

On the Tomb of Yeats AE Reiff

Yeats wanted his last poem, Under Ben Bulben, first in his next publication from the grave, but he died in France in '39 and had to wait nine years for the body's delivery to the press at Drumcliff Churchyard for the final printing. To Yeats, "all that followed Ben Bulben would therefore be spoken from the grave."

R. F. Foster. W. B. Yeats: A Life. Oxford, 2003.

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Yeats
                   When
                             Butler
                 Yeats
                                his
                lesson
                                learned
                  he
                                sank
                               the
                    Into
                    cider churn.
                        Will
                  he
                             spin
           out?
                                That's
       the
                                    matter
     even
                                    old
                                   hope
     men
      and
                                   dream,
       the
                                  cider
         hard
                                 the
            old
                                bald
                              inebriates
              pate
               guests
                             but
                                           It
                cold
                           the
                                          was
                      plate.
                                         written
                          poured
                Matter
                                      once in stone
              conforms
                                       "horseman
                          to cup
            its circles
                            now
                                        pass, cast
         gestic
                            ulate,
                                        a cold eye
       there
                             is
                                         on death,
    unwept
                                        none come
                              one
  lesson
                              learned
                                          again."
though
                                all
                                  monde
Eire
                                      turn.
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the