

Vixerunt

Being realistic is still what counts  
Yet *all our life is one eternal longing*  
For what?  
The beauty of this day is not surpassed  
The love we feel, the passions now admonished  
Fall into place- we keep our sanity  
What more can man's humanity fulfil?  
Still the ever yearning beauty leads him on  
That flower, the cut of grass, the greatness of an oak  
A field of hay, the fretting butterfly  
The dedicated bumble bee now dead  
Upon the gravel path whose tread  
Reached all this loveliness  
And Keats in all that he has given us,  
What we require is mercy at the end  
And visions of a landscape fading out  
For if we did not rise up fully when we could  
We hand it on to those who manifestly would.