

Away, and fix our gaze on upright spear  
 Implanted in the sand.

Spearman, Zeus Ominous,  
 We are before you on the strand.  
 The piercing, the amazed watch,  
 The slaughter and our guilt must end.  
 Dark lover, what is it from the sea,  
 What is it you retrieve, you punish?

A scaly absolution, blackened Zeus?  
 Spearman, we suppliants beg watch.  
 White foaming evil on the sand prostrates us,  
 And wills the gleaming rocks burn bright.

## LANDSCAPE

*Michael Collie*

He saw only landscape. He did not see terrain  
 as unworked, as unthought of, as painter's work,  
 the man who hacks, and sweats, for whom the strain  
 of solitary survey is his only need.  
 To know them first, and then to supersede  
 handling of axe, of boat, measurement of space,  
 of depth, to supersede all trivial work  
 with intimate knowledge—this is such grace  
 as might confound a man, might task belief,  
 since every amateur sees landscape then,  
 and since, for both, whether they search or not,  
 by chance their neighbour be no specimen  
 merely of growth, that old Cézanne not mere relief  
 for tired sight, that heron gliding no mere antidote.