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ON MY DEPARTURE FROM POETRY

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I wished to stand with those in Milton's share,
To be with Keats, or Blake, or Coleridge's heir.
But could not find my joy in th' seats of one,
My days in poetry are spent and done.

How long have I, with brethren of this keep,
Desired to ride, whilst they, through all my sleep,
Elated me, embarked on a starry train,
Journeying through those stars, and orbs, and rain
Of flying comets, swift'ning all of us
Through th' floating Venus, Mars, and Uranus.

But when this sleep deprives me of nights or so,
I see my Dante, in mid-forest, low.
And there in th' hidings of that forest dark,
I wait for Virgil's smooth ingress from th' bark.
Thereon this journey for th' Divine begins,
Where Virgil holds his hands and Dante sings
His song to Paradise, riding through Hell,
Listening to which, I slip into a dell,
Where th' charming shepherd called Endymion lives,
And sings his song for the Moon Goddess, which gives
A sweet, enchanting lore for Keats to write;
Whose soft iambs I savored to recite.



Having thus passed that World into the New,
Where age is of prose, and rhymes are few,
Methinks of th' humming days of Spenser's time,
Where th' final word of final foot did rhyme.
But 'tis not so that poetry is dead:
“For... men may go, / But I go on...” 'tis said.

From now on, my ambitions shall be spent
For greater arguments that will advent.
Yet on this journey, I'll steadfastly sail
Through Shelley's song and 'Ode to the Nightingale'.



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