

## In My Craft or Sullen Art Full Poem

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### In My Craft or Sullen Art

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

In my craft or sullen art Exercised in the still night When only the moon rages And the lovers lie  
abed With all their griefs in their arms, I labour by singing light Not for ambition or bread Or the  
strut and trade of charms On the ivory stages But for the common wages Of their most secret  
heart. Not for the proud man apart From the raging moon I write On these spindrift pages Nor  
for the towering dead With their nightingales and psalms But for the lovers, their arms Round  
the griefs of the ages, Who pay no praise or wages Nor heed my craft or art.