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# An Earth Poem

Gerda Dahlbom











Greta Dalida  
From an etching by J. E. Kelly

1954

# AN EARTH POEM

AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
GERDA DALLIBA  
“”

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
EDWIN MARKHAM

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To

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

ONE OF THE NOBLE WOMEN WHO INFLUENCE THE LETTERS AND  
VERSE OF NEW ENGLAND, THIS BOOK IS  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED



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## A Word of Introduction

HERE is a book that seems to me to have touches of the wild beauty which we have all agreed to call poetic genius. The strict craftsman will perhaps find blemishes and obscurities in the structure of these poems; but he will also find those rarities of thought and feeling that will be a delight. There is a rift of genius in this ledge of song; and genius is so rare and precious a thing that, wherever found, it should call out gratitude and not grumbling.

In "An Earth Poem," Gerda Dalliba sets forth in lyric beat her passionate thoughts about man and his long eons of evolution. Here life is touched in its vaster origins and issues. In the first part ("Children of Sod") man is seen in his mere sense-hunger and earth-wrestle. In the second part ("Children of Air") man begins to wonder over life and to send his restless heart across the stars. But in the last part ("Children of Sun") man dreams of the long purpose of God and fares forth in daring adventures of the Spirit. It is a strange poem that voices the unceasing flux of life. With her usual

daring of thought and phrase, the poet has attempted in this dithyrambic to give to science the wings of song, and to milestone the march of man from cave-dweller up to glowing seraph. Let me tear out of the pages a few of the lines.

Dead people hindered from their will and goal,  
Leaving their silence as a cry to God.

Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,  
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life.

Pinnacled endeavour  
Such as praise  
The sky with palaces and Earth with flaunt  
Of large luxuriant kingdoms hiding want.

Only an hour to thrill and to be mad!  
Be mad and free!  
With feet that will move toward some love like mine,  
Walking faint ether with my own soul's sound;  
Then from our shrouds of ground,  
Perhaps to be burnt with some torch  
Of a woman's streaming hair.

This sonnet shows the unusual quality that tinges all of the work of Gerda Dalliba:

I would be some vast, dead, gold sonneteer  
Who heralds forth the crocus and the rose;  
Or down the high mid-passage of the year  
Blows blasts for empires that seek repose;



Or with the fall my latest period close;  
 Or as Apollo with gigantic cheer;  
 Or sadly hymn of death by blighting foes;  
 Or tell how last sun's rays shall disappear.

But all the time, my verse goes out to seek  
 Rivers that gently wander through the plains,  
 And with sleek winds sing the disturbless trees!  
 With accidental butterflies full meek,  
*Whose wing before the least of purpose wanes,*  
 Or but go humming with the summer bees!

Here is the sextet of another sonnet—a mystic cry of the heart:

Yet, sometimes in the syllabance of night  
 I catch an echo that is not mine own—  
 A parched long cry from some forgotten pain.  
 Hush! it may be my heart's voice void of tone,  
 Or a mute whisper from a life of light  
 Led in the past, that may not come again!

This quatrain from another sonnet whispers of the old mystery of our fate:

Who threw the dust into the blind one's eyes?  
*Was it the Sandwoman near the shoals of Time*  
*From her grey bag, that held with must and grime*  
*The grains' compassion and the grim surmise?*

We find a memorable *naïveté* and wildness in the lines "To a Child":

O tender One, not ready yet to climb  
 The ways of chance, scarcely so strong to creep. . . .  
 Flaunt all the angels with their clumsy wings:  
 Take for thy rattle earth and all its bells!  
*Chew on the world, and for thy rubber rings*  
*Have thou the endless heavens and their hells!*  
 Take for thy playfellow a piece of space,  
 And let man, as thy elder brother, run  
 Playing for thee his game of tag and race,  
 With thy rebounding ball, which is the sun!

These lines might have been written by Shakespeare's child:

Thy hapless eyes,  
 Happy in their imprintment of thy dreams;  
*Thy brow the whitened beach for thought's loose tide;*  
 Thy cheeks a moor of berries, brown and red.

The bigness of Gerda Dalliba's concepts (sometimes dim in their outline) may be seen in her tumultuous poem, "The Gulf Stream." She cries to the ocean:

O sea!—  
 Thou dost reach like a serpent, and bury the swan necks of  
 Peninsulas, where  
 The Isthmuses lie in thy lair!

But the noble vistas of this poet's thought are also seen in the historic sweep of her surging poem

“Peace.” Here we also discover the prodigality of her images and the affluence of her poetic fantasy.

The wide sympathies and affections of the poet come welling up in her last poem in the volume—the poem in memory of Grieg. There is a wildness in these sobbing chords:

To-night the violins around the world,  
Played on by hands that seek to find joy's key,  
Are touched with sadness down the four long strings.  
Known or unknown there comes the wail of wings,  
The resting bows unrosined send a plea. . . .

If the fastidious reader thinks that there is scarce a page of the book without its verbal fault, let me cheer him with the fact that there is scarce a page without its fresh phrases, its striking figures. Here are a few of these felicities:

How far is Heaven on a day in spring?

I hear a trumpet call across the sea,  
A grey sound-lily breaking on a lea.

The oriole swings above a grave  
And chirps as willingly above a cross,  
As if young lovers plighted.

The bee  
That now for ever hums,  
Its gold feet set in Heaven's cups of chance,

## A Word of Introduction

Its wings adrift in unseen air, like drums  
Beating some unheard rhythm, small and free.

Thy name is Struggle! morn and noon and late  
Thou castest thy dim will from void to void.  
And in thy giant arm the little world  
Nestles to thee in littleness and grief.

The lines I have quoted show the wild energy of this poet's work. But even better work will yet come from the pen of this brilliant woman; for she has imagination, colour, fire—and youth!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

NEW YORK CITY, 1908.

AN EARTH POEM



# An Earth Poem and Other Poems

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## Preface to An Earth Poem

THE intent of this necessarily abstract and lyric poem is to express in words Man's needs, capabilities, and progress, accepting as a premise that, generally speaking his course has been one tending from the mere materialism of Nature to a more refined and spiritual outlook, as is the case with an individual turning from childhood's idealistic pantheism through the material of fact and divergent emotions towards the necessity of a formulated Deism, or the slow progression of the Mass by the care of civilisation and cultivation to a penetrating view of essential needs.

As it has seemed advisable to treat such an idea through a purely symbolic form I have divided this poem into three sections, viz: I. "Children of Sod," representing Man's first impulse which is material including a few of the cries of Socialism. II. "Children of Air," or a fantasy of personal affection for the presentation of Man's emotional and intellectual attitude with regard to his finite existence; and in III. "Children of Sun," making the daring assumption of some undefined purpose or God, using the sun purely as representing the vital unearth-bound seeking of the Spirit.

In these three sections I have prefixed the words Morning,

## Preface to An Earth Poem

Noon, and Night, to unite the whole effort into the cohesive imagery of a day. Using the term Sun with Night has been intentional as I expressly desired to represent the passing on of the Spirit; also have I wished by the term Air in the Noon to express the evanescent and temporary quality of man's relationships in life; while the term Sod has its natural fundamental acceptance in what is most material.

In the limited space, owing to my own lack of knowledge I must ask the reader's pardon for such lapses in continuity and such defaults in argument as have occurred, hoping only therein to have suggested a few too pregnant facts and the fragmentary notion of an Ideal.



- I. Children of Sod.
- II. Children of Air.
- III. Children of Sun.



I

Children of Sod

(MORNING)

“Wait for the word is ever for the world!”—  
I saw gigantic on the nether sphere  
When to my eyes,  
Heaven and all the skies  
Bathed in sleep’s atmosphere  
Were very near,  
The mute Earth sitting in her wont disguise,  
And through the fragrant passages of clouds,  
That decked the wonder, human, dense, and wise,  
And past the ways of stars and rolling shrouds  
The vapours rise,  
And then as through my tears  
The Life, that on this Earth takes his sojourn,  
And while I feigned to turn  
Back from the sight again to Paradise  
Where the lamps burn to make oblivion clear—  
I could not go, but stayed as still in fear  
To see which first, the Earth or Heaven would disappear.

But Heaven to me, because I was of clay  
And looked upon the mortal and the dear  
And saw the fiercer glories disappear  
And something of the brightness pass away

## An Earth Poem

As phantoms through the cloud reach of the dawn  
Where the winds blew to spread the night astray,  
As a black peacock for this ivory swan—  
O'er which the gold sun seemed to bend and pray,  
And I put my hot hands through sodding much  
And strove with touch  
To sanctify the day.

Then in the sky, as if the thorn of birth,  
Still lingered on the young dawn's saffron rose—  
I saw faint hills, the children of the Earth  
When long ago it was with cloud and sea  
She held communion, and as such still grows  
One in the morning sun's intensity  
They made the gateway for my bodied soul,  
Through which descending knew I not the bars—  
The hills, mirroring the lost realms to me,  
The patient lovers of the ancient stars,  
Keeping their moody watch eternally—  
Dead people hindered from their will and goal,  
Leaving their silence as a cry to God,  
Then suddenly there came and walked abroad  
A million sunbeams, chattering to the lea.

