

## The centre cannot hold

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This came to mind this morning:

<https://youtu.be/Ql40j17EFbl?si=QbncWa7lXTsjmCdr>

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### **The Second Coming**

**W. B. Yeats**

**1865 -1939**

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Where 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  
Trumps with sight and sound; in the heart of the desert  
A shape with sight and sound and the head of a man,  
Is moving its slow pillars, 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?

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Source: <https://poets.org/poem/second-coming>