

# Words

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by William Butler Yeats



I had this thought a while ago,  
'My darling cannot understand  
What I have done, or what would do  
In this blind bitter land.'

And I grew weary of the sun  
Until my thoughts cleared up again,  
Remembering that the best I have done  
Was done to make it plain;

That every year I have cried, 'At length  
My darling understands it all,  
Because I have come into my strength,  
And words obey my call';

That had she done so who can say  
What would have shaken from the sieve?  
I might have thrown poor words away  
And been content to live.