CANDOUR: FIRST POEMS

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Candour: first poems by A. E. Tomlinson

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A. E. TOMLINSON

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By

A. E. TOMLINSON

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THE PEACE

This have I pledged by all the joys that are,
When kings and crowds have had their fill of War,
And dust and darkness hold the hippodrome,
Eftsoons to harness for the hills of home,
Where, screened from the human cad and canaille brood,
A kingly man may pander to his kingly mood.

Truant and unrepentant, up and gone away, Strongly I'll stride me through the changing day, Over the interfoldment of the dales, Over the roof of ridges, and the syke-land trails, By uncouth barrow, and still pagan croft, Now in the dimpled streamful ghyll, and now aloft Where leaden high ridge roads leap to a livid sky, Sour and solitary, royally will I.

There to behold in August weather Empurpled jubilance upon the heather, With sumptuous purples such as close the day With regal glamour on the Western bay; Volcanic purples in the mid-day heats, Funereal purples as the day retreats, Full-pitched purples for a right full heart, And I a purple Cæsar, arrogant, apart.

There time is eased with sleek prophetic balm, And every second pearled with holy pregnant calm, That, passing, seems to promise paradise; Dawn, seen there, for heaven would suffice. But, at the setting, when the reddled ridges Fling one on one their cresting coral bridges From searlet moor to a searlet sky, The heath is heaven's own, and a God am I.

And every month of twelve with fresh allure
Tricks up a mort of tinctures on the moor;
Winter is brown as peat and reeky blue,
March cold cinder ashes blown before April's hullaballoo
Of young slopes bracken-green, and rills
All dandied up with gaping daffodils;
But aye the riggs are lone and tempestful,
And aye the dales are hale and comfortful.

But what use from the womb of dawn,
That richly kist of fond cajoleries be born?
What use the carmined setting's burned furore?
But red recallments of the reds of war,
Bliss untrammelled to the trammelled brute;
Four years' sloping arms can only see to shoot.