

Beautiful Lofty Things
by WB Yeats

Beautiful lofty things; O'Leary's noble head;
My father upon the Abbey stage, before him a raging crowd.
'This Land of Saints,' and then as the applause died out,
'Of plaster Saints;' his beautiful mischievous head thrown
back.

Standish O'Grady supporting himself between the tables
Speaking to a drunken audience high nonsensical words;
Augusta Gregory seated at her great ormolu table
Her eightieth winter approaching; 'Yesterday he threatened
my life,

I told him that nightly from six to seven I sat at this table
'The blinds drawn up;' Maud Gonne at Howth station
waiting a train,

Pallas Athena in that straight back and arrogant head:
All the Olympians; a thing never known again.