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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DES IMAGISTES: AN ANTHOLOGY \*\*\*

# DES IMAGISTES

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«Καὶ κείνα Σικελά, καὶ ἐν Αἰτναίαισιν ἔπαιζεν  
ἄοσι, καὶ μέλος ἦδε τὸ Δώριον.»

Ἐπιτάφιος Βίωνος

“And she also was of Sikilia and was gay in  
the valleys of Ætna, and knew the Doric  
singing.”

---

## DES IMAGISTES

AN ANTHOLOGY



NEW YORK  
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1914

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The ancient songs  
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths,  
Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings—  
Symbols of ancient songs  
Mournfully passing  
Down to the great white surges,  
Watched of none  
Save the frail sea-birds  
And the lithe pale girls,  
Daughters of Okeanus.

And the songs pass  
From the green land  
Which lies upon the waves as a leaf  
On the flowers of hyacinth;  
And they pass from the waters,  
The manifold winds and the dim moon,  
And they come,  
Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,  
To the quiet level lands  
That she keeps for us all,  
That she wrought for us all for sleep  
In the silver days of the earth's dawning—  
Proserpina, daughter of Zeus.

And we turn from the Kuprian's breasts,  
And we turn from thee,  
Phoibos Apollon,  
And we turn from the music of old  
And the hills that we loved and the meads,  
And we turn from the fiery day,  
And the lips that were over sweet;  
For silently  
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,  
With purple robe  
Searing the flowers as with a sudden flame,  
Death,  
Thou hast come upon us.

And of all the ancient songs  
Passing to the swallow-blue halls  
By the dark streams of Persephone,  
This only remains:  
That we turn to thee,  
Death,  
That we turn to thee, singing  
One last song.

O Death,  
Thou art an healing wind  
That blowest over white flowers  
A-tremble with dew;  
Thou art a wind flowing  
Over dark leagues of lonely sea;  
Thou art the dusk and the fragrance;  
Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling;  
Thou art the pale peace of one  
Satiated with old desires;  
Thou art the silence of beauty,  
And we look no more for the morning  
We yearn no more for the sun,  
Since with thy white hands,  
Death,  
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,  
The slim colourless poppies  
Which in thy garden alone  
Softly thou gatherest.

And silently,  
And with slow feet approaching,  
And with bowed head and unlit eyes,

We kneel before thee:  
And thou, leaning towards us,  
Caressingly layest upon us  
Flowers from thy thin cold hands,  
And, smiling as a chaste woman  
Knowing love in her heart,  
Thou sealest our eyes  
And the illimitable quietude  
Comes gently upon us.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Πότνια, πότνια  
White grave goddess,  
Pity my sadness,  
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,  
These garments and decorum;  
I am thy brother,  
Thy lover of aforesaid crying to thee,  
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes  
Of our loves in Phrygia,  
The far ecstasy of burning noons  
When the fragile pipes  
Ceased in the cypress shade,  
And the brown fingers of the shepherd  
Moved over slim shoulders;  
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills  
And the lisp of reeds  
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,  
Πότνια, πότνια,  
Thou hearest me not.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

I have sat here happy in the gardens,  
Watching the still pool and the reeds  
And the dark clouds  
Which the wind of the upper air  
Tore like the green leafy boughs  
Of the divers-hued trees of late summer;  
But though I greatly delight  
In these and the water lilies,  
That which sets me nighest to weeping  
Is the rose and white colour of the smooth flag-stones,  
And the pale yellow grasses  
Among them.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Use no more speech now;  
Let the silence spread gold hair above us  
Fold on delicate fold;  
You had the ivory of my life to carve.  
Use no more speech.

. . . .

And Picus of Mirandola is dead;  
And all the gods they dreamed and fabled of,  
Hermes, and Thoth, and Christ, are rotten now,  
Rotten and dank.

. . . .

And through it all I see your pale Greek face;  
Tenderness makes me as eager as a little child  
To love you

You morsel left half cold on Caesar's plate.

RICHARD ALDINGTON



The light is a wound to me.  
The soft notes  
Feed upon the wound.

Where wert thou born  
O thou woe  
That consumest my life?  
Whither comest thou?

Toothed wind of the seas,  
No man knows thy beginning.  
As a bird with strong claws  
Thou woundest me,  
O beautiful sorrow.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

O you,  
O you most fair,  
Swayer of reeds, whisperer  
Among the flowering rushes,  
You have hidden your hands  
Beneath the poplar leaves,  
You have given them to the white waters.

Swallow-fleet,  
Sea-child cold from waves,  
Slight reed that sang so blithely in the wind,  
White cloud the white sun kissed into the air;  
Pan mourns for you.

White limbs, white song,  
Pan mourns for you.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

O daughter of Isis,  
Thou standest beside the wet highway  
Of this decayed Rome,  
A manifest harlot.

Straight and slim art thou  
As a marble phallus;  
Thy face is the face of Isis  
Carven

As she is carven in basalt.  
And my heart stops with awe  
At the presence of the gods,

There beside thee on the stall of images  
Is the head of Osiris  
Thy lord.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## I

I drifted along the river  
Until I moored my boat  
By these crossed trunks.

Here the mist moves  
Over fragile leaves and rushes,  
Colourless waters and brown fading hills.

She has come from beneath the trees,  
Moving within the mist,  
A floating leaf.

## II

O blue flower of the evening,  
You have touched my face  
With your leaves of silver.

Love me for I must depart.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

The withered bonds are broken.  
The waxed reeds and the double pipe  
Clamour about me;  
The hot wind swirls  
Through the red pine trunks.

Io! the fauns and the satyrs.  
The touch of their shagged curled fur  
And blunt horns!

They have wine in heavy craters  
Painted black and red;  
Wine to splash on her white body.  
Io!  
She shrinks from the cold shower—  
Afraid, afraid!

Let the Maenads break through the myrtles  
And the boughs of the rohodaphnai.  
Let them tear the quick deers' flesh.  
Ah, the cruel, exquisite fingers!

Io!  
I have brought you the brown clusters,  
The ivy-boughs and pine-cones.

Your breasts are cold sea-ripples,  
But they smell of the warm grasses.

Throw wide the chiton and the peplum,  
Maidens of the Dew.  
Beautiful are your bodies, O Maenads,  
Beautiful the sudden folds,  
The vanishing curves of the white linen  
About you.

Io!  
Hear the rich laughter of the forest,  
The cymbals,  
The trampling of the panisks and the centaurs.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

*(After the Manuscript of Sappho now in Berlin)*

Atthis, far from me and dear Mnasidika,  
Dwells in Sardis;  
Many times she was near us  
So that we lived life well  
Like the far-famed goddess  
Whom above all things music delighted.

And now she is first among the Lydian women  
As the mighty sun, the rose-fingered moon,  
Beside the great stars.

And the light fades from the bitter sea  
And in like manner from the rich-blossoming earth;  
And the dew is shed upon the flowers,  
Rose and soft meadow-sweet  
And many-coloured melilote.

Many things told are remembered of sterile Atthis.

I yearn to behold thy delicate soul  
To satiate my desire. . . .

. . . . .

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Thou art come at length  
More beautiful  
Than any cool god  
In a chamber under  
Lycia's far coast,  
Than any high god  
Who touches us not  
Here in the seeded grass.  
Aye, than Argestes  
Scattering the broken leaves.

H. D.

## I

The hard sand breaks,  
And the grains of it  
Are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it,  
The wind,  
Playing on the wide shore,  
Piles little ridges,  
And the great waves  
Break over it.

But more than the many-foamed ways  
Of the sea,  
I know him  
Of the triple path-ways,  
Hermes,  
Who awaiteth.

Dubious,  
Facing three ways,  
Welcoming wayfarers,  
He whom the sea-orchard  
Shelters from the west,  
From the east  
Weathers sea-wind;  
Fronts the great dunes.

Wind rushes  
Over the dunes,  
And the coarse, salt-crusted grass  
Answers.

Heu,  
It whips round my ankles!

## II

Small is  
This white stream,  
Flowing below ground  
From the poplar-shaded hill,  
But the water is sweet.

Apples on the small trees  
Are hard,  
Too small,  
Too late ripened  
By a desperate sun  
That struggles through sea-mist.

The boughs of the trees  
Are twisted  
By many bafflings;  
Twisted are  
The small-leafed boughs.  
But the shadow of them  
Is not the shadow of the mast head  
Nor of the torn sails.

Hermes, Hermes,  
The great sea foamed,  
Gnashed its teeth about me;  
But you have waited,  
Where sea-grass tangles with  
Shore-grass.



*Keeper-of-Orchards*

I saw the first pear  
As it fell.  
The honey-seeking, golden-banded,  
The yellow swarm  
Was not more fleet than I,  
(Spare us from loveliness!)  
And I fell prostrate,  
Crying,  
Thou hast flayed us with thy blossoms;  
Spare us the beauty  
Of fruit-trees!

The honey-seeking  
Paused not,  
The air thundered their song,  
And I alone was prostrate.

O rough-hewn  
God of the orchard,  
I bring thee an offering;  
Do thou, alone unbeautiful  
(Son of the god),  
Spare us from loveliness.

The fallen hazel-nuts,  
Stripped late of their green sheaths,  
The grapes, red-purple,  
Their berries  
Dripping with wine,  
Pomegranates already broken,  
And shrunken fig,  
And quinces untouched,  
I bring thee as offering.

H. D.

*(After Joannes Baptista Amaltheus)*

## I

Bear me to Dictaeus,  
And to the steep slopes;  
To the river Erymanthus.

I choose spray of dittany,  
Cyperum frail of flower,  
Buds of myrrh,  
All-healing herbs,  
Close pressed in calathes.

For she lies panting,  
Drawing sharp breath,  
Broken with harsh sobs,  
She, Hyella,  
Whom no god pitieth.

## II

Dryads,  
Haunting the groves,  
Nereids,  
Who dwell in wet caves,  
For all the whitish leaves of olive-branch,  
And early roses,  
And ivy wreathes, woven gold berries,  
Which she once brought to your altars,  
Bear now ripe fruits from Arcadia,  
And Assyrian wine  
To shatter her fever.

The light of her face falls from its flower,  
As a hyacinth,  
Hidden in a far valley,  
Perishes upon burnt grass.

Pales,  
Bring gifts,  
Bring your Phoenician stuffs,  
And do you, fleet-footed nymphs,  
Bring offerings,  
Illyrian iris,  
And a branch of shrub,  
And frail-headed poppies.

H. D.

Gods of the sea;  
Ino,  
Leaving warm meads  
For the green, grey-green fastnesses  
Of the great deeps;  
And Palemon,  
Bright striker of sea-shaft,  
Hear me.

Let all whom the sea loveth,  
Come to its altar front,  
And I  
Who can offer no other sacrifice to thee  
Bring this.

Broken by great waves,  
The wavelets flung it here,  
This sea-gliding creature,  
This strange creature like a weed,  
Covered with salt foam,  
Torn from the hillocks  
Of rock.

I, Hermonax,  
Caster of nets,  
Risking chance,  
Plying the sea craft,  
Came on it.

Thus to sea god  
Cometh gift of sea wrack;  
I, Hermonax, offer it  
To thee, Ino,  
And to Palemon.

H. D.

*(After the Greek)*

The golden one is gone from the banquets;  
She, beloved of Atimetus,  
The swallow, the bright Homonoëa:  
Gone the dear chatterer.

H. D.

London, my beautiful,  
it is not the sunset  
nor the pale green sky  
shimmering through the curtain  
of the silver birch,  
nor the quietness;  
it is not the hopping  
of birds  
upon the lawn,  
nor the darkness  
stealing over all things  
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly  
over the tree-tops  
among the stars,  
I think of her  
and the glow her passing  
sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,  
I will climb  
into the branches  
to the moonlit tree-tops,  
that my blood may be cooled  
by the wind.

F. S. FLINT

I know this room,  
and there are corridors:  
the pictures, I have seen before;  
the statues and those gems in cases  
I have wandered by before,—  
stood there silent and lonely  
in a dream of years ago.

I know the dark of night is all around me;  
my eyes are closed, and I am half asleep.  
My wife breathes gently at my side.

But once again this old dream is within me,  
and I am on the threshold waiting,  
wondering, pleased, and fearful.  
Where do those doors lead,  
what rooms lie beyond them?  
I venture. . . .

But my baby moves and tosses  
from side to side,  
and her need calls me to her.

Now I stand awake, unseeing,  
in the dark,  
and I move towards her cot. . . .  
I shall not reach her . . . There is no direction. . . .  
I shall walk on. . . .

F. S. FLINT

Immortal? . . . No,  
they cannot be, these people,  
nor I.

Tired faces,  
eyes that have never seen the world,  
bodies that have never lived in air,  
lips that have never minted speech,  
they are the clipped and garbled,  
blocking the highway.  
They swarm and eddy  
between the banks of glowing shops  
towards the red meat,  
the potherbs,  
the cheapjacks,  
or surge in  
before the swift rush  
of the clanging trams,—  
pitiful, ugly, mean,  
encumbering.

Immortal? . . .  
In a wood,  
watching the shadow of a bird  
leap from frond to frond of bracken,  
I am immortal.

But these?

F. S. FLINT

The grass is beneath my head;  
and I gaze  
at the thronging stars  
in the night.

They fall . . . they fall . . .  
I am overwhelmed,  
and afraid.

Each leaf of the aspen  
is caressed by the wind,  
and each is crying.

And the perfume  
of invisible roses  
deepens the anguish.

Let a strong mesh of roots  
feed the crimson of roses  
upon my heart;  
and then fold over the hollow  
where all the pain was.

F. S. FLINT



Under the lily shadow  
and the gold  
and the blue and mauve  
that the whin and the lilac  
pour down on the water,  
the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves  
and the rippled silver  
and the tarnished copper  
of its neck and beak,  
toward the deep black water  
beneath the arches,  
the swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats  
and into the black depth of my sorrow  
it bears a white rose of flame.

F. S. FLINT

## I

Thy feet,  
That are like little, silver birds,  
Thou hast set upon pleasant ways;  
Therefore I will follow thee,  
Thou Dove of the Golden Eyes,  
Upon any path will I follow thee,  
For the light of thy beauty  
Shines before me like a torch.

## II

Thy feet are white  
Upon the foam of the sea;  
Hold me fast, thou bright Swan,  
Lest I stumble,  
And into deep waters.

## III

Long have I been  
But the Singer beneath thy Casement,  
And now I am weary.  
I am sick with longing,  
O my Belovéd;  
Therefore bear me with thee  
Swiftly  
Upon our road.

## IV

With the net of thy hair  
Thou hast fished in the sea,  
And a strange fish  
Hast thou caught in thy net;  
For thy hair,  
Belovéd,  
Holdeth my heart  
Within its web of gold.

## V

I am weary with love, and thy lips  
Are night-born poppies.  
Give me therefore thy lips  
That I may know sleep.

## VI

I am weary with longing,  
I am faint with love;  
For upon my head has the moonlight  
Fallen  
As a sword.

Gushing from the mouths of stone men  
To spread at ease under the sky  
In granite-lipped basins,  
Where iris dabble their feet  
And rustle to a passing wind,  
The water fills the garden with its rushing,  
In the midst of the quiet of close-clipped lawns.

Damp smell the ferns in tunnels of stone,  
Where trickle and plash the fountains,  
Marble fountains, yellowed with much water.

Splashing down moss-tarnished steps  
It falls, the water;  
And the air is throbbing with it;  
With its gurgling and running;  
With its leaping, and deep, cool murmur.

And I wished for night and you.  
I wanted to see you in the swimming-pool,  
White and shining in the silver-flecked water.  
While the moon rode over the garden,  
High in the arch of night,  
And the scent of the lilacs was heavy with stillness.

Night and the water, and you in your whiteness, bathing!

AMY LOWELL

Now that I have cooled to you  
Let there be gold of tarnished masonry,  
Temples soothed by the sun to ruin  
That sleep utterly.  
Give me hand for the dances,  
Ripples at Philæ, in and out,  
And lips, my Lesbian,  
Wall flowers that once were flame.

