

# WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865–1939

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Wild  
Swans  
at Coole:  
1919: With  
fanciful  
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remembrance  
Of the iron  
Song-ed  
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American  
swans of  
Davenport  
Pond: Ath  
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hussets: US  
A: In the sum  
mer of 1979:  
The trees are in  
their autumn beauty:  
The woodland paths are dry:  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky: Upon the brimming water  
among the stones Are nine and fifty swans: The  
nineteenth Autumn has come upon me Since I first  
made my count: I saw before I had well finished: All  
suddenly mount And scatter wheeling in great broken  
rings Upon their clamorous wings: I have looked upon  
those brilliant creatures And now my heart is sore: All's  
changed since I hearing at twilight The first time on this  
shore The bell beat of their wings above my head Trod  
with a lighter tread: Unwearied still lover by lover  
They paddle in the cold Companionable streams  
or climb the air Their hearts have not grown  
old P assion or conquest wander where they  
will Attend upon them still: But now they  
drift on the still water Mysterious beauty  
iful: Among what rushes will they build  
By what lake's edge or pool Delight  
Me n's eyes when I awake so  
D ay To find they have flown  
A way Screaming: Fuck you  
Donald: Stop being so  
angry: Barking: Fuck  
you Daisy: Stop  
trying to kill  
my crazy:  
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# ABSTRACT

With a fanciful addition in terror remembrance  
Of the pinion clipped iron song-ed North  
American swans of Davenport Pond: Athol:  
Massachussets: USA: In the summer of 1979:

## The Wild Swans at Coole: 1919

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The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count;  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,  
The first time on this shore,  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold,  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old;  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water  
Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build,  
By what lake's edge or pool  
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away?

Screaming: Fuck you Donald: Stop being so angry:  
Barking: Fuck you Daisy: Stop trying to kill my crazy:  
Eat your own shit from your tacky black duck weed hat:  
I'm shit bombing Mickey that lousey fucking loathesome  
Smile queen little goody goody over fed brat: Splat:

( I saw parts of the clipped wings of the ill tempered Donald  
and Daisy's red blood smeared torn white feathers on the ice at  
the bottom of Davenport Pond Falls in November: 1979: )