

Australian Poets and Nietzsche

a small anthology compiled by the
Australasian Nietzsche Society 2011

<http://australasiani Nietzschesociety.net.au>

Barcroft Boake, from
Where The Dead Men Lie and Other Poems



Yes ! there it hangs upon the wall
And never gives a sound :
The hand that trimmed its greenhide fall
Is hidden underground—
There, in that patch of sallee shade,
Beneath that grassy mound.

I never take it from the wall :
That whip belonged to *him* —
The man I singled from them all :
He was my husband, Jim.
I see him now—so straight and tall,
So long and lithe of limb.

That whip was with him night and day
When he was on the track :
I've often heard him laugh and say
That when they heard it crack,
After the breaking of the drought,
The cattle all came back.

And all the time that Jim was here,
A-working on the run,
I'd hear that whip ring sharp and clear
Just about set of sun,
To let me know that he was near
And that his work was done.

I was away that afternoon,
Penning the calves, when—bang !
I heard his whip : 'twas rather soon :
A thousand echoes rang
And died away among the hills,
As toward the hut I sprang.

I made the tea and waited, but,
Seized by a sudden whim,
I went and sat outside the hut
And watched the light grow dim :
I waited there till after dark,
But not a sign of Jim.

The evening air was damp with dew :
Just as the clock struck ten
His horse came riderless—I knew
What was the matter *then* . . .
Why should the Lord have singled out
My Jim from other men ?

I took the horse and found him where
He lay beneath the sky,
With blood all clotted in his hair.
I felt too dazed to cry :
I held him to me as I prayed
To God that I might die.

But sometimes now I seem to hear—
Just when the air grows chill—
A single whip-crack, sharp and clear,
Re-echo from the hill.
That's Jim ! to let me know he's near
And thinking of me still.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

A PSALM OF FORTITUDE.

Are you, like me, a peevish brat,
With feelings extra-fine?
Are you disposed to whip the cat
When misadventure lays your flat?
Then paste this memo in your hat—
A Man Should Never Whine.

The axiom is no safeguard rare,
Nor talisman divine;
For, deaf to bounce as well as prayer,
Grim Fate will never turn a hair.
But still the principle is there—
A Man Should Never Whine.

When "Answers" spurns your doggerel lay
(He often baskets mine)
And balks you of renown and pay,
Squirm not, but laugh, and darkly say,
"Ha! tyrant! there will come a day!"
A Bard Should Never Whine.

Should Gladys freeze you from her sight,
Don't languish or repine;
But let her know, in terms polite,
That she has made your future bright;
Then marry Ermytrude for spite—
A Bloque Should Never Whine.

A killing frost may nip your buds
(There's Wolsey as a sign);
You may forego your stylish duds,
And trade away your pin and studs,
To live on bandicooted spuds;
But you Must Never Whine.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

Religiously, your cake is dough—
You haven't walk'd the line.
Peter won't know you from a crow;
So your address must be "Below,"
Where Socialists and such-like go;
Still You Must Never Whine.

But even should Repentance come,
Don't supplicate and pine.
Seek out the corybantic scrum,
And caper round the mighty drum,
And make Salvation fairly hum—
A Saint Should Never Whine.

Beneath such petty details lies
Calm Nature's great design,
That we on stepping-stones should rise;
And any decent chap who tries
To score some points before he dies
Can Surely Never Whine.

Things standing thus, it is not nice
To rate yourself a swine;
Just let this argument suffice:
An abject whimper cuts no ice,
But only tends to lower your price—
A Man Should Never Whine.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

A PSALM OF RESIGNATION.

In spite of his imposing plea,
A freeman whom the truth makes free
Is often fairly up a tree,
And marvels why it should be thus.
Then reasoning in his tin-pot way
That honesty can never pay,
He loses faith, as well he may;
Yet he has simply Miss'd the 'Bus.

Concerning noodles who profess
By moral rules to gauge success:
Their thinking tackle's in a mess,
And they are wrong to Tartarus.
Don't say the worthiest lead the van.
That gag is deader than Queen Anne.
If it were straight, no honest man
Need grieve that he had Miss'd the 'Bus.

All are alike in Satan's grip,
If we accept your Shakespeare's tip,
Who hints, *per* Hamlet, that the whip
Is earned by every one of us.
Which is absurd (as Euclid says),
For all have good and evil traits,
Though some go smoothly all their days,
And some are doom'd to Miss the 'Bus.

Even the Yiddish Sage confess'd
He had to give this problem best,
Namely, to find desert express'd
In terms of Need and Overplus.
He saw not damper to the wise,
Nor gonce to men of enterprise,
But Buckley's prospect of a rise
For anyone who Miss'd the 'Bus.

What agencies manipulate
This economic drafting-gate
Through which we pass to find our fate,
It would be futile to discuss;

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

But any man with half an eye
Can see that mysteries underlie
The great "Whaffor"?—the age-long, "Why"?—
Required by those who Miss the 'Bus.

Some swell-coves, narrow'd by their luck,
In Evolution's rut are stuck,
Like that wool-bearing reptile-duck
Which bushmen term the platterpuss;
Whilst in our class we often find
A stubborn attitude of mind
Attending the demnition grind
Dealt out to those who Miss the 'Bus.

"Read Samuel Smiles, you dreaming flats!"
Say thrift-apostles, through their hats;
But wearily we answer, "Rats!"
It's not worth while to make a fuss,
Preach us no Self-made Merchant's creed—
Columbia's Curse—which holds, indeed,
That we should loot our fellow-weed,
And help him but to Miss the 'Bus."

Again, we could "arise! awake!"
And whoop with 40-devil, brake;
But no improvement should we make,
No more than doth the hairy Russ.
If we decline to act the goat,
But sanely think, resolve, and VOTE,
Then doubtless we shall keep afloat,
And Johnny need not Miss the 'Bus.

This seems to summarise our case.
I hope we carry it with grace,
Acknowledging in Fate's embrace
The nelson of an octopus.
And when the Last Conveyance comes,
Neither the swell who pots the plums,
Nor we who fossick round for crumbs,
Shall be allowed to Miss the 'Bus.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

A PSALM OF PATIENCE.

O kid! with face of healthy tan,
With lunch-bag, books and slate;
You needn't long to be a man,
Self-confident and great;
For ever since the world began
Each boy must spring to Nature's plan,
Must worry through as best he can—
Make up your mind to Wait.

O young galoot! you find it rough—
This iron hand of Fate!
Your confidence is mostly bluff,
And doubts preponderate—
Are you the genuine all-wool stuff?
Are you a daisy or a muff?—
Patience! you'll find out soon enough,
If you can only Wait.

