

Classic Poetry Series

Haniel Long

- poems -

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Butterflies

There will be butterflies,
There will be summer skies
And flowers upthrust,
When all that Caesar bids,
And all the pyramids
Are dust.

There will be gaudy wings
Over the bones of things,
And never grief:
Who says that summer skies,
Who says that butterflies,
Are brief?

Haniel Long

Dead Men Tell No Tales

They say that dead men tell no tales!

Except of barges with red sails
And sailors mad for nightingales;

Except of jongleurs stretched at ease
Beside old highways through the trees;

Except of dying moons that break
The hearts of lads who lie awake;

Except of fortresses in shade,
And heroes crumbled and betrayed.

But dead men tell no tales, they say!

Except old tales that burn away
The stifling tapestries of day:

Old tales of life, of love and hate,
Of time and space, and will, and fate.

Haniel Long

The Poet

I take what never can be taken,
Touch what cannot be;
I wake what never could awaken,
But for me.

I go where only winds are going,
Kiss what fades away;
I know a thing too strange for knowing,
I, the clay.

Haniel Long