr'd to that infant posture,
Lie shruken before me with bound twitching limbs,
With helpless rocking head and puling breath;

And with the last of my divinity
Set out to nurse him hither, bearing him
To die where he was born, in Crete.

He stopt.

He was so still they thought death had him now,
But kept their stared astonishment unmoved
Upon him. 'Twas not death; for soon they saw
Shudders in his old body, and his hands work
As they would dig the floor to clutch in it.
The woman stole a pace to see what ailed
His quivering silence; and she found his eyes
Appalled, reading some terror in the door.
She lookt towards his fear: it was a gleam
That came from the outside darkness, piercing through
The cracks at sill and lintol and the warpt
Parting of the worm'd cross-ledged boards. It shone
More white than any flame or the sun's self,
As white as stars and eager as the sun.
Ever closer and brighter it seemed to come
Against the door, thronging upon it, jetting
Where any seam it found to let it through
Like pressure into the shadowy room. They thought
It must push on the door with torrent force,
Such bursting light came through; and they were dazed
To see the timber did not shake and give.
And now the door's whole wood was full of light,
As if it had been paper against the glare,
The grain like a fine web of glowing threads.
And of a sudden there was no door, but white
Blinding vacancy, measureless light;

And in the midst a young man glorious.
He stood among them, lookt at Apollo, and laught.

Apollo : Unhurt, unaged ! Dionysus ! Thou !

Bacchus : Call me no more that name. All Bacchus now
I am, and have nor heavenly name nor nature.

Apollo : I am disguised to thee, Bacchus, I think.

Bacchus : I know you, cripple, easily as I know
That shrivelled rind yonder was Father Zeus.

Apollo : And thou hast mightier divinity !
Else that I take thee with the ashamed new sense
Of this incapable mortality.—
Didst thou desert us, knowing of our doom ?
Where hast thou been ? How art thou grown so radiant,
Escaping our destruction, thriving in it ?

Bacchus : You never understood me in Olympus.
Your ignorant bland friendship grew to me
More tiresome than a fawning fondling love
To one in whom love sickens. You courteous gods !—
What ailed me, siding with that mummy there ?—
Your serene feasts ! And I sitting among you
Parleying with your boasts of immortal reign ;
And this despair of yours chained murderous
In my dark heart, tugging to hunt you down
The slope of heaven to graves in the base earth.
Ay, bury your Zeus, else 'tis a god that stinks !

Apollo : How are you safe, when no Uranian god
But dies, or goes, like me, an idiot palsy ?

Bacchus : For that I am not, though once seated there,
A heavenly god ! And I have lodged among

The gods of hell, those cobwebs in your cellars,
Fine-spun wavering silk of the nether dirt,
And am not hellish either. Know you not,
Now you are doddering, how the vast dead world
Lives, as all death lives, as dead Zeus will live ?

Apollo : Will live ?

Bacchus : In maggots, if such withered stuff
Can rot at all. And as death lives in worms
And points of finer death-dissolving life,
The immense death of the world lives in gods,
Bred in it by decay of unity.
Like gentles with their potent little mouths
Softening stiffen'd death to the broth they need,
You gods workt in the carcase of the world
To melt its obstinate death, and made therein
Powers and laws and fluid obedience.
And quickened so, ye were the life of the world ;
But what comes out of death, death takes again.—
He winces ; and I taunt where I should teach.
I am too cruel : I will shift my likeness,
Making my lesson out of sleep, not death.
For one who sleeps hath in the midst of rest
Busy creation, dreams : they are himself,
His unknown person shaped to image known ;
The many unflagging toils whereby his flesh
Negotiates life, labouring of lungs
And piston-jet of blood and belly's seething—
The rumour of all this out of his body
Shakes in his slumbering brain, and its dull motion
There meets imagination's sleepless art ;

