

**SELECTED**

**POEMS**

**OF**

**EZRA**

**POUND**



# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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**EZRA POUND**  
**SELECTED POEMS**

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## BIOGRAPHY

E.P.

Born, Hailey, Idaho, 30 Oct. 1885.

Educ. U. of Penn. and Hamilton. PhB. '05. M.A. '06.

Published. 1908. Venice; A Lume Spento.

1909, Mathews, London. Personae, Exultations.

Thereafter some 40 volumes, in London till 1920.

N. York 1920-'30.

1930 onwards, with Faber, London, and in U.S.

1918 began investigation of causes of war, to oppose same.

Lectured in the Università Bocconi, Milan, 1931, on Jefferson and Van Buren.

From 1932 continual polemic in two languages, moving from Social Credit to Gesellism.

Obtaining imprint in Italy of Social Credit and Gesellite doctrines, comparing them with Catholic canonist theory and local practice.

1939 first visit to U.S. since 1910 in endeavour to stave off war. D.Litt, honorary, from Hamilton.

1940 after continued opposition obtained permission to use Rome radio for personal propaganda in support of U.S. Constitution, continuing after America's official entry into the war only on condition that he should never be asked to say anything contrary to his conscience or contrary to his duties as an American Citizen. Which promise was faithfully observed by the Italian Government.

E.P. (1949)

## CINO

*Italian Campagna 1309, the open road*

Bah! I have sung women in three cities, But it is all the same;  
And I will sing of the sun.

Lips, words, and you snare them, Dreams, words, and they are as jewels,  
Strange spells of old deity, Ravens, nights, allurements: And they are not;  
Having become the souls of song.

Eyes, dreams, lips, and the night goes.

Being upon the road once more, They are not.

Forgetful in their towers of our tuneing Once for wind-runeing

They dream us-toward and

Sighing, say, "Would Cino, Passionate Cino, of the wrinkling eyes, Gay

Cino, of quick laughter, Cino, of the dare, the jibe.

Frail Cino, strongest of his tribe That tramp old ways beneath the sun-light,  
Would Cino of the Luth were here!"

Once, twice, a year— Vaguely thus word they:

"Cino?" "Oh, eh, Cino Polnesi The singer is't you mean?"

"Ah yes, passed once our way, A saucy fellow, but ...

(Oh they are all one these vagabonds), Peste! 'tis his own songs?

Or some other's that he sings?

But *you*, My Lord, how with your city?"

But you "My Lord," God's pity!

And all I knew were out, My Lord, you Were Lack-land Cino, e'en as I am,  
O Sinistro.

I have sung women in three cities.

But it is all one.



I will sing of the sun

... eh? ... they mostly had grey eyes, But it is all one, I will sing of the sun.

“Polio Phoibee, old tin pan, you Glory to Zeus’ aegis-day, Shield o’  
steel-blue, th’ heaven o’er us Hath for boss thy lustre gay!

’Pollo Phoibee, to our way-fare Make thy laugh our wander-ried; Bid  
thy ’fulgence bear away care.

Cloud and rain-tears pass they fleet!

Seeking e’er the new-laid rast-way To the gardens of the sun ...

.....

I have sung women in three cities But it is all one.

I will sing of the white birds In the blue waters of heaven, The clouds  
that are spray to its sea.”



gold.<sup>1</sup>

Or when the minstrel, tale half told, Shall burst to liting at the praise  
“Audiart, Audiart” ...

Bertrans, master of his lays, Bertrans of Aultaforte thy praise Sets forth, and  
though thou hate me well, Yea though thou wish me ill, Audiart,  
Audiart.

Thy loveliness is here writ till, Audiart,

Oh, till thou come again.<sup>2</sup>

And being bent and wrinkled, in a form That hath no perfect limning, when  
the warm Youth dew is cold

Upon thy hands, and thy old soul Scorning a new, wry’d casement.

Churlish at seemed misplacement, Finds the earth as bitter As now seems it  
sweet, Being so young and fair As then only in dreams, Being then  
young and wry’d, Broken of ancient pride, Thou shalt then soften,  
Knowing, I know not how, Thou wert once she

Audiart, Audiart

For whose fairness one forgave Audiart,

Audiart

Que be-m vols mal.

## **VILLONAUD FOR THIS YULE**

Towards the Noel that morte saison (*Christ make the shepherds' homage dear!*) Then when the grey wolves everychone Drink of the winds their chill small-beer And lap o' the snows food's gueredon Then makyth my heart his yule-tide cheer (Skoyal! with the dregs if the clear be gone!) Wining the ghosts of yester-year.

Ask ye what ghosts I dream upon?  
(*What of the magians' scented gear?*) The ghosts of dead loves everyone That make the stark winds reek with fear Lest love return with the foison sun And slay the memories that me cheer (Such as I drink to mine fashion) Wining the ghosts of yester-year.

Where are the joys my heart had won?  
(*Saturn and Mars to Zeus drawn near!*)<sup>3</sup>  
Where are the lips mine lay upon,  
Aye! where are the glances feat and clear That bade my heart his valour don?  
I skoal to the eyes as grey-blown mere (Who knows whose was that paragon?) Wining the ghosts of yester-year.

Prince: ask me not what I have done Nor what God hath that can me cheer  
But ye ask first where the winds be gone Wining the ghosts of yester-year.

## ***THE TREE***

I stood still and was a tree amid the wood, Knowing the truth of things  
unseen before; Of Daphne and the laurel bough  
And that god-feasting couple old That grew elm-oak amid the wold.  
'Twas not until the gods had been Kindly entreated, and been brought  
within Unto the hearth of their heart's home That they might do this  
wonder thing; Nathless I have been a tree amid the wood And many a  
new thing understood That was rank folly to my head before.

## **THE WHITE STAG**

I ha' seen them 'mid the clouds on the heather.

Lo! they pause not for love nor for sorrow, Yet their eyes are as the eyes of  
a maid to her lover, When the white hart breaks his cover And the white  
wind breaks the morn.

*"'Tis the white stag, Fame, we're a-hunting, Bid the world's hounds  
come to horn!"*

## **SESTINA: ALTAFORTE**

LOQUITUR: *En* Bertrams de Born. Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer up of strife. Eccovi! Judge ye! Have I dug him up again? The scene is at his castle, Altaforte. "Papiols" is his jongleur. "The Leopard," the *device* of Richard Cœur de Lion.

### **I**

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.  
You whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music!  
I have no life save when the swords clash.  
But ah! when I see the standards gold, vair, purple, opposing And the broad  
fields beneath them turn crimson, Then howl I my heart nigh mad with  
rejoicing.

### **II**

In hot summer have I great rejoicing  
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace, And the lightnings from black  
heav'n flash crimson, And the fierce thunders roar me their music And  
the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing, And through all the  
riven skies God's swords clash.

### **III**

Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!  
And the shrill neighs of destriers in battle rejoicing, Spiked breast to spiked  
breast opposing!  
Better one hour's stour than a year's peace With fat boards, bawds, wine  
and frail music!

Bah! there's no wine like the blood's crimson!

#### IV

And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.  
And I watch his spears through the dark clash And it fills all my heart with  
rejoicing And prides wide my mouth with fast music When I see him so  
scorn and defy peace, His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.

#### V

The man who fears war and squats opposing My words for stout, hath no  
blood of crimson But is fit only to rot in womanish peace Far from  
where worth's won and the swords clash For the death of such sluts I go  
rejoicing; Yea, I fill all the air with my music.

#### VI

Papiols, Papiols, to the music!  
There's no sound like to swords swords opposing, No cry like the battle's  
rejoicing  
When our elbows and swords drip the crimson And our charges 'gainst  
"The Leopard's" rush clash.  
May God damn for ever all who cry "Peace!"

#### VII

And let the music of the swords make them crimson!  
Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!  
Hell blot black for alway the thought "Peace!"



## ***BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE***

*Simon Zelotes speaking after the Crucifixion. Fere = Mate, Companion.*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all For the priests and the gallows tree?  
Aye lover he was of brawny men, O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man His smile was good to see,  
"First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere, "Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears And the scorn of his  
laugh rang free, "Why took ye not me when I walked about Alone in the  
town?" says he.

Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine When we last made company,  
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free, That  
they took the high and holy house For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book I think Though they write it cunningly; No  
mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere They are fools to the last  
degree.

"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere, "Though I go to the gallows  
tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind, And wake the dead," says he,  
"Ye shall see one thing to master all: 'Tis how a brave man dies on the  
tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere That bade us his brothers be.  
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.

I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails And the blood gushed hot and free,  
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men On the hills o' Galilee,  
They whined as he walked out calm between, Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea,  
Like the sea that brooks no voyaging With the winds unleashed and free,  
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret Wi' twey words spoke' suddently.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere, A mate of the wind and sea,  
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

## **PLANH FOR THE YOUNG ENGLISH KING**

*That is, Prince Henry Plantagenet, elder brother to Richard Cœur de Lion.*

If all the grief and woe and bitterness, All dolour, ill and every evil chance  
That ever came upon this grieving world  
Were set together they would seem but light Against the death of the young  
English King.  
Worth lieth riven and Youth dolorous,  
The world o'ershadowed, soiled and overcast, Void of all joy and full of ire  
and sadness.

Grieving and sad and full of bitterness Are left in teen the liegemen  
courteous, The joglars supple and the troubadours.  
O'er much hath ta'en Sir Death that deadly warrior In taking from them the  
young English King, Who made the freest hand seem covetous.  
'Las! Never was nor will be in this world The balance for his loss in ire and  
sadness!

O skillful Death and full of bitterness, Well mayst thou boast that thou the  
best chevalier That any folk e'er had, hast from us taken; Sith nothing is  
that unto worth pertaineth But had its life in the young English King  
And better were it, should God grant his pleasure, That he should live  
than many a living dastard That doth but wound the good to ire and  
sadness.

From this faint world, how full of bitterness Love takes his way and holds  
his joy deceitful, Sith no thing is but turneth unto anguish And each to-  
day 'vails less than yestere'en, Let each man visage this young English  
King That was most valiant 'mid all worthiest men!  
Gone is his body fine and amorous,  
Whence have we grief, discord and deepest sadness.

Him, whom it pleased for our great bitterness To come to earth to draw us  
from misventure, Who drank of death for our salvacioun,  
Him do we pray as to a Lord most righteous And humble eke, that the  
young English King He please to pardon, as true pardon is,  
And bid go in with honourèd companions  
There where there is no grief, nor shall be sadness.

*From the Provençal of Bertrams de Born "Si tuit li dolh elh plor elh  
marrimen."*

## **“BLANDULA, TENELLA, VAGULA”**

What hast thou, O my soul, with paradise?

Will we not rather, when our freedom's won, Get us to some clear place  
wherein the sun Lets drift in on us through the olive leaves A liquid  
glory? If at Sirmio,

My soul, I meet thee, when this life's outrun, Will we not find some  
headland consecrated By aery apostles of terrene delight, Will not our  
cult be founded on the waves, Clear sapphire, cobalt, cyanine,

On triune azures, the impalpable  
Mirrors unstill of the eternal change?

Soul, if She meet us there, will any rumour Of havens more high and courts  
desirable Lure us beyond the cloudy peak of Riva?

## ***ERAT HORA***

“Thank you, whatever comes.” And then she turned  
And, as the ray of sun  
on hanging flowers  
Fades when the wind hath lifted them aside,  
Went  
swiftly from me. Nay, whatever comes  
One hour was sunlit and the  
most high gods  
May not make boast of any better thing  
Than to have watched that hour as it passed.

## ***THE HOUSE OF SPLENDOUR***

'Tis Evanoë's,  
A house not made with hands,  
But out somewhere beyond the worldly ways Her gold is spread, above,  
    around, inwoven; Strange ways and walls are fashioned out of it.

And I have seen my Lady in the sun, Her hair was spread about, a sheaf of  
wings, And red the sunlight was, behind it all.

And I have seen her there within her house, With six great sapphires hung  
along the wall, Low, panel-shaped, a-level with her knees, And all her  
robe was woven of pale gold.

There are there many rooms and all of gold, Of woven walls deep patterned,  
of email, Of beaten work; and through the claret stone, Set to some  
weaving, comes the aureate light.

Here am I come perforce my love of her, Behold mine adoration  
Maketh me clear, and there are powers in this Which, played on by the  
virtues of her soul, Break down the four-square walls of standing time.

## **THE TOMB AT AKR ÇAAR**

“I am thy soul, Nikoptis. I have watched These five millenia, and thy dead  
eyes Moved not, nor ever answer my desire, And thy light limbs,  
wherethrough I leapt aflame, Burn not with me nor any saffron thing.

See, the light grass sprang up to pillow thee, And kissed thee with a myriad  
grassy tongues; But not thou me.

I have read out the gold upon the wall, And wearied out my thought upon  
the signs.

And there is no new thing in all this place.

I have been kind. See, I have left the jars sealed, Lest thou shouldst wake  
and whimper for thy wine.

And all thy robes I have kept smooth on thee.

O thou unmindful! How should I forget!

—Even the river many days ago,

The river? thou wast over young.

And three souls came upon Thee— And I came.

And I flowed in upon thee, beat them off; I have been intimate with thee,  
known thy ways.

Have I not touched thy palms and finger-tips, Flowed in, and through thee  
and about thy heels?

How ‘came I in’? Was I not thee and Thee?

And no sun comes to rest me in this place, And I am torn against the jagged  
dark, And no light beats upon me, and you say No word, day after day.

Oh! I could get me out, despite the marks And all their crafty work upon the  
door, Out through the glass-green fields....

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet it is quiet here:



I do not go.”

## ***PORTRAIT D'UNE FEMME***

Your mind and you are our Sargasso Sea, London has swept about you this  
score years And bright ships left you this or that in fee: Ideas, old  
gossip, oddments of all things, Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed  
wares of price.

Great minds have sought you—lacking someone else.

You have been second always. Tragical?

No. You preferred it to the usual thing: One dull man, dulling and uxorious,  
One average mind—with one thought less, each year.

Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit Hours, where something might have  
floated up.

And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.

You are a person of some interest, one comes to you And takes strange gain  
away:

Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion; Fact that leads nowhere; and a  
tale or two, Pregnant with mandrakes, or with something else That  
might prove useful and yet never proves, That never fits a corner or  
shows use,

Or finds its hour upon the loom of days: The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful  
old work; Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,

These are your riches, your great store; and yet For all this sea-board of  
deciduous things, Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff: In  
the slow float of different light and deep, No! there is nothing! In the  
whole and all, Nothing that's quite your own.

Yet this is you.

## ***AN OBJECT***

This thing, that hath a code and not a core,  
Hath set acquaintance where might be affections,  
And nothing now

Disturbeth his reflections.

## **THE SEAFARER**

*From the Anglo-Saxon*

May I, for my own self, song's truth reckon, Journey's jargon, how I in  
harsh days Hardship endured oft.  
Bitter breast-cares have I abided,  
Known on my keel many a care's hold, And dire sea-surge, and there I oft  
spent Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head While she tossed close to  
cliffs. Coldly afflicted.  
My feet were by frost benumbed.  
Chill its chains are; chafing sighs Hew my heart round and hunger begot  
Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not  
That he on dry land loveliest liveth, List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold  
sea, Weathered the winter, wretched outcast Deprived of my kinsmen;  
Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew, There I heard naught save  
the harsh sea And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan cries, Did for my  
games the gannet's clamour, Sea-fowls' loudness was for me laughter,  
The mews' singing all my mead-drink.  
Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern In icy feathers; full oft  
the eagle screamed With spray on his pinion.  
Not any protector  
May make merry man faring needy.  
This he little believes, who aye in winsome life Abides 'mid burghers some  
heavy business, Wealthy and wine-flushed, how I weary oft Must bide  
above brine.  
Neareth nightshade, snoweth from north, Frost froze the land, hail fell on  
earth then, Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now The heart's  
thought that I on high streams The salt-wavy tumult traverse alone.  
Moaneth always my mind's lust  
That I fare forth, that I afar hence Seek out a foreign fastness.  
For this there's no mood-lofty man over earth's midst, Not though he be  
given his good, but will have in his youth greed; Nor his deed to the

daring, nor his king to the faithful But shall have his sorrow for sea-fare  
Whatever his lord will.  
He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having Nor winsomeness to wife,  
nor world's delight Nor any whit else save the wave's slash, Yet longing  
comes upon him to fare forth on the water.  
Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries, Fields to fairness, land  
fares brisker, All this admonisheth man eager of mood, The heart turns  
to travel so that he then thinks On flood-ways to be far departing.  
Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,  
He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow, The bitter heart's blood. Burgher  
knows not— He the prosperous man—what some perform Where  
wandering them widest draweth.  
So that but now my heart burst from my breastlock, My mood 'mid the  
mere-flood,  
Over the whale's acre, would wander wide.  
On earth's shelter cometh oft to me, Eager and ready, the crying lone-flyer,  
Whets for the whale-path the heart irresistibly, O'er tracks of ocean;  
seeing that anyhow My lord deems to me this dead life  
On loan and on land, I believe not  
That any earth-weal eternal standeth Save there be somewhat calamitous  
That, ere a man's tide go, turn it to twain.  
Disease or oldness or sword-hate  
Beats out the breath from doom-gripped body.  
And for this, every earl whatever, for those speaking after— Laud of the  
living, boasteth some last word, That he will work ere he pass onward,  
Frame on the fair earth 'gainst foes his malice, Daring ado, ...  
So that all men shall honour him after And his laud beyond them remain  
'mid the English, Aye, for ever, a lasting life's-blast, Delight 'mid the  
doughty.  
Days little durable,  
And all arrogance of earthen riches, There come now no kings nor Cæsars  
Nor gold-giving lords like those gone.  
Howe'er in mirth most magnified,  
Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest, Drear all this excellence, delights  
undurable!  
Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth.

Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low.

Earthly glory ageth and seareth.

No man at all going the earth's gait, But age fares against him, his face  
paleth, Grey-haired he groan, knows gone companions, Lordly men, are  
to earth o'ergiven, Nor may he then the flesh-cover, whose life ceaseth,  
Nor eat the sweet nor feel the sorry, Nor stir hand nor think in mid heart,  
And though he strew the grave with gold, His born brothers, their buried  
bodies Be an unlikely treasure hoard.

## *Δώρα*

Be in me as the eternal moods of the bleak wind, and not As transient things  
are— gaiety of flowers.  
Have me in the strong loneliness of sunless cliffs And of grey waters.  
Let the gods speak softly of us In days hereafter, The shadowy  
flowers of Orcus Remember thee.

## ***APPARUIT***

Golden rose the house, in the portal I saw thee, a marvel, carven in subtle  
stuff, a portent. Life died down in the lamp and flickered, caught at the  
wonder.

Crimson, frosty with dew, the roses bend where thou afar, moving in the  
glamorous sun, drinkst in life of earth, of the air, the tissue golden about  
thee.

Green the ways, the breath of the fields is thine there, open lies the land, yet  
the steely going darkly hast thou dared and the dreaded ather parted  
before thee.

Swift at courage thou in the shell of gold, casting a-loose the cloak of the  
body, earnest  
straight, then shone thine oriel and the stunned light faded about thee.

Half the carven shoulder, the throat aflash with strands of light inwoven  
about it, loveliest of all things, frail alabaster, ah me!  
swift in departing.

Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect, gone as wind! The cloth of the  
magical hands!

Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning dar'dst to assume this?



## ***A VIRGINAL***

No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.

I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness, For my surrounding air  
hath a new lightness; Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me  
straitly And left me cloaked as with a gauze of æther; As with sweet  
leaves; as with subtle clearness.

Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness

To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her.

No, no! Go from me. I have still the flavour, Soft as spring wind that's  
come from birchen bowers.

Green come the shoots, aye April in the branches, As winter's wound with  
her sleight hand she staunches, Hath of the trees a likeness of the  
savour:

As white their bark, so white this lady's hours.

## ***OF JACOPO DEL SELLAIO***

This man knew out the secret ways of love, No man could paint such things  
who did not know.

And now she's gone, who was his Cyprian, And you are here, who are "The  
Isles" to me.

And here's the thing that lasts the whole thing out: The eyes of this dead  
lady speak to me.

## ***THE RETURN***

See, they return; ah, see the tentative Movements, and the slow feet, The  
trouble in the pace and the uncertain Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one, With fear, as half-awakened; As if the  
snow should hesitate And murmur in the wind, and half turn back;  
These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"  
Inviolable,

Gods of the wingèd shoe!  
With them the silver hounds, sniffing the trace of air!

Haie! Haie!  
These were the swift to harry; These the keen-scented; These were  
the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,  
pallid the leash-men!

## **TENZONE**

Will people accept them?

(i.e. these songs).

As a timorous wench from a centaur (or a centurion),

Already they flee, howling in terror.

Will they be touched with the verisimilitudes?

Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.

I beg you, my friendly critics, Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags; the hidden recesses

Have heard the echo of my heels, in the cool light,

in the darkness.

## ***THE GARRET***

Come, let us pity those who are better off than we are.  
Come, my friend, and remember that the rich have butlers and no friends,  
    And we have friends and no butlers.  
Come, let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet like a gilded Pavlova,  
And I am near my desire.  
Nor has life in it aught better Than this hour of clear coolness, the hour of  
    waking together.

## **THE GARDEN**

*En robe de parade.*

Samain

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall She walks by the railing of a  
path in Kensington Gardens, And she is dying piece-meal  
of a sort of emotional anæmia.