O Life, most vital mistress of our souls,  
Finding at last thy reign in living tears  
Have comfort on the great maternal Earth  
Where is spread regal birth,  
Above me and about me in the dawn  
I felt the succour of a homeward heart,  
The dimnesses of Heaven were withdrawn,  
Slowly around the circuit of her breast,

A many-life like mine passed up and on,  
Out from the sudden breaking of unrest,  
The wind swang all the grasses of the years  
To murmur, and the spring filled trees seemed bells  
Upturned with tremulous greeting to the dome.  
Her roof now only, the large heart that swells  
The stems of many blossoms to their blooms!  
The day that was pre-natal to the hills,  
Looked on me, and as a God's bosom fills  
The spaces in his life which makes them home,  
I peopled void with the Earth's peopled tombs  
And with her living blessings went apart!  
A little space the night wakes in the dark,  
As a child waits the great eternal sleep—  
I paused, the pageants splendour went so deep  
Of light, mooring her barque where seas are fair  
Red and more red, as if to stain the rose  
Vernal as if the Earth itself be lost  
In its eclipse, till on her breast, O hark!  
A bird as if its throat with song were crossed  
Woke in a wonder, making light repose  
In floods of passionate yellow through the air.

## Children of Sod

Look up

Here is your Earth!

Look round, here is your Earth, your Earth and Sea!

And Wind convulsive, going into space,

And Sun, not high up in the lambent air

But here, O here, in globules on the pod!

The stem of bliss has given to his cup

Faint moisture, breathless dew, the tears of birth,

## An Earth Poem

And burning filmy sands, and gatherous clay  
That moulds and climbs, and seems to intertwine  
Like threads of lace  
For ye!  
What will ye make of day?  
What will ye have from all these things of growth?  
Ye are their snare,  
Ye make them, guide them into beings, take  
Their deaths from them, now here, now everywhere  
Their sweet surrender make  
Your own, exaltant, loth.

As if hunger somehow were a sweet  
The mouths of things about me brought forth song,  
Piercing the sadness of the rounded sky  
Yellow, dim, and long,  
The notes as pollen round the hushed winds' feet—  
Blown from gentle lilies near the ground.  
Calyxed lilies of a dewy dye  
Rose, and then merged their being into sound.

Yet was I hungry for the woe and weal  
To feel, to feel!  
And bring myself but quiet of the wound—  
Hungry to die, if but to die were sound—  
And all around,  
The horn of death, the bleeding serpent wind  
If but to find——.  
But wait, for there is stir  
Through the far hills it comes.  
From silenced unaverred mysteriarchial domes  
Unseen, yet fair.

Green kind leaves sweet  
That swing about my head  
And berry carpet 'neath my feet  
All red!  
Good Mother Earth,  
The rich spill of thy womb  
Is plenteous in grove and fruit and bloom,  
As if thou wouldst thyself the barrier keep  
Between the high, the brave,  
The immortal Dome—  
Except, save when upon thy breast,  
Lies sleep  
Sucking at milk of thy forgotten moon,  
Taking thy children from thy regal arm  
Unwotting of thy harm—  
Unto a little quietness of rest—  
As when the grass with dew is interspersed,  
And sphered are all the drops of dew that weep  
Upon the icy hill top, ice girt steep,  
And sunken bay—  
And myriad flowing wave,  
As their environs change with dawn for day  
So we at birth,  
Hunger for whence we were returned to thee,  
And very soon,  
Our eyes grow heavy with a light immersed  
In radiations for our own far home.  
Dim night aloft  
In his most spacial car  
Rides around the circuit kernel of each star  
As rides around the sheep the brown night jar!—  
And lo, a feel of evanescence thrills

## An Earth Poem

The mighty sconture of the waiting hills—  
He passes in each sphere  
Whose sunned gate  
Grows black at his approach with shadows soft  
As if about him sate  
Kingdoms of Chaos, learning how to wait,  
But yet, as in the flower a faint perfume  
Circles the sightless beauty of its bloom  
Some nether thought of furtherest morn to sin,  
Souls wait upon the break, where souls begin,  
Where sleep lies watching as a brother-tear  
About their fleshly bodies' unused bier,  
And lo, as he doth bend her form to win  
He steals us blind without our casual wills,  
—An odour which the soul of life distils—  
Distils us till again, a boon on thee,  
We fall a casual mutability.

Lo Earth, as thou dost hire  
From Heaven the seed, the growth, the pod,  
Thou hirest us—The Children of thy Sod!  
And our desire:  
I hungered and was fed,  
I yearned  
And slept,  
Marking the seasons' gourd, whereon was swept  
The brackened bed  
Laid rushwise on the mountain,  
In the fields,  
On beach sands, or in deserts for my head.  
For unto Earth I was most closely wed  
Most tirefully wed—and wed alone!



It seemed almost I turned  
And was of stone;  
For my lost voice  
I haunted pool and fountain;  
And my eyes' light I sought to blind at even  
In friendly light, as if then must the skies  
Hold answering orbs to mine  
From quiet Heaven.  
Through arrases and under bush of tree,  
To dream upon a curved mouth like mine own  
Much gazed I at the faint arch of the moon;  
And sought by this, and subtle imagery  
Combining red acacias with her shape,  
To form a human mouth  
Where might escape  
A kiss, a word,  
To solace my despair  
When winds were fragrant in the summer air,  
But nothing answered me,  
And nothing stirred—  
Save growth in her eternal work and swoon  
Most like a nun beside a constant loom  
Of birth and tomb!  
Naught made me then rejoice—  
I but endured the spirit's will, that yields  
The maiden springs, that travelled from the South  
With bird and after promises of bliss.  
  
