

The Second coming

Turning and turning in the widening
gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot
hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the
world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is
drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the
worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second coming! Hardly are those
words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus
Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewher in the
sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head
of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all
about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert
birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I
know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
were vexed to nightmare by a rocking
cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come
round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be
Born?

[W.B. Yeats](#)

Posted By:

=====

It is a pessimistic and dark poem, but to me, it represents the global situation right now because people with ideals stay away from politics. It is "the beast" that was about to be born at Yeats' time that is in control now.

Efrossini Albrecht Piliouni
ESL Biggin Hall
Auburn University
Auburn, AL 36849

Copyright © 2010 [HEC](#) All
Rights Reserved