

THE ARTIST

To Austin Osman Spare

GRAY images athwart the billowy blue
Twinkle, incessant through the star-strung day;
The scoffing artist-lips in wise dismay
Call demon-legions from the dark; anew
The broad sheet-lightnings flash by him, and strew
The way with light. Cast thou the veil away,
Artist! The work is wiser for the play
Of amorous god-forms in the black earth-spew.

Terrific roll the pæans of his pain;
He hears not; he is tranced in strong amaze.
Again he hears the call, again, again,
Rising beyond the mountain of the days:
The bolt is shot; the flash is past; he lies
Asleep in vacant dream: the daylight dies.