

A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London

Full Poem

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By [Dylan Thomas](#) (1914-53)

Never until the mankind making Bird beast and flower
Fathering and all humbling darkness
Tells with silence the last light breaking
And the still hour Is come of the sea tumbling in
harness

And I must enter again the round Zion of the water bead
And the synagogue of the ear of corn
Shall I let pray the shadow of a sound
Or sow my salt seed In the least valley of sackcloth to
mourn

The majesty and burning of the child's death. I shall not murder
The mankind of her going with
a grave truth Nor blaspheme down the stations of the breath
With any further Elegy of
innocence and youth.

Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter, Robed in the long friends,
The grains beyond
age, the dark veins of her mother, Secret by the unmourning water
Of the riding Thames. After
the first death, there is no other.

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