

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Geoffrey Grigson**

**- poems -**

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## **Before a Fall**

And what was the big room he walked in?  
The big room he walked in,  
Over the smooth floor,  
Under the sky light,  
Was his own brain.

And what was it he admired there?  
He admired there  
The oval mirror.

And what was it the oval mirror showed him there?  
It showed him the roots  
Through the ceiling,  
The gross armchair, the bookcase  
Shuttered with glass,  
The Hymns bound in velvet,  
The porcelain oven,  
The giant egg cups,  
The hairy needles,  
And the silence

And the smell of smouldering dung  
Hung between the walls  
(Which were yellow as dandelion).

And how did he leave?  
On the smooth floor  
His neat feet jarred  
And his teeth grew down  
To his heart, and he slipped  
On the white stairhead -

Which ended?  
Which ended in coldness  
And darkness,  
Through which he fell  
(So they tell)  
With little hope, and slowly.

Geoffrey Grigson