



Endquote

The Fisherman

*Although I can see him still—
 The freckled man who goes
 To a gray place on a hill
 In gray Connemara clothes
 At dawn to cast his flies—
 It's long since I began
 To call up to the eyes
 This wise and simple man.
 All day I'd looked in the face
 What I had hoped it would be
 To write for my own race
 And the reality:
 The living men that I hate,
 The dead man that I loved,
 The craven man in his seat,
 The insolent unreproved—
 And no knave brought to book
 Who has won a drunken cheer—
 The witty man and his joke
 Aimed at the commonest ear,
 The clever man who cries*

*The catch cries of the clown,
 The beating down of the wise
 And great Art beaten down.*

*Maybe a twelve-month since
 Suddenly I began,
 In scorn of this audience,
 Imagining a man,
 And his sun-freckled face
 And gray Connemara cloth,
 Climbing up to a place
 Where stone is dark with froth,
 And the down turn of his wrist
 When the flies drop in the stream—
 A man who does not exist,
 A man who is but a dream;
 And cried, "Before I am old
 I shall have written him one
 Poem maybe as cold
 And passionate as the dawn."*

— **William Butler Yeats**