

Classic Poetry Series

Furnley Maurice
- poems -

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Furnley Maurice()

The Ghost

Gird you no more at poets. They have sought
To utter the unutterable joy.
The gesture breaks the dream; acts ruin thought,
Whose color is debased with gross alloy.

A leaping horse, a sea-pool clear and cold,
Night or her stars - these have not found a name.
The rose is barbarous yet: and who has told
The frightful grandeur of a leaping flame?

Men have grown used to glory, let it pass
Im powerless lassitude - vain, oh, so vain!
Are swept with glory as the wind the grass,
Drink and are silent as the rose the rain.

But poets, being fools, are not content:
They will name mysteries and utter most
Unutterable things; their blood is spent
In Beauty 's woundings - Beauty that's a ghost.

Furnley Maurice