O baffled bloke! with no resource!
Whose knowledge comes too late;
Whose prospects change from bad to worse,
Till Hope gives place to Hate!
Sick of existence, and perforce
Impatient for the long divorce—
You'll get your call in proper course,
Take my advice, and Wait.

O geezer! drawing near the test
That none may obviate;
Don't waste your time in fruitless quest
Re man's post-mortem state.
That doubt will soon be set at rest—
You'll be extinguish'd, grill'd, or blest,
Or spook the world from east to west.
Meanwhile, you have to Wait.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

A PSALM OF SUBJECTION.

Nurse your "unconquerable soul,"
But diligently bear in mind
That Life is not a wayward stroll,
For Circumstance asserts control,
And fiercely prods you up behind.
This dictum you can safely trust—
Growl you may, but Go you must.

Though you may shaft with all your might,
And kick against the goad, like Paul,
Though you may prop, and squeal, and bite,
You still put up a losing fight—
Unconquerable soul, and all.
Still subject to Compulsion's thrust,
Growl you may, but Go you must.

Have done with bluff, for Satan's sake,
A bulrush never can be strong.
You're overmatch'd—make no mistake—
The option is to bend or break;
In either case, you're forced along,
And what avails your cheap disgust?
Growl you may, but Go you must.

In point of fact, your name is Sludge,
And puppet-like your lot is cast,
For though you may rebel and grudge,
And spitefully refuse to budge,
Your claim will be pegg'd out at last.
Sludge to sludge, and dust to dust—
Growl you may, but Go you must.

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

Next hear St. Peter's challenge keen,
"My son, you've fail'd to nick a goal.
In headstrong wickedness serene,
You fear'd not parson, king or queen;
Your Bible was the BULLYTEEN;
Wherefore, your name is off the roll.
No picnic on these meadows green,
No part in this celestial scene,
For your unconquerable soul.
March down yon steps—the doom is just—
Growl you may, but Go you must."

THE POEMS OF JOSEPH FURPHY

A PSALM OF COUNSEL.

Though some good folks may take it ill,
As trifling with parsonic frill,
Thus saith the Lord to Jim and Bill,
In admonition stern and straight:—
Ye hold from Me the brightest zones,
The fairest realm this planet owns,
Guarded on every side by Jones,
And standing yet inviolate.
So far, so good. And all the rest,
Amounting to a racial test,
May be compendiously express'd
In four short words—Be Up To Date.

Australia is the unit. There!
This Commonwealth denotes your share;
Ye have no loyalty to spare,
In spite of all your Empire prate.
For though the Motherland be good,
Yet may some oddities intrude,
Which it would be extremely rude
On your poor part to imitate.
For instance, if she should be lame,
It's not included in the game
That you should limp behind the dame,
By way of keeping Up To Date.

An Australian Mummy

"An interesting discovery was made the other day by a party of archaeologists now engaged in making excavations near the supposed site of the ancient city of Melbourne. While tunnelling their way through what seems to have been the burying-ground of the old inhabitants, the archaeologists found a stone sarcophagus enclosing a leaden coffin which contained a mummy in a perfect state of preservation. From certain coins which were in the sarcophagus, it seems clear that the mummy was once the mortal part of some person of note who died in A.D. 1897, or thereabouts. It is now in the Museum of Antiquities. We print below some verse on the subject written by Alexander W. Mudlarque, one of our leading Australian poets."—*Prophetic Extract from SOUTHERN NEWS BLIZZARD of March 10, 4897.*

Brown, shrivelled Mummy! Relic of a Man
Who lived when Austral history began,
And all the land with rosy morning-glow
Was flushed and thrilled three thousand years ago,
If thou couldst speak what tales thou couldst unfold—
What stories tell of those fair days of old
That followed hard on the heroic age,
When—as we learn in legendary page—
The bold forefathers of the Austral Race,
The daring hearts that feared not Fate to face,
From Northern lands their wondrous voyage took
Led by their tutelary sea-god, Cook!
Alas, thy lips are sealed, thy tongue hath gone;
Thou art as silent as Oblivion.

* * *

Dumb, shrouded shape! Methinks, beholding thee,
The Present fades, the Past alone I see;
The Veil of Time is solemnly withdrawn,
And I, with thee, am walking in the dawn
Of Austral history—the Age of Gold.
What scenes of peace and beauty I behold!
The white sheep straying o'er a thousand plains,

Tended by happy, smooth-browed shepherd-swains,
Whose lives from all corroding cares are free,
Wrapt in sweet pastoral simplicity;
The cattle grazing on a hundred hills
(Now all defaced by factories and mills!)
The teamsters brown that gently urge along
Their bullock teams with kindly jest and song!
O, charming pictures of a vanished time,
Alas, that ye should only live in rhyme!

* * *

I see the Homesteads, built with graceful art,
Set not too near nor yet too far apart,
Where dwell the Squatters—Monarchs of the Land—
Far-famed for open house and open hand.
The Guest-House by their hospitable gates
With welcome warm the Traveller awaits.
To him the Squatter comes, with genial smile,
And generously bids him rest awhile,
And bravely sup, nor for the morrow care;
And on the morrow, ere he forth can fare,
With free hand adds unto his little store
Tea, flour, and sugar, till his bags run o'er.
The Squatter's heart nor greed nor meanness knows—
He is as liberal as the wind that blows.
His Station-hands (so antiquarians say
His men were called) in pleasant work and play
Their time pass, living, in content supreme,
A life idyllic as a springtide dream.
Small marvel is it that the Squatter reigns
Belov'd by all—the Patriarch of the Plains.

* * *

And now, far-off, a smoke-wreath white I view
That slowly trails along the sky-rim blue,
It marks the patient passage o'er the plain
Of what the Ancients called a Railway train
(Quaint caravan whose swiftness was their boast—
A drowsy fifty miles an hour at most:
Little could they imagine, or presage,
The fierce Time-Hunger of our rushing Age)

The train creeps steadily upon its way
To yonder distant City by the Bay.

* * *

"Behold! Behold!" (saith thou) "ere day be done
The domes of Melbourne flashing in the sun!"
I gaze and see, outspreading far and wide,
A City Glorious—the Country's Pride—
A City Beautiful whose ev'ry part
A poem is—a dream of splendid art;
A Temple Vast—constructed wisely well—
Wherein the Graces and the Muses dwell,
And where, above all high or common things,
Serene-eyed Culture spreads her golden wings.
No knavery here may live, no meanness thrive—
The very air with Honour seems alive.
Well may her citizens with pride commune,
Whose lives are set to such a noble tune!

