

# Rejected Sonnets

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## ANIMA ABITURA

How stern and strong the sense that still doth brood;  
Grief's heavy-lidded, luminous, clouded eyes  
In pain and wonder half materialise  
From out of the dark the spirit that is woo'd  
By silence from the world's deep solitude;  
As a dank vapour from the earth doth rise  
Death's presence, while the living angel flies.  
Invisibly downward o'er the house imbued.

Now faintlier with the elemental strife.  
Silence and light make him who passes mute;  
No word he knows, no word is his to say,  
But, hovering o'er the broken house of life,  
He sees its runs in the light of day,  
And lo! the flower of life in death hath root.

JAMES THOMPSON [B. V.]

Singer of Dürer's matchless Queen of Pain,  
Incomparable song was thine to pour  
Into thy starless heaven; let them adore  
The sunshine who have never known blind rain  
And stormy skies; who never loved in vain  
Know not the enchanted land of Nevermore  
Where darkness broods in sorrow, and the roar  
Breaks louder on the strand of life's dark main.

Son of the luminous Dark, intensest woe  
Loosened thy tongue; thy drooping lips have paid  
The debt of agony that thou did'st owe  
To the sad earth that bore thee: thou art laid  
Within her bosom. Be thou not afraid,—  
Not any pain is thine e'er more to know.

## HERRICK

Lyrical light-lipped, half Pagan, half devout,  
With smiling scholar-eyes, the centuries  
Bear thy bright notes upon the fragrant breeze;  
Thou standest yet thy garden's gate without,—  
Fair Julian, sweet Bianca, swell the rout  
Of maidens laughing 'neath green summer-trees;  
Gentle Perilia will thy hands swift seize,  
In mirthful grace leading thee all about.

The sweet-browed Horace lived again in thee;—  
Fair Devon held the famous Sabine farm:  
Thy mellow'd singing lends the minstrelsy  
Of England's golden age a silver charm,—  
Thy lips the easy notes still yielding free,  
A laughing English maiden on each arm.

May but thou arisen, and dost brood  
In happy wonder o'er the railing earth,  
Thine eyes alight with pity and with mirth  
Within thy heaven's joyous solitude,  
Whence earth and all her wonders may be viewed,  
In all their littleness and all their girth  
Passing the gates of death, the gates of birth:  
Wilt thou again be tempted to intrude?

Methinks some future day shall see thee born  
Purged of thy halo, with sunlit eyes,  
And lips Apollo symbol'd to the morn,—  
Some happier planet ruling in thy skies,  
And, save for thy forgetting, yet more wise  
Thou when thou passèd'st onward so forlorn.  
Psyche [original note]

## BURNS

The rapturous sense of full-strung youth, the glow  
Of lyric ardour and of love untamed  
Within thy swelling bosom rose and flamed,  
Now as the sun-light bright, now fierce as tow  
Swift-burning; but thy golden songs' swift flow  
Brought quenching to thy fire; well wast thou named,  
Singer of love: wherefore should'st thou be blamed,  
Whom Nature freely dower'd with joy and woe

More keen than other men's? Who shall repine  
If that thou burnéd'st thy fierce youth away?  
Thy love is ours, thy melody divine  
Phœbus, Apollo, in love's halls did play,  
And lo! as Mercury thou madest thine  
His lyre, and fled'st to Scotia 'fore the day.

#### RUSSIA IN TUMULTU

The curtain lifts a moment, when the wind  
Rages too fiercely, and the swirling dust  
Raised by the wanton stirring of wild lust  
And fearful up-pent passion makes men blind  
To the fierce battles that are waged behind;  
With aching brows we gaze, with shattered trust  
Menarch and helot seeing hellward thrust,  
In hate and bitter jest their arms entwined.

Raucous and shrill, the warning voice of Doom  
Urges them on impartial as they sway  
Hot-breathed, oblivious, o'er the reeking fume  
Of wasted blood and war-compounded clay:  
The mocking brilliance of the rising day  
Shall rise upon a grave,—the grave of whom?

#### TÄNNHAUSER *The Pilgrim's Chorus*

Dim-drawn and throbbing is the passioned lyre,  
Tuned to the theme eternal, love in pain,  
Wild sense of life and love at war in vain,  
Far-parted by the anguish of white fire;  
The spirit's sense drugged in a clinging mire  
Of slime and agony,—hot hands insane  
Letting the fabled gold slip, slip like rain  
Through fingers shaken by infinite desire,—

*Master! Thou hast bewitched us; thou art wise,  
But not in earthly wisdom: cease, O cease  
To bear this shameful thing before our eyes.  
Give thou the fearsome stream its last release.*  
In pain unspeakable the throbbing dies,  
And, lost in deathless passion, findeth peace.