

Julian Symons (British)

(1912-1994)

Hart Crane (c.1938)

He jumped, seeing an island like a hand,  
And where he lived, the hands were all unfriendly.  
The island rose to take him: at the end  
He saw all things unclearly.

Even the sea had become strange to him: he entered  
To trace the visionary company of love, the voice  
He heard an instant in the wind, that said  
There was no hand, no choice.

And the complete vision of love or the swelling sea  
Was what he could never attain; he always wanted  
To live near bridges; envied the sailors, free  
And happy, never tainted.

By the terrible life of the city and the dark failures  
That broke his heart. He entered the sea, his fall  
Made the steamer go round and round like a dog in circles,  
And the island became a wall.