

**“Fanfare for the Makers”**

**by Louis MacNeice**

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A cloud of witnesses. To whom? To what?  
To the small fire that never leaves the sky.  
To the great fire that boils the daily pot.

To all the things we are not remembered by,  
Which we remember and bless. To all the things  
That will not notice when we die,

Yet lend the passing moment words and wings.

So fanfare for the Makers: who compose  
A book of words or deeds who runs may write  
As many who do run, as a family grows

At times like sunflowers turning towards the light.  
As sometimes in the blackout and the raids  
One joke composed an island in the night.

As sometimes one man’s kindness pervades  
A room or house or village, as sometimes  
Merely to tighten screws or sharpen blades

Can catch a meaning, as to hear the chimes

At midnight means to share them, as one man  
In old age plants an avenue of limes

And before they bloom can smell them, before they span  
The road can walk beneath the perfected arch,  
The merest green print when the lives began

Of those who walk there with him, as in default  
Of coffee men grind acorns, as in despite  
Of all assaults conscripts counter assault,

As mothers sit up late night after night  
Moulding a life, as miners day by day  
Descend blind shafts, as a boy may flaunt his kite

In an empty nonchalant sky, as anglers play  
Their fish, as workers work and can take pride  
In spending sweat before they draw their pay.

As horsemen fashion horses while they ride,  
As climbers climb a peak because it is there,  
As life can be confirmed even in suicide:

To make is such. Let us make. And set the weather fair.