Your hair is my Carthage  
And my arms the bow  
And our words arrows  
To shoot the stars,  
Who from that misty sea  
Swarm to destroy us.  
But you're there beside me  
Oh, how shall I defy you  
Who wound me in the night  
With breasts shining  
Like Venus and like Mars?  
The night that is shouting Jason  
When the loud eaves rattle  
As with waves above me  
Blue at the prow of my desire!  
O prayers in the dark!  
O incense to Poseidon!  
Calm in Atlantis.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging; foam about their knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the rains, with fluttering whips, the Charioteers.

They cry into the night their battle name:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long grey hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

JAMES JOYCE

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.

EZRA POUND

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 winged 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!

EZRA POUND

I will get me to the wood  
Where the gods walk garlanded in wisteria,  
By the silver-blue flood move others with ivory cars.  
There come forth many maidens  
    to gather grapes for the leopards, my friend.  
For there are leopards drawing the cars.

I will walk in the glade,  
I will come out of the new thicket  
    and accost the procession of maidens.

EZRA POUND



The rustling of the silk is discontinued,  
Dust drifts over the courtyard,  
There is no sound of footfall, and the leaves  
Scurry into heaps and lie still,  
And she the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them:

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold.

EZRA POUND.

O fan of white silk,  
    clear as frost on the grass-blade,  
You also are laid aside.

EZRA POUND

The petals fall in the fountain,  
the orange coloured rose-leaves,  
Their ochre clings to the stone.

EZRA POUND.

*(To the Memory of A. V.)*

It rains, it rains,  
 From gutters and drains  
 And gargoyles and gables:  
 It drips from the tables  
 That tell us the tolls upon grains,  
 Oxen, asses, sheep, turkeys and fowls  
 Set into the rain-soaked wall  
 Of the old Town Hall.

The mountains being so tall  
 And forcing the town on the river,  
 The market's so small  
 That, with the wet cobbles, dark arches and all,  
 The owls  
 (For in dark rainy weather the owls fly out  
 Well before four), so the owls  
 In the gloom  
 Have too little room  
 And brush by the saint on the fountain  
 In veering about.

The poor saint on the fountain!  
 Supported by plaques of the giver  
 To whom we're beholden;  
 His name was de Sales  
 And his wife's name von Mangel.

(Now is he a saint or archangel?)  
 He stands on a dragon  
 On a ball, on a column  
 Gazing up at the vines on the mountain:  
 And his falchion is golden  
 And his wings are all golden.  
 He bears golden scales  
 And in spite of the coils of his dragon, without hint of alarm or invective  
 Looks up at the mists on the mountain.

(Now what saint or archangel  
 Stands winged on a dragon,  
 Bearing golden scales and a broad bladed sword all golden?  
 Alas, my knowledge  
 Of all the saints of the college,  
 Of all these glimmering, olden  
 Sacred and misty stories  
 Of angels and saints and old glories . . .  
 Is sadly defective.)  
 The poor saint on the fountain . . .

On top of his column  
 Gazes up sad and solemn.  
 But is it towards the top of the mountain  
 Where the spindrift haze is  
 That he gazes?  
 Or is it into the casement  
 Where the girl sits sewing?  
 There's no knowing.

Hear it rain!  
 And from eight leaden pipes in the ball he stands on  
 That has eight leaden and copper bands on,  
 There gurgle and drain  
 Eight dribblets of water down into the basin.

And he stands on his dragon  
 And the girl sits sewing  
 High, very high in her casement  
 And before her are many geraniums in a parket  
 All growing and blowing  
 In box upon box  
 From the gables right down to the basement  
 With frescoes and carvings and paint . . .

The poor saint!  
It rains and it rains,  
In the market there isn't an ox,  
And in all the emplacement  
For waggons there isn't a waggon,  
Not a stall for a grape or a raisin,  
Not a soul in the market  
Save the saint on his dragon  
With the rain dribbling down in the basin,  
And the maiden that sews in the casement.

They are still and alone,  
*Mutterseelens* alone,  
And the rain dribbles down from his heels and his crown,  
From wet stone to wet stone.  
It's grey as at dawn,  
And the owls, grey and fawn,  
Call from the little town hall  
With its arch in the wall,  
Where the fire-hooks are stored.