* * *

Lean Competition—squalid fiend yet dread!—
Here may not even raise her haggard head.
Men work like brothers, each in his degree,
Together bound by bonds of sympathy.
Untroubled are they by the frets and fears
That harass us in these sad latter years,
When man with man is ever more at strife,
And death-grips, for the means of wretched life.
A Worker (by *our* Rich Men scorned and feared)
As Doer and as Maker is revered,
And recognised by all men, small or great,
As corner-stone and bastion of the State.
Him his employer looks upon with pride,
Responded to by zeal upon his side.
Thus grows and flourishes in stately health
The fair and goodly Guild of Work and Wealth.

* * *

Yonder their House of Parliament, built high
Upon a hill, stands out against the sky—
A noble pile for noble uses fit!
Within its walls in solemn council sit

Grave senators—the Chosen of the Land—
Calm-eyed as gods, with looks of high command.
No turgid talk, no empty eloquence,
Proceed from them—confounding sound with sense.
Their words are few, but pregnant all with thought,
As if by some divine Egeria taught.
Of petty interests and clique-control
They nothing know—they see things as a whole.
In one direction all their actions tend,
The Public Good their only aim and end.
No titles bribe these Rulers of the State,
Too proud to be vicariously great.
Like gods they sit, like sages speak and vote,
In their majestic Witenagemote.

* * *

This Ancient People brooks no priestly gyves.
Religion, true religion, rules their lives,
Presiding o'er each small and great Event,
As o'er the earth the starry firmament.
Their creeds are many, as befits the free,
But each to each is bound in Charity.
No rabid bigotry, fanatic zeal,
Debase their Spiritual Commonweal.
Content are they unto the Blest Abodes
To wend by various but converging roads,
Hoping, when life is past, old friends to greet
When they with them at Heaven's gate shall meet.

* * *

Poets they have: it is the Golden Prime
Of Poesy, when Nature's song sublime
Through Being thrills, with mystic meanings rife—
The Epic grand of Universal Life.
Earth, sea and air are full of melodies:
The Bards have only to interpret these.
Poets they have; long perished is their fame.
Their Gordon Kendall is to us a name,
And nothing more. Their Lawson Patters, who,
'Twas said, could lure a lark down from the blue,
We know from fragments only—solemn, deep,

As Orphic hymns. The rest in silence sleep.
Long ere the land to nationhood upsprang
Its magic and its mystery they sang,
And hoped for Fame Immortal. Well away!
The tongue they sang in is as dead as they.

* * *

In these glad days o'er every heart and brain
Love, Lord of all, extends his radiant reign.
(Ah! he was mighty in the Years of Old
Ere he was conquered by the God of Gold)
Before me pass in beauty and in grace
The glorious early Daughters of the Race—
Rathe blossoms they of that great Family Tree
Our fathers planted by the Southern Sea—
Each lovely as a lily on its stem,
Small wonder that their lovers worshipped them!
O happy, happy time, when youth and maid
Of broken vows or hearts are unafraid!
No venal Hymen with his torch of shame
Upon their nuptials sheds unholy flame.
True Love illumes them with the light divine
Of his clear eyes that like twin planets shine . . .
Alas, that hearts like yours in dust should lie—
O, faithful lovers of the days gone by!
The Vision vanishes. The Ages roll
Once more upon me—withering my soul.

* * *

Ah me! the Days of Eld how bright they shine!
Then thou wert fair indeed, O Land of mine!
Yet, though our days from those are far withdrawn,
Brave souls among us see a gleam of Dawn,
The promise of a Golden Age to be,
When, from the Gulf Land to the Southern Sea,
All men will feel their common brotherhood,
And Love, not Gold, shall be the Greatest Good.

* * *

Night's shadow falls on the Museum floor.
Brown, weary Mummy, rest in peace once more!

—1897.

Victor Daley

BACCHANALIAN

I pity him who has not swung
The Thyrsus in the air,
And followed Bacchus, blithe and young,
With vine-leaves in his hair;
And heard the Maenads sing,
And the mad cymbals ring.

I pity those who have to walk
In sober ways and sad,
And keep a guard upon their talk
Lest men should think them mad.
Or careless speech should show
The felon thought below.

When in my goblet, blithe and gay,
The beaded bubbles wink,
For all poor souls like this I pray
That they may learn to drink,
And, like a rose in rain,
Open shut heart and brain.

Who does not drink he does not know,
And he will never find,
What merry fellows live below
The surface of his mind:
These other men to me
Are right good company.

If beings of Mythology
Could live at my commands
Briareus I'd choose to be,

Who had a hundred hands:
And every hand of mine
Would hold a pint of wine

And of those beakers ninety-nine
With white wine and with red
Should brim for dear old friends of mine,
The living and the dead.
By Pluto there would be
A noble revelry!

Then let us unto Bacchus sing
Evoc! up and down—
For Bacchus is the wisest king
Who ever wore a crown:
His vine leaves hide from view
More wit than Plato knew.

THE CALL OF THE CITY

There is a saying of renown—
“God made the country, man the town.”
Well, everybody to his trade!
But man likes best the thing he made.
The town has little space to spare;
The country has both space and air;
The town’s confined, the country free—
Yet, spite of all, the town for me.

*For when the hills are grey and night is falling,
And the winds sigh drearily,
I hear the city calling, calling, calling,
With a voice like the great sea.*

I used to think I'd like to be
A hermit living lonesomely,
Apart from human care or ken,
Afar from all the haunts of men:
Then I would read in Nature's book,
And drink clear water from the brook,
And live a life of sweet content,
In hollow tree, or cave, or tent.

This was a dream of callow Youth
Which always overleaps the truth,
And thinks, fond fool, it is the sum
Of things that are and things to come.
But now, when youth has gone from me,
I crave for genial company.
For Nature wild I still have zest,
But human nature I love best.

I know that hayseed in the hair
Than grit and grime is healthier,
And that the scent of gums is far
More sweet than reek of pavement-tar.
I know, too, that the breath of kine
Is safer than the smell of wine;
I know that here my days are free—
But, ah! the city calls to me.

Let Zimmerman and all his brood
Proclaim the charms of Solitude,
I'd rather walk down Hunter-street
And meet a man I like to meet,
And talk with him about old times,
And how the market is for rhymes,
Between two drinks, than hold commune
Upon a mountain with the moon.

A soft wind in the gully deep
Is singing all the trees to sleep;
And in the sweet air there is balm,
And Peace is here, and here is Calm.
God knows how these I yearned to find!
Yet I must leave them all behind,
And rise and go—come sun, come rain—
Back to the Sorceress again.

