



Yale University Library Digital Collections

Title	The fourth canto / by Ezra Pound
Creator	Pound, Ezra, 1885-1972
Date	[1919]
Rights	The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.
Generated	2021-02-22 09:20:57 UTC
Terms of Use	https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access
View in DL	https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2056481

Branch
 Meanwhile So-Chokku:
 Amaranth Hill of Utsunomiya
 The scarlet flower is cast on the ~~black~~ white stone,
 To Hyman, to Hymanet! Aumuntha
 The saffron sandal pearls the tender foot, Hymanet!
 Blue agate casing the sky, a spitter of resin;
 Set flame of the corner cook-stall,
 Torches melt in the ~~the~~
 beneath the knees of the gods.
 The shallow ebbing bird
 Piv over ply
 The forked tips flaring as it with looms,
 "Behold the Tree of the Visages."
 ("The pines of Takasago grow with pines of Ice")
 Brook film bearing white pearls
 Piv over ply, thin glitter of water;
 The liquid, and rushing crystal
 whips up the bright brown sand.
 Thus the light rains, thus pours, to *isochron*
 The empty armor shakes as the cygnet moves.
 Pool, pool of Salinets
 "Perusa... pool, pool... Caragapha
 Muttering, muttering Ovid:
 Stumbling, stumbling along in the wood,
 The dogs leap on Acteon,
 Blaze, blaze in the sun,
 Thick like a wheat swath,
 Spotted stag of the woods,
 "Hither, hither, Acteon,"
 The dogs leap on Acteon,
 Not a patch, not a lost shimmer of sunlight,
 stumbling along in the wood
 Vidal, It is old Vidal speaking,
 Then Acteon, Vidal,
 Not a patch, not a lost shimmer of sunlight,
 Troy dipping in silver,
 Shadow'd, o'ershadow'd,
 Lifting, lifting and warbling,
 Shaking, air slight with the goddess
 fanning their hair in the dark,
 Bathing the body of nymphs, and Diana,
 Nymphs, white-gathered about her, and the air, air,
 Faking the black, soft water;
 Not a ray, not a sliver, not a spare disk of sunlight
 Beneath it, beneath it

"This wind, sire, is the king's wind,
 this wind is wind of the palace
 Shaking imperial water-jets."
 And Ran-Ti, opening his collar:
 "This wind roars in the earth's bag,
 it lays the water with rushes;
 "No wind is the king's wind.
 Let every cow keep her calf."
 "This wind is held in gauze curtains...."
 "No wind is the king's..."
 The camel drivers sit in the turn of the stairs
 look down to Echatan of plotted streets,
 "Danac! Danac!
 What wind is the king's? "
 Smoke hangs on the stream,
 The peach-trees shed bright leaves in the water,
 Sound drifts in the evening haze,
 The barge scrapes at the ford.
 Gilt rafters above black water;
 three steps in an open field
 Gray stone-posts leading nowhere,
 The Spanish poppies swim in an air of glass,
 Perec Henri Jacques still seeks the sennin on Rokku.
 Polhonac,
 As Gyges on Thracian platter, set the feast;
 Cabestan, Terreus.
 It is Cabestan's heart in the dish.
 Vidal, tracked out with dogs... for glamour of Loba;
 Upon the gilded tower in Echatan
 Lay the god's bride, lay ever
 Waiting the golden rain.
 Et saave!
 But today, Garonne is thick like paint, beyond Dorada,
 The worm of the Procession bores in the soup of the
 crowd,
 The blue thin voices against the crash of the crowd
 Et "Salve regina."
 In trellises
 Wound over with small flowers, beyond Adige
 In the but half-used room, thin film of images,
 (by Stefano)
 Age of unbodied gods, the vitreous fragile images
 Thin as the locust's wing
 Haunting the mind... as of Guido...
 Thin as the locust's wing. The Centaur's heel
 Plants in the earth-loam.

REGINA

POUND
 LIBRARY
 7
 25
 1956
 +91472

2
 If it were gold.
 Like the church-roof in Pouter's
 Like a fish-scale roof,
 The sunlight glitters, glitters a-top,
 The valley is thick with leaves, with leaves, the trees,
 And a valley,
 Action...
 Ilyn! Ilyn!
 ... the swallows crying:
 Caught in the fall of her sleeve,
 and the wind out of Rhodes
 swung for a moment,
 Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone;
 Making a double arch;
 the slim white stone bar
 And she went toward the window,
 "No other fate shall change this."
 "It is Cabestan's heart in the dish."
 "Ilyn!
 "All the while, the white, swallows crying:
 "Ilyn!
 "Ilyn!
 Speaking in the low drone:
 And by the curved carved foot of the couch,
 claw-foot and lion head, an old man seated
 A black cock crows in the sea-foam;
 Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the
 shallows
 Choros nympharum, goat-foot with the pale foot
 under the apple trees,
 Bear, bear, whirr, whirr, in the soft turf
 Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles moving.
 Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green, cool light;
 Hear me, Kaminus of Golden Prows,
 ANAXIMANDROS! Anaximandros!
 Troy but a heap of smouldering
 boundary-stones
 ALACRIN smoky light,
 THE FOURTH CANTO

THE FOURTH CANTO

by
 EZRA POUND

Forty
 Copies of this poem, numbered 1-40
 on Japanese vellum set up and printed by John
 Recker at his press. Completed Oct. 1919



THE OVID PRESS

proof

privately

proof
 not in series

J.P. 1920