

On those enchanted slopes

It comes nearer the light winging and darting
Like a dragon-fly our permeable hopes
Almost we have it in our grasp
Then set down its escaped,
Easier to be the poet manque'
Than seek the inexpressible.
But for us it will never let go
waiting, waiting for the illumination
The fireworks to which all will bow.
Yes this hunger is more needful than death
will one day be satisfied by genius,
Not science a natural reality
But the reality we make-
(As wine is to grapes)
And account for the inconsolable
Then it will be a truly great poem
A truly great reality.