*For at the dawn or when the night is falling,
Or at noon when shadows flee,
I hear the city calling, calling, calling,
Through the long lone hours to me.*

DISILLUSION

For some forty years, and over,
Poets had with me their way;
And they made me think that Sorrow
Owned the Night and owned the Day;
And the corpse beneath the clover
Had a hopeful word to say.

And they made me think that Sorrow
Was the Shadow in the Sun;
And they made me think To-morrow
Was a gift to everyone:
And the days I used to borrow,
Till my credit now is done.

And they told me softly, sweetly,
That, when Life had lost its glee,
I could be consoled completely

By the Forest or the Sea;
And they wrote their rhymes so neatly
That they quite deluded me.

But when Sorrow is at sorest,
And the heart weeps silently,
Is there healing in the Forest?
Is there solace in the Sea?
And the God whom thou adorest
Has He any help for thee?

Does it soothe the spent man dying
That the stars are shining bright
O'er the field where he is lying?
And the moon, with all her light,
Does she help his bare soul flying
Through the vast and lonely Night?

Give to me the grasp of true man,
Though his state be high or low,
Give to me the kiss of woman—
Let your Seas and Forests go:
There is nothing but the human
Touch can heal the human woe.

THE OLD BOHEMIAN

The world was in my debt,
I was the Friend of Man,
When, years ago, I met
The Old Bohemian.

His hat was shocking bad,
He wore a faded tie,
And yet, withal, he had
A moist and shining eye.

And though his purse was lean,
And though his coat was dyed,
He had a lordly mien
And air of ancient pride.

We sat in a hotel,
And drank the amber ale;
And as I touched the bell
I listened to his tale.

He told me that some day
In his place I would be;
But all the world was gay—
No use in warning me.

He spoke of high Desire
And aspirations true;
And flamed again the fire
In eyes of faded blue.

“By God!” the old man said,
“The days of old were grand;
I painted cities red,
I owned the blessed land.

“I loved, when I was young,
The girls in all the bars;
And, coming home, I hung
My hat upon the stars.

“And O, the times were glad!
Such times you never knew;
And O, the nights we had!
And O, the jolly crew!

"Where are the songs—the talk—
The friends that used to be?
I with my shadow walk
At last for company.

"We dreamt in those old days
That Poets we would be;
And though we missed the bays
We *lived* our Poetry!

"We talked and talked and talked,
And slowly, one by one,
My old companions walked
Into the setting sun."

The old Bohemian said,
"The world owes nought to me,
I lie upon the bed
Which I made—carefully.

"There is one way to play
The mad Bohemian game,
I found and took the way—
And you will do the same."

Ah, that was years ago,
When skies were bright and blue,
And now, alas, I know
His prophecy was true.

Yet fill the glass once more,
Bohemians, and sing—
Upon another shore
There waits another Spring!

TO IMMANUEL KANT

O YOU, whose bridge invited me to span
Serene despair enamoured of his slough,
Ere gentle eyes became a lens to show
The loving Presence and the perfect plan!
Copernicus, who leaped the sophists' ban
In Königsberg a hundred years ago,
And saw the adamantine cosmos flow
In opal streams WITHIN the mind of man!

Where now, abstracted, stellar spires you view,
Or teach Laplace young nebulae to plant,
Fill Berkeley's void, or Swedenborg pursue,
Or pick your steps 'mid Hume's agnostic gins,
Send here equipped like you another Kant
To gloss these Jekylls and their deadly sins!

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

A NEW TERTULLIAN

OUT of the stale oppression of the room
Into the freedom of the wind-wed blue!
Out of the mesh of spidery order through
Creeds and their bat-laws to the wild flowers' bloom!
Cysted salvation! God clamped in the womb
Of mummy! Shall it save? What can He do?
Lawless is He and made us lawless too!
Love corseted in law? Deity, gloom?

No! Listen to the Poet Blue above
Carolling "God is Good! is ever nigh!
"There is no sin, no darkness! all is well!
"He is in you, in me, is Life, is Love!"
Carolling "God is Liberty!" And I
Believe because it is impossible!

ENDOWMENT

TRUTH needs no penny 'neath her tongue to pay
Her passage o'er vicissitude. But when
Some Jack o' Lanthorn guide of stumbling men
Would gutter out, they bribe him here to stay,
And measure all things by his flickering ray,
Within his ambit sage and prophet pen,
Chill rosy Love with vapours of his fen,
And young Trust cheat with glows of his decay.

Cathedral fort of creeds decrepit, school
Musty with old miasmas of the mind!
How long shall these endowed obscurants rule?
The morning eyes of young Australia blind?
This pestilential gratitude and gold
Palsy the New with tremors of the Old?

THE COW

THIS is a rune I ravelled in the still,
Arrogant stare of an Australian cow—
“These pranked intruders of the hornless brow,
Puffed up with strange illusions of their skill
To fence, to milk, to fatten and to kill,
Once worshipped me with temple, rite and vow,
Crowned me with stars, and bade rapt millions bow
Before what abject guess they called my will!

“To-day, this flunkey of my midden, Man,
Throws child-oblations in my milking byre,
Stifes in slums to spare me lordly fields,
Flatters with spotless consorts my desire,
And for a pail of cream his birth-right yields,
As once in Egypt, Hellas, Ind, Iran!”

AUSTER RAMPANT!

A LARGER Argo ploughs our clearer blue!
Your Zephyr won no such auroral bride
As her I woo! The South is whence the tide
Springs downhill to refresh the North and you!
To melt your adamantine basements too,
When, as your sagas sang, the flaming-eyed
Children of Southern Muspel scatter wide
Your world, your gods, when Ragnarok is due!

Antipodean? Whew! We are the head,
The oceanic head, while you, slung low
With lands that scrape the floor of heaven, gaze,
Far o'er the Bull your odd Europa wed,
Up to the Chambers of the South where glow
Our pennant stars, our wider Milky Ways!

ALCAEUS TO SAPPHO

THO', when we list, 'tis ours to circle high
On lonely wings our separate peaks of song,
God in His grace decrees that we belong
To that ubiquitous sodality
Of glance magnetic and luxurious sigh
That men call Love, where, grateful in the strong
Earth-currents swirling round its wingless throng,
We too may swim together, you and I.

Though priest may foul with smoke obscene of hell,
Or pundit find obscure with caverned brute,
The God of Love, and both disdain His power—
Where Love is exiled, God departs as well;
Scentless were Art, if Love were not its flower;
And sapless Song, if Love were not its root.

