

Octr 25

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O wild West Wind thou breath of Autumn's being
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing

Yellow & black & pale & hectic red
Pestilence-stricken multitudes – o Thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold & low
Each corpse within its
Like a ~~dead body~~ in a grave, until
Thine azure sister if the Spring, shall blow

Her clarion oer the dreaming earth, & fill
~~The depth of vacant depth of the~~
~~The T above her~~ and inodorous atmosphere
all circling air
With Cradling in hues &
Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air

~~In softest hues & odours investing plain & hill~~
~~In the low vacant space of atmosphere~~
With living hues & odours plain & hill,

Wild spirit which art moving everywhere
Destroyer & Preserver, hear o hear