

TO THE MEMORY OF ARTHUR RIMBAUD.

Thou sprung of warrior loins amid hill shade,
A wind-like variance maketh odd thy life,
With wild adventure rife.
Thy child's-feet, racing with thy thoughts unstaid
By fagging flesh, then won thee wider scope,
To fly thy kite of hope,
Than childhood can command. "All breaths are laid;
Flints glare; how far all birds and springs appear.
Hush! draws the world's end near."
Thy wondrous virile youth all Europe made
An unfenced hunting-park; its every tongue
Speaking, thou yet wert young:
And sun-got children met thee down each glade
—Familiar god or goddess—gave thy days
A memorable face.
Yet she by all who fashion forms obeyed,
To whom the waves give birth eternally,
Alone was wooed by thee.
Fate-filled thy friendships were; and it is said,
Like Marlowe, forebear of heroic verse,
Thou wert where women curse,
And in a broil his price had all but paid.
Once manhood reached, world-wide became thy range
In search of new and strange.
The rumours of thy progress hardly fade
On those shores named by waves no vessels ride;
And sun-scorched sand-seas wide,
Are haunted by suspicion thou hast strayed
O'er them. For thou rov'dst like thy losel boat,
Which tenantless did float
Past monumental dreams on shores displayed
(Down world-long rivers) till dissolved by these
And drunk up by deep seas;
It, like thee, o'er their aspects sovereign swayed.

T. STURGE MOORE.