

EXISTENCE

(FOR A PICTURE)

To Austin Osman Spare

TORN out of chaos by forgotten hands,
It glows and breaks, this image of the Fall;
There lies no wonder in my heart at all;
Not any fane pure and unsullied stands,
Save the one whence thou hast taken these commands
To dark despair's most joyous funeral.
Yea! be thou happy in the wonder-call
That thou rememberest from the Grecian lands.

Terror and sweat and agony and despair
As visions pass, beautiful youth, and glare
Upon thee, and as friends thou hailest them;
There is no anguish in thy gray, pure eyes,
No fear of any thought that lives and dies,
A slave, before thine artist's diadem.