

Swann

A secret Roman Emperor is not better cast
To flee uncontrolled the pages
Where every handshake rings an elegy
And human love quite unredeemable,
But here he lives in his Park
Dissolved in the people and places
The things, her partridge feather
And the girls, the boys, O youths
Rapturing time
Who wheel now our dinner plates
Denying us the white gate of freedom
Where in Catmos Vale
The hawthorns hang in verisimilitude
And intoxicating power of love and beauty
In their frothy branches cream and pink
And white as angels
In his blessed angelus.