Then through the heart there ran as on a string,  
The wayward promise half remembering—  
That naught was alien to the fledgling brood,  
That circles in the pool ran round a ring

## An Earth Poem

As twined horizons clustered to the down,  
That many berry bunches made a crown,  
That water streams on oceans' hands were laid,  
That trees re-echoed in a lighted shade,  
And moth should measure filmy wing with wing,  
And bird on bird  
As husbanding a wife,  
Was mutably heard,  
Till all averred,  
That Touch was Life—!  
That brotherhood was king—!  
In this sequestered world o'er solitude—!

Yet must I wait;  
For in my heart not yet  
Could I the skies entirely forget—  
Whose inner vault kept its serene estate,  
A balsam and a balm—  
By disagreeing shifts.  
By freedom's calm,  
And proffered gifts,  
As rain before the seed  
Came ere the need  
Where mighty pulses spake their Master's will—  
To answering pulses in the midnight still—  
Lest he should wake, and long, and find no fill,—  
Lest that grave moment which doth integrate  
The particles of Time  
Which ever climb,  
Should rise, and wake,  
The slumber keeping harmony, and break

The spell provided to the insensate—  
Or the At Once should famish and grow chill.

Therefore I kept the leisure of the boon,  
Waiting its longing to descend and be  
A longing unto me—  
For soon, O soon,  
Should come the wayward Children of the Sod—  
Traversing hidden paths of destiny,  
Where the dawn mists across the hills had trod—  
Unbind my single chain and let me free!  
And now, a gladness swept into the birds' free song of bud  
and pod.

There are two ways to draw beatitude—  
Yielding of self, or straining to its mood,  
Yet all is yieldment to the consecrate.  
When the Sod Children woke, I knew, I knew!—  
I had not wronged their birth,  
And that they came,  
When their own souls inherited such flame,  
As from their fires of being brought blood rife  
Pentless and strong like mine—  
Of which as yet  
I could not fathom,  
Of a purpose set  
In struggle; as if either side of life  
Was placed in giant hands a protoplasm  
Continually disturbed,  
From whence did flow  
The stream of being converged there, and herbed,  
And then left in my hands the tenure of its strife—

## An Earth Poem

As if my burden pulse to obligate  
With time and rue—  
And for myself with weight of it to grow  
To earth,  
Groping as alien for the closed divine.

And yet they come—  
My voice seems to be dumb,  
The Rose of Form  
Has closed the latest petals to her heart—  
The Children of the Sod arise  
And part.  
Then muttered  
The storm  
Of wind, which from the Heaven blows  
To train the body to its sacrifice!—  
As in the evening cullers of the grape  
Who twine the vine,  
The while they steal from it the globes of wine,  
So use the spirits this immortal shape!  
So graft they here Contagion from Repose!  
First—One, I saw at evening as he lay  
On tarnished rim of bay,  
From out his shape as from an ivory close  
His young faint spirit fluttered;  
Then there came  
A sea girt wave upon his cheeks like flame  
And he arose,  
Remembered how such drowsy weariness  
As then beset him  
He himself had chose  
The weight of body with its chain and stress

And went away, as if he should depart.  
Then heard I, One,  
Whereon  
The mountains stray  
The pines and the white sheep,  
Calling as if from sleep  
A gentle plaint  
Unutterably deep,  
And through the dim  
It seemed as if the voice that gave it, faint,  
As odour of the pine  
Must moor itself, again  
In realms of lesser pain.  
For from no human mouth could come divine  
Save from the gates of being, such a strain;  
And many times, frail breaths  
Did intervene  
With silence,  
Many times did forms appear  
To lose themselves again in shadowy screen,  
As if Life were the harmony of deaths—  
While all the Earth in one glad jubilee  
Rose into sound and colour, as to call  
The footsteps back to wander in her hall,  
The stranger form upon her bosom free—  
To wander and to feast  
As bird and beast  
From her bronze body here!  
The Mother, knows no violence  
But offers in the sacredness of troth  
To Life, and Growth,  
From her twin bosoms stained as berries red

The milk of love—  
While the broad heavens, shed  
Their dews and sunlights on her from above!

Ah! here in this warm meet,  
Unsundered from the skies, awake and be  
Not incomplete,  
Since yearning turns  
To angelise her face,  
And here, still burns  
The grosser matter round the sacred shrine,  
Where votive fires, set beneath the eyes  
The lit lamp of the heart,  
That such incense,  
Goes up to the immense  
As there doth solemnise,  
Man's marriage and embrace,  
To childbirth plotting for heredity—  
Making Earth and kindred twine  
With chance and space,  
With devious spells of art,  
A retrospect of ordained grace!

