

## ***Walking Away*, by Cecil Day-Lewis**

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day —  
A sunny day with leaves just turning,  
The touch-lines new-ruled — since I watched you play  
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite  
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see  
You walking away from me towards the school  
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free  
Into a wilderness, the gait of one  
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away  
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,  
Has something I never quite grasp to convey  
About nature's give-and-take — the small, the scorching  
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so  
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly  
Saying what God alone could perfectly show —  
How selfhood begins with a walking away,  
And love is proved in the letting go.

Symbolism	Tone	Form	Connotes
Alliteration	Metaphor	Structure	Emphasises
Adjective	Simile	Rhyme	Reveals