

4.

pound pound pound
on thy cold grey corona oh P.

but I would that my tongue could utter
the silence of Alfred Noise.

Speak speak thou Fearful guest; tell me, immediate
child of Homer—when you wrote The Dial Cantos did you know
of the organ and the monkey?

Tears, idle Tears! I know not what you mean....
dear little Sweeney, child of fate,
how dost thou?—And the stiff dishonoured nightingales:

fled is that music. (I perceive
a with undubitably clotted hinderparts in obviously

compatriot; let us step into this metaphor.)