TO—

I WONDER as I thrill unto the tones
Vibrating in the words of love you send,
If this tame earth do not already blend
With some far larger sphere than eyesight owns;
If life be apex of eternal cones,
With past and present resonant, that lend
Our pauper ears instalments here to spend
Of wealth we won still due in happier zones.

For as I listen, swift the memories sweep,
As through a lifted veil, of days that were,
When conscious Deity did all immerse,
And those warm words from you to me did leap,
A lightning-signal warning me prepare
To co-create with you some Universe.

THE CHURNING OF THE OPAL

IN what far-sundered stars did angels find
The rebel elements of your alloy,
And what tyrannic flux to weld employ?
What Cyclopean artifice combined
The Calms and Doldrums of your tropic mind,
Where scarce the halcyons suffuse their joy
Than termagant tornadoes would destroy,
To gratify a whim, all humankind?

Yet warring rocks harmonious landscapes build,
And ocean's charm and air's would pall and die,
If gale and cloud did never smite or mar;
So, gem of mine! whom cloistered peace distilled
In lava's heart to mirror sea and sky,
I would not have you other than you are!

STORM OF MINE!

O STORM, that swept me like a wraith of mist
From silent watches o'er a sleeping vale,
Until, like you a tempest, now I flail
Far seas of dim adventure: now assist
The Living Creatures of the Harmonist
Draconic Order's battlements assail;
Or scour all lands with you to find the Grail
That holds the Proletarian Eucharist!

What perfumes of the sheltered nook can feign
The fragrance of the winter's hair unwound?
What lyre, what flute, in cell or crypt, perform
The diapasons of the hurricane?
Yet where in all the Aidenms can be found
Such perfect peace as naves my wheeling storm?

IN MEMORY OF VICTOR J. DALEY

MORE gravely tamarisk will smile this year,
And sadlier lilac breathe her nuptial lays:
Rose will assemble all the dewy fays
Of her dispersion to distil one clear
Threnodic attar drop to mourn the seer
Of exiled rose's heart: and August days,
Over the choral wattles' vesper praise,
The yews of exiled Erin keening hear.

Yet he the last to deem the proem all,
This interlude of clay the epilogue:
And greatlier grown, welcomes the Sunset Call,
Whether to walk our Singing Path anew,
Follow an elfin horn through Tir-na-n-Og,
Or, 'yond the Cross, the Rose Seraphic view!

KEEP watch, tho' blinded by his revels
Your every comrade falters:
Be true, tho' all the gods and devils
Would drag you to their altars;
And love, tho' Hate usurp God's state
And bruise you with his halters!

WHEN Love persuades the merest wight
To be a partner of her might—
Transcending earthly bars,
Along the plains of chrysolite
He marches with the stars.

I KNOW that I am also you,
That you are I, that all are we;
Time nor space can our love disperse;
We are the captain and the crew,
Never the tempest we shall rue,
Never the drama not rehearse,
And never the port we shall not see,
For we were launched, a Universe,
On oceanic Deity.

DIRT of habit clogs the soul,
Dirt of prejudice the mind:
All around the seasons roll
Of the Year we never find
Till we clean the window-glass
Of man-made stains,
And behold the shining grass
Where the elf-queen reigns.

Tho' led by angels to the Throne,
The man, whose eyes are not his own,
But alien idols there describes:
While he who sees the wayside stone
With honest eyes, can recognize
The sheen of the pearl and the glint of gem
On God's eternal garment hem.

IN its hurricanes rudderless swirled,
Every soul is a chaos, a world;
With the dews of the Deity pearled
Every clod of the clay is a soul;
Half-God is the Spirit, the Light;
Half-God is the matter, the Night;
And the half and the half are the Whole.

IN the trunk of the year ascending,
The sap of Spring;
The despair of the Winter ending,
The smile of Spring:
To the tryst and the nest-work calling,
The spell of Spring:
On the green-shouldered hillside falling,
The scarf of Spring.
Fresh carols for free men lilting,
The breeze of Spring:
For childhood no longer wilting,
The vow of Spring:
O'er russet of cant and lie,
The green of Spring:
For Love and for Liberty,
The Sun of Spring.

“GET on, young man!” the sleek financier said.
Yes, though your mates are wan
With poisoned air and niggard dole of bread,
Though sterile Vice its elvish coveys spawn,
Though women weep for wasting babes unfed,
Though your young brain and soul unselfish wed
In some great Cause would bring the dawn
And herald Hope unto these living dead—
“Are you your brother’s keeper?” still he said.
“Get on, young man, get on!”

IF staunch we fight in the wars of woe
Against oppressors high or low,
And whether we win or fall,
Then whence we came or whither we go
It mattereth not at all.
If patient we bare the traps of greed,
If the sick we comfort, the hungry feed,
And sweeten the rue of shame,
It mattereth not at all our creed,
Our titles, or blood or fame.

THE ASCETIC CALL

I HAVE reposed too long
In shrubberies and bowers,
With laughing girls and flowers,
With luxury and song:
Afar from Life’s drab hours,
From common sweets and sour,
I have reposed too long.

Such charm was not my goal,
When God gave of His might,
Endowed me with His sight,
And hither launched my soul:
Though flooding Love and Light
Are bathing me to-night,
Such charm was not my goal.

Hugh McCrae

AMBUSCADE

Or the black centaurs, statuesquely still,
Whose moving eyes devour the snuffling mares,
And watch with baneful rage their nervous strides
Whip the dark river white, lest, unawares,
Some danger seize them . . . Statuesquely still,
Behind the waving trellises of cane,
The centaurs feel their hearts—besieged with blood—
Stagger like anvils when the sled-blows rain
Shower on shower in persistent flood . . .

Now Cornus, he, the oldest of the group,
With many wounds, strong arms, and clay-rolled hair,
Coughs for a signal to his dreadful troop
And springs, wide-fingered, from the crackling lair.
Loudly the victims neigh, they thrash the stream,
They tear their foemen's beards with frothy teeth,
And fill the banks with sparkling spires of steam
That heavenward roll in one tumultuous wreath.

Within the branches of an ancient oak,
A mother-satyr, sleeping with her young,
Smit by a sudden stone, upbraids the stroke;
Then turns to see from whence it has been flung.
Scarce does she mark the cursed centaur pack,
Then, standing clear, she blows a whistle shrill,
Which, like an echo, straight comes flying back
Louder and louder down the empty hill.

A roar of hooves, a lightning view of eyes
Redder than fire, of long straight whistling manes,
Stiff crests, and tails drawn out against the skies,
Of angry nostrils, webbed with leaping veins,
The stallions come!

