

**A MESSAGE:**

*To A Poet A Thousand Years Hence*

*James Elroy Flecker (1884 -1915)*

*I who am dead a thousand years, and wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my word for messengers the way I shall not pass along.*

*I care not if you bridge the seas, or ride the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces of metal or of masonry.*

*But have you wine and music still, and statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill, and prayers to them who sit above?*

.....  
*O friend unseen, unborn, unknown, student of our sweet English tongue  
Read out my words at night, alone: I was a poet, I was young.*

*Since I can never see your face, and never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space to greet you. You will understand.*

**IN REPLY:**

*From A Friend A Hundred Years Thence*



*Just but a century or so's gone by, not near a thousand years  
But I have heard, and understood, and wish to ease your fears*

*The seas are bridged, the skies are won, the planets within reach  
Science has grown, oh, how it's grown, since fish first crawled the beach*

*But music, wine, art and love still grace an open heart  
Though egos, greed and worldliness have rent our times apart*

*But that's the same it's ever been, and no far cry from yore  
Man ignores his Godliness, so dimming Eden's shore*

*So men like you and men like me, though we may never meet  
Must keep our faiths and hopes alive to guide our earthen feet*

*Our hands may never touch, your smile my eyes shan't see  
But you and I are one in God --- yes, He, and thee, and me*