And round about there is a rabble Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of  
the very poor.  
They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.  
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.  
She would like some one to speak to her, And is almost afraid that I  
will commit that indiscretion.

## ***SALUTATION***

O generation of the thoroughly smug and thoroughly uncomfortable, I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun, I have seen them with untidy families, I have seen their smiles full of teeth and heard ungainly laughter.

And I am happier than you are, And they were happier than I am; And the fish swim in the lake and do not even own clothing.

## **THE SPRING**

Ἡμεῖς μὲν αἶ τε κιδωνίαι—lbycus

Cydonian Spring with her attendant train, Maelids and water-girls, Stepping  
beneath a boisterous wind from Thrace, Throughout this sylvan place  
Spreads the bright tips, And every vine-stock is  
Clad in new brilliancies.

And wild desire

Falls like black lightning.

O bewildered heart,

Though every branch have back what last year lost, She, who moved here  
amid the cyclamen, Moves only now a clinging tenuous ghost.



## ***A PACT***

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman— I have detested you long enough.  
I come to you as a grown child Who has had a pig-headed father; I am old  
enough now to make friends.  
It was you that broke the new wood, Now is a time for carving.  
We have one sap and one root— Let there be commerce between us.

## ***DANCE FIGURE***

*For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee*

Dark eyed,  
O woman of my dreams,  
Ivory sandaled,  
There is none like thee among the dancers, None with swift feet.

I have not found thee in the tents, In the broken darkness.  
I have not found thee at the well-head Among the women with pitchers.

Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark; Thy face as a river with  
lights.

White as an almond are thy shoulders; As new almonds stripped from the  
husk.  
They guard thee not with eunuchs; Not with bars of copper.

Gilt turquoise and silver are in the place of thy rest.  
A brown robe, with threads of gold woven in patterns, hast thou gathered  
about thee, O Nathat-Ikanaie, "Tree-at-the-river."

As a rillet among the sedge are thy hands upon me; Thy fingers a frosted  
stream.

Thy maidens are white like pebbles; Their music about thee!

There is none like thee among the dancers; None with swift feet.

## **APRIL**

*Nympharum membra disjecta*

Three spirits came to me  
And drew me apart  
To where the olive boughs  
Lay stripped upon the ground:  
Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

## ***THE REST***

O helpless few in my country, O remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her, A-stray, lost in the villages, Mistrusted, spoken-  
against, Lovers of beauty, starved, Thwarted with systems, Helpless  
against the control; You who can not wear yourselves out By persisting  
to successes, You who can only speak.

Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration; You of the finer sense,  
Broken against false knowledge, You who can know at first hand,  
Hated, shut in, mistrusted: Take thought:

I have weathered the storm, I have beaten out my exile.

## ***LES MILLWIN***

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.  
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins  
Were seen lying along  
the upper seats Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students—  
The rigorous  
deputation from “Slade”—  
Was before them.

With arms exalted, with fore-arms  
Crossed in great futuristic X’s, the art students  
Exulted, they beheld the  
splendours of *Cleopatra*.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;  
With their large and ansæmic  
eyes they looked out upon this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact,  
For it seems to us worthy of record.

## ***A SONG OF THE DEGREES***

### **I**

Rest me with Chinese colours, For I think the glass is evil.

### **II**

The wind moves above the wheat— With a silver crashing,  
A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc, I have seen it melting above me.  
I have known the stone-bright place, The hall of clear colours.

### **III**

O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colours!  
O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive, Why am I warned? Why  
am I sent away?  
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?  
O glass subtle and cunning, O powdery gold!  
O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

## *ITÉ*

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,  
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.  
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light  
And take your wounds from it gladly.

## **SALVATIONISTS**

### **I**

Come, my songs, let us speak of perfection— We shall get ourselves rather  
disliked.

### **II**

Ah yes, my songs, let us resurrect The very excellent term *Rusticus*.  
Let us apply it in all its opprobrium To those to whom it applies.  
And you may decline to make them immortal, For we shall consider them  
and their state In delicate  
Opulent silence.

### **III**

Come, my songs,  
Let us take arms against this sea of stupidities— Beginning with  
Mumpodorus; And against this sea of vulgarities— Beginning with  
Nimmim;  
And against this sea of imbeciles— Ail the Bulmenian literati.



## ***ARIDES***

The bashful Arides

Has married an ugly wife, He was bored with his manner of life, Indifferent  
and discouraged he thought he might as Well do this as anything else.

Saying within his heart, "I am no use to myself, "Let her, if she wants me,  
take me."

He went to his doom.

## AMITIES

*Old friends the most.*—W. B. Y.

### I

*To one, on returning certain years after.*

You wore the same quite correct clothing, You took no pleasure at all in my triumphs, You had the same old air of condescension Mingled with a curious fear

That I, myself, might have enjoyed them.

*Te Voilà, mon Bourrienne*, you also shall be immortal.

### II

*To another.*

And we say good-bye to you also,  
For you seem never to have discovered That your relationship is wholly parasitic; Yet to our feasts you bring neither Wit, nor good spirits, nor the pleasing attitudes Of discipleship.

### III

But you, *bos amic*, we keep on, For to you we owe a real debt:  
In spite of your obvious flaws,  
You once discovered a moderate chop-house.

## ***MEDITATIO***

When I carefully consider the curious habits of dogs  
I am compelled to conclude  
That man is the superior animal.

When I consider the curious habits of man  
I confess, my friend, I am puzzled.

## ***CODA***

O My songs,

Why do you look so eagerly and so curiously into people's faces,

Will you find your lost dead among them?

## ***THE COMING OF WAR: ACT AEON***

An image of Lethe, and the fields Full of faint light but golden,  
Gray cliffs,

and beneath them A sea

Harsher than granite, unstill, never ceasing; High forms

with the movement of gods, Perilous aspect; And one said: "This is  
Actaeon."

Actaeon of golden greaves!

Over fair meadows, Over the cool face of that field, Unstill, ever moving  
Hosts of an ancient people, The silent cortège.

***IN A STATION OF THE METRO***

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough.



## ***COITUS***

The gilded phaloi of the crocuses are thrusting at the spring air.  
Here is there naught of dead gods But a procession of festival, A  
    procession, O Giulio Romano, Fit for your spirit to dwell in.  
Dione, your nights are upon us.

The dew is upon the leaf.  
The night about us is restless.



## ***THE ENCOUNTER***

All the while they were talking the new morality  
Her eyes explored me.  
And when I arose to go  
Her fingers were like the tissue  
Of a Japanese paper napkin.

## 'ΙΜΈΡΡΩ

Thy soul  
Grown delicate with satieties,  
Atthis.  
O Atthis,  
I long for thy lips.  
I long for thy narrow breasts,  
Thou restless, ungathered.

## ***TAME CAT***

“It rests me to be among beautiful women.  
Why should one always lie about such matters?  
I repeat:

It rests me to converse with beautiful women,  
Even though we talk nothing but nonsense,

The purring of the invisible antennæ  
Is both stimulating and delightful.”

## ***THE TEA SHOP***

The girl in the tea shop

Is not so beautiful as she was, The August has worn against her.  
She does not get up the stairs so eagerly; Yes, she also will turn middle-  
aged, And the glow of youth that she spread about us As she brought us  
our muffins Will be spread about us no longer.

She also will turn middle-aged.

## ***ANCIENT MUSIC***

Winter is icummen in, Lhude sing Goddamm,  
Raineth drop and staineth slop, And how the wind doth ramm!

Sing: Goddamm.

Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us, An ague hath my ham.

Freezeth river, turneth liver, Damn you, sing: Goddamm.

Goddamm, Goddamm, 'tis why I am, Goddamm, So 'gainst the winter's  
balm.

Sing goddamm, damm, sing Goddamm.

Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, DAMM.

NOTE: This is not folk music, but Dr. Ker writes that the tune is to be found under the Latin words of a very ancient canon.

## ***THE LAKE ISLE***

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves, Give me in due time, I  
beseech you, a little tobacco-shop, With the little bright boxes  
piled up neatly upon the shelves And the loose fragrant  
cavendish and the shag,

And the bright Virginia  
loose under the bright glass cases, And a pair of scales not too  
greasy, And the whores dropping in for a word or two in  
passing, For a flip word, and to tidy their hair a bit.

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves, Lend me a little tobacco-  
shop,  
or install me in any profession Save this damn'd profession of  
writing, where one needs one's brains all the time.

## ***EPITAPHS***

Fu I

Fu I loved the high cloud and the hill,  
Alas, he died of alcohol.

Li Po

And Li Po also died drunk.  
He tried to embrace a moon  
In the Yellow River.

## VILLANELLE: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL HOUR

I had over-prepared the event, that much was ominous.  
With middle-ageing care  
                  I had laid out just the right books.  
I had almost turned down the pages.

*Beauty is so rare a thing.  
So few drink of my fountain.*

So much barren regret,  
So many hours wasted!  
And now I watch, from the window, the rain, the wandering busses.

“Their little cosmos is shaken”— the air is alive with that fact.  
In their parts of the city  
                  they are played on by diverse forces.

How do I know?

                  Oh, I know well enough.

For them there is something afoot.

                  As for me;

I had over-prepared the event— *Beauty is so rare a thing.  
So few drink of my fountain.*

Two friends: a breath of the forest ...  
Friends? Are people less friends because one has just, at last, found them?  
Twice they promised to come.

                  “*Between the night and morning?*”

*Beauty would drink of my mind.*

Youth would awhile forget

                  my youth is gone from me.



## II

("Speak up! You have danced so stiffly?  
Someone admired your works, And said so frankly.

"Did you talk like a fool, The first night?  
The second evening?"

*"But they promised again: 'To-morrow at tea-time.'"*)

## III

Now the third day is here— no word from either;  
No word from her nor him,  
Only another man's note:

"Dear Pound, I am leaving England."

***PAGANI'S, NOVEMBER 8***

Suddenly discovering in the eyes of the very beautiful  
Normande cocotte  
The eyes of the very learned British Museum assistant.

## **ALBA**

*from "Langue d'Oc"*

When the nightingale to his mate  
Sings day-long and night late  
My love and I keep state  
In bower,  
In flower,  
'Till the watchman on the tower  
Cry:

    "Up! Thou rascal, Rise,  
    I see the white  
        Light  
    And the night  
        Flies."

## **NEAR PERIGORD**

*A Perigord pres del muralh*

*Tan que i puosch' om gitar ab malh.*

You'd have men's hearts up from the dust And tell their secrets, Messire  
Cino, Right enough? Then read between the lines of Uc St. Circ, Solve  
me the riddle, for you know the tale.

Bertrons, En Bertrons, left a fine canzone: "Maent, I love you, you have  
turned me out.

The voice at Montfort, Lady Agnes' hair, Bel Miral's stature, the  
viscountess' throat, Set all together, are not worthy of you...."

And all the while you sing out that canzone, Think you that Maent lived at  
Montaignac, One at Chalais, another at Malemort  
Hard over Brive—for every lady a castle, Each place strong.

Oh, is it easy enough?

Tairiran held hall in Montagnac,

His brother-in-law was all there was of power In Perigord, and this good  
union

Gobbled all the land, and held it later for some hundred years.

And our En Bertrons was in Altafort, Hub of the wheel, the stirrer-up of  
strife, As caught by Dante in the last wallow of hell— The headless  
trunk "that made its head a lamp,"

For separation wrought out separation, And he who set the strife between  
brother and brother And had his way with the old English king, Viced in  
such torture for the "counterpass."

How would you live, with neighbours set about you— Poitiers and Brive,  
untaken Rochecouart, Spread like the finger-tips of one frail hand; And  
you on that great mountain of a palm— Not a neat ledge, not Foix  
between its streams, But one huge back half-covered up with pine,  
Worked for and snatched from the string-purse of Born— The four

round towers, four brothers—mostly fools: What could he do but play  
the desperate chess, And stir old grudges?

“Pawn your castles, lords!

Let the Jews pay.”

And the great scene—

(That, maybe, never happened!)

Beaten at last,

Before the hard old king:

“Your son, ah, since he died

“My wit and worth are cobwebs brushed aside “In the full flare of grief. Do  
what you will.”

Take the whole man, and ravel out the story.

He loved this lady in castle Montagnac?

The castle flanked him—he had need of it.

You read to-day, how long the overlords of Perigord, The Talleyrand, have  
held the place; it was no transient fiction And Maent failed him? Or saw  
through the scheme?

And all his net-like thought of new alliance?

Chalais is high, a-level with the poplars.

Its lowest stones just meet the valley tips Where the low Dronne is filled  
with water-lilies.

And Rochecouart can match it, stronger yet, The very spur’s end, built on  
sheerest cliff, And Malemort keeps its close hold on Brive, While Born,  
his own close purse, his rabbit warren, His subterranean chamber with a  
dozen doors, A-bristle with antennae to feel roads, To sniff the traffic  
into Perigord.

And that hard phalanx, that unbroken line, The ten good miles from there to  
Maent’s castle, All of his flank—how could he do without her?

And all the road to Cahors, to Toulouse?

What would he do without her?

“Papiol,

Go forthright singing—Anhes, Cembelins.

There is a throat; ah, there are two white hands; There is a trellis full of  
early roses, And all my heart is bound about with love.  
Where am I come with compound flatteries— What doors are open to fine  
compliment?"

And every one half jealous of Maent?

He wrote the catch to pit their jealousies Against her; give her pride in  
them?

Take his own speech, make what you will of it— And still the knot, the first  
knot, of Maent?

Is it a love poem? Did he sing of war?

Is it an intrigue to run subtly out, Born of a jongleur's tongue, freely to pass  
Up and about and in and out the land, Mark him a craftsman and a  
strategist?

(St. Leider had done as much as Polhonac, Singing a different stave, as  
closely hidden.) Oh, there is precedent, legal tradition, To sing one thing  
when your song means another, "*Et albirar ab lor bordon—*"

Foix' count knew that. What is Sir Bertrams' singing?

Maent, Maent, and yet again Maent,

Or war and broken heaumes and politics?

## II

End fact. Try fiction. Let us say we see En Bertrams, a tower-room at  
Hautefort, Sunset, the ribbon-like road lies, in red cross-light,  
Southward toward Montaignac, and he bends at a table Scribbling,  
swearing between his teeth; by his left hand Lie little strips of  
parchment covered over, Scratched and erased with *al* and *ochaisos*.  
Testing his list of rhymes, a lean man? Bilious?  
With a red straggling beard?  
And the green cat's-eye lifts toward Montaignac.

Or take his "magnet" singer setting out, Dodging his way past  
Aubeterre, singing at Chalais In the vaulted hall,

Or, by a lichened tree at Rochecouart Aimlessly watching a hawk above the valleys, Waiting his turn in the mid-summer evening, Thinking of Aelis, whom he loved heart and soul ...

To find her half alone, Montfort away, And a brown, placid, hated woman visiting her, Spoiling his visit, with a year before the next one.

Little enough?

Or carry him forward. "Go through all the courts, My Magnet," Bertrams had said.

We came to Ventadour

In the mid love court, he sings out the canzon, No one hears save Arrimon  
Luc D'Esparo— No one hears aught save the gracious sound of compliments  
Sir Arrimon counts on his fingers, Montfort, Rochecouart, Chalais, the rest, the tactic, Malemort, guesses beneath, sends word to Cœur-de-Lion: The compact, de Born smoked out, trees felled About his castle, cattle driven out!

Or no one sees it, and En Bertrams prospered?

And ten years after, or twenty, as you will, Arnaut and Richard lodge beneath Chalus: The dull round towers encroaching on the field, The tents tight drawn, horses at tether Further and out of reach, the purple night, The crackling of small fires, the bannerets, The lazy leopards on the largest banner, Stray gleams on hanging mail, an armourer's torch-flare Melting on steel.

And in the quietest space

They probe old scandals, say de Born is dead; And we've the gossip (skipped six hundred years).

Richard shall die to-morrow—leave him there Talking of *trobar clus* with Daniel.

And the "best craftsman" sings out his friend's song, Envy's its vigour ... and deplores the technique, Dispraises his own skill?—That's as you will.

And they discuss the dead man.

Plantagenet puts the riddle: "Did he love her?"

And Arnaut parries: "Did he love your sister?"

True, he has praised her, but in some opinion He wrote that praise only to  
show he had The favour of your party; had been well received."

"You knew the man."

*"You knew the man."*

"I am an artist, you have tried both métiers."

"You were born near him."

"Do we know our friends?"

"Say that he saw the castles, say that he loved Maent!"

"Say that he loved her, does it solve the riddle?"

End the discussion, Richard goes out next day And gets a quarrel-bolt  
shot through his vizard, Pardons the bowman, dies,

Ends our discussion. Arnaut ends

"In sacred odour"—(that's apocryphal!) And we can leave the talk till

Dante writes: *Surely I saw, and still before my eyes*

*Goes on that headless trunk, that bears for light*

*Its own head swinging, gripped by the dead hair, And like a swinging lamp  
that says, "Ah me!*

*I severed men, my head and heart*

*Ye see here severed, my life's counterpart."*

Or take En Bertrans?

### III

*Ed eran due in uno, ed uno in due;*  
Inferno, XXVIII, 125

Bewildering spring, and by the Auvezere Poppies and day's eyes in the  
green émail Rose over us; and we knew all that stream, And our two  
horses had traced out the valleys; Knew the low flooded lands squared  
out with poplars, In the young days when the deep sky befriended.

And great wings beat above us in the twilight, And the great wheels  
in heaven

Bore us together ... surging ... and apart ...



Believing we should meet with lips and hands, High, high and sure ... and  
then the counterthrust: 'Why do you love me? Will you always love  
me?

But I am like the grass, I can not love you.'

Or, 'Love, and I love and love you,

And hate your mind, not *you*, your soul, your hands.'

So to this last estrangement, Tairiran!

There shut up in his castle, Tairiran's, She who had nor ears nor  
tongue save in her hands, Gone—ah, gone—untouched,  
unreachable!

She who could never live save through one person, She who could never  
speak save to one person, And all the rest of her a shifting change, A  
broken bundle of mirrors ...!

## **SONG OF THE BOWMEN OF SHU**

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots And saying: When shall we get  
back to our country?

Here we are because we have the Ken-in for our foemen, We have no  
comfort because of these Mongols.

We grub the soft fern-shoots,

When anyone says "Return," the others are full of sorrow.

Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.

Our defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return.

We grub the old fern-stalks.

We say: Will we be let to go back in October?

There is no ease in royal affairs, we have no comfort.

Our sorrow is bitter, but we would not return to our country.

What flower has come into blossom?

Whose chariot? The General's.

Horses, his horses even, are tired. They were strong.

We have no rest, three battles a month.

By heaven, his horses are tired.

The generals are on them, the soldiers are by them.

The horses are well trained, the generals have ivory arrows and quivers  
ornamented with fish-skin.

The enemy is swift, we must be careful.

When we set out, the willows were drooping with spring, We come back in  
the snow,

We go slowly, we are hungry and thirsty, Our mind is full of sorrow, who  
will know of our grief?

*Shih-ching (Odes), 127*

## ***THE BEAUTIFUL TOILET***

Blue, blue is the grass about the river And the willows have overfilled the  
close garden.  
And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her youth, White, white of face,  
hesitates, passing the door.  
Slender, she puts forth a slender hand; And she was a courtesan in the old  
days, And she has married a sot,  
Who now goes drunkenly out  
And leaves her too much alone.

*Attributed to Mei Shêng, 140 B.C.*

## **THE RIVER SONG**

This boat is of satō-wood, and its gunwhales are cut magnolia, Musicians  
with jewelled flutes and with pipes of gold Fill full the sides in rows,  
and our wine Is rich for a thousand cups.

We carry singing girls, drift with the drifting water, Yet Sennin needs  
A yellow stork for a charger, and all our seamen Would follow the white  
gulls or ride them.

Kutsu's prose song  
Hangs with the sun and moon.

King So's terraced palace  
is now but barren hill,  
But I draw pen on this barge  
Causing the five peaks to tremble,  
And I have joy in these words  
like the joy of blue islands.

(If glory could last forever

Then the waters of Han would flow northward.) \* \* \* \*

And I have moped in the Emperor's garden, awaiting an order to-write!

I looked at the dragon-pond, with its willow-coloured water Just reflecting  
the sky's tinge,

And heard the five-score nightingales aimlessly singing.

The eastern wind brings the green colour into the island grasses at Ei-shū,  
The purple house and the crimson are full of Spring softness.

South of the pond the willow-tips are half-blue and bluer, Their cords tangle  
in mist, against the brocade-like palace.

Vine-strings a hundred feet long hang down from carved railings, And high  
over the willows, the fine birds sing to each other, and listen.

Crying—"Ken-Kwan," for the early wind, and the feel of it.

The wind bundles itself into a bluish cloud and wanders off Over a thousand  
gates, over a thousand doors are the sounds of spring singing, And the

Emperor is at Kō.

Five clouds hang aloft, bright on the purple sky, The imperial guards come  
forth from the golden house with their armour a-gleaming.

