YOUNG ADVENTURE. A BOOK OF POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649420094

Young Adventure. A Book of Poems by Stephen Vincent Benét

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

YOUNG ADVENTURE. A BOOK OF POEMS

Trieste

Young Adventure

Young Adventure

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY

Stephen Vincent Benét

New Haven
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
London · Humphrey Milford · Oxford University Press
MDCCCCXVIII

THE author makes grateful acknowledgment to *The Century Magazine, The Chimera, The New Republic, The Seven Arts,* the *Yale Literary Magazine,* the *Yale Alumni Weekly* and the YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS for permission to reprint here such poems as have already appeared in their pages.

TO W. R. B.

DEDICATION

And so, to you, who always were
Perseus, D'Artagnan, Lancelot
To me, I give these weedy rhymes
In memory of earlier times.
Now all those careless days are not.
Of all my heroes, you endure.

Words are such silly things! too rough,
Too smooth, they boil up or congeal,
And neither of us likes emotion—
But I can't measure my devotion!
And you know how I really feel—
And we're together. There, enough, . . . !

FOREWORD.

IN these days when the old civilisation is crumbling beneath our feet, the thought of poetry crosses the mind like the dear memory of things that have long since passed away. In our passionate desire for the new era, it is difficult to refrain oneself from the commonplace practice of speculating on the effects of warfare and of prophesying all manner of novel rebirths. But it may be well for us to remember that the era which has recently closed was itself marked by a mad idealisation of all novelties. In the literary movements of the last decade—when, indeed, any movement at all has been perceptible—we have witnessed a bewildering rise and fall of methods and ideals. We were captivated for a time by the quest of the golden phrase and the accompanying cultivation of exotic emotions; and then, wearying of the pretty and the temperamental, we plunged into the bloodshot brutalities of naturalism. From the smooth-flowing imitations of Tennyson and Swinburne, we passed into a false freedom that had at its heart a repudiation of all law and standards, for a parallel to which one turns instinctively to certain recent developments in the political world. We may hope that the eager search for novelty of form and subject may have its influence in releasing us from our old bondage to the commonplace and in broadening the scope of poetry; but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that it has at the same time completed that estrangement between the poet and the general public which has been developing for half a century. The great mass of the reading world, to whom the arts should minister, have now forgotten that poetry is a consolation in times of doubt and peril, a beacon, and "an