

since Blake's time in the politics of rigid nationalisms, and in the nightmare of a profound racial malaise:

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark:
 Saying: "We are not One: we are Many, thou most simulative
 Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!
 Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds
 Man, the enemy of man, into deceitful friendships,
 Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:
 By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
 My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
 The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon
 Are Mine: here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue.
 Humanity shall be no more, but war & pryncedom & victory!"

FULFILMENT

Alastair Macdonald

Smoke-bite in far air of February
 blue from wood and hill
 stirs eighteen's expectancy
 with false sense of a spring
 soon to be real:
 the breathless stretch of whitening road
 to doing, and the loved unknown,
 and the yellow seas of summer,
 forward, go and go, to the attainable
 I have not now,
 and the smell of rain-veils stirring
 and all in tune with sunlit seeming,
 on and on, and the years are passing,
 drifts of being,
 over all we will be doing
 in that when the February smoke is bringing
 soon and soon —
 though this is done and that is done,
 and something gone, and nothing come,
 and it is time, for we have seen,
 to catch the memory of a dream,
 for we have had, and we have been.