

literary criticism from an anti-Romantic stance to a more tolerant attitude to the Romantics. Above all, it is indicative of the development of taste and sympathy which cannot but occur in a poet-critic of Eliot's stature.

Early One Morning

Early one dark morning
Before the gleaming of
The skyscrapers, she went
To see what sort of shove

Her children needed to
Escape the dawn and see
What sort of world it was.
They did not need her. Three

Animals had seized them,
Were devouring them up.
The mother did not cry.
To see her children *soup*

Was — well, it was just fate.
At least they knew the world.
She closed the blinds and slept.
Outside the flags unfurled.

J. P. FORD