*Tea at the Palaz of Hoon* [**Wallace Stevens**](https://poets.org/poet/wallace-stevens)

Not less because in purple I descended  
The western day through what you called  
The loneliest air, not less was I myself.  
  
What was the ointment sprinkled on my beard?  
What were the hymns that buzzed beside my ears?  
What was the sea whose tide swept through me there?  
  
Out of my mind the golden ointment rained,  
And my ears made the blowing hymns they heard.  
I was myself the compass of that sea:  
  
I was the world in which I walked, and what I saw  
Or heard or felt came not but from myself;  
And there I found myself more truly and more strange.

Please read the poem. Read at least two times and provide following information for the poem:

Persona:

Tone:

Mood:

Figures of Speech:

Most striking images:

Meter/ Rhyme Pattern:

Notes/Questions for You

Wallace Stevens believes in the transformative power of imagination. “The Disillusionment” is an epitome of that idea. How about this poem? To what extent is this poem a praise for imagination?

This piece has an air of old poems. Where does this air originate from?