

Complaint, Aldous Huxley

Complaint

I have tried to remember the familiar places,—  
The pillared gloom of the beechwoods, the towns  
by the sea,—  
I have tried to people the past with dear known faces,  
But you were haunting me.

Like a remorse, insistent, pitiless,  
You have filled my spirit, you were ever at hand;  
You have mocked my gods with your new loveliness:  
Broken the old shrines stand.

The end