<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>The Fourth Canto. Palace in smoky light ...</th>
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<td>Collection Title</td>
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The Fourth Canto

ALACE in smoky light,

Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones,

ANAXIFORMINGES! Aurunculeia!

Hear me. Cadmus of Golden Prows!
The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare,

Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light;

Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles moving,

Beat, beat, whirr, thud, in the soft turf

under the apple trees,

Choros nymphaorum, goat-foot, with the pale foot alternate;

Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows,

A black cock crows in the sea-foam;

And by the curved, carved foot of the couch,

claw-foot and lion head, an old man seated,

Speaking in the low drone . . . :

Iryn!

Et ter flebiliter, IYN, IYN!

And she went toward the window and cast her down,

"All the while, the while, swallows crying:

Iryn!"

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish."

"It is Cabestan's heart in the dish?"

"No other taste shall change this."

And she went toward the window,

the slim white stone bar

Making a double arch;

Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone;

Swung for a moment,

and the wind out of Rhodez

Caught in the full of her sleeve.

. . . the swallows crying: