



“Polonius”
by Walter de la Mare
Season 5, Episode 4
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There haunts in Time's bare house an active ghost,
 Enamoured of his name, Polonius.
He moves small fingers much, and all his speech
 Is like a sampler of precisest words,
 Set in the pattern of a simpleton.
His mirth floats eerily down chill corridors;
His sigh - it is a sound that loves a keyhole;
His tenderness a faint court-tarnished thing;
 His wisdom prates as from a wicker cage;
 His very belly is a pompous nought;
His eye a page that hath forgot his errand.
 Yet in his brain - his spiritual brain -
Lies hid a child's demure, small, silver whistle
 Which, to his horror, God blows, unawares,
 And sets men staring. It is sad to think,
Might he but don indeed thin flesh and blood,
 And pace important to Law's inmost room,
He would see, much marvelling, one immensely wise,
 Named Bacon, who, at sound of his youth's step,
Would turn and call him Cousin - for the likeness.

NOTES/NARRATION:



A large, faint watermark is centered on the page. It consists of a circle containing a quill pen with a feather attached to its handle. The quill is positioned as if writing on a horizontal line. The feather is curved upwards and to the right. The watermark is semi-transparent and serves as a background for the lined writing area.

Recited By:

Date Recited: