

# Yeats The tower.pdf/32



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An acre of stony ground,  
Where the symbolic rose can break in flower,  
Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable,  
The sound of the rain or sound  
Of every wind that blows;  
The stilted water-hen  
Crossing stream again  
Scared by the splashing of a dozen cows;

A winding stair, a chamber arched with stone,  
A grey stone fireplace with an open hearth,  
A candle and written page.  
*Il Penseroso's* Platonist toiled on  
In some like chamber, shadowing forth  
How the daemonic rage  
Imagined everything.  
Benighted travellers  
From markets and from fairs



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