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Yeat's Eptiaph

George Kellogg

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Searching . . . searching . . . somewhere a melody
 A song the body sings
 In embryonic time the tune was twisted
 And music to a danse macabre was born.

Ten breaths through the traffic
 A giant edifice of stone and glass . . .
 The library stands severely ponderous.
 The circle diminishes . . .
 The lighted vault of learning
 Looms a vast and impersonal tomb.
 Cold women with speckled hair
 Glide through silent space . . .
 Grey nuns at literary mass.
 Student stares are fragmentary.
 The polished benches hold
 A dreamer no less bitter:
 Only better dressed.

M. J. A. MCGITTIGAN

YEATS' EPITAPH

Yeats has reached his phase of rest.
 Lunar opposition there
 Cannot quicken furious breast.
 Make your judgement if you dare,
 War be-timorous critic; he
 Served your world's liberty.

GEORGE KELLOGG

THE DREAM

Illusion:
 Come with me to home
 Be edifice more fragile than sleep,
 Keeper of the wires: as dream is winding
 Through pillars and walls to alleys
 Less incandescent than the signs
 From which we siphoned joy. So body is body,