Piness. I have said before  
That the past experience revived in the meaning  
Is not the experience of one life only  
But of many generations - not forgetting  
Something that is probably quite ineffable:  
The backward look behind the assurance  
Of recorded history, the backward half-look  
Over the shoulder, towards the primitive terror.  
Now, we come to discover that the moments of agony  
(whether, or not, due to misunderstanding,  
Having hoped for the wrong things or dreaded the wrong things,  
Is not in question) are likewise permanent  
With such permanence as time has. we appreciate this better  
In the agony of others, nearly experienced,  
Involving ourselves, than in our own.  
For our own past is covered by the currents of action,  
But the torment of others remains an experience  
Unqualified, unworn by subsequent attrition.  
People change, and smile: but the agony abides.  
Time the destroyer is time the preserver,  
Like the river with its car