

Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Aldous Huxley

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM

Up from the darkness on the laughing stage  
A sudden trap-door shot you unawares,  
Incarnate Tragedy, with your strange airs  
Of courteous sadness. Nothing could assuage  
The secular grief that was your heritage,  
Passed down the long line to the last that bears  
The name, a gift of yearnings and despairs  
Too greatly noble for this iron age.

Time moved for you not in quotidian beats,  
But in the long slow rhythm the ages keep  
In their immortal symphony. You taught  
That not in the harsh turmoil of the streets  
Does life consist; you bade the soul drink deep  
Of infinite things, saying: "The rest is naught."

The end