From behind the flowers of her casement  
That's all gay with the carvings and paint,  
The maiden gives a great yawn,  
But the poor saint—  
No doubt he's as bored!  
Stands still on his column  
Uplifting his sword  
With never the ease of a yawn  
From wet dawn to wet dawn . . .

FORD MADOX HUEFFER



## THE BITTER PURPLE WILLOWS

Meditating on the glory of illustrious lineage I lifted up my eyes and beheld the bitter purple willows growing round the tombs of the exalted Mings.

## THE GOLD FISH

Like a breath from hoarded musk,  
Like the golden fins that move  
Where the tank's green shadows part—  
Living flames out of the dusk—  
Are the lightning throbs of love  
In the passionate lover's heart.



## THE INTOXICATED POET

A poet, having taken the bridle off his tongue, spoke thus: "More fragrant than the heliotrope, which blooms all the year round, better than vermilion letters on tablets of sendal, are thy kisses, thou shy one!"

## THE JONQUILS

I have heard that a certain princess, when she found that she had been married by a demon, wove a wreath of jonquils and sent it to the lover of former days.

## THE MERMAID

The sailor boy who leant over the side of the Junk of Many Pearls, and combed the green tresses of the sea with his ivory fingers, believing that he had heard the voice of a mermaid, cast his body down between the waves.

## THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

The emperors of fourteen dynasties, clad in robes of yellow silk embroidered with the Dragon, wearing gold diadems set with pearls and rubies, and seated on thrones of incomparable ivory, have ruled over the Middle Kingdom for four thousand years.

## THE MILKY WAY

My mother taught me that every night a procession of junks carrying lanterns moves silently across the sky, and the water sprinkled from their paddles falls to the earth in the form of dew. I no longer believe that the stars are junks carrying lanterns, no longer that the dew is shaken from their oars.

## THE SEA-SHELL

To the passionate lover, whose sighs come back to him on every breeze, all the world is like a murmuring sea-shell.

## THE SWALLOW TOWER

Amid a landscape flickering with poplars, and netted by a silver stream, the Swallow Tower stands in the haunts of the sun. The winds out of the four quarters of heaven come to sigh around it, the clouds forsake the zenith to bathe it with continuous kisses. Against its sun-worn walls a sea of orchards breaks in white foam; and from the battlements the birds that flit below are seen like fishes in a green moat. The windows of the Tower stand open day and night; the winged Guests come when they please, and hold communication with the unknown Keeper of the Tower.

ALLEN UPWARD

I remember a day when I stood on the sea shore at Nice, holding a scarlet rose in my hands.

The calm sea, caressed by the sun, was brightly garmented in blue, veiled in gold, and violet, verging on silver.

Gently the waves lapped the shore, and scattering into pearls, emeralds and opals, hastened towards my feet with a monotonous, rhythmical sound, like the prolonged note of a single harp-string.

High in the clear, blue-golden sky hung the great, burning disc of the sun.

White seagulls hovered above the waves, now barely touching them with their snow-white breasts, now rising anew into the heights, like butterflies over the green meadows . . .

Far in the east, a ship, trailing its smoke, glided slowly from sight as though it had foundered in the waste.

I threw the rose into the sea, and watched it, caught in the wave, receding, red on the snow-white foam, paler on the emerald wave.

And the sea continued to return it to me, again and again, at last no longer a flower, but strewn petals on restless water.

So with the heart, and with all proud things. In the end nothing remains but a handful of petals of what was once a proud flower . . .

JOHN CURNOS after K. TETMAIER









Is there for feckless poverty  
 That grins at ye for a' that!  
 A hired slave to none am I,  
 But under-fed for a' that;  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 The toils I shun and a' that,  
 My name but mocks the guinea stamp,  
 And Pound's dead broke for a' that.

Although my linen still is clean,  
 My socks fine silk and a' that,  
 Although I dine and drink good wine—  
 Say, twice a week, and a' that;  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 My tinsel shows and a' that,  
 These breeks 'll no last many weeks  
 'Gainst wear and tear and a' that.

