

# POEMS

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Poems by T. Sturge Moore

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**T. STURGE MOORE**

**POEMS**



THE CENTAUR'S BOOTY

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THE · CENTAUR'S · BOOTY  
BY · T. · STURGE · MOORE

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO C. S. R.



### THE CENTAUR'S BOOTY

[On one that stands out above a waste of boulders, the old Centaur, PHOLUS, lies gazing forth into the deepening twilight ; at last, having sighed, he speaks :]

Black my thoughts are, black the hills and mountains,  
Ocean a sombre grey,

And the sky darkens.

There ! lights are there ; yea, torch-light flashes,

Travelling the wide way

Forth from yon city :

Men shake them, ah ! the crowd pursues him :

Wildly they glance and flare

By mob rage shaken ;

They stop, collect—ah, ah, an hundred !

Two ! out-numbered, there,

He must be taken.

They slay him, slay my friend, my brother ;

He bleeds there—faints there—dies—

Even now his throes are bitter.

I of centaurs am the last then ;

Why should I longer live ?

To die were fitter ;

Never shall mine eyes behold

What soothed my father's gaze when his grew old ;

Never watch young bodies that renew

The pleasant memories of mine early years