The Emperor in his jewelled car goes out to inspect his flowers, He goes out  
to Hōrai, to look at the wing-flapping storks, He returns by way of Shi  
rock, to hear the new nightingales, For the gardens at Jō-rin are full of  
new nightingales, Their sound is mixed in this flute,

Their voice is in the twelve pipes here.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po), 8th century A.D.*

## **THE RIVER-MERCHANT'S WIFE: A LETTER**

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead I played about the  
front gate, pulling flowers You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,  
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.  
And we went on living in the village of Chōkan: Two small people, without  
dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.  
I never laughed, being bashful.  
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall, Called to, a thousand times, I never  
looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,  
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours Forever and forever and forever.  
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed,  
You went into far Ku-tō-en, by the river of swirling eddies, And you have  
been gone five months.  
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.  
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses, Too deep to clear  
them away!  
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.  
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August Over the grass in the  
West garden; They hurt me. I grow older.  
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang, Please let  
me know beforehand,  
And I will come out to meet you  
As far as Chō-fū-Sa.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*

## ***POEM BY THE BRIDGE AT TEN-SHIN***

March has come to the bridge head, Peach boughs and apricot boughs hang  
over a thousand gates At morning there are flowers to cut the heart, And  
evening drives them on the eastward-flowing waters Petals are on the  
gone waters and on the going, And on the back-swirling eddies,  
But to-day's men are not the men of the old days, Though they hang in the  
same way over the bridge-rail.

The sea's colour moves at the dawn And the princes still stand in rows,  
about the throne, And the moon falls over the portals of Sei-jō-yō, And  
clings to the walls and the gate-top With head gear glittering against the  
cloud and sun, The lords go forth from the court, and into far borders,  
They ride upon dragon-like horses  
Upon horses with head-trappings of yellow metal, And the streets make  
way for their passage.

Haughty their passing,  
Haughty their steps as they go in to great banquets, To high halls and  
curious food,  
To the perfumed air and girls dancing, To clear flutes and clear singing;  
To the dance of the seventy couples; To the mad chase through the gardens.  
Night and day are given over to pleasure And they think it will last a  
thousand autumns, Unwearying autumns.  
For them the yellow dogs howl portents in vain, And what are they  
compared to the lady Ryokushu, That was cause of hate!  
Who among them is a man like Han-rei Who departed alone with his  
mistress, With her hair unbound, and he his own skiffsman!

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*



## ***THE JEWEL STAIRS' GRIEVANCE***

The jewelled steps are already quite white with dew, It is so late that the  
dew soaks my gauze stockings, And I let down the crystal curtain  
And watch the moon through the clear autumn.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*

NOTE: Jewel stairs, therefore a palace. Grievance, therefore there is something to complain of. Gauze stockings, therefore a court lady, not a servant who complains. Clear autumn, therefore he has no excuse on account of weather. Also she has come early, for the dew has not merely whitened the stairs, but has soaked her stockings. The poem is especially prized because she utters no direct reproach.

## **LAMENT OF THE FRONTIER GUARD**

By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand, Lonely from the beginning  
of time until now!

Trees fall, the grass goes yellow with autumn.

I climb the towers and towers

to watch out the barbarous land:

Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.

There is no wall left to this village.

Bones white with a thousand frosts,

High heaps, covered with trees and grass; Who brought this to pass?

Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?

Who has brought the army with drums and with kettle-drums?

Barbarous kings.

A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn, A turmoil of wars-  
men, spread over the middle kingdom, Three hundred and sixty  
thousand,

And sorrow, sorrow like rain.

Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.

Desolate, desolate fields,

And no children of warfare upon them, No longer the men for offence and  
defence.

Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the North Gate, With

Riboku's name forgotten.

And we guardsmen fed to the tigers.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*

## **EXILE'S LETTER**

Tō So-kiu of Rakuyō, ancient friend, Chancellor Gen.  
Now I remember that you built me a special tavern By the south side of the  
bridge at Ten-shin.  
With yellow gold and white jewels, we paid for songs and laughter And we  
were drunk for month on month, forgetting the kings and princes.  
Intelligent men came drifting in from the sea and from the west border, And  
with them, and with you especially  
There was nothing at cross purpose,  
And they made nothing of sea-crossing or of mountain-crossing, If only  
they could be of that fellowship, And we all spoke out our hearts and  
minds, and without regret.  
And then I was sent off to South Wai,  
smothered in laurel groves,  
And you to the north of Raku-hoku,  
Till we had nothing but thoughts and memories in common.  
And then, when separation had come to its worst, We met, and travelled  
into Sen-jō,  
Through all the thirty-six folds of the turning and twisting waters, Into a  
valley of the thousand bright flowers, That was the first valley;  
And into ten thousand valleys full of voices and pine winds.  
And with silver harness and reins of gold, Out came the East of Kan  
foreman and his company.  
And there came also the "True man" of Shi-yō to meet me, Playing on a  
jewelled mouth-organ.  
In the storied houses of San-ka they gave us more Sennin music, Many  
instruments, like the sound of young phoenix broods.  
The foreman of Kan-chū, drunk, danced  
because his long sleeves wouldn't keep still With that music playing,  
And I, wrapped in brocade, went to sleep with my head on his lap, And my  
spirit so high it was all over the heavens, And before the end of the day

we were scattered like stars, or rain.  
I had to be off to So, far away over the waters, You back to your river-  
bridge.

And your father, who was brave as a leopard, Was governor in Hei Shu, and  
put down the barbarian rabble.

And one May he had you send for me,  
despite the long distance.

And what with broken wheels and so on, I won't say it wasn't hard going,  
Over roads twisted like sheep's guts.

And I was still going, late in the year, in the cutting wind from the North,  
And thinking how little you cared for the cost, and you caring enough to  
pay it.

And what a reception:

Red jade cups, food well set on a blue jewelled table, And I was drunk, and  
had no thought of returning.

And you would walk out with me to the western corner of the castle, To the  
dynastic temple, with water about it clear as blue jade, With boats  
floating, and the sound of mouth-organs and drums, With ripples like  
dragon-scales, going grass green on the water, Pleasure lasting, with  
courtezans, going and coming without hindrance.

With the willow flakes falling like snow, And the vermilioned girls getting  
drunk about sunset, And the water, a hundred feet deep, reflecting green  
eyebrows —Eyebrows painted green are a fine sight in young  
moonlight, Gracefully painted— And the girls singing back at each  
other, Dancing in transparent brocade,

And the wind lifting the song, and interrupting it, Tossing it up under the  
clouds.

And all this comes to an end.

And is not again to be met with.

I went up to the court for examination,

Tried Yō Yū's luck, offered the Chōyō song, And got no promotion,  
and went back to the East Mountains

White-headed.

And once again, later, we met at the South bridge-head.

And then the crowd broke up, you went north to San palace, And if you ask  
how I regret that parting: It is like the flowers falling at Spring's end  
Confused, whirled in a tangle.  
What is the use of talking, and there is no end of talking, There is no end of  
things in the heart.  
I call in the boy,  
Have him sit on his knees here  
To seal this,  
And send it a thousand miles, thinking.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*

## **TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND**

Blue mountains to the north of the walls, White river winding about them;  
Here we must make separation  
And go out through a thousand miles of dead grass, Mind like a floating  
wide cloud, Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances Who bow over  
their clasped hands at a distance.  
Our horses neigh to each other as we are departing.

*By Rihaku (Li T'ai Po)*

## ***A BALLAD OF THE MULBERRY ROAD***

The sun rises in south east corner of things To look on the tall house of the  
Shin For they have a daughter named Rafu, (pretty girl) She made the  
name for herself: "Gauze Veil,"

For she feeds mulberries to silkworms.

She gets them by the south wall of the town.

With green strings she makes the warp of her basket, She makes the  
shoulder-straps of her basket from the boughs of Katsura,

And she piles her hair up on the left side of her head-piece.

Her earrings are made of pearl,

Her underskirt is of green pattern-silk, Her overskirt is the same silk dyed in  
purple, And when men going by look on Rafu

They set down their burdens,

They stand and twirl their moustaches.

*(Anonymous; Fenollosa Mss., very early; Mori's gloze.)*

## HUGH SELWYN MAUBERLEY

### E. P. ODE POUR L'ELECTION DE SON SEPULCHRE

For three years, out of key with his time, He strove to resuscitate the dead  
art Of poetry; to maintain “the sublime”

In the old sense. Wrong from the start— No, hardly, but seeing he had been  
born In a half savage country, out of date; Bent resolutely on wringing  
lilies from the acorn; Capaneus; trout for factitious bait;

*Ἰδμεν γάρ τοι πάνθ', ἕσ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ*

Caught in the unstopped ear; Giving the rocks small lee-way The chopped  
seas held him, therefore, that year His true Penelope was Flaubert, He  
fished by obstinate isles; Observed the elegance of Circe's hair Rather  
than the mottoes on sun-dials Unaffected by “the march of events,”

He passed from men's memory in *l'an trentuniesme*

*De son eage*; the case presents No adjunct to the Muses' diadem

## II

The age demanded an image

Of its accelerated grimace,

Something for the modern stage, Not, at any rate, an Attic grace; Not, not  
certainly, the obscure reveries Of the inward gaze;

Better mendacities

Than the classics in paraphrase!

The “age demanded” chiefly a mould in plaster, Made with no loss of time,  
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster Or the “sculpture” of rhyme

## III



The tea-rose tea-gown, etc.  
Supplants the mousseline of Cos, The pianola “replaces”  
Sappho’s barbitos

Christ follows Dionysus,  
Phallic and ambrosial  
Made way for macerations;  
Caliban casts out Ariel.

All things are a flowing,  
Sage Heracleitus says;  
But a tawdry cheapness  
Shall outlast our days

Even the Christian beauty  
Defects—after Samothrace;  
We see τὸ καλόν  
Decreed in the market place.

Faun’s flesh is not to us,  
Nor the saint’s vision.  
We have the press for wafer; Franchise for circumcision.

All men, in law, are equals.  
Free of Pisistratus,  
We choose a knave or an eunuch To rule over us

O bright Apollo,  
τίν’ ἀνδρα, τίς’ ἦρωα, τίνα θεόν,  
What god, man, or hero  
Shall I place a tin wreath upon!

## IV

These fought in any case,

and some believing,  
pro domo, in any case ...

Some quick to arm,  
some for adventure,  
some from fear of weakness,  
some from fear of censure,  
some for love of slaughter, in imagination, learning later ...  
some in fear, learning love of slaughter, Died some, pro patria,  
non "dulce" non "et decor" ...  
walked eye-deep in hell  
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving came home, home to a lie,  
home to many deceits,  
home to old lies and new infamy, usury age-old and age-thick  
and liars in public places

Daring as never before, wastage as never before.  
Young blood and high blood,  
fair cheeks, and fine bodies; fortitude as never before

frankness as never before,  
disillusions as never told in the old days, hysterias, trench confessions,  
laughter out of dead bellies

## V

There died a myriad,  
And of the best, among them, For an old bitch gone in the teeth, For a  
botched civilization,

Charm, smiling at the good mouth, Quick eyes gone under earth's lid, For  
two gross of broken statues, For a few thousand battered books.

## **YEUX GLAUQUES**

Gladstone was still respected, When John Ruskin produced "Kings'  
Treasuries"; Swinburne And Rossetti still abused Fœtid Buchanan lifted  
up his voice When that faun's head of hers Became a pastime for  
Painters and adulterers The Burne-Jones cartons Have preserved her  
eyes; Still, at the Tate, they teach Cophetua to rhapsodize; Thin like  
brook-water, With a vacant gaze.

The English Rubaiyat was still-born In those days

The thin, clear gaze, the same Still darts out faunlike from the half-ruin'd  
face, Questing and passive....

"Ah, poor Jenny's case"...

Bewildered that a world Shows no surprise  
At her last maquero's Adulteries.

## **‘SIENA MI FE’; DISFECEMI MAREMMA”**

Among the pickled fœtuses and bottled bones, Engaged in perfecting the catalogue, I found the last scion of the Senatorial families of Strasbourg, Monsieur Verog For two hours he talked of Galliffet; Of Dowson; of the Rhymers’ Club; Told me how Johnson (Lionel) died By falling from a high stool in a pub ...

But showed no trace of alcohol At the autopsy, privately performed—  
Tissue preserved—the pure mind  
Arose toward Newman as the whiskey warmed Dowson found harlots  
cheaper than hotels; Headlam for uplift; Image impartially imbued With  
raptures for Bacchus, Terpsichore and the Church.  
So spoke the author of “The Dorian Mood,”

M. Verog, out of step with the decade, Detached from his contemporaries,  
Neglected by the young,  
Because of these reveries

## ***BRENNBAUM***

The skylike limpid eyes,  
The circular infant's face,  
The stiffness from spats to collar  
Never relaxing into grace;

The heavy memories of Horeb, Sinai and the forty years,  
Showed only when the daylight fell  
Level across the face  
Of Brennbaum "The Impeccable."

## **MR. NIXON**

In the cream gilded cabin of his steam yacht Mr. Nixon advised me kindly,  
to advance with fewer Dangers of delay. "Consider  
"Carefully the reviewer

"I was as poor as you are;

"When I began I got, of course, "Advance on royalties, fifty at first," said  
Mr. Nixon, "Follow me, and take a column, "Even if you have to work  
free "Butter reviewers. From fifty to three hundred "I rose in eighteen  
months;

"The hardest nut I had to crack "Was Dr. Dundas

"I never mentioned a man but with the view "Of selling my own works.

"The tip's a good one, as for literature "It gives no man a sinecure.

"And no one knows, at sight, a masterpiece.

"And give up verse, my boy,

"There's nothing in it."

\* \* \* \*

Likewise a friend of Blougram's once advised me: Don't kick against the  
pricks, Accept opinion. The "Nineties" tried your game And died,  
there's nothing in it.

## **X**

Beneath the sagging roof

The stylist has taken shelter, Unpaid, uncelebrated,

At last from the world's welter Nature receives him;

With a placid and uneducated mistress He exercises his talents

And the soil meets his distress The haven from sophistications and  
contentions Leaks through its thatch;

He offers succulent cooking; The door has a creaking latch

## XI

“Conservatrix of Milésien”  
Habits of mind and feeling,  
Possibly. But in Ealing  
With the most bank-clerkly of Englishmen?

No, “Milesian” is an exaggeration.  
No instinct has survived in her Older than those her grandmother Told her  
would fit her station.

## XII

“Daphne with her thighs in bark “Stretches toward me her leafy hands,”—  
Subjectively. In the stuffed-satin drawing-room I await The Lady  
Valentine’s commands, Knowing my coat has never been Of precisely  
the fashion

To stimulate, in her,  
A durable passion;

Doubtful, somewhat, of the value Of well-gowned approbation  
Of literary effort,  
But never of The Lady Valentine’s vocation: Poetry, her border of ideas,  
The edge, uncertain, but a means of blending With other strata  
Where the lower and higher have ending; A hook to catch the Lady Jane’s  
attention, A modulation toward the theatre, Also, in the case of  
revolution, A possible friend and comforter \* \* \* \*

Conduct, on the other hand, the soul “Which the highest cultures have  
nourished”

To Fleet St. where  
Dr. Johnson flourished;

Beside this thoroughfare  
The sale of half-hose has  
Long since superseded the cultivation Of Pierian roses.



## **ENVOI (1919)**

Go, dumb-born book,  
Tell her that sang me once that song of Lawes:  
Hadst thou but song  
As thou hast subjects known, Then were there cause in thee that should  
condone  
Even my faults that heavy upon me lie, And build her glories their longevity.

Tell her that sheds  
Such treasure in the air,  
Recking naught else but that her graces give  
Life to the moment,  
I would bid them live  
As roses might, in magic amber laid, Red overwrought with orange and all  
made  
One substance and one colour  
Braving time.

Tell her that goes  
With song upon her lips  
But sings not out the song, nor knows  
The maker of it, some other mouth, May be as fair as hers,  
Might, in new ages, gain her worshippers, When our two dusts with  
Waller's shall be laid, Siftings on siftings in oblivion, Till change hath  
broken down  
All things save Beauty alone.

## MAUBERLEY (1920)

*"Vacuos exercet in aera morsus."*

Turned from the "eau-forte Par Jacquemart"  
To the strait head  
Of Messalina:

"His true Penelope  
Was Flaubert,"  
And his tool  
The engraver's.

Firmness,  
Not the full smile,  
His art, but an art  
In profile;

Colourless  
Pier Francesca,  
Pisanello lacking the skill To forge Achaia.

## II

*"Qu'est ce qu'ils savent de l'amour, et qu'est ce qu'ils peuvent comprendre?"*

*S'ils ne comprennent pas la poésie, s'ils ne sentent pas la musique, qu'est ce qu'ils peuvent comprendre de cette passion en comparaison avec laquelle la rose est grossière et le parfum des violettes un tonnerre?"* CAID  
ALI For three years, diabolus in the scale, He drank ambrosia,  
All passes, ANANGKE prevails, Came end, at last, to that Arcadia.

He had moved amid her phantasmagoria, Amid her galaxies,

NUKTIS'AGALMA

\* \* \* \*

Drifted ... drifted precipitate, Asking time to be rid of ...  
Of his bewilderment; to designate His new found orchid ...

To be certain ... certain ...

(Amid ærial flowers) ... time for arrangements— Drifted on  
To the final estrangement; Unable in the supervening blankness To sift TO  
AGATHON from the chaff Until he found his sieve ...  
Ultimately, his seismograph: —Given that is his “fundamental passion,”  
This urge to convey the relation Of eye-lid and cheek-bone By verbal  
manifestation; To present the series Of curious heads in medallion— He  
had passed, inconscient, full gaze, The wide-banded irides And  
botticellian sprays implied In their diastasis;

Which anæsthesia, noted a year late, And weighed, revealed his great affect,  
(Orchid), mandate  
Of Eros, a retrospect.

\* \* \* \*

Mouths biting empty air, The still stone dogs, Caught in metamorphosis,  
were Left him as epilogues.

## “THE AGE DEMANDED”

Vide Poem II, Page 61

For this agility chance found Him of all men, unfit  
As the red-beaked steeds of The Cythersæan for a chain bit.

The glow of porcelain  
Brought no reforming sense To his perception  
Of the social inconsequence.

Thus, if her colour  
Came against his gaze,  
Tempered as if

It were through a perfect glaze He made no immediate application Of this to  
relation of the state To the individual, the month was more temperate  
Because this beauty had been The coral isle, the lion-coloured sand  
Burst in upon the porcelain revery: Impetuous troubling  
Of his imagery.

Mildness, amid the neo-Nietzschean clatter, His sense of graduations, Quite  
out of place amid Resistance to current exacerbations, Invitation, mere  
invitation to perceptivity Gradually led him to the isolation Which these  
presents place Under a more tolerant, perhaps, examination.

By constant elimination The manifest universe  
Yielded an armour  
Against utter consternation, A Minoan undulation,  
Seen, we admit, amid ambrosial circumstances Strengthened him against  
The discouraging doctrine of chances, And his desire for survival, Faint  
in the most strenuous moods, Became an Olympian *apathein*  
In the presence of selected perceptions.

A pale gold, in the aforesaid pattern, The unexpected palms

Destroying, certainly, the artist's urge, Left him delighted with the  
imaginary Audition of the phantasmal sea-surge, Incapable of the least  
utterance or composition, Emendation, conservation of the "better  
tradition,"

Refinement of medium, elimination of superfluities, August attraction or  
concentration.

Nothing, in brief, but maudlin confession, Irresponse to human aggression,  
Amid the precipitation, down-float Of insubstantial manna, Lifting the  
faint susurrus Of his subjective hosannah.

Ultimate affronts to  
Human redundancies;

Non-esteem of self-styled "his betters"  
Leading, as he well knew, To his final  
Exclusion from the world of letters.

## IV

Scattered Moluccas

Not knowing, day to day, The first day's end, in the next noon; The placid  
water

Unbroken by the Simoon; Thick foliage

Placid beneath warm suns, Tawn fore-shores

Washed in the cobalt of oblivions; Or through dawn-mist

The grey and rose

Of the juridical

Flamingoes;

A consciousness disjunct, Being but this overblotted Series  
Of intermittences;

Coracle of Pacific voyages, The unforecasted beach; Then on an oar  
Read this:

"I was

“And I no more exist;  
“Here drifted  
“An hedonist.”

## ***MEDALLION***

Luini in porcelain!  
The grand piano  
Utters a profane  
Protest with her clear soprano.

The sleek head emerges From the gold-yellow frock As Anadyomene in the  
opening Pages of Reinach.

Honey-red, closing the face-oval, A basket-work of braids which seem as if  
they were Spun in King Minos' hall From metal, or intractable amber;  
The face-oval beneath the glaze, Bright in its suave bounding-line, as,  
Beneath half-watt rays, The eyes turn topaz.

## *from HOMAGE TO SEXTUS PROPERTIUS*

### I

Shades of Callimachus, Coan ghosts of Philetas  
It is in your grove I would walk, I who come first from the clear font  
Bringing the Grecian orgies into Italy, and the dance into Italy.

Who hath taught you so subtle a measure, in what hall have you heard it;  
What foot beat out your time-bar, what water has mellowed your whistles?

Out-weariers of Apollo will, as we know, continue their Martian  
generalities, We have kept our erasers in order.

A new-fangled chariot follows the flower-hung horses; A young Muse with  
young loves clustered about her ascends with me into the æther, ...  
And there is no high-road to the Muses.

Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations, Celebrities from the  
Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities And expound the  
distentions of Empire, But for something to read in normal  
circumstances?

For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?  
I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.

And there is no hurry about it;

I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral, Seeing that long standing  
increases all things regardless of quality.