METAMORPHOSIS

A-down into the pool she stepped
As deep as her white thigh;
No lotus-lily ever slept,
No swan-drawn cloud on high,
Sailing between the coasts of heaven
Upon a painted sea,
But held her chiefest of the seven
Bright stars of faery.

And, where she walked, a rippling wreath
Of bubbles swept the stream,
Like garlands, flung by Triton 'neath
A sculptor's marble dream;
And on her shadow water-wings
Of golden fish were sewn
That flamed and fluttered through the rings
Of sun-kissed pumice-stone.

The powdery blossoms of a vine
Dropped honey in her hair,
And chequered leaves spread out to twine
Green awnings pricked with rare
Pale patterns; while between her breasts,
Grown sleepy at his play,
A panting Jack o' lanthorn rests
In sensual delay.

There was no sound: such revery
Possessed that thoughtful nook . . .
The music of a moving tree
Which rose beside the brook

And drank its water—that, alone,
(Like some great sonnet read,
Hushed to a whisper), made a tone
Of gold on silver thread.

But, lo, beyond a row of hives
Twelve heart-beats from the place,
A rain-black statue cursed the gyves
That chained him to his base,
Till Jove, through pity for such plight,
Sent Mercury to give
Fire to his soul—empyrean light—
To make the statue live.

Down from his pedestal he sprang
Between the young sweet rods . . .
His twisted anklets clashed and rang
Up to the startled gods!
Through musk-rose and through marjoram
He sped upon the breeze
To where the bannered lilies swam
About her lovely knees.

His breath, caught quickly, drew her eyes'
Slow petals open, till
It seemed the air drank sacrifice
Of some rich-flowered hill;
And, through the leafage, like a dove,
Her frightened heart took wing
To Dian on a cloud above—
The Queen of Evening.

No prayer was ever answered yet
More swift or freely free;
No demi-devil, black as jet,
More baulked of villainy;

.

For, though he hold, he may not win—
O see . . . What potent charms!
A lifeless statue clasped within
A living statue's arms.

WE DREAMED

And we—we dreamed of love and stars, and waters deep,
Of shining gleam-kiss'd waves and tears,
Of fallen worlds, torn from a wilderness of lights—
We dreamed of ships, of staves and spears,

The broken garment of the night, the solemn rise
Of sun to sky, the bubbling note
Of birds new-waked, the whistling of the urchin wind,
The white sail of a fisherboat,

The long red line of dead and squatting hills of sand,
The smell of salt combined with bloom,
The sweetest minglement of needleprick and kiss,
Of fire, resin-fed, and gloom.

We saw the broad-beaked heavy-headed water-bird
Drop like a shining stone from sight,
Or as a star, weak from long holding at the dome,
Lets loose and's shotten through the night!

We dreamed of torches and of tigers' yellow eyes,
Of shredded scarlet-threaded smoke,
Of burnt brown lazy arms, and bits of unwashed gold,
Of bird-note and of bullfrog croak,

And snow-pale fleets of water-lilies and green leaves,
Of bursting nuts and falling rain,
Of God, of single tears, of kneeling men; and much
That coupled heart with muscle pain.

We dreamed of kings who fought with kings, like dogs for bones,
Their dust blown up against the moon,
All hair and crowns, and spotted with hot quarrel blood,
Their stockings sinking to their shoon;

Of brazen bishops kissing girls and dancing jigs,
Or eating cheese inside the church;
Of lawyers talking medicine and swapping wigs,
Of schoolboys knowledgeless . . . of birch;

Of muffled boat-oars, and of flat-boned prancing mares,
Of watching men 'neath stretching trees;
Of little lakes, looking's if God had spat them there;
Of ruined roses in a breeze;

Of heavy soulless smiles reflected in a glass;
Of cups of poisoned amber wine;
Of burnt-out flambeaux, cracking in a deathly dark
And fusing out a scent of pine;

Of woman-arms outspread for love, of gleaming teeth,
Of pillowed folds of thick-rolled hair,
Of panting tiny breasts, and whispered naughtiness,
Of Cupid in a gold-got lair;

Of one who trode a midnight road with fright-tight fist,
Of drunken bending shrubs, of hills
Low-browed and beetling, shelterless, begowned with mist
That catches at the throat and chills;

Of fire and cakes and ale, of blue tobacco-smoke,
Of rousing ten-voiced chorus songs;
Of the wee chuckling of the clock before we woke
And broke the withy slumber-thongs.

RETRIBUTION

I came, a child, in childhood's hour,
Where tippling spring was at its prime,
And saw—the figure of his flower!—
A fairy prince, in timely time:

Who watched, beside some amourette,
Between the dewy petals laid,
Bright-coated flies within a net
His dancing-master spider made.

Their Masque of Death was mirth for him;
And, with the smile still on his cheek,
The Duke of Birds, Sennacharim,
Picked up this lord; and, in his beak,

Bore him away: either to die,
Or be his backyard slave to dig
Beetles from bark, and worms, for aye—
Warning for *me* when I am big.

MAD MARJORY

King Paladin plunged on his moon-coloured mare
Athwart the deep shadows of Avalon wood,
And a heron, afloat on the indolent air,
Down dropped him a plume in his galloping-hood.

Mad Marjory watched from the forester's gate,
While tossing her baby with passionate glee:
"God save you!" she hailed him, "who, out of your state,
Unbended to father this darling in me.

"Let Hobble the miller throw dust on my name,
'Tis little I care about him or the rest;
My child is as much of the King's as the same
Who gobbles the milk o' the Queen's ain breast."

HAFFIZ KHAN

Green turbaned, while lanterns swing between him and the night,
With jewels hidden in his beard, 'tis Haffiz Khan's delight
To feel the lively finger-tip of Zoroaida creep,
Tickling his chin for milk of pearls or virent malachite,
Some ear-ring, agate fleck, or gold—then, singing him asleep—
Old Haffiz, blind with smoke and wine, and bleating like a sheep.

SCARAMOUCHE

A bachelor, through every shire,
Upon a bouncing horse I ride,
From boots to brain a boy on fire,
The glory of the countryside.

Where'er I light me down I kiss
The first man's wife I chance to see;
And if that wife's man takes amiss
My knuckles pay his face the fee.

Good wine's a most delicious lap;
And with the rest I drink on shares,
Glass against glass; but, by no hap,
Put out one doit. Such honour's theirs!

So, with my dinner, too: since why
Should I, for natural relief,
Give aught save "Thank you, sir", when my
Unbaited stomach roars for beef?