And into phantom event,—sound, hue, and figure—
Is forged familiar to his will's desire ;
And this is dream. Even so in the sleep of the world
Gods are dreams. The great imagining spirit,
That lives sealed fast within the drowzêd world,
Is always toucht by steady obscure turmoil
Out of its own surrounding nature thrilling
Confused and general—the slumbering world's
Labour of being hugely still itself ;
Like humming din that fills the masonry
Of a mill's inmost darkest room. And this,
The murmur of its own substantial life,
The spirit imagines into dream, the life
Of gods : and man is the sleeping spirit's brain,
Where it contrives the fictions of its will.
But there are dreams that shine and move in music
And after vanish ; and there is one dream
That always stays : and I, I am that dream.
For know me now at last !— What is the world
That sleeps so busily around the spirit,
Quickening its restless forgery of dream ?
It is the chance of a seeming-steady whorl
Of motion shaped on infinite pouring depths :
Rapture that is for ever not the world
Caught in a wavering spin, and gone for ever,
The whorl abiding, incessantly supplied
From the unending unbeginning stream.
I am the water of the eddying world :
In me the spirit hath dreamt the ceaseless rush
Of constant being swept through changing manners.

I am a god not apt for heaven and hell ;
 Measureless joy and measureless woe, I am
 The rapture that is not the world, for ever
 Narrowed into the world and thence escaping.
 But you, what dreams are you ? What prompts you gods
 That live so stately in your heaven and hell,
 Order'd delight and bounded grief ?— You are
 Naught but the shifty manner of this life,
 That shaping eddy which hath made a world
 In the abyss of the eternal water.

And who knows not that eddies slide and totter ?
 The dream of you—the formal round that keeps
 Created the unpurposed nameless passion—
 My uncontrollable dream with inroad strange
 Hath often shaken ; now it has burnt among you
 Withering you all at last. There is naught of you,
 There is naught but a new dream of me. How else ?
 The shape of the whorl has stirred and changed : the world
 Is no more what it was when you were dreamt
 Its images. But it is not my hurt,
 For I am always dreamt and to be dreamt.

Apollo : But there will be our like again : in gods
 The spirit will know again the shapely course
 And music of the measured world.

Bacchus : While you,
 Timorously haunting there, applaud !
 But not if, as I mean, I keep the spirit,
 Now I have all its sway, amazed in long
 Thrilling dream of incredible desire
 Forsaking still its momentary round

Of measure in the world, a god of hope
That anguishes for flight beyond all nature.
And let the new gods come. They cannot stay ;
I shall be in among them, and shall bid
Farewell to their fleeting heaven, when once again
The circling world shifts into some new shape.
Ay, even as now— Farewell, shall I say ?
Fare as ye may, dead god and dying god !

He spoke and laught again and was not there.
The glimmering room came back about them like
The blackness of a cavern ; and they stood still.
At last that old Apollo, without words,
Bade their blank minds be his. The woman washt
And dried the crumpled wreck of Zeus ; her son
Gathered it in the goatskin to his breast ;
And in the quiet night the three went out
To climb the Cretan mountain. " Haste ! Before
I see the sun, bring me and my business
To the last height of the peak " : so the god's thought
Workt in their minds and drove them. Misty dawn
Was known already by the crags, called forth
To watch each other in their lonely frosts
Enduring still, while all the bottom earth
They seemed to suffer for slept in its cloud.
These peasants and the god at length had climbed
The top of Crete ; and, like a common task,
To throw aside the loosen'd weather'd stones
The son bent down, scooping a shallow hole,
The grave of Zeus ; and there the panting woman
Laid in its package the Olympian corpse.

Apollo spoke to them across the grave.

Apollo: True is, I am cut off ; true what he said,
Bacchus refresht in splendour when we die down ;
For our occasion fails from under us.
The cliffs of the mountains in this cloudy light
Seem lifted free from their low ground, the earth
Now voided and annulled which bore them up
Like sublime faculties : in perfected height
Of patience and hard honour amid fate,
They seem, for their own ceaseless glee alone,
Left here in bright erect self-maintenance
Arduous. So may it not be with the gods,
Since with the gods, whatever seems is truth :
It was our glory ; now it is our death.
For now hath clouded change come in between
The earthly life and us ; our far-off ground
Seems blotted from beneath us, though it is there.
But 'tis enough that it so seem : we crumble,
We are left insupportable, ruining.
You look your last upon the broken gods.
Bacchus remains, I know not what new Bacchus
Guising his everlasting deity.
Will he content you ? Will you love for long
To serve him with a scorn of shapely law,
Of bounded measured life under the stars ?
At last will you not know his godhead is
The vengeance of the uncreated passion
On that which holds it in creation, you,
The living world ? And a delicate vengeance !
“ Deny the seeming beauty of the world,