And who would have known the towers pulled down by a deal-wood horse;  
Or of Achilles withstaying waters by Simois Or of Hector spattering  
wheel-rims, Or of Polydramantus, by Scamander, or Helenus and  
Deiphobos?

Their door-yards would scarcely know them, or Paris.  
Small talk O Ilion, and O Troad



twice taken by Oetian gods,  
If Homer had not stated your case!

And I also among the later nephews of this city shall have my dog's day,  
With no stone upon my contemptible sepulchre; My vote coming from the  
temple of Phoebus in Lycia, at Patara, And in the meantime my songs  
will travel, And the devirginated young ladies will enjoy them when  
they have got over the strangeness, For Orpheus tamed the wild beasts  
— and held up the Threician river; And Citharaon shook up the rocks  
by Thebes and danced them into a bulwark at his pleasure, And you, O  
Polyphemus? Did harsh Galatea almost Turn to your dripping horses,  
because of a tune, under Aetna?

We must look into the matter.

Bacchus and Apollo in favour of it, There will be a crowd of young women  
doing homage to my palaver, Though my house is not propped up by  
Taenarian columns  
from Laconia (associated with Neptune and Cerberus), Though it is not  
stretched upon gilded beams; My orchards do not lie level and wide as  
the forests of Phaecia,

the luxurious and Ionian,

Nor are my caverns stuffed stiff with a Marcian vintage, My cellar does not  
date from Numa Pompilius, Nor bristle with wine jars,  
Nor is it equipped with a frigidaire patent; Yet the companions of the Muses  
will keep their collective nose in my books, And weary with  
historical data, they will turn to my dance tune.

Happy who are mentioned in my pamphlets, the songs shall be a fine tomb-  
stone over their beauty.

But against this?

Neither expensive pyramids scraping the stars in their route, Nor houses  
modelled upon that of Jove in East Elis, Nor the monumental effigies of  
Mausolus, are a complete elucidation of death.

Flame burns, rain sinks into the cracks And they all go to rack ruin beneath  
the thud of the years.

Stands genius a deathless adornment, a name not to be worn out with the  
years

### III

Midnight, and a letter comes to me from our mistress:

Telling me to come to Tibur:

At once!!

“Bright tips reach up from twin towers, “Anienan spring water falls into  
flat-spread pools.”

What *is* to be done about it?

Shall I entrust myself to entangled shadows, Where bold hands may  
do violence to my person?

Yet if I postpone my obedience

because of this respectable terror, I shall be prey to  
lamentations worse than a nocturnal assailant.

*And* I shall be in the wrong, *and* it will last a twelve-month, For her hands  
have no kindness me-ward, Nor is there anyone to whom lovers are not  
sacred  
at midnight

And in the Via Sciro.

If any man would be a lover

he may walk on the Scythian coast, No barbarism would go  
to the extent of doing him harm, The moon will carry his  
candle,

the stars will point out the stumbles, Cupid will carry lighted  
torches before him and keep mad dogs off his ankles.

Thus all roads are perfectly safe and at any hour;

Who so indecorous as to shed the pure gore of a suitor?!

Cypris is his cicerone.

What if undertakers follow my track, such a death is worth dying.

She would bring frankincense and wreaths to my tomb, She would sit like  
an ornament on my pyre.

Gods' aid, let not my bones lie in a public location With crowds too  
assiduous in their crossing of it; For thus are tombs of lovers most  
desecrated.

May a woody and sequestered place cover me with its foliage Or may I  
inter beneath the hummock of some as yet uncatalogued sand; At any  
rate I shall not have my epitaph in a high road.

#### IV

#### *DIFFERENCE OF OPINION WITH LYGDAMUS*

Tell me the truths which you hear of our constant young lady, Lygdamus,  
And may the bought yoke of a mistress lie with equitable weight on your  
shoulders; For I am swelled up with inane pleasurabilities and deceived  
by your reference

To things which you think I would like to believe No messenger should  
come wholly empty, and a slave should fear plausibilities; Much  
conversation is as good as having a home.

Out with it, tell it to me, all of it, from the beginning I guzzle with  
outstretched ears.

Thus? She wept into uncombed hair, And you saw it.

Vast waters flowed from her eyes?

You, you Lygdamus

Saw her stretched on her bed,—

it was no glimpse in a mirror;

No gawds on her snowy hands, no orfeverie, Sad garment draped on her  
slender arms.

Her escritaires lay shut by the bed-feet.

Sadness hung over the house, and the desolated female at tendants Were  
desolated because she had told them her dreams.

She was veiled in the midst of that place, Damp woolly handkerchiefs were stuffed into her undryable eyes, And a querulous noise responded to our solicitous reprobations.

For which things you will get a reward from me, Lygdamus?

To say many things is equal to having a home.

And the other woman "has not enticed me by her pretty manners,

"She has caught me with herbaceous poison, she twiddles the spiked wheel of a rhombus, "She stews puffed frogs, snake's bones, the moulted feathers of screech owls, "She binds me with ravelles of shrouds.

"Black spiders spin in her bed!

"Let her lovers snore at her in the morning!

"May the gout cramp up her feet!

"Does he like me to sleep here alone, Lygdamus?

Will he say nasty things at my funeral?"

And you expect me to believe this after twelve months of discomfort?

## V

Now if ever it is time to cleanse Helicon; to lead Emathian horses afield,

And to name over the census of my chiefs in the Roman camp.

If I have not the faculty, "The bare attempt would be praise worthy."

"In things of similar magnitude

the mere will to act is sufficient."

The primitive ages sang Venus,

the last sings of a tumult,

And I also will sing war when this matter of a girl is exhausted.

I with my beak hauled ashore would proceed in a more stately manner, My

Muse is eager to instruct me in a new gamut, or gambetto, Up, up my soul, from your lowly cantilation, put on a timely vigour.

Oh august Pierides! Now for a large-mouthed product.

Thus:

“The Euphrates denies its protection to the Parthian and apologizes for  
Crassus,”  
And “It is, I think, India which now gives necks to your triumph,”  
And so forth, Augustus. “Virgin Arabia shakes in her inmost dwelling.”  
If any land shrink into a distant seacoast, it is a mere postponement of your  
domination.  
And I shall follow the camp, I shall be duly celebrated for singing the  
affairs of your cavalry.  
May the fates watch over my day.  
Yet you ask on what account I write so many love-lyrics And whence this  
soft book comes into my mouth.  
Neither Calliope nor Apollo sung these things into my ear, My genius is no  
more than a girl.

If she with ivory fingers drive a tune through the lyre, We look at the  
process.  
How easy the moving fingers; if hair is mussed on her forehead, If she goes  
in a gleam of Cos, in a slither of dyed stuff, There is a volume in the  
matter; if her eyelids sink into sleep, There are new jobs for the author;  
And if she plays with me with her shirt off, We shall construct many  
Iliads.  
And whatever she does or says  
We shall spin long yarns out of nothing.  
Thus much the fates have allotted me, and if, Maecenas, I were able to lead  
heroes into armour, I would not, Neither would I warble of Titans, nor  
of Ossa spiked onto Olympus,  
Nor of causeways over Pelion,  
Nor of Thebes in its ancient respectability, nor of Homer’s reputation in  
Pergamus, Nor of Xerxes’ two-barreled kingdom, nor of Remus and his  
royal family,  
Nor of dignified Carthaginian characters, Nor of Welsh mines and the profit  
Marus had out of them.

I should remember Caesar’s affairs ...  
for a background,  
Although Callimachus did without them, and without Theseus,

Without an inferno, without Achilles attended of gods, Without Ixion, and without the sons of Menoetius and the Argo and without Jove's grave and the Titans.

And my ventricles do not palpitate to Caesarial *ore rotundos*, Nor to the tune of the Phrygian fathers.

Sailor, of winds; a plowman, concerning his oxen; Soldier, the enumeration of wounds; the sheep-feeder, of ewes; We, in our narrow bed, turning aside from battles: Each man where he can, wearing out the day in his manner.

It is noble to die of love, and honourable to remain uncuckolded for a season.

And she speaks ill of light women, and will not praise Homer Because Helen's conduct is "unsuitable."

## VI

When, when, and whenever death closes our eyelids, Moving naked over Acheron

Upon the one raft, victor and conquered together, Marius and Jugurtha together,

one tangle of shadows.

Caesar plots against India,

Tigris and Euphrates shall, from now on, flow at his bidding, Tibet shall be full of Roman policemen, The Parthians shall get used to our statuary and acquire a Roman religion;

One raft on the veiled flood of Acheron, Marius and Jugurtha together.

Nor at my funeral either will there be any long trail, bearing ancestral lares and images; No trumpets filled with my emptiness, Nor shall it be on an Atalic bed; The perfumed cloths will be absent.

A small plebeian procession.

Enough, enough and in plenty

There will be three books at my obsequies Which I take, my not unworthy  
gift, to Persephone.

You will follow the bare scarified breast Nor will you be weary of calling  
my name, nor too weary To place the last kiss on my lips When the  
Syrian onyx is broken.

“He who is now vacant dust  
“Was once the slave of one passion:”

Give that much inscription  
“Death why tardily come?”

You, sometimes, will lament a lost friend, For it is a custom:  
This care for past men,

Since Adonis was gored in Idalia, and the Cytharean Ran crying with out-  
spread hair,

In vain, you call back the shade, In vain, Cynthia. Vain call to  
unanswering shadow, Small talk comes from small bones.

## VII

Me happy, night, night full of brightness; Oh couch made happy by my long  
delectations; How many words talked out with abundant candles;  
Struggles when the lights were taken away; Now with bared breasts she  
wrestled against me, Tunic spread in delay;  
And she then opening my eyelids fallen in sleep, Her lips upon them; and it  
was her mouth saying: Sluggard!

In how many varied embraces, our changing arms, Her kisses, how many,  
lingering on my lips.

“Turn not Venus into a blinded motion, Eyes are the guides of love,  
Paris took Helen naked coming from the bed of Menelaus, Endymion’s  
naked body, bright bait for Diana,”  
—such at least is the story.

While our fates twine together, sate we our eyes with love; For long night  
comes upon you

and a day when no day returns.

Let the gods lay chains upon us

so that no day shall unbind them.

Fool who would set a term to love's madness, For the sun shall drive with  
black horses, earth shall bring wheat from barley, The flood shall move  
toward the fountain Ere love know moderations,

The fish shall swim in dry streams.

No, now while it may be, let not the fruit of life cease.

Dry wreaths drop their petals,

their stalks are woven in baskets, To-day we take the  
great breath of lovers, to-morrow fate shuts us in.

Though you give all your kisses

you give but few.

Nor can I shift my pains to other, Hers will I be dead,

If she confer such nights upon me, long is my life, long in years, If she give  
me many,

God am I for the time.

## IX

I

The twisted rhombs ceased their clamour of accompaniment; The scorched  
laurel lay in the fire-dust; The moon still declined to descend out of  
heaven, But the black ominous owl hoot was audible.

And one raft bears our fates

on the veiled lake toward Avernus Sails spread on

Cerulean waters, I would shed tears for two;

I shall live, if she continue in life, If she dies, I shall go with her.

Great Zeus, save the woman,



or she will sit before your feet in a veil, and tell out the long list  
of her troubles.

2

Persephone and Dis, Dis, have mercy upon her, There are enough women in  
hell,

quite enough beautiful women,  
Iope, and Tyro, and Pasiphae, and the formal girls of Achaia, And out of  
Troad, and from the Campania, Death has his tooth in the lot,  
Avernus lusts for the lot of them, Beauty is not eternal,  
no man has perennial fortune, Slow foot, or swift  
foot, death delays but for a season.

3

My light, light of my eyes,

you are escaped from great peril, Go back to Great  
Dian's dances bearing suitable gifts, Pay up your vow  
of night watches  
to Dian, goddess of virgins,

And unto me also pay debt:

The ten nights of your company you have promised me.

## X

Light, light of my eyes, at an exceeding late hour I was wandering,  
And intoxicated,

and no servant was leading me,

And a minute crowd of small boys came from opposite, I do not know what  
boys,

And I am afraid of numerical estimate, And some of them shook little  
torches, and others held onto arrows,

And the rest laid their chains upon me, and they were naked, the lot of  
them, And one of the lot was given to lust.

“That incensed female has consigned him to our pleasure.”

So spoke. And the noose was over my neck.  
And another said "Get him plumb in the middle!

"Shove along there, shove along!"

And another broke in upon this:

"He thinks that we are not gods."

"And she has been waiting for the scoundrel, and in a new Sidonian night cap, And with more than Arabian odours, God knows where he has been.

She could scarcely keep her eyes open enter that much for his bail.

Get along now!"

We were coming near to the house, and they gave another yank to my cloak,  
And it was morning, and I wanted to see if she was alone, and resting,  
And Cynthia was alone in her bed.

I was stupefied.

I had never seen her looking so beautiful.

No, not when she was tunick'd in purple.

Such aspect was presented to me, me recently emerged from my visions,  
You will observe that pure form has its value.

"You are a very early inspector of mistresses.

"Do you think I have adopted your habits?"

There were upon the bed no signs of a voluptuous encounter,  
No signs of a second incumbent.

She continued:

"No incubus has crushed his body against me, "Though spirits  
are celebrated for adultery.

"And I am going to the temple of Vesta ..."  
and so on.

Since that day I have had no pleasant nights

## XII

Who, who will be the next man to entrust his girl to a friend?

Love interferes with fidelities;  
The gods have brought shame on their relatives; Each man wants the  
pomegranate for himself; Amiable and harmonious people are pushed  
incontinent into duels, A Trojan and adulterous person came to  
Menelaus under the rites of hospitium, And there was a case in Colchis,  
Jason and tha Colchis; And besides, Lynceus,  
you were drunk.

Could you endure such promiscuity?

She was not renowned for fidelity; But to jab a knife in my  
vitals, to have passed on a swig of poison, Preferable, my  
dear boy, my dear Lynceus, Comrade, comrade of my  
life, of my purse, of my person; But in one bed, in one  
bed alone, my dear Lynceus I deprecate your attendance;

I would ask a like boon of Jove.

And you write of Achelōus, who contended with Hercules, You write of  
Adrastus' horses and the funeral rites of Achenor, And you will not  
leave off imitating Aeschylus.

Though you make a hash of Antimachus, You think you are  
going to do Homer.

And still a girl scorns the gods, Of all these young women  
not one has enquired the cause of the world, Nor the modus of lunar  
eclipses

Nor whether there be any patch left of us After we cross the  
infernal ripples, nor if the thunder fall from predestination;  
Nor anything else of importance.

Upon the Actian marshes Virgil is Phoebus' chief of police, He can tabulate  
Caesar's great ships.

He thrills to Ilian arms,

He shakes the Trojan weapons of Aeneas, And casts stores on  
Lavinian beaches.

Make way, ye Roman authors,

clear the street, O ye Greeks,

For a much larger Iliad is in the course of construction (and to Imperial order)

Clear the streets, O ye Greeks!

And you also follow him "neath Phrygian pine shade: Thyrsis and Daphnis upon whittled reeds, And how ten sins can corrupt young maidens; Kids for a bribe and pressed udders, Happy selling poor loves for cheap apples.

Tityrus might have sung the same vixen; Corydon tempted Alexis, Head farmers do likewise, and lying weary amid their oats They get praise from tolerant Hamadryads."

Go on, to Ascreaus' prescription, the ancient, respected, Wordsworthian: "A flat field for rushes, grapes grow on the slope."

And behold me, small fortune left in my house.

Me, who had no general for a grandfather!

I shall triumph among young ladies of indeterminate character, My talent acclaimed in their banquets, I shall be honoured with yesterday's wreaths.

And the god strikes to the marrow.

Like a trained and performing tortoise, I would make verse in your fashion, if she should command it, With her husband asking a remission of sentence, And even this infamy would not attract numerous readers

Were there an erudite or violent passion, For the nobleness of the populace brooks nothing below its own altitude.

One must have resonance, resonance and sonority ... like a goose.

Varro sang Jason's expedition,

Varro, of his great passion Leucadia, There is song in the parchment; Catullus the highly indecorous,

Of Lesbia, known above Helen;

And in the dyed pages of Calvus,

Calvus mourning Quintilia,

And but now Gallus had sung of Lycoris.

Fair, fairest Lycoris—

The waters of Styx poured over the wound: And now Propertius of Cynthia,  
taking his stand among these.

## CANTOS

### CANTO I

And then went down to the ship,  
Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea, and We set up mast and sail on  
that swart ship, Bore sheep aboard her, and our bodies also Heavy with  
weeping, and winds from sternward Bore us out onward with bellying  
canvas, Circe's this craft, the trim-coifed goddess Then sat we  
amidships, wind jamming the tiller, Thus with stretched sail, we went  
over sea till day's end.

Sun to his slumber, shadows o'er all the ocean, Came we then to the bounds  
of deepest water, To the Kimmerian lands, and peopled cities Covered  
with close-webbed mist, unpierced ever With glitter of sun-rays  
Nor with stars stretched, nor looking back from heaven Swartest night  
stretched over wretched men there.

The ocean flowing backward, came we then to the place Aforesaid by  
Circe.

Here did they rites, Perimedes and Eurylochus, And drawing sword from  
my hip  
I dug the ell-square pitkin;  
Poured we libations unto each the dead,  
First mead and then sweet wine, water mixed with white flour Then prayed  
I many a prayer to the sickly death's-heads; As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls  
of the best For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods, A sheep to  
Tiresias only, black and a bell-sheep.

Dark blood flowed in the fosse,  
Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides Of youths and of the old  
who had borne much; Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender, Men  
many, mauled with bronze lance heads, Battle spoil, bearing yet dreory  
arms,

These many crowded about me; with shouting, Pallor upon me, cried to my  
men for more beasts; Slaughtered the herds, sheep slain of bronze;  
Poured ointment, cried to the gods,

To Pluto the strong, and praised Proserpine; Unsheathed the narrow sword,  
I sat to keep off the impetuous impotent dead, Till I should hear Tiresias.  
But first Elpenor came, our friend Elpenor, Unburied, cast on the wide  
earth,

Limbs that we left in the house of Circe, Unwept, unwrapped in sepulchre,  
since toils urged other.

Pitiful spirit. And I cried in hurried speech: "Elpenor, how art thou come to  
this dark coast?

"Cam'st thou afoot, outstripping seamen?"

And he in heavy speech:

"Ill fate and abundant wine. I slept in Circe's ingle.

"Going down the long ladder unguarded,

"I fell against the buttress,

"Shattered the nape-nerve, the soul sought Avernus.

"But thou, O King, I bid remember me, unwept, unburied, "Heap up mine  
arms, be tomb by sea-bord, and inscribed: "*A man of no fortune, and  
with a name to come.*

"And set my oar up, that I swung mid fellows."

And Anticlea came, whom I beat off, and then Tiresias Theban, Holding his  
golden wand, knew me, and spoke first: "A second time? why? man of  
ill star,

"Facing the sunless dead and this joyless region?

"Stand from the fosse, leave me my bloody bever "For soothsay."

And I stepped back,

And he strong with the blood, said then: "Odysseus "Shalt return through  
spiteful Neptune, over dark seas, "Lose all companions." Then Anticlea  
came.

Lie quiet Divus. I mean, that is Andreas Divus, In officina Wecheli, 1538,  
out of Homer.

And he sailed, by Sirens and thence outward and away And unto Circe.

Venerandam,

In the Cretan's phrase, with the golden crown, Aphrodite, Cypri munimenta  
sordita est, mirthful, oricalchi, with golden Girdle and breast bands, thou  
with dark eyelids Bearing the golden bough of Argicida. So that:

## CANTO II

Hang it all, Robert Browning,  
there can be but the one "Sordello."  
But Sordello, and my Sordello?  
Lo Sordels si fo di Mantovana.  
So-shu churned in the sea.  
Seal sports in the spray-whited circles of cliff-wash, Sleek head, daughter of  
Lir,  
    eyes of Picasso  
Under black fur-hood, lithe daughter of Ocean; And the wave runs in the  
beach-groove:  
"Eleanor, *Ἠλένας* and *Ἠλέτολις!*"  
    And poor old Homer blind, blind, as a bat, Ear, ear for the sea-surge,  
    murmur of old men's voices: "Let her go back to the ships,  
"Back among Grecian faces, lest evil come on our own, "Evil and further  
evil, and a curse cursed on our children, "Moves, yes she moves like a  
goddess  
"And has the face of a god  
    and the voice of Schoeney's daughters,  
"And doom goes with her in walking,  
"Let her go back to the ships,  
    back among Grecian voices."  
And by the beach-run, Tyro,  
    Twisted arms of the sea-god,  
Lithe sinews of water, gripping her, cross-hold, And the blue-gray glass of  
the wave tents them, Glare azure of water, cold-welter, close cover.  
Quiet sun-tawny sand-stretch,  
The gulls broad out their wings,  
    nipping between the splay feathers;



Snipe come for their bath,  
    bend out their wing-joints,  
Spread wet wings to the sun-film,  
And by Scios,  
    to left of the Naxos passage,  
Naviform rock overgrown,  
    algæ cling to its edge,  
There is a wine-red glow in the shallows, a tin flash in the sun-dazzle.