Now that I'm young, my heart's inclined
Towards the things that tempt to mirth—
Bottles and girls of every kind,
Flags and fiddles and good green earth.

STRATEGY

He, though immortal, mortal pleasure takes;
Holloas a song, or, prickt by thorny love,
For better sport some gamesome dryad wakes,
Who, 'ware of him, straightway appears a dove.
He casts his net, she flashes to the sky;
He towers, as an hawk, she drops from high,

To earth; whence freshly dight she hurries forth,
Like to an infant stream, by field and fell—
Eastward she fares; or west or south or north;
The god becomes the sun. What need to tell
How of his hands he makes a shepherd's cup,
How stoops his head to drink this damsel up!

Each feint of his she with an equal meets,
And though he hold her nothing can he gain—
Poor thirsty one! The hollow place repeats,
“Poor thirsty one!” as if to mock his pain;
She into Echo turns—unwary whim—
He calls her name; and she must come to him.

CHLOE AND HER LITTLE FAUN

Once a faun with Chloe slept . . .
Chloe and her little faun,
Quick and cunning, both adept,
Played the night away, till Dawn,
(Faithless minion), whispered Dame
Sycorax, in evil hour;
Shewed them, beautiful in shame,
Folded like a single flower.

Sycorax began to whine:
“Chloe and her little faun—
Lo, the punishment is mine;
Would that I had ne’er been born!”

ISSMOS

Issmos, in summer, was a lake of gold
Wherein young Phoebus did delight to float
Amid the shining fleets of sacred swan
With lotus-lilies wound about his throat . . .
And water, prilling, for a kingly coat.

And there it was his often wont to launch
(Sith satyrs rude did desecrate those waves)
Armies of flies, to fling them every haunch,
Flock-mell with anguish, loping to their caves
In vain they wince, or scrape their brangled horns
This way, and that, the crooked cliff along . . .
Escape them none; some sink among the thorns
With bloody beards. There is not one so strong
That he may win him free those gnats among.
Thus did Dan Phoebus guard this golden lake . . .
To keep it safe for purer dearer things:
Kindness he loved, and for sweet kindness' sake,
He watched the deer put forth her tenderlings
For fear them witless might some danger take.
Much joy had he of fluting forest-folk,
And well he knew the nine notes, low and high,
Of merry waxen pipe; and eke the stroke
Of hand-clap chorus, on the naked thigh.
It gave his eye great pleasuring to find
The crafty centaur teach his fickle son,
Fair furrow's-length against a springing wind,
To tumble figs, with arrows, one by one.

.
He saw the tender flowers change
To silver ladies, slow and slim,
Star-eyed . . . mysteriously strange . . .
Veiled to the navel in the dim
Deep cloud of water under him.

Louis Esson

THE SPLITTER

BACK in the bush
Unbroken, the splitter
Hews stroke on stark stroke
Thro' blackbutts and blue gums.

Man, the Destroyer !
Man, Master-BUILDER !
The axe flashes.
Savage blows shatter
The dawn world enchanted.
The axe sings.
Cradles rock,
New generations
Build cities whose spires
Seek stars of the future.
Each stroke of the axe
Unleashes fresh forces,
Drives multitudes marching
Onward, aye, whither ?

Prophetic, the splitter
Grows large in the sunrise,
Like Adam, the First Man.

A BULLETIN GATHERING

(Fasoli's 30/7/1907)

There was a gathering recently at the Hotel Fasoli, Melbourne. *The Bulletin* was very much in evidence. The following is an unfaithful report of the proceedings:—

HARK to the bards of the Bulletin,
Gathered Fasoli's walls within.
Wine has flowed and the pipe of peace
Gives the imprisoned thoughts release—
Talk! how they talk when they once begin,
The bards of the blushful Bulletin.

They yarn of the men who have gone before:
Daley, and Boake, and the many more
Who have passed to the Shades where all must go—
There's a little pause—and the smoke comes slow—
But soon they're in eager cry again
For *they* are living, and they are *men*,
And there's work to do and there's what's been done,
And a voice that's the voice of everyone
Fills the room, and above the din
Is heard the stuff that did *not* get in
To that blanky rag the Bulletin.

*O brave Romance with heart of gold
None knoweth thee and groweth old!
Strenuous, passionate, eager-eyed,
They are back in the days when the world was wide,*

*When the moon hung low in the Summer air,
And Amaryllis was wholly fair,
And the game was afoot to lose or to win—
Who cared for Fate or the Bulletin!*

Now the Silent Land's far far away
For the Roaring Fifties have come to stay
At least until this night has gone—
 . . . That's Dyson there with the bowyangs on
Streaked with the clay from the river flat
That he and his mates are puddling at.
He's a whim just now for a Factory too,
But it's not the whim that his boyhood knew.
O'Dowd the Seer, with troubled breast,
Looks Dawnward?, facing south by west,
And chants into Quinn's abstracted ear
Who muses another rhyme for "dear,"
Gazing at Lawson's swag and pup—
For Henry has got Matilda up
And talks once more of the old bush track,
Of the free sweet life and the sheds out back.
Though Brady would have him go by sea
And the Banjo, backed by Ogilvie,
(Stringing his lyre with a Waler's hair)
Advises a horse, or, better, a pair;
And Rudd, by talk of the bush made glad,
Offers to get him a job with Dad . . .
Here the Whirlwind blows of the fair True Eyes
To Hervey and other authorities,
While Kodak sits in his silent way
Storing the scene for use some day.

And Den, with an eye on the town and the bush,
Rescues his Bill from the Angels' push.
"Ah, this is Life!" Tom Collins says;
McCrae is lost in a dream of days
When the jovial Bacchus held his court
And watched the nymphs and the fauns disport—
Their snow-white limbs in the woodland flashed
And the reeds were blown and the cymbals clashed,
And not, not yet, was the cry of dread:
"Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!"

Hush'd is the talk, and the glasses clink
As the liquor's poured: there's a toast to drink.
The toast of the Red Rag strong and fit
That has fashioned them, as they fashioned it.
Flesh of their flesh, yet a thing apart,
Moulder of mind and the source of art—
Deep, deep they drink as the shadows thin:
Good luck to the good old Bulletin!

