

## EXISTENCE

(FOR A PICTURE)

*To Austin Osman Spare*

**T**ORN 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.