The ship landed in Scios,  
    men wanting spring-water,  
And by the rock-pool a young boy loggy with vine-must, "To Naxos? Yes,  
    we'll take you to Naxos, Cum' along lad." "Not that way!"  
"Aye, that way is Naxos."  
    And I said: "It's a straight ship."  
And an ex-convict out of Italy  
    knocked me into the fore-stays,  
(He was wanted for manslaughter in Tuscany) And the whole twenty  
    against me,  
Mad for a little slave money.  
    And they took her out of Scios  
And off her course...  
    And the boy came to, again, with the racket, And looked out over  
    the bows,  
    and to eastward, and to the Naxos passage.  
God-sleight then, god-sleight:  
    Ship stock fast in sea-swirl,  
Ivy upon the oars, King Pentheus,  
    grapes with no seed but sea-foam,  
Ivy in scupper-hole.  
Aye, I, Acoetes, stood there,  
    and the god stood by me,  
Water cutting under the keel,  
Sea-break from stern forrards,  
    wake running off from the bow,

And where was gunwhale, there now was vine-trunk, And tenthril where  
cordage had been,  
    grape-leaves on the rowlocks,  
Heavy vine on the oarshafts,  
And, out of nothing, a breathing,  
    hot breath on my ankles,  
Beasts like shadows in glass,  
    a furred tail upon nothingness.  
Lynx-purr, and heathery smell of beasts, where tar smell had been,  
Sniff and pad-foot of beasts,  
    eye-glitter out of black air.  
The sky overshot, dry, with no tempest,  
Sniff and pad-foot of beasts,  
    fur brushing my knee-skin,  
Rustle of airy sheaths,  
    dry forms in the *æther*.  
And the ship like a keel in ship-yard,  
    slung like an ox in smith's sling,  
Ribs stuck fast in the ways,  
    grape-cluster over pin-rack,  
    void air taking pelt  
Lifeless air become sinewed,  
    feline leisure of panthers,  
Leopards sniffing the grape shoots by scupper-hole, Crouched panthers by  
fore-hatch,  
And the sea blue-deep about us,  
    green-ruddy in shadows,  
And Lyæus: "From now, Accetes, my altars, Fearing no bondage,  
    fearing no cat of the wood,  
Safe with my lynxes,  
    feeding grapes to my leopards,  
Olibanum is my incense,  
    the vines grow in my homage."

The back-swell now smooth in the rudder-chains, Black snout of a porpoise  
where Lycabs had been,

Fish-scales on the oarsmen.  
And I worship.  
I have seen what I have seen.  
When they brought the boy I said:  
“He has a god in him,  
though I do not know which god.”  
And they kicked me into the fore-stays.  
I have seen what I have seen:  
Medon’s face like the face of a dory,  
Arms shrunk into fins. And you, Pentheus, Had as well listen to Tiresias,  
and to Cadmus, or your luck will go out of you.  
Fish-scales over groin muscles,  
lynx-purr amid sea...  
And of a later year,  
pale in the wine-red algæ,  
If you will lean over the rock,  
the coral face under wave-tinge,  
Rose-paleness under water-shift,  
Ileuthyria, fair Dafne of sea-bords,  
The swimmer’s arms turned to branches,  
Who will say in what year,  
fleeing what band of tritons,  
The smooth brows, seen, and half seen,  
now ivory stillness.

And So-shu churned in the sea, So-shu also, using the long moon for a  
churn-stick...  
Lithe turning of water,  
sinews of Poseidon,  
Black azure and hyaline,  
glass wave over Tyro,  
Close cover, unstillness,  
bright welter of wave-cords,  
Then quiet water,  
quiet in the buff sands,  
Sea-fowl stretching wing-joints,

splashing in rock-hollows and sand-hollows In the wave-runs by the  
half-dune;  
Glass-glint of wave in the tide-rips against sunlight, pallor of Hesperus,  
Grey peak of the wave,  
wave, colour of grape's pulp,  
  
Olive grey in the near,  
far, smoke grey of the rock-slide,  
Salmon-pink wings of the fish-hawk  
cast grey shadows in water,  
The tower like a one-eyed great goose  
cranes up out of the olive-grove,  
  
And we have heard the fauns chiding Proteus in the smell of hay under the  
olive-trees, And the frogs singing against the fauns  
in the half-light.  
And...

### CANTO III

I sat on the Dogana's steps  
For the gondolas cost too much, that year, And there were not "those girls,"  
there was one face, And the Buccentoro twenty yards off, howling  
"Stretti,"  
The lit cross-beams, that year, in the Morosini, And peacocks in Koré's  
house, or there may have been.  
Gods float in the azure air,  
Bright gods and Tuscan, back before dew was shed.  
Light: and the first light, before ever dew was fallen.  
Panisks, and from the oak, dryas,  
And from the apple, mælid,  
Through all the wood, and the leaves are full of voices, A-whisper, and the  
clouds bowe over the lake, And there are gods upon them,  
And in the water, the almond-white swimmers, The silvery water glazes the  
upturned nipple, As Poggio has remarked.

Green veins in the turquoise,  
Or, the gray steps lead up under the cedars.

My Cid rode up to Burgos,  
Up to the studded gate between two towers, Beat with his lance butt, and  
the child came out, Una niña de nueve años,  
To the little gallery over the gate, between the towers, Reading the writ,  
voce tinnula:  
That no man speak to, feed, help Ruy Diaz, On pain to have his heart out,  
set on a pike spike And both his eyes torn out, and all his goods  
sequestered, "And here, Myo Cid, are the seals,  
The big seal and the writing."  
And he came down from Bivar, Myo Cid,  
With no hawks left there on their perches, And no clothes there in the  
presses,  
And left his trunk with Raquel and Vidas, That big box of sand, with the  
pawn-brokers, To get pay for his menie;  
Breaking his way to Valencia.  
Ignez da Castro murdered, and a wall  
Here stripped, here made to stand.  
Drear waste, the pigment flakes from the stone, Or plaster flakes, Mantegna  
painted the wall.  
Silk tatters, "Nec Spe Nec Metu."

### *from* CANTO IV

Palace in smoky light,  
Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones, ANAXIFORMINGES!  
Aurunculeia!  
Hear me. Cadmus of Golden Prows!  
The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare, Dawn, to our waking,  
drifts in the green cool light; Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles  
moving.  
Beat, beat, whirr, thud, in the soft turf under the apple trees,

Choros nympharum, goat-foot, with the pale foot alternate; Crescent of  
blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows, A black cock crows in the  
sea-foam;

And by the curved, carved foot of the couch, claw-foot and lion head, an  
old man seated Speaking in the low drone ...:

Ityn!

Et ter flebiliter, Ityn, Ityn!

And she went toward the window and cast her down, "All the while, the  
while, swallows crying: Ityn!

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish."

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish?"

"No other taste shall change this."

And she went toward the window,  
the slim white stone bar

Making a double arch;

Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone; Swung for a moment,  
and the wind out of Rhodez

Caught in the full of her sleeve

... the swallows crying:

'Tis. 'Tis. Ytis!

...

## CANTO IX

One year floods rose,

One year they fought in the snows,

One year hail fell, breaking the trees and walls.

Down here in the marsh they trapped him

in one year,

And he stood in the water up to his neck to keep the hounds off him,

And he floundered about in the marsh

and came in after three days,

That was Astorre Manfredi of Faenza

who worked the ambush

and set the dogs off to find him,

In the marsh, down here under Mantua,  
And he fought in Fano, in a street fight, and that was nearly the end of him;  
And the Emperor came down and knighted us, And they had a wooden  
castle set up for fiesta, And one year Basinio went out into the courtyard  
Where the lists were, and the palisades had been set for the tourneys,  
And he talked down the anti-Hellene,  
And there was an heir male to the seignor, And Madame Genevra  
died.

And he, Sigismundo, was Capitan for the Venetians.  
And he had sold off small castles  
and built the great Rocca to his plan,  
And he fought like ten devils at Monteluro and got nothing but the victory  
And old Sforza bitched us at Pèsaro;  
(sic) March the 16th: “that Messire Alessandro Sforza  
is become lord of Pèsaro  
“through the wangle of the Illus. Sgr. Mr. Fedricho d’Orbino “Who worked  
the wangle with Galeaz  
“through the wiggling of Messr Francesco, “Who wangled it so that  
Galeaz should sell Pèsaro “to Alex and Fossembrone to Feddy;  
“and he hadn’t the right to sell.  
“And this he did *bestialmente*; that is Sforza did *bestialmente*  
“as he had promised him, Sigismundo, *per capitoli*  
“to see that he, Malatesta, should have Pèsaro.”

And this cut us off from our south half  
and finished our game, thus, in the beginning, And he, Sigismundo, spoke  
his mind to Francesco and we drove them out of the Marches.

And the King o’ Ragona, Alphonse le roy d’Aragon, was the next nail in  
our coffin,  
And all you can say is, anyway,  
that he Sigismundo called a town council And Valturio said “as well for a  
sheep as a lamb”  
and this change-over (*hæc traditio*) As old bladder said “*rem eorum  
saluavit*”  
Saved the Florentine state; and that, maybe, was something.

And “Florence our natural ally” as they said in the meeting for whatever that was worth afterward.

And he began building the TEMPIO, and Polixena, his second wife, died. And the Venetians sent down an ambassador And said “speak humanely, “But tell him it’s no time for raising his pay.”

And the Venetians sent down an ambassador with three pages of secret instructions To the effect: Did he think the campaign was a joy-ride? And old Wattle-wattle slipped into Milan But he couldn’t stand Sidg being so high with the Venetians And he talked it over with Feddy; and Feddy said “Pèsaro”

And old Foscari wrote “*Caro mio*

“If we split with Francesco you can have it “And we’ll help you in every way possible.”

But Feddy offered it sooner.

And Sigismundo got up a few arches,

And stole that marble in Classe, “stole” that is, *Casus est talis*:

*Foscari doge*, to the prefect of Ravenna “Why, what, which, thunder, damnation????”

*Casus est talis*:

Filippo, commendatary of the abbazia

Of Sant Apollinaire, Classe, Cardinal of Bologna That he did one night (*quadam nocte*) sell to the Ill<sup>mo</sup> D<sup>o</sup>, D<sup>o</sup> Sigismund Malatesta Lord of Arimnium, marble, porphyry, serpentine, Whose men, Sigismundo’s, came with more than an hundred two wheeled ox carts and departed, for the beautifying of the *tempio* where was Santa Maria in Trivio Where the same are now on the walls. Four hundred ducats to be paid back to the *abbazia* by the said swindling Cardinal or his heirs.

grnh! rrrnh, pthg.

wheels, plaustra, oxen under night-shield, And on the 13th of August:

Aloysius Purtheo, The next abbot, to Sigismundo, receipt for 200 ducats Corn-salve for the damage done in that scurry.

And there was the row about that German-Burgundian female And it was his messianic year, Poliorcetes, but he was being a bit too POLUMETIS And the Venetians wouldn’t give him six months’ vacation.



And he went down to the old brick heap of Pèsaro and waited for Feddy  
And Feddy finally said "I am coming!...

...to help Alessandro."

And he said: "This time Mister Feddy has done it."

He said: "Broglìo, I'm the goat. This time Mr. Feddy has done it (*m'l'a calata*)."

And he'd lost his job with the Venetians, And the stone didn't come in from  
Istria: And we sent men to the silk war;

And Wattle never paid up on the nail

Though we signed on with Milan and Florence; And he set up the  
bombards in muck down by Vada where nobody else could have  
set 'em

and he took the wood out of the bombs  
and made 'em of two scoops of metal

And the jobs getting smaller and smaller, Until he signed on with Siena;  
And that time they grabbed his post-bag.

And what was it, anyhow?

Pitigliano, a man with a ten acre lot,

Two lumps of tufa,

and they'd taken his pasture land from him, And Sidg had got back  
their horses,

and he had two big lumps of tufa  
with six hundred pigs in the basements.

And the poor devils were dying of cold.

And this is what they found in the post-bag: *Ex Arimino die xx Decembris*

*"Magnifice ac potens domine, mi singularissime*

"I advise yr. Lordship how

"I have been with master Alwidge who

"has shown me the design of the nave that goes in the middle, "of the  
church and the design for the roof and..."

"JHesus,

"*Magnifico exso*. Signor Mio "Sence to-day I am recommanded that I have  
to tel you my "father's opinium that he has shode to Mr. Genare about  
the "valts of the cherch... etc ...

"Giovane of Master alwise P. S. I think it advisabl that "I shud go to  
rome to talk to mister Albert so as I can no "what he thinks about it

rite.

“Sagramoro...”

“*Illustre signor mio*, Messire Battista...”

“First: Ten slabs best red, seven by 15, by one third, “Eight ditto, good red,  
15 by three by one, “Six of same, 15 by one by one.

“Eight columns 15 by three and one third etc... with carriage, danars 151

“MONSEIGNEUR:

“Madame Isotta has had me write today about Sr. Galeazzo’s  
“daughter. The man who said young pullets make thin soup,  
“knew what he was talking about. We went to see the girl the  
“other day, for all the good that did, and she denied the whole  
“matter and kept her end up without losing her temper. I  
“think Madame Isotta very nearly exhausted the matter. *Mi*  
“*pare che avea decto hogni chossia*. All the children are well.  
“Where you are everyone is pleased and happy because of  
“your taking the chateau here we are the reverse as you might  
“say drifting without a rudder. Madame Lucrezia has prob  
“ably, or should have, written to you, I suppose you have the  
“letter by now. Everyone wants to be remembered to you.

21 Dec. D. de M.”

“... *sagramoro* to put up the derricks. There is a supply of “beams at...”

“MAGNIFICENT LORD WITH DUE REVERENCE: “Messire Malatesta is well and  
asks for you every day. He

“is so much pleased with his pony, It wd. take me a month  
“to write you all the fun he gets out of that pony. I want to  
“again remind you to write to Georgio Rambottom or to his  
“boss to fix up that wall to the little garden that madame Isotta  
“uses, for it is all flat on the ground now as I have already told  
“him a lot of times, for all the good that does, so I am writing  
“to your lordship in the matter I have done all that I can, for  
“all the good that does as nobody hear can do anything  
“without you.

“your faithful

LUNARDA DA PALLA.

20 Dec. 1454.”

“... gone over it with all the foremen and engineers. And about “the silver for the small medal...”

“*Magnifice ac poten...*

“because the walls of...”

“*Malatesta de Malatestis ad Magnificum Dominum Patremque*

“*suum.*

“Ex<sup>80</sup> D<sup>no</sup> et D<sup>no</sup> sin D<sup>no</sup> Sigismundum Pandolfi Filium “Malatestis Capitan General

“Magnificent and Exalted Lord and Father in especial my  
“lord with due recommendation: your letter has been pre-  
“sented to me by Gentilino da Gradara and with it the bay  
“pony (ronzino baiectino) the which you have sent me, and  
“which appears in my eyes a fine caparison’d charger, upon  
“which I intend to learn all there is to know about riding, in  
“consideration of yr. paternal affection for which I thank  
“your excellency thus briefly and pray you continue to hold  
“me in this esteem notifying you by the bearer of this that  
“we are all in good health, as I hope and desire your Ex<sup>ct</sup>  
“Lordship is also: with continued remembrance I remain “Your son and  
servant

MALATESTA DE MALATESTIS.

*Given in Rimini, this the 22nd day of December  
anno domini 1454”*

*(in the sixth year of his age) “ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE: “Unfitting as it is that I  
should offer counsels to Hannibal...”*

“*Magnifice ac potens domine, domini mi singularissime,*  
“*hurnili recomendatione permissa etc.* This to advise your  
“M<sup>gt</sup> Ld<sup>shp</sup> how the second load of Veronese marble has  
“finally got here, after being held up at Ferrara with no end

“of fuss and botheration, the whole of it having been there  
“unloaded

“I learned how it happened, and it has cost a few florins to  
“get back the said load which had been seized for the skipper’s  
“debt and defalcation; he having fled when the lighter was  
“seized. But that Y<sup>r</sup> M<sup>gt</sup> LD<sup>shp</sup> may not lose the moneys  
“paid out on his account I have had the lighter brought here  
“and am holding it, against his arrival. If not we still have  
“the lighter

“As soon as the Xmas fêtes are over I will have the stone  
“floor laid in the sacresty, for which the stone is already cut.  
“The wall of the building is finished and I shall now get the  
“roof on

“We have not begun putting new stone into the martyr  
“chapel; first because the heavy frosts wd. certainly spoil  
“the job; secondly because the aliofants aren’t yet here and  
“one can’t get the measurements for the cornice to the columns  
“that are to rest on the aliofants

“They are doing the stairs to your room in the castle... I  
“have had Messire Antonio degli Atti’s court paved and the  
“stone benches put in it

“Ottavian is illuminating the bull. I mean the bull for the “chapel. All the  
stone-cutters are waiting for spring weather “to start work again “The tomb  
is all done except part of the lid, and as soon as “Messire Agostino gets  
back from Cesena I will see that he

“finishes it, ever recommending me to y<sup>r</sup> M<sup>gt</sup>Ld<sup>shp</sup>

“believe me y<sup>r</sup> faithful PETRUS GENARIIS.”

That’s what they found in the post-bag  
And some more of it to the effect that  
he “lived and ruled”

“*et amava perdutamente Ixotta degli Atti*”  
e “*ne fu degna*”

“*constans in proposito*”

*"Placuit oculis principis*

*"pulchra aspectu"*

*"populo grata (Italiaeque decus)* "and built a temple so full of pagan works"

i. e. Sigismund

and in the style "Past ruin'd Latium"

The filagree hiding the gothic,

with a touch of rhetoric in the whole

And the old sarcophagi,

such as lie, smothered in grass, by San Vitale.

### CANTO XIII

Kung walked

by the dynastic temple

and into the cedar grove,

and then out by the lower river,

And with him Khieu Tchi

and Tian the low speaking

And "we are unknown," said Kung,

"You will take up charioteering?"

"Then you will become known,

"Or perhaps I should take up charioteering, or archery?"

"Or the practice of public speaking?"

And Tseu-lou said, "I would put the defences in order,"

And Khieu said, "If I were lord of a province I would put it in better order than this is."

And Tchi said, "I would prefer a small mountain temple, "With order in the observances,

with a suitable performance of the ritual,"

And Tian said, with his hand on the strings of his lute The low sounds continuing

after his hand left the strings,

And the sound went up like smoke, under the leaves, And he looked after the sound:

“The old swimming hole,  
“And the boys flopping off the planks,  
“Or sitting in the underbrush playing mandolins.”  
And Kung smiled upon all of them equally.  
And Thseng-sie desired to know:  
“Which had answered correctly?”  
And Kung said, “They have all answered correctly, “That is to say, each in  
his nature.”  
And Kung raised his cane against Yuan Jang, Yuan Jang being his elder,  
For Yuan Jang sat by the roadside pretending to be receiving wisdom.  
And Kung said  
“You old fool, come out of it,  
“Get up and do something useful.”  
And Kung said  
“Respect a child’s faculties  
“From the moment it inhales the clear air, “But a man of fifty who knows  
nothing  
Is worthy of no respect.”  
And “When the prince has gathered about him “All the savants and artists,  
his riches will be fully employed.”  
And Kung said, and wrote on the bo leaves: If a man have not order within  
him  
He can not spread order about him;  
And if a man have not order within him  
His family will not act with due order;  
And if the prince have not order within him He can not put order in  
his dominions.  
And Kung gave the words “order”  
and “brotherly deference”  
And said nothing of the “life after death.”  
And he said  
“Anyone can run to excesses,  
“It is easy to shoot past the mark,  
“It is hard to stand firm in the middle.”  
And they said: If a man commit murder

Should his father protect him, and hide him?  
And Kung said:  
He should hide him.

And Kung gave his daughter to Kong-Tchang Although Kong-Tchang was  
in prison.  
And he gave his niece to Nan-Young  
although Nan-Young was out of office.  
And Kung said "Wan ruled with moderation, "In his day the State was well  
kept,  
"And even I can remember  
"A day when the historians left blanks in their writings, "I mean for things  
they didn't know,  
"But that time seems to be passing.  
A day when the historians left blanks in their writings, But that time seems  
to be passing."  
And Kung said, "Without character you will "be unable to play on that  
instrument  
"Or to execute the music fit for the Odes.  
"The blossoms of the apricot  
"blow from the east to the west,  
"And I have tried to keep them from falling."

### *from* CANTO XIV

The slough of unamiable liars,  
bog of stupidities,  
malevolent stupidities, and stupidities, the soil living pus, full of vermin,  
dead maggots begetting live maggots,  
slum owners,  
usurers squeezing crab-lice, pandars to authority, pets-de-loup, sitting on  
piles of stone books, obscuring the texts with philology,  
hiding them under their persons,  
the air without refuge of silence,  
the drift of lice, teething,

and above it the mouthing of orators,  
the arse-belching of preachers.  
And Invidia,  
the corruptio, fcetor, fungus,  
liquid animals, melted ossifications,  
slow rot, foetid combustion,  
chewed cigar-butts, without dignity, without tragedy, .....m Episcopus,  
waving a condom full of black-beetles, monopolists, obstructors of  
knowledge.  
obstructors of distribution.