Follow me out of seeming! " This is the cry.
How long before whatever seems become
Olympian truth again? How long shall be
The glory of your world reckon'd its shame?—
You minds that seize the rage of infinite force
And master it to seem desirable,
A firm and shining world, you take a god
Who turns your triumph to a meddling sin,
And holds you contrite for it! Ay, say it pours,
That formless race of being, pours through you
The real and eternal of your lives:
Have this sheer being for your god, you make
Worthless yourselves, worthless to be the world.
But all the measured fires that fill the sky
Rejoicing in their glittering certainty,
The times of earth, and waters in their rounds,
And your own shapely thought—all this that is
Seeming and mortal—this is your mastery!—
The seizure into boundaries of beauty
That overcomes the eternity in you.
Make this your god, and life is its own value.
Will you have life once more that loves itself?
Then of the world shaped into radiant seeming
In midst of flux, let there be Zeus again;
Yea, and another son of Zeus, a new
Apollo, god of the life that knows itself
Made of eternal being, but made with power
To shape the eternal into mortal world.

So prophesying was the end of him.
His wretched figure sunk to crooked kneeling;

His mouth gaped as he would be speaking still,
But only choked ; with jerks of throttling grip
He laid hold on his windpipe like self-murder ;
And then he bowed his head, and tumbled down
Beside that other. Quickly the peasants moved,
Released from him, but not yet from his fear,
To load his death, piling a cairn of boulders.

Back in their hut, son and mother no word
Had for each other a long while. At last
The woman, stirring about dinner, spoke :
“ Boy, you shall have your way. From to-day on
Let no one come to me for washing corpses.”

If I should take
Less thought of gentleness
For your dear sake
Than for the poignant labours that possess
My blood, then surely by so much were signed
My shame and loss in the world's recording mind.

If you should be
Jealous of my desire,
And, loving me,
Rebuke my patient hopes from your sweet fire,
Then would you take a lover to your bed
Abased with the pale submission of the dead.

Of old men wrought strange gods for mystery,
 Implored miraculous tokens in the skies,
And lips that most were strange in prophecy
 Were most accounted wise.

The hearthstone's commerce between mate and mate,
 Barren of wonder, prospered in content,
And still the hunger of their thought was great
 For sweet astonishment.

And so they built them altars of retreat
 Where life's familiar use was overthrown,
And left the shining world about their feet,
 To travel worlds unknown.

* * * *

We hunger still. But wonder has come down
 From alien skies upon the midst of us;
The sparkling hedgerow and the clamorous town
 Have grown miraculous.

And man from his far travelling returns
 To find yet stranger wisdom than he sought,
Where in the habit of his threshold burns
 Unfathomable thought.

Although beyond the track of unseen stars
Imagination strove in weariless might,
Yet loomed at last inviolable bars
That bound my farthest flight.

And when some plain old carol in the street
Quickened a shining angel in my brain,
I knew that even his passionate wings should beat
Upon those bars in vain.

And then I asked if God omnipotent
Himself was caught within the snare, or free,
And would the bars at his command relent,—
And none could answer me.

Beyond my window in the night
Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town
The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill
Across the cobbles moans and rings,
— There is about my window-sill
The tum ult of a thousand wings.

One told me in the stress of days
Of ease that memory should bring,
And so I feared my trodden ways
For snares against my labouring.

Lest I should spend my brain amiss
In wrath for bitterness gone by,
Or amorous for some old kiss,
I would not deal with memory.

Because one said—‘ In memory
Is half the health of your estate,’
I smote the dead years under me,
I smote, and cast them from my gate.

The Lord in the night of days
Of that that memory should bring
And all I loved my tender days
For ever in my heart I bring
That I should part my heart with
In which I have been born
Or should not part with memory
I would not part with memory
Because one time in memory
Is all the health of your estate
I would not part with memory
I would not part with memory

CRYPT HOUSE PRESS,
GLOUCESTER.