
Spring 1958

Milton Greets Dylan Thomas

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Recommended Citation

Troy, Barbara (1958) "Milton Greets Dylan Thomas," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 4 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol4/iss3/15>

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THE LIMIT OF USE

How odd it was the pencil fell
From off the desk. It seemed as—well,
It couldn't stop when once at edge
It should have found itself, but thought the ledge
Continued on.

Had it but known the time was right
To stop its rush, its clumsy fight
From waiting there, it yet could spell
The words of wise from in its well
Of hope.

Yet those of us do run and push our cause
Beyond the edge of use, when pause
Could help the thought's acceptance gain.
Too loud a voice from one track, one plane
Can bind, bend, break its point.

Lynn Clapham

MILTON GREETES DYLAN THOMAS

I had my messages to diffuse,
And gave them to the world
In the manner I was taught—
In words peculiar to an Englishman.
They were fraught with my meaning and adequate.
They were well received and read then,
And scholars still persue
My poems, and quote them;
But when you came along
The world had known change.
It would have seemed strange
If you had unfurled
Your truths bound in the same hem
I used. You were out of Wales,
And your truths you hurled
In round Welsh symbols.
Thank God, for a seeing Welshman!

Barbara Troy