The trees are bells,  
O let their melody  
Sing loudly heavenward with tune and spells  
Of changure, here!  
And let the mockery  
As doth the year  
Garnished with seed and fruit, stability  
Make wide the horn of plenty through the land!—  
And spread the misty breathings of the clod

To tone!  
Children of brain and hand  
Of joy and moan,  
Till songs like birds be lifted from the strand,  
Children of Sod—  
To clamber the unknown.

Yet one I hear among ye wake alarm  
So slightly first, as if at evenings' gloom,  
The laced wings of a moth fell on its tomb,  
Or puerile sounding of a famished harm  
That soon must die  
Upon its mother's arm,  
Since Earth is Joy, and Earth is Motherhood,  
And all the proved stars shine above the world,  
What wouldst thou more?  
What more would have the brood?  
What more would they have held?  
Has one drop of the ocean lost its shore?  
Or petal closed at night that cannot wake  
By transmigration into change of growth?  
Or autumn winds unwebbed a too late nest?  
Or other law, save glad futility  
That wastes to make  
Been broken?  
Crown on Crown,  
And Soul on Soul, they pour across the down—  
These later children into Life's device—  
These Children of the Sod, to build and use  
Nature and clay, with starry sky girt eye  
Accustomed now to choose  
Strife, habitudes,

Environment, and rest,  
Sacrifice,  
Light, gatherings together, solitudes,  
Sign, token  
Of day and night—from crimsoned east and west—  
Of omnipresent air, and circling sea,  
Of Time, and Tide, and pause  
Of Cause  
Making insensate laws  
Of constant energy now fain, now loath,  
Causing reverberation whose degree  
Gives unto Life its immortality!

What echo small  
Of pain runs down the long frequented hall  
To challenge thought  
With link of mystery?  
Is there a change in changure,  
A new garb worn by breed of known entity?  
Or milk of mouth with other substance caught?  
Nay,  
Naught could then endure  
A shrinkage of least bliss.  
The Children of the Sod, by night and day  
Are drawn down—  
And from the vast and hierarchical crown  
Choose Earth to kiss  
For their entirety,  
They lift the loadstone, then upon their shoulders high  
And sing  
The pæan of the Touch!  
Their kingdom grows



Folded more close the petal of their rose.  
The summers pass, the winters are on wing  
To pass the southern fire back to spring,  
It is too much!—  
The mind turns on itself,  
A wasp doth sting  
A useless flower,  
A wanton bat doth crush  
A ray of moonlight on the evening turf,  
A human cognisance of need  
Has spread  
Disaster through the breed,  
The while the horn of plenty comes to shed  
Its benediction,  
And the ground refulgent is with summers' nutriment.  
One has put foot on pelf,  
Has stolen from another,  
Though all the sky is pure of dye,  
Though the great Mother  
Her ritual of harvest doth augment.  
From stretch to stretch of surf  
No leisure no omission,  
Necessitates the friction.  
Save, from the Mind is born—  
There grew this thorn!  
This strange low sorrow in the happy morn!  
This pain in sound, and vision,  
This low call in the hour,  
Amid the flush!—

Is not the Mind, also a power?  
A grower amid growth?

A parasite that calls itself a god?  
O Children of the sunburnt Sod,  
Ye were her latest visibility,  
Waited for and beheld  
A louder seed, from which all small seeds cower,  
Should ye not see?  
Should ye not have your fruit,  
Wherewith to weld,  
An outgrowth from the tangle of the root?  
A great inherent possibility  
For self dominion?  
The flower has its leaf,  
The bird its pinion,  
A subtle will, formed of the Earth and Air  
Has claimed for all Life fair  
A portioned climax and a mastery!—  
Of kind to kind,  
From brood to brood,  
For birth and food,  
For birth and breed.  
Did not the flower break  
For its own sake  
The willing seed?  
The fledgling of the eagle learn to soar  
And rest no more  
Above the nested mother, where his wings  
Should droop and fail?—  
Or slow song be content because there sings  
One parent bird,  
The while young throats grow strong  
With music which its primal impulse stirred,  
Sweet—long—?

Or shall this pale,  
 This sin, then moan itself to utter grief,  
 Or for revenge the naked hours go shorn by palsied age and loath?  
 Or, shall the Mind  
 Among the mourning children have content  
 To remain blind—  
 Inconsequent—  
 Hid from the upward splendours of the world?

