

The mind in an ideal landscape

Impossible to think of love and song
To see the mantled shepherd tall and strong
To grow with Virgil in these vales and fields
Destroy false science and uphold the new
The country home the village and the farm
Contain division and contain arcadia
Equality, there is nothing more
Within our hills and shores so fragile
As will not die upon that word
Equality to live where none can breathe
O Augustan age reroot us
Restore our happy phase and think
If we have anything to say
It comes from that deep site
Where tamarisks once swayed
Beyond the Tricanian shore.