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## On Visiting Ezra Pound's Birthplace: Hailey, Idaho

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On Visiting Ezra Pound's Birthplace:  
Hailey, Idaho

Pilgrims for a poet's words  
*Go forthright singing—Anhes, Cembelins*  
We rode three hours west  
*Born of a Jongleur's tongue, freely to pass*  
Expecting signs and monuments,  
*In scaled invention or true artistry*  
But finding only photographs and clippings  
*I have seen what I have seen*  
Of mental wards and fascist broadcasts.  
*Oh, there is precedent, legal tradition*  
No word of poetry. *What thou art swift to lose*  
I thought of prophets and their honor.

The graveyard held no Pounds.  
*O thou unmindful! How should I forget*  
The sexton thought all Pounds moved east.  
*The ten good miles from there to Maent's castle*  
One old reporter knew the house: "Some people ask."  
*If a rational soul should stir, perchance*  
We took three pictures; were not let inside.  
*May I inter beneath the hummock*  
*Of some as yet uncatalogued sand;*  
*I shall not have my epitaph in a high road.*  
No matter. *What thou lovest well remains*  
Why had we asked for columns and for signs.

M. Shayne Bell