## CANTO XVII

So that the vines burst from my fingers And the bees weighted with pollen  
Move heavily in the vine-shoots:  
chirr—chirr—chir-rikk—a purring sound,  
And the birds sleepily in the branches.  
ZAGREUS! TO ZAGREUS!  
With the first pale-clear of the heaven  
And the cities set in their hills,  
And the goddess of the fair knees  
Moving there, with the oak-wood behind her, The green slope, with white  
hounds  
leaping about her;  
And thence down to the creek's mouth, until evening, Flat water before me,  
and the trees growing in water,  
Marble trunks out of stillness,  
On past the palazzi,  
in the stillness,  
The light now, not of the sun.  
Chrysophrase,  
And the water green clear, and blue clear; On, to the great cliffs of amber.  
Between them,  
Cave of Nerea,  
she like a great shell curved,



And the boat drawn without sound,  
Without odour of ship-work,  
Nor bird-cry, nor any noise of wave moving, Nor splash of porpoise, nor  
any noise of wave moving, Within her cave, Nerea,  
she like a great shell curved  
In the suavity of the rock,  
cliff green-gray in the far,  
In the near, the gate-cliffs of amber,  
And the wave  
green clear, and blue clear,  
And the cave salt-white, and glare-purple, cool, porphyry smooth,  
the rock sea-worn.  
No gull-cry, no sound of porpoise,  
Sand as of malachite, and no cold there, the light not of the sun.  
Zagreus, feeding his panthers,  
the turf clear as on hills under light.  
And under the almond-trees, gods,  
with them, *choros nympharum*. Gods, Hermes and Athene,  
As shaft of compass,  
Between them, trembled—  
To the left is the place of fauns,  
*sylva nympharum*;  
The low wood, moor-scrub,  
the doe, the young spotted deer,  
leap up through the broom-plants,  
as dry leaf amid yellow.  
And by one cut of the hills,  
the great alley of Memnons.  
Beyond, sea, crests seen over dune  
Night sea churning shingle,  
To the left, the alley of cypress.  
A boat came,  
One man holding her sail,  
Guiding her with oar caught over gunwale, saying: "There, in the forest of  
marble,  
"the stone trees—out of water—"

“the arbours of stone—  
“marble leaf, over leaf,  
“silver, steel over steel,  
“silver beaks rising and crossing,  
“prow set against prow,  
“stone, ply over ply,  
“the gilt beams flare of an evening”

Borso, Carmagnola, the men of craft, *i vitrei*, Thither, at one time, time after time,

And the waters richer than glass,  
Bronze gold, the blaze over the silver,  
Dye-pots in the torch-light,  
The flash of wave under prows,  
And the silver beaks rising and crossing.

Stone trees, white and rose-white in the darkness, Cypress there by the towers,  
Drift under hulls in the night.

“In the gloom the gold  
Gathers the light about it.”...

Now supine in burrow, half over-arched bramble, One eye for the sea,  
through that peek-hole, Gray light, with Athene.

Zothar and her elephants, the gold loin-cloth, The sistrum, shaken, shaken,  
the cohort of her dancers.

And Aletha, by bend of the shore,  
with her eyes seaward,  
and in her hands sea-wrack

Salt-bright with the foam.

Koré through the bright meadow,  
with green-gray dust in the grass:

“For this hour, brother of Circe.”

Arm laid over my shoulder,

Saw the sun for three days, the sun fulvid, As a lion lift over sand-plain;  
and that day,

And for three days, and none after,

Splendour, as the splendour of Hermes,  
 And shipped thence  
   to the stone place,  
 Pale white, over water,  
   known water,  
 And the white forest of marble, bent bough over bough, The pleached  
 arbour of stone,  
 Thither Borso, when they shot the barbed arrow at him, And Carmagnola,  
     between the two columns, Sigismundo, after that wreck in Dalmatia.  
     Sunset like the grasshopper flying.

## *from* CANTO XX

\* \* \* \*

And from the floating bodies, the incense blue-pale, purple above them.  
 Shelf of the lotophagoi,  
 Aerial, cut in the æther

Reclining,

With silver spilla,  
 The ball as of melted amber, coiled, caught up, and turned.  
 Lotophagoi of the suave nails, quiet, scornful, Voce-profondo:

“Feared neither death nor pain for this beauty; If harm, harm to  
 ourselves.”

And beneath: the clear bones, far down,  
 Thousand on thousand.

    “What gain with Odysseus,  
 “They that died in the whirlpool  
 “And after many vain labours,  
 “Living by stolen meat, chained to the rowingbench, “That he should have a  
 great fame

“And lie by night with the goddess?

“Their names are not written in bronze  
     “Nor their rowing sticks set with Elpenor’s; “Nor have they  
     mound by sea-bord.

“That saw never the olives under Spartha “With the leaves green  
and then not green, “The click of light in their branches;  
“That saw not the bronze hall nor the ingle “Nor lay there  
with the queen’s waiting maids, “Nor had they Circe to  
couch-mate, Circe Titania, “Nor had they meats of Kalüpso  
“Or her silk skirts brushing their thighs.  
“Give! What were they given?

Ear-wax.

“Poison and ear-wax,  
and a salt grave by the bull-field,  
“*neson amumona*, their heads like sea crows in the foam, “Black splotches,  
sea-weed under lightning; “Canned beef of Apollo, ten cans for a boat  
load.”

Ligur’ aoide.

\* \* \*

## *from* CANTO XXV

\* \* \*

...because of the stink of the dungeons. 1344.

1409... since the most serene Doge can scarce stand upright in his  
bedroom...

vadit pars, two gross lire  
stone stair, 1415, for pulchritude of the palace 254 da parte  
de non 23  
4 non sincere

Which is to say: they built out over the arches and the palace hangs there in  
the dawn, the mist, in that dimness,  
or as one rows in from past the murazzi  
the barge slow after moon-rise  
and the voice sounding under the sail.  
Mist gone

An d Sulpicia  
green shoot now, and the wood  
white under new cortex

“as the sculptor sees the form in the air before he sets hand to mallet,  
“and as he sees the in, and the through, the four sides  
“not the one face to the painter”

As ivory uncorrupted:

“Pone metum Cerinthe”

Lay there, the long soft grass,  
and the flute lay there by her thigh,  
Sulpicia, the fauns, wig-strong,  
gathered about her;

The fluid, over the grass

Zephyrus, passing through her,

“deus nec laedit amantes.”

Hic mihi dies sanctus;

And from the stone pits, the heavy voices, Heavy sound:

“Sero, sero...

“Nothing we made, we set nothing in order, “Neither house nor the carving,  
“And what we thought had been thought for too long; “Our opinion not  
opinion in evil

“But opinion borne for too long.

“We have gathered a sieve full of water.”

And from the comb of reeds, came notes and the chorus Moving, the young  
fauns: Pone metum,  
Metum, nec deus laedit.

And as after the form, the shadow,

Noble forms, lacking life, that bolge, that valley the dead words keeping  
form,

and the cry: Civis Romanus.

The clear air, dark, dark,

The dead concepts, never the solid, the blood rite, The vanity of Ferrara;

Clearer than shades, in the hill road

Springing in cleft of the rock: Phaethusa There as she came among them,  
Wine in the smoke-faint throat,

Fire gleam under smoke of the mountain,

Even there by meadows of Phlegethon

And against this the flute: pone metum.  
Fading, that they carried their guts before them, And thought then: the  
deathless,  
Form, forms and renewal, gods held in the air, Forms seen, and then  
clearness,  
Bright void, without image, Napishtim,  
Casting his gods back into the *vous*.

“as the sculptor sees the form in the air...

“as glass seen under water,

“King Otreus, my father...”

and saw the waves taking form as crystal, notes as facets of air,  
and the mind there, before them, moving, so that notes needed not move

\* \* \*

### ***from* CANTO XXX**

Compleynt, compleynt I hearde upon a day, Artemis singing, Artemis,  
Artemis  
Agaynst Pity lifted her wail:  
Pity causeth the forests to fail,  
Pity slayeth my nymphs,  
Pity spareth so many an evil thing.  
Pity befouleth April,  
Pity is the root and the spring.  
Now if no fayre creature followeth me  
It is on account of Pity,  
It is on account that Pity forbideth them slaye.  
All things are made foul in this season, This is the reason, none may seek  
purity Having for foulnesse pity  
And things growne awry;  
No more do my shaftes fly  
To slay. Nothing is now clean slayne  
But rotteth away.

In Paphos, on a day

I also heard:

...goeth not with young Mars to playe  
But she hath pity on a doddering fool,  
She tendeth his fyre,  
She keepeth his embers warm.

Time is the evil. Evil.

A day, and a day  
Walked the young Pedro baffled,  
a day and a day  
After Ignez was murdered.  
Came the Lords in Lisboa  
a day, and a day  
In homage. Seated there  
dead eyes,  
Dead hair under the crown,  
The King still young there beside her.

\* \* \*

## *from* CANTO XXXVI

A lady asks me

I speak in season

She seeks reason for an affect, wild often That is so proud he hath Love for  
a name Who denys it can hear the truth now

Wherefore I speak to the present knowers Having no hope that low-hearted

Can bring sight to such reason Be there not natural  
demonstration

I have no will to try proof-bringing

Or say where it hath birth

What is its vertu and power

Its being and every moving

Or delight whereby 'tis called "to love"

Or if man can show it to sight.

Where memory liveth, it takes its state  
Formed like a diafan from light on shade Which shadow cometh of Mars  
and remaineth Created, having a name sensate,  
Custom of the soul,  
will from the heart;

Cometh from a seen form which being understood Taketh locus and  
remaining in the intellect possible Wherein hath he neither weight nor  
still-standing, Descendeth not by quality but shineth out Himself his  
own effect unendingly  
Not in delight but in the being aware  
Nor can he leave his true likeness elsewhere.

He is not vertu but cometh of that perfection Which is so postulate not by  
the reason  
But 'tis felt, I say.  
Beyond salvation, holdeth his judging force Deeming intention to be  
reason's peer and mate, Poor in discernment, being thus weakness'  
friend Often his power cometh on death in the end, Be it withstayed  
and so swinging counterweight.  
Not that it were natural opposite, but only Wry'd a bit from the perfect,  
Let no man say love cometh from chance  
Or hath not established lordship  
Holding his power even though  
Memory hath him no more.

Cometh he to be when the will  
From overplus  
Twisteth out of natural measure,  
Never adorned with rest Moveth he changing colour Either to laugh or weep  
Contorting the face with fear  
resteth but a little  
Yet shall ye see of him That he is most often With folk who deserve him



And his strange quality sets sighs to move Willing man look into that  
forméd trace in his mind And with such uneasiness as rouseth the flame.  
Unskilled can not form his image,  
He himself moveth not, drawing all to his stillness, Neither turneth about to  
seek his delight Nor yet to seek out proving  
Be it so great or so small.

He draweth likeness and hue from like nature So making pleasure more  
certain in seeming Nor can stand hid in such nearness,  
Beautys be darts tho' not savage  
Skilled from such fear a man follows  
Deserving spirit, that pierceth.  
Nor is he known from his face  
But taken in the white light that is allness Toucheth his aim  
Who heareth, seeth not form  
But is led by its emanation.  
Being divided, set out from colour,  
Disjunct in mid darkness  
Grazeth the light, one moving by other,  
Being divided, divided from all falsity  
Worthy of trust  
From him alone mercy proceedeth.

Go, song, surely thou mayest Whither it please thee  
For so art thou ornate that thy reasons  
Shall be praised from thy understanders, With others hast thou no will to  
make company.

\* \* \*

## CANTO XXXVIII

*il duol che sopra Senna  
Induce, falseggiando la moneta.*

*Paradiso XIX, 118.*

An' that year Metevsky went over to America del Sud (and the Pope's  
manners were so like Mr Joyce's, got that way in the Vatican, weren't  
like that before) Marconi knelt in the ancient manner  
like Jimmy Walker sayin' his prayers.

His Holiness expressed a polite curiosity as to how His Excellency had  
chased those electric shakes through the a'mosphere.

Lucrezia

Wanted a rabbit's foot,

and he, Metevsky said to the one side

(three children, five abortions and died of the last) he said: the other boys  
got more munitions (thus cigar-makers whose work is highly repetitive  
can perform the necessary operations almost automatically and at the  
same time listen to readers who are hired for the purpose of providing  
mental entertainment while they work; Dexter Kimball 1929.)

Don't buy until you can get ours.

And he went over the border

and he said to the other side:

The *other* side has more munitions. Don't buy until you can get ours.

And Akers made a large profit and imported gold into England Thus  
increasing gold imports.

The gentle reader has heard this before.

And that year Mr Whitney

Said how useful short sellin' was,

We suppose he meant to the brokers

And no one called him a liar.

And two Afghans came to Geneva

To see if they cd. get some guns cheap,

As they had heard about someone's disarming.

And the secretary of the something

Made some money from oil wells

(In the name of God the Most Glorious Mr D'Arcy is  
empowered to scratch through the sub-soil of Persia until  
fifty years from this date...)

Mr Mellon went over to England

and that year Mr Wilson had prostatitis

And there was talk of a new Messiah

(that must have been a bit sooner)  
And her Ladyship cut down Jenny's allowance Because of that bitch Agot  
Ipswich  
And that year (that wd. be 20 or 18 years sooner) They began to kill 'em by  
millions  
Because of a louse in Berlin  
and a greasy bastard in Ausstria  
By name François Giuseppe.

"Will there be war?" "No, Miss Wi'let,  
"On account of bizschniz relations."  
Said the soap and bones dealer in May 1914  
And Mr Gandhi thought:  
if we don't buy any cotton  
And at the same time don't buy any guns...  
Monsieur Untel was not found at the Jockey Club ...but was, later, found in  
Japan  
And So-and-So had shares in Mitsui.  
"The wood (walnut) will always be wanted for gunstocks"  
And they put up a watch factory outside Muscou And the watches kept  
time.... Italian marshes been waiting since Tiberius' time...  
"Marry" said Beebe, "how do the fish live in the sea."  
Rivera, the Spanish dictator, dictated that the Infante was physically unfit to  
inherit...  
gothic type still used in Vienna  
because the old folks are used to that type.  
And Schlossmann  
suggested that I stay there in Vienna  
As stool-pigeon against the Anschluss  
Because the Ausstrians needed a Buddha (Seay, brother, I leev et  
tuh yew!)  
The white man who made the tempest in Baluba Der im Baluba das  
Gewitter gemacht hat...  
they spell words with a drum beat,  
"The country is overbrained" said the hungarian nobleman in 1923.  
Kosouth (Ku' shoot) used, I understand To sit in a café—all done by

conversation— It was all done by conversation,  
possibly because one repeats the point when conversing:

“Vienna contains a mixture of races.”

wd. I stay and be Bhudd-ha?

“They are accustomed to having an Emperor. They must have Something to  
worship. (1927)”

But their humour about losing the Tyrol?

Their humour is not quite so broad.

The ragged arab spoke with Frobenius and told him The names of 3000  
plants.

Bruhl found some languages full of detail Words that half mimic  
action; but

generalization is beyond them, a white dog is not, let us say, a dog like a  
black dog.

Do not happen, Romeo and Juliet...unhappily I have lost the cutting but  
apparently

such things do still happen, he

suicided outside her door while

the family was preparing her body for burial, and she knew that this was the  
case.

Green, black, December. Said Mr Blodgett: “Sewing machines will never  
come into general use.”

“I have of course never said that the cash is constant”

(Douglas) and in fact the population (Britain 1914) was left with 800  
millions of ‘*deposits*’

after all the cash had been drawn, and

these deposits were satisfied by the

printing of treasury notes.

A factory

has also another aspect, which we call the financial aspect It gives people  
the power to buy (wages, dividends which are power to buy) but it is  
also the cause of prices or values, financial, I mean financial values It  
pays workers, and pays *for* material.

What it pays in wages and dividends

stays fluid, as power to buy, and this power is less, per forza, damn blast  
your intellex, is less than the total payments made by the factory (as

wages, dividends AND payments for raw material bank charges etcetera and all, that is the whole, that is the total of these is added into the total of prices caused by that factory, any damn factory and there is and must be therefore a clog and the power to purchase can never (under the present system) catch up with prices at large, and the light became so bright and so blinding in this layer of paradise that the mind of man was bewildered.

Said Herr Krupp (1842): guns are a merchandise I approach them from the industrial end, I approach them from the technical side, 1847 orders from Paris and Egypt....

orders from the Crimea,

Order of Pietro il Grande,

and a Command in the Legion of Honour...

500 to St Petersburg and 300 to Napoleon Barbiche from Creusot. At

Sadowa

Austria had some Krupp cannon;

Prussia had some Krupp cannon.

“The Emperor ('68) is deeply interested in yr. catalogue and in yr. services to humanity”

(signed) Leboeuf

who was a relative of Monsieur Schneider 1900 fifty thousand operai, 53 thousand cannon, about half for his country, Bohlem und Halbach,

Herr Schneider of Creusot

Twin arse with one belly.

Eugene, Adolf and Alfred “more money from guns than from tractiles”

Eugene was sent to the deputies;

(Soane et Loire) to the Deputies, minister; Later rose to be minister,

“guns coming from anywhere,

but appropriations from the Chambers of Parliaments”

In 1874 reed, license for free exportation Adopted by 22 nations

1885/1900 produced ten thousand cannon

to 1914, 34 thousand

one half of them sent out of the country always in the chamber of deputies,  
always a conservative, Schools, churches, ospitals fer the workin' man  
Sand piles fer the children.

Opposite the Palace of the Schneiders

Arose the monument to Herr Henri

Chantiers de la Gironde, Bank of the Paris Union, The franco-japanese bank  
François de Wendel, Robert Protot

To friends and enemies of tomorrow

“the most powerful union is doubtless  
that of the Comité des Forges,”

“And God take your living” said Hawkwood 15 million: Journal des Débats  
30 million paid to Le Temps

Eleven for the Echo de Paris

Polloks on Schneider patents

Our bank has bought us

a lot of shares in Mitsui

Who arm 50 divisions, who keep up the Japanese army and they are  
destined to have a large future “faire passer ces affaires  
avant celles de la nation.”

## CANTO XLV

With *Usura*

With usura hath no man a house of good stone each block cut smooth and  
well fitting

that design might cover their face,  
with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall *harpes et luthes*  
or where virgin receiveth message

and halo projects from incision,  
with usura

seeth no man Gonzaga his heirs and his concubines no picture is made to  
endure nor to live with but it is made to sell and sell quickly

with usura, sin against nature,

is thy bread ever more of stale rags

is thy bread dry as paper,  
with no mountain wheat, no strong flour  
with usura the line grows thick  
with usura is no clear demarcation  
and no man can find site for his dwelling.  
Stone cutter is kept from his stone  
weaver is kept from his loom

#### WITH USURA

wool comes not to market  
sheep bringeth no gain with usura  
Usura is a murrain, usura  
blunteth the needle in the maid's hand  
and stoppeth the spinner's cunning. Pietro Lombardo came not by usura  
Duccio came not by usura  
nor Pier della Francesca; Zuan Bellin' not by usura nor was 'La Calunnia'  
painted.

Came not by usura Angelico; came not Ambrogio Praedis, Came no church  
of cut stone signed: *Adamo me fecit.*

Not by usura St Trophime

Not by usura Saint Hilaire,

Usura rusteth the chisel

It rusteth the craft and the craftsman

It gnaweth the thread in the loom

None learneth to weave gold in her pattern; Azure hath a canker by usura;  
cramoisi is unbroidered Emerald findeth no Memling

Usura slayeth the child in the womb

It stayeth the young man's courting

It hath brought palsey to bed, lyeth

between the young bride and her bridegroom CONTRA NATURAM

They have brought whores for Eleusis

Corpses are set to banquet

at behest of usura.

## CANTO XLVII

Who even dead, yet hath his mind entire!

This sound came in the dark

First must thou go the road

to hell

And to the bower of Ceres' daughter Proserpine, Through overhanging  
dark, to see Tiresias, Eyeless that was, a shade, that is in hell So full of  
knowing that the beefy men know less than he, Ere thou come to thy  
road's end.

Knowledge the shade of a shade,

Yet must thou sail after knowledge

Knowing less than drugged beasts, *phtheggometha  
thasson*

*φθεγγώμεθα θάσσον*

The small lamps drift in the bay

And the sea's claw gathers them.

Neptunus drinks after neap-tide.

Tamuz! Tamuz!!

The red flame going seaward.

By this gate art thou measured.

From the long boats they have set lights in the water, The sea's claw gathers  
them outward.

Scilla's dogs snarl at the cliff's base, The white teeth gnaw in under the  
crag,

But in the pale night the small lamps float seaward **Τυ Διώνη**

TU DIONA

*Και Μοῖραι τ' Ἄδωνιν*

KAI MOIRAL' T' ADONIN

The sea is streaked red with Adonis,

The lights flicker red in small jars.

Wheat shoots rise new by the altar,

flower from the swift seed.

Two span, two span to a woman,

Beyond that she believes not. Nothing is of any importance.

To that is she bent, her intention



To that art thou called ever turning intention, Whether by night the owl-call,  
whether by sap in shoot, Never idle, by no means by no wiles  
intermittent Moth is called over mountain  
The bull runs blind on the sword, *naturans*  
To the cave art thou called, Odysseus,  
By Molü hast thou respite for a little,  
By Molü art thou freed from the one bed  
that thou may'st return to another  
The stars are not in her counting,  
To her they are but wandering holes.  
Begin thy plowing  
When the Pleiades go down to their rest, Begin thy plowing  
40 days are they under seabord,  
Thus do in fields by seabord  
And in valleys winding down toward the sea.  
When the cranes fly high  
think of plowing.  
By this gate art thou measured  
Thy day is between a door and a door  
Two oxen are yoked for plowing  
Or six in the hill field  
White bulk under olives, a score for drawing down stone, Here the mules  
are gabled with slate on the hill road.  
Thus was it in time.  
And the small stars now fall from the olive branch, Forked shadow falls  
dark on the terrace  
More black than the floating martin  
that has no care for your presence,  
His wing-print is black on the roof tiles And the print is gone with his cry.  
So light is thy weight on Tellus  
Thy notch no deeper indented  
Thy weight less than the shadow  
Yet hast thou gnawed through the mountain, Scylla's white teeth less sharp.  
Hast thou found a nest softer than cunnus Or hast thou found better rest  
Hast'ou a deeper planting, doth thy death year Bring swifter shoot?  
Hast thou entered more deeply the mountain?