Wan Sin,  
 Forgive  
 All those who live!—  
 And who would let thy veins  
 Begin  
 To bleed forth pith on their circumfering way,  
 Or should gainsay  
 Thy pallid death to nothingness;  
 Or round about thee poisoned ivys twine  
 Which run  
 In a contagion,  
 As doth breathe forth the green pith of a storm  
 In lightning from the Sun!  
 Let soft evasion  
 Since Pity has the wisdom to be kind  
 Rather bind up the wounds of even Sin—  
 Forget, and as within  
 Joy is reborn  
 With lack of meditation,  
 Compress the sting, the vampire and the thorn,  
 The first but not unconquerable pains  
 Bring from their form  
 The healer of negation;

## An Earth Poem

For see, the Mind  
Which wounds itself may bless,  
And yield a consecration to its shrine!

The Children of the Sod gather, forget  
The unaccustomed fret,  
Their minds repured by habit of large bliss  
Can this  
Remeasure  
And reheal.  
For while the nourishment of woe and weal  
Be planted in the Sense 'sidereal pleasure,  
And need shall rest within Earth's nutriment  
It will be sent,  
Be drawn to the valley and the field;  
As to the sea a vacancy is given  
Where it may weave its vapours,  
As atmospheric snows the mountain's crests have driven,  
To merge and mingle with the cloud that tapers  
Over the height,  
As penetrateless dark is cloak for night,  
As form the flowers, pre-organic scent  
Growth shall co-ordinate with spill of flesh  
And nature to it yield  
Her pliant hands as shapers  
Till more red  
The berry in its mesh,  
And more the grain doth tip  
The reach of land to draw the sky at lip,  
As if the very heavens had bent and kneeled  
In interchangel wild  
Beside the Earth, the Mother to their Child!

The one of pelf  
Could draw not Nature's generosity,  
Nor make a cry of want  
Save in himself  
At first.  
Yet all the Children took one chosen haunt,  
Deserted plenty,  
Chose frugality  
For the last hunger's quenchment,  
Yearned, grew warm  
With terminalless fire,  
Sought commune as a mountain herd in storm  
Or swarm of bees that underneath the sun  
Still cluster into one,  
For their desire  
Was as a flower's thirst  
For the dew's passioned intergalty,  
The scarlet blood of Heaven's royalty,  
For purposes the same through entity  
Found here their trenchment,  
Made their circle fine  
As visionless casualties combine  
The splendid far hills left to breed the kine.

Then first the Mother dreamt of solitude—  
That alien lands through centuries must wait  
For the oncoming of her knowledged kin,  
Still for her long predestined purpose sate  
Watching the four great cleavures of her wind  
Till in the lure of the titanic Mind  
Swept from the gates of past heredity  
Should come the Children of the Sod with sin

## An Earth Poem

Ringing the land and sea  
With the tumultuous cry of their predestiny!  
And while the stellar poles  
Should become populate  
By the migrate,  
With breath grown spiritual, as if the souls  
Breathed of celestial vapours perforate,  
The Sun which now above her sphere still rolls  
Should slay her life when his rays terminate,  
And should therewith fall heaven on the brood.

For watch, from skies the great ancestral Mind  
Born for a purpose wreaths the purpose more,  
Too sensitised at last  
The recreate becomes creative,  
Tangles upon itself,  
Gathers not only from its harvest pelf  
But many forms of weird transitivity.  
Driving the body on to reinstate  
The quickened motion of its wayward kind,  
Beating the sunlight on an alien shore,  
Driving more folk before its pinions fast  
As nears the Eagle the sequestered Dove,  
Repopulating laughter, light, and love,  
Till from the crowds fresh smaller crowds disperse  
To the Sod Children's Children's Universe,  
Who rehearse  
The parent trial in echo  
Till the slow  
Procession overrides in strength the loss,  
As unto gods a ritual is paid  
For Growth by Life,

For Entity by pain,  
And Earth in her fierce bliss again doth strain  
To live  
The fire through her hands that sacrifice.  
More shores that wake beside the tidal sea  
The pressure of the wandering feet now cross,  
More berries red in Southern lands grow rife  
To feed the lips which unto them are laid,  
Upon fresh roots the foster children wait  
To watch the rose in the horizons rise.

Yet what is this, that makes the land swept clay  
Lend to these feet their all accustomed way,  
Is it a sudden yieldment?  
Or can the lesser matter, Mind gainsay?  
Or was the plotting with the dadeal stars  
More recompense to Earth for Motherhood  
Than for her first young brood?—  
Plotting upon her bosom e'en for scars?  
For here they dig long wells of stagnant floats  
In inland mere  
To draw pure water with, and one may hear  
A voice from a stone crevice set so high  
As to regard the blue sweet orifice,  
This by the Mind, all this,  
Spotting each new born-child with will, to see  
Temples to Use that shall not pass away;  
Now a huge city hurtles on a bay,  
A clan has pitched its tent athwart the wave  
And sails it with frail boats,  
While all the lea  
Is cobwebbed into huts

Where he may save,  
His nightly rest from storms in caves and juts  
Of midnight oceans nigh.

