

The Old Quarry

The old quarry's flooded echo came **back**
 To him almost **exact**, but left a blunted **blank**
 For song, a **lack** of deadened cold **echo**
 In so much **dank** the quarry air was **too**
 Soft and queer to **sough**; a song out **right**,—
 Yet still the listening stone, it seemed, **white**, uptilted,
 Knew that song **might** be meant, to judge by **crevice**
 And shadowed **device** and looks that meant no peace
 Nor gave **advice** beyond the dusty **tans**
 Rained down on singing **man**. One saw **then**,
 The quarry was **all** quivered **walls** and **rocks**
 A **mocking** water **swallowed** at the **bottom**.
 It resembled nothing so much as a **tomb**.
 Man's voice rolled all against the **abandoned** lot,
 Echoing himself his repeated tune **again**
 Like nothing else **in** nature that to voice **pretends**;
 He was his own superior echo **then**
 While song pursued its **end** as if never **begun**,
 And time dilated **some** in jarring after-echo,
 Or made itself felt as **one**,—as dark **burns on in** **coal**
 While fire **unfolds** fire. Here, some soft after-**noise**

(As in the mare the moaning **foal**) made some **alloy**,
 Forging **voice** and form alive in the willful **quarry**
 To totter and **rejoice** alone where dead water **stayed**,
 —A second singing **voice** came from bland **clay**,
 And was heard some **way**. It seemed, for **once**,
 The **offence** of **voice** had persuaded **voice**
 To **once** not **stay** remanded in veined **marble**:
 But grace half **garbled**, but half **audible**,
 The silent singer's **startled** ear, and **speak**
 Some **talk** of the theme he'd followed half **awake**
 Into the **choked** **dark** of the watery **quarry**.
 What he caught of what came back made him **wary**.
 "I won't be **sorry**. I won't, I **won't**—"
 He straightened up half-sighing, as if he'd **meant**
 Never to hear his own **want** in song he'd **given**
 All his **graven** morning to, and that, if spent **above**,
 Would **have** vanished less **riven** into **eve**
 Than the **grave** day that the quarry **gave**.

FIG. 1 RHYME DIAGRAM