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The Poet

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THE POET

By PETER McBRIEN

The poet's spirit overtops the sky :
Yea, when he lips Christ's faldstool, planet's rock
And the moon bows her olive face to die
On the cloud catafalque. And though we mock

At his child ignorance, while with his feet
The seas play blindman's buff, yet we drink in
The songs he caught from God-quilled spheres, and eat
The fruit he lets drop from his gaberdine.

For he is clad in Nature's woven coat
Of Truth, and what the millionaire brigades
Have robbed it of is but a sorry groat
Out of its wealth that smiles upon their raids.

And can such grace be married to a will
Whose torted loins give birth to naught but ill?