Nature! behold  
Thy child becomes thy active minister!  
Upon his will  
Thy sterile grafture's innermost intent,  
He would aver  
That thou art more than thou,  
Of stronger mould,  
He would incite  
Thy innermost endeavours with his skill,  
Till passing all thy reproductive years  
Which do thyself fulfil  
With all his pregnant possibility,  
Thou shalt become imbued and reinfused  
Till the next laws,  
—The laws of the Progression and the Cause,—  
Shall slowly by a gradual fret and change  
Increase thy largeness, suppleize thy range  
By evolution strange,  
Till thou shalt place,  
Within the bowl of motion thy bronze brow,  
Sinking in seas of tears  
Where night on climbing ocean builds her biers—  
Thou most engendered, thou most freely used  
Shalt kneel and hide thy deventuated face!

Wreath of the Mind,  
Thou art most strangely set,  
As thee I find



On forehead of the Earth,  
On her red breasts  
Thou twinest thy way of spotted berries red,  
That seems to be thy heart—  
While into wreaths of rests,  
Of tangled smoke,  
Thy ultimate being riseth,  
As if to crown almost the frequent air.  
Yet O not yet!  
Thou but createst, low  
On the grave sod which gave to thee thy birth  
Manifestations of thy later creed,  
Building thyself for comfort born of need,  
Till need grows larger in her wanton way  
Which thou by pelf didst cherish  
To gainsay  
The ground which would all nourish;  
The while thy bed  
Was made of grasses fair  
Such, as thy temples pleasantly rewoke,  
And now thou, to whom thyself these things  
Must mend, for thy reprieve despiseth  
Far stranger nooks,  
Mute wings  
Must start,  
For chilled limbs house of shelter where to lie  
In winter nights, building fires within  
The hearthstone piled with wooded shackles thin,  
Must plant thy geld thereby,  
Beside material brooks  
Lest haunt of food be distanced from the kin,  
Thus art thou chained to labour, and still more

Thou chooseth men to work about thy door,  
And keep thy hearthstone clean,  
Thou ownst thyself!  
This is the uttermost conceit of pelf:  
Or else, thou fat, shalt pay him who is lean,  
To work at growth, or to resow thy pod.  
O Children of the Sod,  
Gaze on such lights as still above ye lean,  
And see between your villages the green  
Of verdant hills and far horizon's sky,  
This is the long procession of the Mind.  
For self enlargement to become unkind,  
Take heed—  
Ye multiply  
The outward signs by close of inner eye.  
Do not become all blind!  
For ye must have increase, in other form  
Although Injustice sweep  
His talisman of storm  
Around the moist dewes which incessant weep!  
Behold your monument, strange, unused, sweet  
All things, all outward show,  
Even all greed,  
All pomp in chain,  
Are for your own mentality  
Your brain—  
All graftings come to range them on this meet  
For here it was ye thirsted for your gain,  
And here by effort and heredity  
And then  
By strength of labour and in labour pain  
What ye desired most has come to be—

O that ye were more wise!—  
From this fair temple looked upon the skies  
Where Evolution, by a stranger cross  
Shall repay doubt and loss.  
To him laid waste within the wilderness  
Shall most confess.  
But are ye not regenerated free?  
Shall ye not with a faster motion swing  
In upper faster Air the wound and sting  
Till vacant soul shall be its harbouring?  
Yet watching on the ground  
Ye revel sight and sound:  
The while the rivers flow  
By cities, and by towns, and blandishment of men!

O scarlet profanations,  
That lie across the main!  
Like crimson flowers, and fruit of the great brain,  
Your names are Nations!  
And, amid the fane  
Hurtle the Children of the Sod again!

The gathered stars look down  
On the Earth's crown,  
Half thorn, half petal, half desire, half pain.

Children of Sod look up,  
Here is your Earth!  
Here is your Air!  
And here your World  
Squat like a mammoth Urchin of the Sea,  
Congealing selves to selves continuously!

A monstrel of a hybrid breed,  
Red, bleared,  
Contagious, omnipresent, sightless, torn  
Of molecular cells collateral!  
Long vampire contagions sting the rose of morn,  
Its petals heave and weld,  
Now amid flames the ghost of fire stalks.  
Earth's breasts are built upon by steel and mail,  
Her mouth is gullied with the Spit of Life  
As if by foes,  
Yet frail  
Still grows the Evil that the hearts assail,  
And pelf remet by putrefaction here  
Recalls alone his solitary tear.  
Progress, with perturbations, learns to walk—  
Children seize hours between death and birth—  
All labyrinthed and canyoned is the hall—  
Where trembling grew the seed—  
Within its cup  
Import, the will most feared  
Lies in his lair,  
Whose she-wolf has become predestined strife,  
At whose lean udders sucks the cub of woes.