The light has entered the cave. Io! Io!  
The light has gone down into the cave,  
Splendour on splendour!  
By prong have I entered these hills:  
That the grass grow from my body,  
That I hear the roots speaking together, The air is new on my leaf,  
The forked boughs shake with the wind.  
Is Zephyrus more light on the bough, Apeliota more light on the almond  
branch?  
By this door have I entered the hill.  
Falleth,  
Adonis falleth.  
Fruit cometh after. The small lights drift out with the tide, sea's claw has  
gathered them outward,  
Four banners to every flower  
The sea's claw draws the lamps outward.  
Think thus of thy plowing  
When the seven stars go down to their rest Forty days for their rest, by  
seabord  
And in valleys that wind down toward the sea *Και Μοῖραι τ' Ἄδωνιν*

KAI MOIRAI' T' ADONIN

When the almond bough puts forth its flame, When the new shoots are  
brought to the altar, *Τυ Διώνη, Και Μοῖραι*

KAI MOIRAI' T' ADONIN

*Και Μοῖραι τ' Ἄδωνιν*

KAI MOIRAI' T' ADONIN

that hath the gift of healing,  
that hath the power over wild beasts.

## CANTO XLIX

For the seven lakes, and by no man these verses: Rain; empty river; a  
voyage,

Fire from frozen cloud, heavy rain in the twilight Under the cabin roof was  
one lantern.

The reeds are heavy; bent;  
and the bamboos speak as if weeping.

Autumn moon; hills rise about lakes  
against sunset

Evening is like a curtain of cloud,  
a blurr above ripples; and through it  
sharp long spikes of the cinnamon,  
a cold tune amid reeds.

Behind hill the monk's bell  
borne on the wind.

Sail passed here in April; may return in October Boat fades in silver;  
slowly;

Sun blaze alone on the river.

Where wine flag catches the sunset

Sparse chimneys smoke in the cross light Comes then snow scur on the  
river

And a world is covered with jade

Small boat floats like a lanthorn,

The flowing water clots as with cold. And at San Yin they are a people of  
leisure

Wild geese swoop to the sand-bar,

Clouds gather about the hole of the window Broad water; geese line out  
with the autumn Rooks clatter over the fishermen's lanthorns, A light  
moves on the north sky line;

where the young boys prod stones for shrimp.

In seventeen hundred came Tsing to these hill lakes.

A light moves on the south sky line

State by creating riches shd. thereby get into debt?

This is infamy; this is Geryon.

This canal goes still to TenShi

though the old king built it for pleasure

K E I	M E N	RAN	K E I
K I U	M A N	MAN	K E I
JITSU	GETSU	K O	K W A
T A N	F U K U	TAN	K A I

Sun up; work  
sundown; to rest  
dig well and drink of the water  
dig field; eat of the grain  
Imperial power is? and to us what is it?

The fourth; the dimension of stillness.  
And the power over wild beasts.

## CANTO LI

Shines  
in the mind of heaven God  
who made it  
more than the sun  
in our eye.  
Fifth element; mud; said Napoleon  
With usury has no man a good house  
made of stone, no paradise on his church wall  
With usury the stone cutter is  
kept from his stone the weaver is kept from his loom by usura  
Wool  
does not come into market  
the peasant does not eat his own grain

the girl's needle goes blunt in her hand The looms are hushed one after  
another  
ten thousand after ten thousand  
Duccio was not by usura  
Nor was 'La Calunnia' painted.  
Neither Ambrogio Praedis nor Angelico  
had their skill by usura  
Nor St Trophime its cloisters;  
Nor St Hilaire its proportion.  
Usury rusts the man and his chisel  
It destroys the craftsman, destroying craft; Azure is caught with cancer.  
Emerald comes to no Memling Usury kills the child in the womb  
And breaks short the young man's courting Usury brings age into youth; it  
lies between the bride and the bridegroom  
Usury is against Nature's increase.  
Whores for Eleusis;  
Under usury no stone is cut smooth  
Peasant has no gain from his sheep herd  
Blue dun; number 2 in most rivers  
for dark days, when it is cold  
A starling's wing will give you the colour or duck widgeon, if you take  
feather from under the wing Let the body be of blue fox fur,  
or a water rat's or grey squirrel's. Take this with a portion of mohair and a  
cock's hackle for legs.  
12th of March to 2nd of April  
Hen pheasant's feather does for a fly,  
green tail, the wings flat on the body  
Dark fur from a hare's ear for a body  
a green shaded partridge feather  
grizzled yellow cock's hackle  
green wax; harl from a peacock's tail  
bright lower body; about the size of pin the head should be. can be fished  
from seven a.m.  
till eleven; at which time the brown marsh fly comes on.  
As long as the brown continues, no fish will take Granham That hath the  
light of the doer, as it were a form cleaving to it.

Deo similis quodam modo  
 hic intellectus adeptus  
 Grass; nowhere out of place. Thus speaking in Königsberg Zwischen die  
 Volkern erzielt wird  
 a modus vivendi.  
 circling in eddying air; in a hurry;  
 the 12: close eyed in the oily wind  
 these were the regents; and a sour song from the folds of his belly  
 sang Geryone; I am the help of the aged; I pay men to talk peace;  
 Mistress of many tongues; merchant of chalcedony I am Geryon twin with  
 usura,  
 You who have lived in a stage set.  
 A thousand were dead in his folds;  
 in the eel-fishers basket  
 Time was of the League of Cambrai:

正名

### **from CANTO LIII**

Yeou taught men to break branches  
 Seu Gin set up the stage and taught barter, taught the knotting of cords  
 Fou Hi taught men to grow barley  
 2837 ante Christum  
 and they know still where his tomb is  
 by the high cypress between the strong walls.  
 the FIVE grains, said Chin Nong, that are wheat, rice, millet, *gros blé* and  
 chic peas and made a plough that is used five thousand years Moved his  
 court then to Kio-feou-hien  
 held market at mid-day  
 'bring what we have not here', wrote an herbal Souan Yen bagged fifteen  
 tigers  
 made signs out of bird tracks  
 Hoang Ti contrived the making of bricks  
 and his wife started working the silk worms, money was in days of Hoang  
 Ti.

He measured the length of Syrix  
 of the tubes to make tune for song  
 Twenty-six (that was) eleven ante Christum had four wives and 25 males of  
 his making His tomb is today in Kiao-Chan  
 Ti Ko set his scholars to fitting words to their music is buried in Tung  
 Kieou  
 This was in the twenty-fifth century a.c.  
 YAO like the sun and rain,  
 saw what star is at solstice  
 saw what star marks mid summer  
 YU, leader of waters,  
 black earth is fertile, wild silk still is from Shantung Ammassi, to  
 the provinces,  
 let his men pay tithes in kind.  
 'Siu-tcheou province to pay in earth of five colours Pheasant plumes from  
 the Yu-chan of mountains Yu-chan to pay sycamores  
 of this wood are lutes made  
 Ringing stones from Se-choui river  
 and grass that is called Tsing-mo' or *μῶλυ*  
 Chun to the spirit Chang Ti, of heaven  
 moving the sun and stars

que vos expriment vos intentions, et que la musique  
 orme

YAO




CHUN



KAO-YAO



YU



For years no waters came, no rain fell  
 for the Emperor Tching Tang  
 grain scarce, prices rising  
 so that in 1766 Tching Tang opened the copper mine (ante Christum)  
 made discs with square holes in their middles and gave these to the people

wherewith they might buy grain

where there was grain

The silos were emptied

7 years of sterility

der im Baluba das Gewitter gemacht hat

Tching prayed on the mountain and

wrote MAKE IT NEW

on his bath tub

Day by day make it new

cut underbrush,

pile the logs

keep it growing.

Died Tching aged years an hundred,

in the 13th of his reign.

“We are up, Hia is down.”

Immoderate love of women

Immoderate love of riches,

Cared for parades and huntin’.

Chang Ti above alone rules.

Tang not stinting of praise:

Consider their sweats, the people’s

If you wd / sit calm on throne.

---

Thus came Kang to be Emperor/.

White horses with sorrel manes in the court yard.

“I am pro-Tcheou” said Confucius

“I am” said Confutzius “pro-Tcheou in politics”

Wen-wang and Wu-wang had sage men, strong as bears Said young Kang-wang:

Help me to keep the peace!

Your ancestors have come one by one under our rule for our rule.

Honour to Chao-Kong the surveyor.

Let his name last 3000 years



Gave each man land for his labour  
not by plough-land alone  
But for keeping of silk worms  
Reforested the mulberry groves  
Set periodical markets  
Exchange brought abundance, the prisons were empty.  
“Yao and Chun have returned”  
sang the farmers  
“Peace and abundance bring virtue.” I am ‘pro-Tcheou’ said Confucius five  
centuries later.  
With his mind on this age.

---

Then Kungfutseu was made minister and moved promptly against T. C.  
Mao  
and had him beheaded  
that was false and crafty of heart  
a tough tongue that flowed with deceit  
A man who remembered evil and was complacent in doing it.  
LOU rose. Tsi sent girls to destroy it  
Kungfutseu retired  
At Tching someone said:  
there is man with Yao’s forehead  
Cao’s neck and the shoulders of Tsé Tchín A man tall as Yu, and he wanders  
about in front of the East gate  
like a dog that has lost his owner.  
Wrong, said Confucius, in what he says of those Emperors but as to the lost  
dog, quite correct.  
He was seven days foodless in Tchín  
the rest sick and Kung making music  
‘sang even more than was usual’  
Honour to Yng P the bastard  
Tchín and Tsai cut off Kung in the desert and Tcheou troops alone got him  
out  
Tsao fell after 25 generations  
And Kung cut 3000 odes to 300

Comet from Yng star to Sin star, that is two degrees long in the 40th year of  
King Ouang  
Died Kung aged 73 b.c. 479

---

Thus of Kung or Confucius, and of 'Hillock' his father when he was  
attacking a city  
his men had passed under the drop gate  
And the warders then dropped it, so Hillock caught the whole weight on his  
shoulder, and held till his last man had got out.  
Of such stock was Kungfutseu.

## **from CANTO LXII**

*'Acquit of evil intention  
or inclination to perseverance in error  
to correct it with cheerfulness  
particularly as to the motives of actions  
of the great nations of Europe.'*

for the planting  
and ruling and ordering of Ne w England  
from latitude 40° to 48°

TO THE GOVERNOR AND THE COMPANIE

whereon Thomas Adams  
19th March 1628

18th assistant whereof the said Thomas Adams (abbreviated)  
Merry Mount become Braintree, a plantation near Weston's Capn  
Wollanston's became Merrymount.

ten head 40 acres at 3/ (shillings) per acre who lasted 6 years,  
brewing commenced by the first Henry continued by Joseph  
Adams, his son

at decease left a malting establishment.

Born 1735; 19th Oct. old style; 30th new style John Adams its emolument  
gave but a bare scanty subsistence.

'Passion of orthodoxy is fear, Calvinism has no other agent study of  
theology

wd/ involve me in endless altercation

to no purpose, of no design and do no good to any man whatsoever...  
not less of order than liberty...

Burke, Gibbon, beautifiers of figures...

middle path, resource of second-rate statesmen...



produced not in Britain:

*tcha*

tax falls on the colonists.

Lord North, purblind to the rights of a

continent, eye on a few London merchants....

no longer saw redcoat

as brother or as a protector

(Boston about the size of Rapallo)

scarce 16,000,

habits of freedom now formed

even among those who scarcely got so far as analysis so about 9 o'clock in the

morning Lard Narf wuz bein' impassible was a light fall of snow in

Bastun, in King St.

and the 29th Styschire in Brattle St

Murray's barracks, and in this case was a baker's boy ragging the sentinel

so Capn Preston etc/

lower order with billets of wood and 'just roving'

force in fact of a right sez Chawles Fwancis at same time, and in Louses of

Parleymoot...

so fatal a precision of aim,

sojers aiming??

Gent standing in his doorway got 2 balls in the arm and five deaders 'never

Cadmus...' etc

was more pregnant

patriots need legal advisor

measures involvin' pro-fessional knowl-edge BE IT ENACTED / guv-nor

council an' house of assembly (Blaydon objectin' to form ov these

doggymints) Encourage arts commerce an' farmin'

not suggest anything on my own  
if ever abandoned by administration of England and outrage of the  
soldiery  
the bonds of affection be broken  
till then let us try cases by law IF by  
snowballs oystershells cinders  
was provocation  
reply was then manslaughter only  
in consideration of endocrine human emotions unprootable, that is, human  
emotions— merely manslaughter  
brand 'em in hand  
but not hang 'em being mere human blighters common men like the rest of  
us  
subjekk to  
passions  
law not bent to wanton imagination  
and temper of individuals  
mens sine affectu  
that law rules  
that it be  
sine affectu in 1770, Bastun.  
Bad law is the worst sort of tyranny. Burke disputed right to seize lands of  
the heathen and give it to any king, If we be feudatory parliament has no  
control over us  
We are merely  
under the monarch  
allegiance is to the king's natural person 'The Spensers'  
said Coke, hatched treason denying this  
allegiance follows natural, not politic person are we mere slaves of some  
other people?  
Mercantile temper of Britain  
constitution...without appeal to higher powers unwritten VOTE D 92 to 8  
against Oliver  
i.e. against king's pay for the judges instead of having the wigs paid  
by the colony  
no jurors wd/ serve

These are the stones of foundation  
J. A.'s reply to the Governor  
Impeachment of Oliver  
These stones we built on

---

## **from CANTO LXXIV**

The enormous tragedy of the dream in the peasant's bent shoulders Manes!  
Manes was tanned and stuffed,  
Thus Ben and la Clara *a Milano*  
by the heels at Milano  
That maggots shd/ eat the dead bullock  
DIGENES, <sup>Διγενής</sup>, but the twice crucified where in history will you find it?  
yet say this to the Possum: a bang, not a whimper, with a bang not with a  
whimper,  
To build the city of Dioce whose terraces are the colour of stars.  
The suave eyes, quiet, not scornful,  
rain also is of the process.  
What you depart from is not the way  
and olive tree blown white in the wind  
washed in the Kiang and Han  
what whiteness will you add to this whiteness, what candor?

---

and there was a smell of mint under the tent flaps especially after the rain  
and a white ox on the road toward Pisa as if facing the tower,  
dark sheep in the drill field and on wet days were clouds in the mountain as  
if under the guard roosts.  
A lizard upheld me  
the wild birds wd not eat the white bread from Mt Taishan to the  
sunset  
From Carrara stone to the tower  
and this day the air was made open

for Kuanon of all delights,  
Linus, Cletus, Clement

whose prayers,

the great scarab is bowed at the altar  
the green light gleams in his shell  
plowed in the sacred field and unwound the silk worms early in tensile  
in the light of light is the *virtù*

“sunt lumina” said Erigena Scotus

as of Shun on Mt Taishan

and in the hall of the forebears

as from the beginning of wonders

the paraclete that was present in Yao, the precision in Shun the  
compassionate

in Yu the guider of waters

---

Tempus tacendi, tempus loquendi.

Never inside the country to raise the standard of living but always abroad to  
increase the profits of usurers, dixit Lenin,

and gun sales lead to more gun sales

they do not clutter the market for gunnery there is no saturation

Pisa, in the 23rd year of the effort in sight of the tower and Till was hung  
yesterday

for murder and rape with trimmings plus Cholkis plus mythology, thought  
he was Zeus ram or another one Hey Snag wots in the bibl’?

wot are the books ov the bible?

Name ’em, don’t bullshit ME.

---

a man on whom the sun has gone down

and the wind came as hamadryas under the sun-beat Vai soli

are never alone

amid the slaves learning slavery

and the dull driven back toward the jungle are never alone ‘HAION

HEPI’HAION

as the light sucks up vapor

and the tides follow Lucina

that had been a hard man in some ways  
a day as a thousand years  
as the leopard sat by his water dish;

---

nor is it for nothing that the chrysalids mate in the air color di luce  
green splendour and as the sun thru pale fingers Lordly men are to earth  
o'ergiven

these the companions:  
Fordie who wrote of giants  
and William who dreamed of nobility  
and Jim the comedian singing:  
"Blarrney castle me darlin'  
you're nothing now but a StOWne"  
and Plarr talking of mathematics  
or Jepson lover of jade  
Maurie who wrote historical novels  
and Newbolt who looked twice bathed  
are to earth o'ergiven.

And this day the sun was clouded  
—"You sit stiller" said Kokka  
"if whenever you move something jangles."

---

and Mr Edwards superb green and brown  
in ward No 4 a jacent benignity,  
of the Baluba mask: "doan you tell no one I made you that table"  
methenamine eases the urine  
and the greatest is charity  
to be found among those who have not observed regulations  
not of course that we advocate—  
and yet petty larceny  
in a regime based on grand larceny  
might rank as conformity nient' altro  
with justicc shall be redeemed  
who putteth not out his money on interest "in meteyard in weight or in  
measure"

XIX Leviticus or  
First Thessalonians 4, 11  
300 years culturc at the mercy of a tack hammer thrown thru the roof  
Cloud over mountain, mountain over the cloud I surrender neither the  
empire nor the temples plural  
nor the constitution nor yet the city of Dioce each one in his god's name  
as by Terracina rose from the sea Zephyr behind her and from her manner  
of walking  
as had Anchises  
till the shrine be again white with marble till the stone eyes look again  
seaward  
The wind is part of the process  
The rain is part of the process  
and the Pleiades set in her mirror  
Kuanon, this stone bringeth sleep;

---

I don't know how humanity stands it  
with a painted paradise at the end of it without a painted paradise at  
the end of it the dwarf morning-glory twines round the grass  
blade magna NUX animae with Barabbas and 2 thieves beside  
me,

---

nox animac magna from the tent under Taishan amid what was termed the  
a.h. of the army the guards holding opinion. As it were to dream of  
morticians' daughters raddled but amorous To study with the white  
wings of time passing is not that our delight  
to have friends come from far countries  
is not that pleasure  
nor to care that we are untrumpeted?  
filial, fraternal affection is the root of humaneness the root of  
the process  
nor are elaborate speeches and slick alacrity.  
employ men in proper season  
not when they are at harvest



E al Tried ro, Cunizza  
e l'altra: "lo son' la Luna."  
dry friable earth going from dust to more dust grass worn from its root-hold  
is it blacker? was it blacker? *Νύξ* animae?  
is there a blacker or was it merely San Juan with a belly ache writing ad  
posterous  
in short shall we look for a deeper or is this the bottom?

---

Time is not, Time is the evil, beloved  
Beloved the hours *βροδοδάκτυλος*  
as against the half-light of the window with the sea beyond making  
horizon  
le contre-jour the line of the cameo  
profile "to carve Achaia"  
a dream passing over the face in the half-light Venere, Cytherea "aut  
Rhodon"  
vento ligure, veni  
"beauty is difficult" sd/ Mr Beardsley

---

and that certain images be formed in the mind to remain there  
*fornato locho*  
Arachne mi porta fortuna  
to remain there, resurgent eikons  
and still in Trastevere  
for the deifications of emperors  
and the medallions  
to forge Achaia

---

Serenely in the crystal jet  
as the bright ball that the fountain tosses (Verlaine) as diamond  
clearness  
How soft the wind under Taishan  
where the sea is remembered

out of hell, the pit  
out of the dust and glare evil  
Zephyrus / Apeliota  
This liquid is certainly a  
property of the mind  
nec accidens est but an element  
in the mind's make-up  
est agens and functions dust to a  
fountain pan otherwise  
Hast 'ou seen the rose in the steel dust (or swansdown ever?)  
so light is the urging, so ordered the dark petals of iron we who have passed  
over Lethe.

## **from CANTO LXXVI**

l'ara sul rostro  
20 years of the dream  
and the clouds near to Pisa  
are as good as any in Italy  
said the young Mozart: if you will take a *prise*  
or following Ponce ("Ponthe")  
to the fountain in Florida  
de Leon alia fuente florida  
or Anchises that laid hold of her flanks of air drawing her to him  
Cythra potens, *Κύθηρα δεινά*  
no cloud, but the crystal body  
the tangent formed in the hand's cup  
as live wind in the beech grove  
as strong air amid cypress

*Κόρη Δηλία δεινά* / libidinis expers the sphere moving crystal, fluid,  
none therein carrying rancour  
Death, insanity/suicide degeneration  
that is, just getting stupider as they get older *πυλλά παθεῖν*

nothing matters but the quality  
of the affection—  
in the end—that has carved the trace in the mind dove *sta memoria*  
and if theft be the main principle in government (every bank of discount J.  
Adams remarked) there will be larceny on a minor pattern a few  
camions, a stray packet of sugar  
and the effect of the movies  
the guard did not think that the Führer had started it Sergeant XL  
thought that excess population demanded slaughter at intervals  
(as to the by whom...) Known as ‘The ripper.’

Lay in soft grass by the cliff’s edge  
with the sea 30 metres below this  
and at hand’s span, at cubit’s reach moving, the crystalline,  
as inverse of water,  
clear over rock-bed

*ac ferae familiares*  
the gemmed field *a destra* with fawn, with panther, corn flower, thistle and  
sword-flower

to a half metre grass growth,  
lay on the cliff’s edge

...nor is this yet *atal*  
nor are here souls, *nec personae*  
neither here in hypostasis, this land is of Dione and under her  
planet  
to Helia the long meadow with poplars

to *Κύρις*

the mountain and shut garden of pear trees in flower here rested.

---

and the spring of their squeak-doll is broken and Bracken is out and  
the B.B.C. can lie but at least a different bilge will come out of it  
at least for a little, as is its nature can continue, that is, to lie.

As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill

from the wreckage of Europe, ego scriptor.

spiriti questi? personae?

tangibility by no means *atasal*

but the crystal

can be weighed in the hand

formal and passing within the sphere: Thetis, Maya, *'Αφροδίτη*,

no overstroke

no dolphin faster in moving

nor the flying azure of the wing'd fish under Zoagli

when he comes out into the air, living arrow.

and the clouds over the Pisan meadows

are indubitably as fine as any to be seen from the

peninsula

*οἱ βάρβαροι* have not destroyed them as they have

Sigismundo's Temple

Divae Ixottae (and as to her effigy that was in Pisa?) Ladder at  
swing jump as for a descent from the cross O white-chested  
martin, God damn it,

as no one else will carry a message,

say to La Cara: amo.

Her bed-posts are of sapphire

for this stone giveth sleep,

and in spite of hoi barbaroi,

pervenche and a sort of dwarf morning-glory that knots in the  
grass, and a sort of buttercup et sequelae.

Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel

States of mind are inexplicable to us.

*δακρύων δακρύων δακρύων*

L.P.gli onesti

J'ai eu pitié des autres

probablement pas assez, and at moments that suited my own convenience

Le paradis n'est pas artificiel,

l'enfer non plus.  
Came Eurus as comforter  
and at sunset la pastorella dei suini  
driving the pigs home, benecomata dea

under the two-winged cloud  
as of less and more than a day

---

woe to them that conquer with armies  
and whose only right is their power.

### ***from* CANTO LXXIX**

---

The moon has a swollen cheek  
and when the morning sun lit up the shelves and battalions of the West,  
cloud over cloud

Old Ez folded his blankets  
Neither Eos nor Hesperus has suffered wrong at my hands O Lynx, wake  
Silenus and Casey

shake the castagnettes of the bassarids, the mountain  
forest is full of light  
the tree-comb red-gilded  
Who sleeps in the field of lynxes  
in the orchard of Maelids?

(with great blue marble eyes  
"because he likes to," the cossak)

Salazar, Scott, Dawley on sick call  
Polk, Tyler, half the presidents and Calhoun "Retaliate on the  
capitalists" sd/ Calhoun "of the North"

ah yes, when the ideas were clearer  
debts to people in N. Y. city  
and on the hill of the Maelids  
in the close garden of Venus  
asleep amid serried lynxes

set wreathes on Priapus <sup>\*Ἰακχος. Ἰο! Κούθηρα, Ἰο!</sup>  
having root in the equities

Io!

and you can make 5000 dollars a year  
all you have to do is to make one trip up country then come back to  
Shanghai

and send in an annual report  
as to the number of converts

Sweetland on sick call

<sup>ἑλέησον</sup>

Kyrie eleison each under his fig tree

or with the smell of fig leaves burning so shd/ be fire in winter  
with fig wood, with cedar, and pine burrs O Lynx keep watch on my fire.  
So Astafieva had conserved the tradition From Byzance and before then  
Manitou remember this fire  
O lynx, keep the phylloxera from my grape vines.

<sup>\*Ἰακχε \*Ἰακχε, Χαῖρε</sup> AOI "Eat of it not in the under world"

See that the sun or the moon bless thy eating <sup>Κόρη, Κόρη,</sup> for the  
six seeds of an error or that the stars bless thy eating

O Lynx, guard this orchard,  
Keep from Demeter's furrow

This fruit has a fire within it,

Pomona, Pomona

No glass is clearer than are the globes of this flame what sea is clearer than  
the pomegranate body holding the flame?

Pomona, Pomona,

Lynx, keep watch on this orchard  
That is named Melagrana

or the Pomegranate field

The sea is not clearer in azure  
Nor the Heliads bringing light

Here are lynxes Here are lynxes,

Is there a sound in the forest  
of pard or of bassarid  
or crotale or of leaves moving?  
Cythera, here are lynxes

Will the scrub-oak burst into flower?

There is a rose vine in this underbrush Red? white? No, but a colour  
between them When the pomegranate is open and the light falls  
half thru it

Lynx, beware of these vine-thorns

O Lynx, *γλαυκώπις* coming up from the olive yards, Kuthera,  
here are Lynxes and the clicking of crotales There is a stir of  
dust from old leaves

Will you trade roses for acorns

Will lynxes eat thorn leaves?

What have you in that wine jar?

*ἔχωρ*, for lynxes Maelid and bassarid among lynxes;

how many? There are more under the oak trees, We are here waiting  
the sun-rise  
and the next sunrise

for three nights amid lynxes. For three nights of the oak-wood  
and the vines are thick in their branches no vine lacking flower,  
no lynx lacking a flower rope

no Maelid minus a wine jar

this forest is named Melagrana

O lynx, keep the edge on my cider

Keep it clear without cloud

We have lain here amid kalicanthus and sword-flower The heliads are  
caught in wild rose vine The smell of pine mingles with rose leaves O  
lynx, be many

of spotted fur and sharp ears.

O lynx, have your eyes gone yellow,  
with spotted fur and sharp ears?

Therein is the dance of the bassarids

Therein are centaurs  
And now Priapus with Faunus

The Graces have brought Ἄφροδίτην

Her cell is drawn by ten leopards

O lynx, guard my vineyard

As the grape swells under vine leaf

\*Ἡλιος is come to our mountain there is a red glow in the  
carpet of pine spikes O lynx, guard my vineyard

As the grape swells under vine leaf

This goddess was born of sea-foam

She is lighter than air under Hesperus

δεινὰ εἶ, Κύθηρα

terrible in resistance

Κόρη καὶ Δήλια καὶ Μαῖα

trine as praeludio

Κύπρις Ἀφροδίτη

a petal lighter than sea-foam

Κύθηρα

aram

nemus

vult

## **from CANTO LXXX**

Nancy where art thou?

Whither go all the vair and the cisclatons and the wave pattern runs in the  
stone

on the high parapet (Excideuil)

Mt Segur and the city of Dioce

Que tous les mois avons nouvelle lune

What the deuce has Herbiet (Christian)

done with his painting?



Fritz still roaring at treize rue Ga y de Lussac with his stone head still on the balcony?

Orage, Fordie, Crevel too quickly taken

de mis soledades vengan

lay there till Rossetti found it remaindered at about two pence

(Cythera, in the moon's barge whither?

how hast thou the crescent for car?

or did they fall because of their loose taste in music "Here! none of that mathematical music!"

Said the Kommandant when Münch offered Bach to the regiment or

Spewcini the all too human

beloved in the eyetalian peninsula

for quite explicable reasons

so that even I can now tolerate

man seht but with the loss of criteria

and the wandering almost-tenor explained to me: well, the operas in the

usual repertoire have been sifted out, there's a reason

Les hommes ont je ne sais quelle peur étrange, said Monsieur Whoosis, de la beauté

La beauté, "Beauty is difficult, Yeats" said Aubrey Beardsley when Yeats

asked why he drew horrors

or at least not Burne-Jones

and Beardsley knew he was dying and had to make his hit quickly

hence no more B-J in his product.

So very difficult, Yeats, beauty so difficult.

"I am the torch" wrote Arthur "she saith"

in the moon barge *βροδοδάκιλος 'Hάς*

with the veil of faint cloud before her *Κύθηρα δειλῶς* as a leaf borne in the  
current pale eyes as if without fire

all that Sandro knew, and Jacopo  
and that Velasquez never suspected  
lost in the brown meat of Rembrandt  
and the raw meat of Rubens and Jordaens “This alone, leather and  
bones between you and *τὸ πᾶν*,”  
[toh pan, the all]

(Chu Hsi’s comment)

---

Oh to be in England now that Winston’s out Now that there’s room for  
doubt  
And the bank may be the nation’s  
And the long years of patience  
And labour’s vacillations  
May have let the bacon come home,  
To watch how they’ll slip and slide  
watch how they’ll try to hide  
the real portent  
To watch a while from the tower  
where dead flies lie thick over the old charter forgotten, oh  
quite forgotten  
but confirming John’s first one,  
and still there if you climb over attic rafters; to look at the fields; are  
they tilled?  
is the old terrace alive as it might be  
with a whole colony  
if money be free again?  
Chesterton’s England of has-been and why-not, or is it all rust, ruin, death  
duties and mortgages and the great carriage yard empty  
and more pictures gone to pay taxes  
  
When a dog is tall but

not so tall as all that  
that dog is a Talbot

(a bit long in the pasterns?)

When a butt is  $\frac{1}{2}$  as tall as a whole butt That butt is a small butt

Let backe and side go bare

and the old kitchen left as the monks had left it and the rest as time has cleft  
it.

[Only shadows enter my tent

as men pass between me and the sunset,]

beyond the eastern barbed wire

a sow with nine boneen

matronly as any duchess at Claridge's

and for that Christmas at Maurie Hewlett's Going out from Southampton  
they passed the car by the dozen

who would not have shown weight on a scale riding, riding

for Noel the green holly

Noel, Noel, the green holly

A dark night for the holly

That would have been Salisbury plain, and I have not thought of the Lady

Anne for this twelve years

Nor of Le Portel

How tiny the panelled room where they stabbed him In her lap, almost, La  
Stuarda

Si tuit li dolh elh planh el marrimen

for the leopards and broom plants

Tudor indeed is gone and every rose,

Blood-red, blanch-white that in the sunset glows cries: "Blood, Blood,

Blood!" against the gothic stone Of England, as the Howard or Boleyn  
knows.

Nor seeks the carmine petal to infer;

Nor is the white bud Time's inquisitor

Probing to know if its new-gnarled root

Twists from York's head or belly of Lancaster; Or if a rational soul should  
stir, perchance, Within the stem or summer shoot to advance  
Contrition's utmost throw, seeking in thee But oblivion, not thy  
forgiveness, FRANCE.

as the young lizard extends his leopard spots along the grass-blade seeking  
the green midge half an ant size and the Serpentine will look just the  
same and the gulls be as neat on the pond  
and the sunken garden unchanged  
and God knows what else is left of our London my London, your London  
and if her green elegance  
remains on this side of my rain ditch  
puss lizard will lunch on some other T-bone sunset grand couturier.

## ***from CANTO LXXXI***

---

Yet

Ere the season died a-cold  
Borne upon a zephyr's shoulder  
I rose through the aureate sky

*Lawes and Jenkyns guard thy rest*  
*Dolmetsch ever be thy guest*, Has he tempered the  
viol's wood

To enforce both the grave and the acute?  
Has he curved us the bowl of the lute?

*Lawes and jenkyns guard thy rest*  
*Dolmetsch ever be thy guest*

Hast 'ou fashioned so airy a mood  
To draw up leaf from the root?  
Hast 'ou found a cloud so light  
As seemed neither mist nor shade?

Then resolve me, tell me aright  
If Waller sang or Dowland played.

Your eyen two wol sleye me sodenly  
I may the beauté of hem nat susteyne

And for 180 years almost nothing.

Ed ascoltando al leggier mormorio  
there came new subtlety of eyes into my tent, whether of spirit or  
hypostasis,  
but what the blindfold hides  
or at carneval

nor any pair showed anger  
Saw but the eyes and stance between the eyes, colour, diastasis,  
careless or unaware it had not the  
whole tent's room  
nor was place for the full image,  
interpass, penetrate  
casting but shade beyond the other lights sky's clear  
night's sea  
green of the mountain pool  
shone from the unmasked eyes in half-mask's space.

What thou lovest well remains,

the rest is dross

What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee What thou lov'st well is  
thy true heritage Whose world, or mine or theirs  
or is it of none?

First came the seen, then thus the palpable Elysium, though it were in the  
halls of hell, What thou lovest well is thy true heritage The ant's a  
centaur in his dragon world.

Pull down thy vanity, it is not man

Made courage, or made order, or made grace, Pull down thy vanity, I say  
pull down.

Learn of the green world what can be thy place In scaled invention or true  
artistry,

Pull down thy vanity,

Paquin pull down!

The green casque has outdone your elegance.

“Master thyself, then others shall thee beare”

Pull down thy vanity

Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,

A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,

Half black half white

Nor knowst’ou wing from tail

Pull down thy vanity

How mean thy hates

Fostered in falsity.

Pull down thy vanity.

Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,

Pull down thy vanity,

I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing

this is not vanity

To have, with decency, knocked

That a Blunt should open

To have gathered from the air a live tradition or from a fine old eye

the unconquerd flame This is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not done,

all in the diffidence that faltered,

## ***from* CANTO LXXXIII**

---

as he was standing below the altars

of the spirits of rain

“When every hollow is full

it moves forward”

to the phantom mountain above the cloud But in the caged panther’s

eyes:

“Nothing. Nothing that you can do...”

green pool, under green of the jungle,  
caged: “Nothing, nothing that you can do.”

Δρύας, your eyes are like clouds.

Nor can who has passed a month in the death cells believe in capital  
punishment  
No man who has passed a month in the death cells believes in cages for  
beasts

Δρύας, your eyes are like the clouds over Taishan When some of the rain  
has fallen  
and half remains yet to fall.

The roots go down to the river's edge  
and the hidden city moves upward  
white ivory under the bark.

With clouds over Taishan-Chocorua  
when the blackberry ripens  
and now the new moon faces Taishan  
one must count by the dawn star  
Dryad, thy peace is like water  
There is September sun on the pools

Plura diafana

Heliads lift the mist from the young willows there is no base seen  
under Taishan

but the brightness of ludor 'udor ὕδωρ

the poplar tips float in brightness  
only the stockade posts stand

And now the ants seem to stagger

as the dawn sun has trapped their shadows, this breath  
wholly covers the mountains

it shines and divides

it nourishes by its rectitude  
docs no injury  
over-standing the earth it fills the nine fields to heaven

Boon companion to equity  
it joins with the process  
lacking it, there is inanition

When the equities are gathered together as birds alighting  
it springeth up vital

If deeds be not ensheaved and garnered in the heart there is inanition

(have I perchance a debt to a man named Clower) that he eat of the  
barley corn  
and move with the seed's breath

the sun as a golden eye  
between dark cloud and the mountain

---

and Brother Wasp is building a very near house of four rooms, one  
shaped like a squat indian bottle La vespa, la vespa, mud, swallow  
system so that dreaming of Bracelonde and of Perugia and the great  
fountain in the Piazza  
or of old Bulagaio's cat that with a well timed leap could turn the lever-  
shaped door handle It comes over me that Mr. Walls must be a ten-strike  
with the signorinas  
and in the warmth after chill sunrise  
an infant, green as new grass,  
has stuck its head or tip  
out of Madame La Vespa's bottle

mint springs up again  
in spite of Jones' rodents  
as had the clover by the gorilla cage  
with a four-leaf

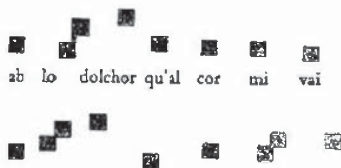


When the mind swings by a grass-blade  
an ant's forefoot shall save you  
the clover leaf smells and tastes as its flower.

---

but if Senator Edwards cd/ speak  
and have his tropes stay in the memory 40 years, 60 years?  
in short / the descent  
has not been of advantage either  
to the Senate or to "society"  
or to the people  
The States have passed thru a  
dam'd supercilious era.  
Down, Derry-down /  
Oh let an old man rest.

### *from* CANTO XCI



### AB LO DOLCHOR QU'AL COR MI VAI

that the body of light come forth  
from the body of fire  
And that your eyes come to the surface  
from the deep wherein they were sunken, Reina—for 300 years,  
and now sunken  
That your eyes come forth from their caves & light then  
as the holly-leaf

qui laborat, orat  
Thus Undine came to the rock,  
by Circeo  
and the stone eyes again looking seaward Thus Apollonius  
(if it was Apollonius)

& Helen of Tyre

by Pithagoras  
by Ocellus  
(pilot-fish, et libidinis expers, of Tyre; Justinian, Theodora  
from brown leaf and twig

The GREAT CRYSTAL

doubling the pine, and to cloud,  
pensar di lieis m'es ripaus  
Miss Tudor moved them with galleons  
from deep eye, versus armada;  
in the green deep  
he saw it,  
in the green deep of an eye:  
Crystal waves weaving together toward the gt/healing Light  
*compenetrans* of the spirits The Princess Ra-Set has climbed  
to the great knees of stone,  
She enters protection,  
the great cloud is about her,  
She has entered the protection of crystal *convien che si mova*  
*la mente, amando*

xxvi, 34

Light & the flowing crystal  
never gin in cut glass had such clarity That Drake saw the splendour and  
wreckage in that clarity  
Gods moving in crystal  
ichor, amor  
Secretary of Nature, J. Heydon.

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## *from* CANTO XCIII

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The autumn leaves blow from my hand,  
    agitante calescemus ...  
    and the wind cools toward autumn.  
Lux in diafana,  
        Creatrix,  
                    oro.  
Ursula benedetta,  
                    oro  
By the hours of passion,  
                    per dilettevole ore,  
                    guide your successor,  
Ysolt, Ydone,  
                    have compassion,  
Picarda,  
                    compassion  
By the wing'd head,  
                    by the caduceus,  
                                    compassion;  
By the horns of Isis-Luna,  
                                    compassion.  
The black panther lies under his rose-tree.  
J'ai eu pitié des autres.  
    Pas assez! Pasassez!  
For me nothing. But that the child  
    walk in peace in her basilica,  
The light there almost solid.

---

[N.B. USURY (v. Canto XLV *et passim*): a charge for the use of purchasing power, levied without regard to production; often without regard even to the possibilities of production. (Hence the failure of the Medici bank.)]

## *from WOMEN OF TRACHIS*

The first KHOROS (accompaniment strings, mainly cellos): PHOEBUS, Phoebus, ere thou slay and lay flaked Night upon her blazing pyre, (Str. 1) Say, ere the last star-shimmer is run: Where lies Alkmene's son, apart from me?

Aye, thou art keen, as is the lightning blaze, Land way, sea ways,  
in these some slit hath he  
found to escape thy scrutiny?

DAYSAIR is left alone, (Ant. 1)  
so sorry a bird,

For whom, afore, so many suitors tried.

And shall I ask what thing is heart's desire, Or how love fall to sleep with  
tearless eye, So worn by fear away, of dangerous road, A manless bride  
to mourn in vacant room, Expecting ever the worse,  
of dooms to come?

NORT H WIN D or South, so bloweth tireless wave over wave to (Str. 2)  
flood.

Cretan of Cadmus' blood, Orcus' shafts err not.

What home hast 'ou now,  
an some Go d stir not?

PARDON if I reprove thee, Lady, To save thee false hopes delayed (Ant. 2)

Thinkst thou that man who dies, Shall from King Chronos take  
unvaried happiness?

Nor yet's all pain.

*(drums, quietly added to music)* The shifty  
Night delays not,

Nor fates of men, nor yet rich goods and spoil.

Be swift to enjoy, what thou art swift to lose.

Let not the Queen choose despair.

Hath Zeus no eye (who saith it?) watching his progeny?

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<sup>1</sup> *l.e.*, in illumed manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> Reincarnate.

<sup>3</sup> *Signum Nativitatis*.

## **BY EZRA POUND**

ABC OF READING  
THE CANTOS OF EZRA POUND  
THE CLASSIC NOH THEATER OF JAPAN  
COLLECTED EARLY POEMS OF EZRA POUND  
CONFUCIUS (ENGLISH VERSIONS) CONFUCIUS TO CUMMIGS  
(WORLD POETRY ANTHOLOGY) DIPTYCH ROME-LONDON  
A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS  
ELEKTRA  
EZRA POUND AND DOROTHY SHAKESPEAR 1909-1914  
EZRA POUND AND MUSIC  
EZRA POUND AND THE VISUAL ARTS  
GAUDIER-BRZESKA  
GUIDE TO KULCHUR  
LITERARY ESSAYS  
PAVANNES AND DIVAGATIONS  
PERSONAE  
POUND/FORD: THE STORY OF A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP  
POUND/JOYCE: LETTERS & ESSAYS  
POUND/LEWIS: THE LETTERS OF EZRA POUND AND  
WYNDHAM LEWIS  
POUND/THE LITTLE REVIEW  
POUND/WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: SELECTED LETTERS  
POUND/ZUKOFKSY: SELECTED LETTERS  
SELECTED CANTOS  
SELECTED LETTERS 1907-1941  
SELECTED PROSE 1909-1965  
SELECTED POEMS  
THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE  
TRANSLATIONS  
A WALKING TOUR OF SOUTHERN FRANCE  
WOMEN OF TRACHIS (SOPHOKLES)

**BERSERKER**

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**BOOKS**

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