ANARCHY

for W. B. Yeats in mid-winter

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RANDOLPH STOW

*Why should not young men be mad?
Mad as the snow-choked sea.*

Old man so coldly sane
sharp as the wind and rain,
soft as the mist and snow,
whose iced words glow
cold in the brain :

teach us that cold keen peace,
that dread may have release
and the cold eye and mind
not wither, blind,
and love not cease.

Ice clamps on heath and grass ;
thin ice like warping glass
I pick up and look through
— Horseman, to you,
horseman, who pass.

*Why should not young men be mad?
Mad as the ice-floed sea.*