

**THIRTY  
NEW POEMS**

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Thirty new poems by Martin Armstrong

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**MARTIN ARMSTRONG**

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NEW POEMS**



# THIRTY NEW POEMS

BY

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

AUTHOR OF

"EXODUS, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

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*All the songs here sung,  
All the stories told,  
Are but curtains hung  
Before the old  
Visionary shrine  
Of things divine,*

*—But the earthly myth,  
But the reflex pale,  
But the tune wherewith  
Things behind the veil  
May be sung  
In our mortal tongue.*

*So that, as a dream  
Radiant on the dusk,  
Sudden light may stream  
Through this mortal husk  
And the soul's desire  
Reach its fire.*

## NOTE

SOME of these poems have appeared in *The Academy*, *The British Review*, *The British Weekly*, *The New Statesman*, *The Poetry Review*, *Poetry* (Chicago), and *The Quest*.

All were written before September 1914.

M. A.

*France,*  
*February 1918.*

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## TAMAR

TAMAR in her halls of stone  
Hid in snow-bound wastes where lone  
Icy summits towered above,  
Languished for the deathless love,  
Her eyes shone darkly with the fires  
Of unappeasable desires,  
And passion's fearful tyranny  
Made her face like ivory.

Every wanderer she saw,  
Tamar beckoned to her door,  
Waved her scarf to lure him in  
And search the godhead through the sin :  
Hoping still despairingly,  
Fiercely, wildly, each was He  
Who out of the vastness roves  
Bringing her the love of loves.

Mile on mile beneath her sight  
Rolling desert, stark and white,  
Flung in formless chaos lay,  
Merged from white to deathly grey,  
And lazily and hopelessly  
Snow came drifting from the sky.  
Joy, by no glad colour fed,  
Withered up, and song fell dead  
In the parched air : and Tamar stood  
Stunned, appalled, a thing of wood ;  
Till, a thrall to frenzied dread,  
She felt white death upon her rush  
In the terror of the hush  
—Felt her throat and heart grow numb  
And her soul, close-muffled, dumb,  
Smothered under mounds of cold,  
Icy fold on icy fold.  
And in terror Tamar cried :  
“ Shut the day out. Draw the wide  
Crimson curtains. Fill the hall  
Full of ruddy fire, and call  
The singers and the dancers in.”  
So, with flaring lights and din  
Of harps and timbrels and the strife  
Of bickering shapes and colours, life