

The centre cannot hold

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This came to mind this morning:

<https://youtu.be/QI40j17EFbI?si=QbncWa7IXTsjmCdr>

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;
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.
Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of spiritus Mundi
Yields a vast image out of spiritus Mundi
A shape with head and body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun at noon,
A moving shadow slow throughs while all about it
Reel shadows of the malignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again, but now I know
What 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?

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