

SAINT ANONYME

HERE (said I) is the town of my dream,
Glory of Calvados, Saint Anonyme,
High on a hill with the four winds to fan it,
Bride-cake colossal of Gothic and granite,
Towers aloft in a mackerel sky,
Bastions in blossoming Normandy,
Mills at work in a churning stream,
Saint Anonyme! Saint Anonyme!

Fall white rose-petals, faint and sweet,
Saint Anonyme, on your cobbled street?
Faint and sweet do the white coifs press
With the stern black hats to your long *Grand'messe*?
Or is all gone but the fragments small
Of the broken heart that mirrored it all,
Years ago, in a flawless dream,
Saint Anonyme, Saint Anonyme?

Sanctity, poesy, both may stay
The swift corruption of beauty's day,
For ever be it, or but for a time,
Given to God, or lent to rhyme.
Love, love piteous, that dare not view
The thing that our day hath made of you,
Takes the town that you were for theme,
Saint Anonyme, Saint Anonyme.

Here in the name of Jesus and Mary,
Like a saint in a humble reliquary,
I lay, with the truth of my tears for token,
Loveliness whole and peace unbroken.
The town of towns in its Norman air,
From skyey *tourelle* to grass-grown square,
Holds in my verse its hour supreme,
Saint Anonyme, Saint Anonyme.

HELEN PARRY EDEN.