

To all who knew him, the man himself was at least as important as his work. "As to his talk" — I quote again from Mr. Somerset — "he was a spendthrift. I mean that he never saved anything up as those writer fellows so often do. He was quite inconsequent and just rippled on, but was always ready to attack a careless thinker. On the other hand, he was extremely tolerant of fools, even bad poets who are the worst kind of fools — or rather the hardest to bear — but that was kindness of heart." Of his personal appearance a good deal has been said. "One who knew him," writing in one of the daily papers, said that "to look at, he was part of the youth of the world. He was one of the handsomest Englishmen of his time. His moods seemed to be merely a disguise for the radiance of an early summer's day." (From Rupert Brooke: A Biographical Note by Margaret Lavington in THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RUPERT BROOKE, (from which this poem is taken.)

Read by Algy Pug, Bruce Kachuk, Brian Darby, millianna, David Lawrence, Newgatenovelist, Greg Giordano, J. McDougall, Leonard Wilson and Vanessa Garcia

Total running time: 00:18:40

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The Charm by Robert