

Rupert Brooke

Ficke, Arthur Davison, 1883-1945

(A Memory)

One night—the last we were to have of you—
High up above the city's giant roar
We sat around you on the generous floor—
Since chairs were lame or stony or too few—
And as you read, and the low music grew
In exquisite tendrills twining the heart's core,
All the conjecture we had felt before
Flashed into torch-flame, and at last we knew.
And Maurice, who in silence long has hidden
A voice like yours, became a wreck of joy
To inarticulate ecstasies beguiled.
And you, as from some secret world now bidden
To make return, stared up, and like a boy
Blushed suddenly, and looked at us, and smiled.