

POESY UNBOUND

(The Voice)

O Man! Why seek to hide Thyself behind thy graceful verse?
 True, it hath charm, as hath some lyric statue set
 In twilight quiet of garden so forgot with paths o'ergrown
 We marvel such neglect.
 Its delicate modeling doth rest our eyes;
 Its flowing line hath power to bind the worldly will,
 And raise the mind and feeling to a seeming realm of dream.
 Yet only thus, I say, in off-time mood.

Dost aye prefer to view the Sun through veils of fog and mist?
 That glowing disk; that soft, moist air; those half-light shapes
 Which Fancy loves to change to suit her will—
 I too, adore; and, wistful in their company, do dream
 Of works and hopes as high above *this* clay
 As yon lark's note's above thy labored song.

What of the Sun in brilliant, radiant morn?
 In air that's fresh, and sweet, and clear?
 A Sun that warms and thrills; and on the too-gray days
 Doth force the rain, and beams down through the weak'ning clouds—
 Himself!—and welcome, too.

Why hide the Sun of thy power and passion in this suppressive expression?
 Exuberant sing thy joy! Unmeasured too, thy grief!
 And all thy loves and hates for men and Art;
 And thine own thrill at Life's upbouncing, timeless yearn—
 Sing these out of the fullness of thine heart:
 An *inner* music thou wilt find infused, the rhythmic beat of Life's own powerful Song!

(The Poet)

Inspiring, Unseen Counsellor! Thy words
 So noble, forceful, and unworldly-clear,
 Do give me pause; and, pausing still, I hear
 Th' ecstatic songs of joyous, whirling birds—
 'Tis thine and their unworldliness disturbs
 Me in half-formed resolve to let the sheer
 Impulses elemental, grief and cheer,
 Wing up my song—But Ah! Men are not birds!
 Pale Thought and Fear are enemies of song
 So beauteously tuneless and naïve,
 For strands of Thought or Fear are aye among