

The people in the streets pass unconcerned
 Their minutes hastening; for through the town
 A late October sun has slowly turned
 The roads into long corridors of gold.
 The people in the streets are lit with fire
 And dead to sunset's haunted prophesy
 Already towers of ice are drawing near
 Across a sea incredibly cold.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
 FOR CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY
 P. P. 79, VIA SARDEGNA - ROME



Prof. J.T. Beazley
 100 Holywell
 Oxford



Under an ill star were we born,
 While others rose and stepped
 Into a sure unquestioned dawn
 On us the heavens wept.

Ill starred? An answer in the sands
 Of shrinking time shows plain:
 We are the children, ours the hands
 Through which the light must rain.

Heytesbury - 1948

I listen. And beneath his words
 An empty house now sits, outside
 High trees keep refuge for the birds
 No longer singing in the thickening
 Of dusk, though hill and field yet hold
 A dying hint of days declining gold.

Moon-glimmers upon quiet panes
 Conceal an empty room and there
 A boy's toy soldier still remains,
 Standing in dust. A sudden quickening
 Implies a far-off clock: then steadily
 Announces treading time's soliloquy.

In the fall of a leaf
 As it touches the ground
 Stirs at the listener's ear
 Only a ghost of sound.
 Yet to the insect there
 Under the tree it seems
 A mountain collapses
 About its ruined dreams.
 So when the grey dust splits
 Our world ascends
 Shall its echoes sound to you
 Like snow or thunder?

The Dream

I dreamed: and once again
Saw in the looking-glass
My long-dead lover's face.
Such sudden pain it was
To gaze within those eyes
—Upon my lips a cry
Came and I woke again.

So whitey shone the moon
Upon my head
That I supposed the sun
Had risen from his bed.
And through my windows fell
Such blinding light
That now I cannot tell
Pure day from blackest night

