POEMS

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Poems by T. Sturge Moore

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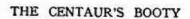
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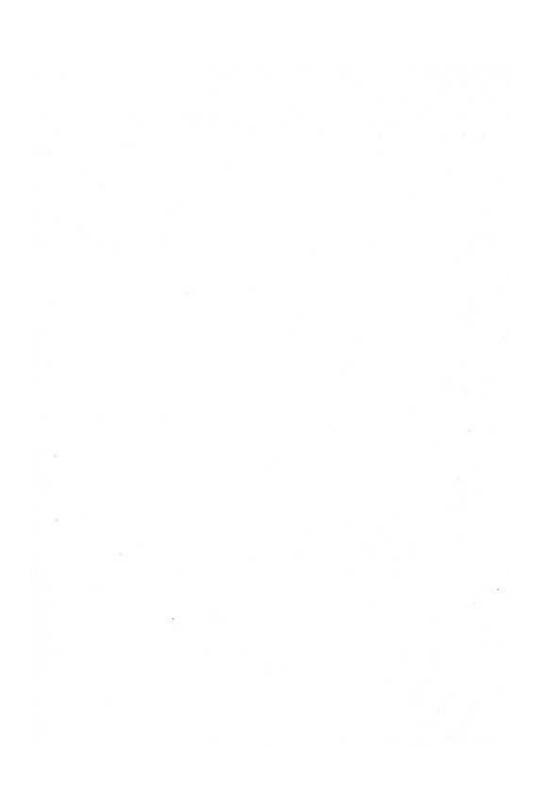
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THE · CENTAUR'S · BOOTY BY · T. · STURGE · MOORE

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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

vfi.