Ye see this birkie ca'ed a bard,  
 Wi' cryptic eyes and a' that,  
 Aesthetic phrases by the yard;  
 It's but E. P. for a' that,  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 My verses, books and a' that,  
 The man of independent means  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

One man will make a novelette  
 And sell the same and a' that.  
 For verse nae man can siller get,  
 Nae editor maun fa' that.  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 Their royalties and a' that,  
 Wib time to loaf and will to write  
 I'll stick to rhyme for a' that.

And ye may prise and gang your ways  
 Wi' pity, sneers and a' that,  
 I know my trade and God has made  
 Some men to rhyme and a' that,  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 I maun gang on for a' that  
 Wi' verse to verse until the hearse  
 Carts off me wame and a' that.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENACLE OF 1909 VIDE INTRODUCTION TO "THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF T. E. HULME," PUBLISHED AT THE END OF "RIPOSTES."

What shall be said of him, this cock-o'-hoop?  
 (I'm just a trifle bored, dear God of mine,  
 Dear unknown God, dear chicken-pox of Heaven,  
 I'm bored I say), But still—my social friend—  
 (One has to be familiar in one's discourse)  
 While he was puffing out his jets of wit  
 Over his swollen-bellied pipe, one thinks,  
 One thinks, you know, of quite a lot of things.

(Dear unknown God, dear, queer-faced God,  
 Queer, queer, queer, queer-faced God,  
 You blanky God, be quiet for half minute,  
 And when I've shut up Rates, and sat on Naboth,  
 I'll tell you half a dozen things or so.)

There goes a flock of starlings—  
 Now half a dozen years ago,  
 (Shut up, you blighted God, and let me speak)  
 I should have hove my sporting air-gun up  
 And blazed away—and now I let 'em go—  
 It's odd how one changes;  
 Yes, that's High Germany.

But still, when he was smiling like a Chinese queen,  
 Looking as queer (I do assure you, God)  
 As any Chinese queen I ever saw;  
 And tiddle-whiddle-whiddling about prose,  
 Trying to quiz a mutton-headed poetaster,  
 And choking all the time with politics—  
 Why then I say, I contemplated him  
 And marveled (God! I marveled,  
 Write it in prose, dear God. Yes, in red ink.)  
 And marveled, as I said,  
 At the stupendous quantity of mind  
 And the amazing quality thereof.

Dear God of mine,  
 It's really most amazing, doncherknow,  
 But really, God, I *can't* get off the mark;  
 Look here, you queer-faced God,  
 This fellow makes me sick with all his talk,  
 His ha'penny gibes at Celtic bards  
 And followers of Dante—honest folk!—  
 Because, dear God, the rotten beggar goes  
 And makes a Chinese blue-stocking  
 From half-digested dreams of Munich-air.  
 And then—God, why should I write it down?—  
 But Rates and Naboth  
 Aren't half such silly fools as he is (God)  
 For they are frankly asinine,  
 While he pretends to sanity,  
 Modernity, (dear God, dear God).

It's bad enough, dear God of mine,  
 That you have set me down in London town,  
 Endowed me with a tattered velvet coat,  
 Soft collar and black hat and Greek ambitions;  
 You might have left me there.

But now you send  
 This "vates" here, this sage social reformer  
 (Yes, God, you rotten Roman Catholic)  
 To put his hypothetical conceptions  
 Of what a poor young poetaster would think  
 Into his own damned shape, and then to attack it  
 To his own great contemplative satisfaction.  
 What have I done, O God,  
 That so much bitterness should flop on me?  
 Social Reformer! That's the beggar's name.  
 He'd have me write bad novels like himself.

Yes, God, I know it's after closing time;  
 And yes, I know I've smoked his cigarettes;

But watch that sparrow on the fountain in the rain.  
How half a dozen years ago,  
(Shut up, you blighted God, and let me speak)  
I should have hove my sporting air-gun up  
And blazed away—and now I let him go—  
It's odd how one changes;  
Yes, that's High Germany.

R. A.

Πωετριε  
 Πρικε φιφτεεν κενξ  
 π. 43

Ἴ ἀνε σατ ἐρε ἀρριε ἰν μι ἀρμχαιρ  
 (πύτνηβυς, πύτνηβυς) <sup>(1)</sup>  
 ὑατχιγγ θε στιλλ Ηουνδ ἀνδ θε κιδ  
 ὑιθ θε δαρκ ἀιρ  
 ὑιχ θε ὑνδ ὀφ μι ὑπραισεδ ὑοικε  
 τορε λικε ἀ γρεεν ματτεδ μεσσ  
 (Ὁ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι) <sup>(2)</sup>  
 ὀφ ὑετ κοβυεβς ἀνδ σεαυεεδ ἀτ τυλιγτ,  
 βυτ τούγ Ἴ γρεατλιε δελιγτεδ  
 (ἠράμαν μὲν ἐγὼ σέθεν, Ἄλδι, πάλαι πότα) <sup>(3)</sup>  
 ἰν θησε ἀνδ θε Ἐζρα ὑισκέρς  
 τὰτ ὑιχ σετς με νιρεστ το ὑεεπιγγ  
 (ὁ δὲ Κλέαρχος εἶπε) <sup>(4)</sup>  
 ἰς θε κλασσικαλ ῥυθμ ὀφ θε ραρε σπεεχες,  
 Ὡ θε ὑνσπωκεν σπεεχες  
 Ἑλλενικ.

- NOTES. (1) A vehicle conducting passengers from Athens,  
 the capital of Greece, to the temple of the winds,  
 which stands in a respectable suburb.  
 (2) Rendered by Butler, "O God! O Montreal!"  
 (3) Sappho!!!!!!  
 (4) Xenophon's Anabasis.

F. M. H.

I haue sat here harrie in mi armchair  
(putnêbus, putnêbus) <sup>(1)</sup>  
uatching the still Êound and the kid  
with the dark hair  
huich the uind oph mi upraised uoike  
tore like a green matted mess  
(Ô andres Athênaioi) <sup>(2)</sup>  
oph uet kobuebs and seaueed at tuiligt,  
but thoug I greatlie deligted  
(êraman men egô sethen, Aldi, palai pota) <sup>(3)</sup>  
in thêse and the Ezra huiskers  
that huich sets me nirest to ueeping  
(ho de Klearchos eipe) <sup>(4)</sup>  
is the klassikal rhythm oph the rare speeches,  
Ô the unspôken speeches  
Hellenik.



I have sat here Harry in my armchair  
    (Putney-bus, Putney-bus) (1)  
watching the still hound and the kid  
with the dark hair  
which the wind of my upraised voice  
tore like a green matted mess  
    (Ô andres Athênaioi) (2)  
of wet cobwebs and seaweed at twilight,  
but though I greatly delighted  
    (êraman men egô sethen, Aldi, palai pota) (3)  
in these and the Ezra whiskers  
that which sets me nearest to weeping  
    (ho de Klearchos eipe) (4)  
is the classical rhythm of the rare speeches,  
O the unspoken speeches  
Hellenic.

F. S. FLINT—"The Net of the Stars." Published by Elkin Mathews, 4 Cork St., London, W.

EZRA POUND—Collected Poems (Personae, Exultations, Canzoni, Ripostes). Published by Elkin Mathews.

TRANSLATIONS:

"The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti." Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Canzoni of Arnaut Daniel. R. F. Seymour & Co., Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

PROSE:

"The Spirit of Romance." A study of mediaeval poetry. Dent & Sons. London.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER—"Collected Poems." Published by Max Goschen, 20 Gt. Russel St., London. Forty volumes of prose with various publishers.

ALLEN UPWARD—Author of "The New Word," "The Divine Mystery," etc., etc.

The "Scented Leaves" appears in "Poetry" for September 1913.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS—"The Tempers." Published by Elkin Mathews.

AMY LOWELL—"A Dome of Many Coloured Glass." Published by Houghton, Mifflin, Boston.

On page 37, "popies" was replaced by "poppies".

The humorous poem written with Greek characters on page 62 has also been rendered in their Latin equivalents for the benefit of those who cannot pronounce the Greek and also in Latin look-alikes. It appears that, in the first line, the rho's should have been pi's, making the 5th word **ἀππιε** or **happie**; it was left as printed. Or, this might have been addressed to the editor of "Poetry" whose name was Harriet Monroe.

Minor typographical errors have been corrected without comment.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DES IMAGISTES: AN ANTHOLOGY \*\*\*

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