(2) PROSE (MARINE)

Perversity! that will not stay
as merely guest within my brain
arise from memory or display
if any trace of thee remain

tho' but as streaks of various hue
cast from what drugs whose curious dyes
for comprehension of the few
poison the equatorial skies

far other than beneath whose roof
that never took the tinge of blood
my fever'd spirit stood aloof
to reach at Heaven from out the mud

Where flowers in a hot-house grew
(a nipping and an eager air
might charge them with no proper dew)
was enter'd—I was unaware

yet found delight in every bloom
that pois'd upon exotic stalk
scattered a radiance thro' the gloom
that else had overcast our walk

and haunted by the lucid one
mine eyes forgot the others' soil
saw but the children of the sun
not of the loveless nights of toil

My heart exulted to behold
those blossoms in that endless aisle
mark'd but the glory and the gold
deluded by the senses' wile

But she that hitherto had seemed
not any of those flowers to see
(of others not so rare she dream'd)
lifted her lids and looked on me

The hot-house vanish'd with its flowers
and as before the breath of spring
the fever of the winter cowers
I sat beside her listening

Let those who prate of treason know
that as we walk our farther way
buds of far other colour glow
in this my spirit's second May

and not as agonizing day
flares o'er the equatorial sea
in strangeness that has power to stay
the phantom thus recall'd to me

and if I seem to shirk the strife
and forth on stooping wing to fare
content to lead another's life
beneath the ardent height of air

I still behold that lucid flower
that rising from the endless sea
beneath what skies e'er laugh or lower
points upward to infinity

and from perversity afar
beneath the open heaven's roll
absolute silent as a star
interprets nature to the soul

*On the Equator
June 1894*

(3) [EUCALYPTI]

SOMETHING AUSTRALIAN, PATRIOTIC, for O'REILLY, M.P., the *Bull*
and the PUBLIC generally.

not, Goethe, here the pines of old
that round the imperial Hermann's-stone
brood o'er the sunken sun or hold
the night with wail for glories gone

but straight the solitary seed
shoots skyward in untaught disdain
first in the blue bursting to heed
naught but these elders sky and main

Whose Brocken-shade the empires are
still comes the puppet of thy thought
now by the clear Pacific bar
to clearer contemplation brought

That vast receives his newer cry
still utter'd from his being's dearth
O strong-born anchoret! so I
deep-living in the living earth

would push my soul for larger breath
and ponder with unwavering eye
where on the hither side of death
the dreaming sea-line climbs the sky

EXPLICIT

(very)

(15) VIGIL

Majestically
trailing enormous shade and massive doom,
and coroneted with strange ice, the hours sweep,
with resolute tread and still deliberate breath
unhurryingly,
o'er the set altar of the upper deep
unto their catafalque of marble gloom
high-rai'd in the apparent realm of death,
to lie
statelily in Egyptian immobility,
eternally.

Slowly the sombre depths of thought expand,
a blossom of the darkness, wooing
into its heart the chill dew of the stars—

Then, suddenly,
by iron mace of midnight smitten, start,
dispers'd to soundless gulfs unrumorously,
the order'd pageant of the hours apart
and lists of time, set for the tragic play;
and aeons, curtaining, together roll
and open lay
the ancient feat, eternally renew'd,
the shaping mood,
the single moment of the unfolding soul:—

IN THE BEGINNING of years and mortal things
the deep was God and Nought,
and Night as yet unmade, and all our days.

Shaking the night from its creative wings
floats out the phantom butterfly of Thought,
floats out the soul—

dim-vision'd Psyche in a brooding gaze
upon lost ways
waving vain vans towards a mystic goal—
Whate'er the muttering heart may rede of dread,
O Night, in thy vast continent,
not knowing the gladness of thy veil'd consent,
thy deep is as a bosom, offering home
to futile spirits that roam
in the winds that blow beyond the bounds of lowly dear
content.

SILENCE expects the event:
No whisper alert in the whole void is heard;
No starry word
jewels the pall that drapes a nuptial bed,
the wings that fold a soul with mystery wed—
Only the eyes of Death, each livid moon
a ghastly symbol of our dream-dissent,
which Life compels its winged flower to wear
beneath the glaring mockery of noon—

As lightning, but without the lightning's flare
or thunder's clang,
as Death itself or Heart-of-Life laid bare,
one nuptial pang—

THEN, sketch'd in stars that struggle alive to space
agonizing in dumb birth
before the stony gaze of the helpless face—
O chords of the pain'd earths
throbbing with the world's dearth!
Sketch'd only, O never attaining in all time
the point of peace sublime,
that tells its diamond glory and world defied,
beginning still, deferr'd
until this moment takes the eternal tide—
THE WORD.

(16) [Translation from]

NIETZSCHE

I

Not long now shalt thou thirst
O parched heart!
a promise is in the air,
a breath from unknown mouths hath blown upon me,
the great coolness comes. . .

My sun stood hot above me in the noon-tide:
my greeting, ye that come,
ye sudden breezes,
cool spirits of the afternoon!

The air moves purely, strangely.
Does not the night with sidelong tempting look
glance towards me?
Stay steadfast, my stout heart!
nor question: why?

II

Day of my life!
The sun is sinking.
Already stands the smooth wave
all made golden.
The rock breathes warmth:
is it that happiness
here held its noon-tide slumber?
up from the brown abyss
in greenish lights its playful presence glances.

(17) [Translation from]

NIETZSCHE

So to die,
as him I once saw die,
the friend, who cast the lightnings of his eye
god-like into the darkness of my youth:
—with deep courageous soul,
a dancer in the battle—,
blitheliest among all warriors,
gloomiest of all conquerors,
standing with Fate's own foot on his own fate,
hard, thinking before and after—:

trembling, *for that* he conquer'd,
exulting, for that in death alone he conquer'd:

commanding, as he died,
—and his command was, that we should *destroy*. . .

So to die,
as him I once saw die:
conquering, *destroying*. . . .

(18) [FRAGMENT]

O is the light at heaven's hest
shed or from earth exhaled on high
or from the sea a fainting breast
heaved to the bridal kiss of sky?

A wondrous heart of opal holds
in clear suspense some subtle dew
and stills the crystal whites and golds
whose flaws would hem the limpid view

No tide stirs on the pale sea
no word thrills in the pensive place
lark-like the gaze wings wide and free
to pierce the viewless wall of space

In shyest colour on each hand
the light condenses

And we

with swiftmess in our resting feet

and in our veins the light is sweet

and fills the flesh come past hard ways
to the far strand in space withdrawn
and far beyond night's broken blaze
beneath an ever-breaking dawn

(19) In algebra, if algebra be ours,
 x & x^2 can ne'er be equal powers,
unless $x = 1$, or none at all.

It is the little error in the sum,
that by and by will make the answer come
to something queer, or else not come at all.

The little error in the easy sum,
the little slit across the kettle-drum
that makes the instrument not play at all.

It is not worth correcting: let it go:
but shall I? answer, Prudence, answer no,
and bid me do it right or not at all.