

AND STILL WE DREAM

And still we dream, coiled in a mountain crevice
And still we let the sun
Shift on flesh and bone his subtle fingers,
Before his day is run.

Comrade, the thrush will never give us warning
His singing will not cease---
The bees will hum all down the darkest morning
Inveigling us to peace

The mountains, yearning forward into silence
Have done with shaking; and the stir
Of centuries is only a ~~small~~ ^{brief} wrinkle
Where the thunders were.

But we, who like to lie here hushed, ~~immobile~~,
Whistling a low bird note
Can have no rest from clash of arms behind us
And thunder at the throat;

Here, though ~~we dream like lizards on a rock-ledge~~
Suckling the sun's breast---
Manhood and growth are on us; rise up, Comrade,
It is death to rest.