

he hears the cry of the sedge

## HE HEARS THE CRY OF THE SEDGE

I wander by the edge  
of this desolate lake  
where wind cries in the sedge:  
until the axle break  
that keeps the stars in their round,  
and hands hurl in the deep  
the banners of East and West,  
and the Girdle of light is unbound,  
your breast will not lie by the breast  
of your beloved in sleep.

W. B. YEATS  
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