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## In Memory of Yeats

Morris Weisenthal

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## THREE POEMS

## A MAN REFLECTS

The world about me is quiet,  
 Stilled with space, always giving:  
 A sun-warmed earth-sealed sincerity,  
 A moon-imaged sea-depth simplicity  
 That loves the uncaused joy of living.

The mind has constant thought,  
 Constant that world within me . . . .  
 (Yeats gripped passion at the end,  
 Broke the crystal maze he wrought—  
 Undressed him of complexity.)

## IN MEMORY OF YEATS

He knew the poets of the world  
 Remain in palpitation—  
 Not as men, but voices that have sung  
 The soul's exhilaration:  
 That after throat and tongue are dead  
 New minds absorb the spirit's head.

That the journeyman who walks alone  
 His path of inner mazes  
 Stalks Creation, by the Forms  
 He innocently raises;  
 And after he is sealed, as dead,  
 He voyages where wonder led.

## OF THE RENAISSANCE

They sought a primal form,  
 The rainbow and the storm,  
 Whose figures of disguise  
 Watched with universal eyes.