

**DURANTE &
SELVAGGIA
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Durante & Selvaggia and Other Poems by Kaufmann Spiers

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KAUFMANN SPIERS

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SELVAGGIA
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SELVAGGIA
AND OTHER POEMS

By
KAUFMANN SPIERS

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE
1906

TO MY SISTER

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DURANTE AND SELVAGGIA

Down in the street, beneath the shadow-line,
A troubadour was singing to the town,
Pisa, built on the image of itself,
A thousand towers in Arno's lucid stream.
High at her window in the Crimsontide
Selvaggia sat dreaming on the voice,
And weaving a bright tapestry that lay
A tranquil foam of silk about her feet ;
Or watching the great shadows as they fell
Like birds beneath the sun that are not seen,

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Until the town grew dimmer and more dim,
And on the dusk was built again in fire.

Sad was the passing of the day to her ;
Sad were all days, for all days passed away.
Love that retouches life from its own noons
From day to day, to warm it from neglect,
Had played upon her heart a little while
And left it pale. And that was long ago.
For ages now have passed since then ; the curse
Of him whose soul had wandered through the
 spheres
Was heard of earth against the town ; the sea
Hath lain aside its peril at her gates,
Its wharves and quays are silted with dead storm,