



31ST JANUARY 2020

What grief is this when there is no body
Only a star cast from the firmament?
Who are these yearning with a mournful sigh
For a hoped-for world leaving but faint scent?
Goethe, Dante, Homer, Racine, Voltaire
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, Russell,
A family of kindred spirits fair,
Geniuses riding the carousel,
One body, one heart, one melody, soil
For common belonging, embracing peace,
Not without blunders, knowing sweat and toil,
Failing but daring other without cease.

Too much for Mammon-driven arrogance
Smash the vision, cry victim, leave the dance.

Brian Thorne
30 January 2020