

Even taking bows the actors act,
Coriolanus curtly with contempt,
Kean's exaggerated humility,
Never parting the part.

How can they thunder on,
Stamp and rage beyond the stage,
pretence becomes reality
so easily?

Moved by passions' play
the audience transfixed
succumbs;

Perceiving fantasy is real
the soul in me
is numbed.

Londen June 71