Habitude or habiliment  
Wherein  
Existence's filament  
With din  
Of noisy hands  
Wanders upon the lands,  
Is shifted, but is left,  
While more and more,

Contagious life circles the land and shore,  
Shifting its bearings into its degree  
Has cleft  
Its pageant out of form, to be  
One circumstance  
With ever gain, still riding in advance,  
And ever pain riding across the Mind,  
And ever that which ever rides behind,  
And ever loss for those who fall by chance  
Beneath the gain's oppressing heavy feet,  
Run to the coveted and tortuous meet  
That lies beyond the region of the storm  
Where shoulders halt and life takes on fresh form.

Slow Need, that lies an underpulse between  
Genesis and the stars,  
Not yet, thy fill  
Has fallen from Man's bounteous cup of will;  
Progression, as too fast a snail has crawled  
Towards spiritual bars,  
And left thee still  
Waiting beside a portal and a screen.  
Thou Socialism, on whom now  
Men called  
Men call!  
Thou Right! O thou  
Replenishment of growth for all!  
To find out food, was easy to attain  
By scavenger of the material plain.  
Then stroke the rich impetuous for the Sun  
Where faster gains o'er run  
The aperturing Heaven of his Mind,

## An Earth Poem

But chide him not, that therewith he did go,  
For he, nor left behind  
Struggle nor rue  
In his departure hence,  
He did but recommence  
The ground strife in the air of sterner blue,  
And battled on to violent kingdoms raise,  
As if his wealth in higher state before  
Of pinnacled endeavour  
Such as praise  
The sky with palaces and the Earth with flaunt  
Of large luxuriant kingdoms' hiding want,  
Nor all the purpled shrouding of the King  
Could hide the just, the preordained sting.  
The Earth is kind,  
She has no will to taunt,  
Nor Hierarchies can obscure the Spring,  
Nor Monarchy her sovereign summer daunt!  
Each year, she takes to breast her own changeling.  
No use, or over use makes sterile clod, and fret  
Entirely as yet,  
Nor shall until  
A riper fruit shall fall for Man within  
Her long anticipated deathly thrill,  
Although much tenanted the marshes bright and dull,  
The grove, and hill,  
The meadow, and the harbour by the sea,  
She still hath room for ye!  
Below her breast  
Her loins lie long, and full,  
And they who came upon her bosom first  
Knew hunger and knew thirst;

And, though this answers not  
The lot—  
And the re-urged plea,—  
We win—  
Have patience, for the quest  
Which for so long has been, so long confessed—  
Life, comes upon the clue of entity,  
Prepared his chamber for the waiting guest,  
The later Child of Sod shall have his share,  
Nor disproportioned shall become his fare.  
The first sons' turn even without their will  
Whose unseen law guides them to make again  
For ye such labour as was theirs—to till  
The harvest, and be reapers of the grain—  
Ye shall have all made plain!  
Till ye their ground of Mind!  
Heredity, not fast  
From sire to son, but long and vast,  
Blinded by Life, but seems to make ye blind.  
No change from the primordial doth appear,  
Within the earth's rotation of the year,  
Nor are ye heirless of her sane decree,  
The problem is potentiality  
Of Spring and Autumn, burdensome with Fate,  
Upon the seeds of labour ye must wait,  
Sowing the Consequence by which ye came,  
Flinting the fire not to fire but flame,  
With all the end of Destiny the same!  
Mark ye, one drop most silently doth fall,  
And drop on drop  
Till all the drops in all  
In one supernal globe of moisture stop!

## An Earth Poem

Knead ye, the rich man's bread, O Socialist.  
The kernel has its single weight of grist  
And as ye knead it by your urge, not haste,  
No single particle of yours shall waste  
Its bounty from its goal, your palate's taste  
And yet  
Not yet!  
Can we forget,  
Not yet the question of the starving mouths unsatisfied  
Has been replied—  
Though arguments may twist  
Around themselves, until theirself is mist.  
Forgive, recede then, battle for your gain,  
As your own children's children shall for pain,  
For purple robes urged by heredity,  
Faster than on the first man, fall on ye,  
Tutored, endorsed, encouraged to be fane.  
Until at last all children's children's brain  
Shall cry on oceans, of the mute soul's sea!  
Return,  
The earth is never still the same,  
The fire that burned, growing at last to flame,  
Shall pass into a heat that has no name,  
The seas that seem a large stability  
Come weeping on fresh shores  
That burn,  
Nations decree  
The rampant land that held the torch at doors  
Of towered cities cease,  
And with fresh pall  
Stretch on through witnessed laws  
Of Genesis and Stars,



—To where these floors—  
Earth's loins, the long beginning, grass and tree—  
Kingdoms are waged for mutability,  
Shall migrate kingdoms to fresh unity.  
And as the seas run higher up to peace  
Scaling the Heavens which each eve they won  
Earth shall at last be gathered to the Sun!  
The future is a dream, while yet we cause  
Ourselves to bend a while this side  
The bars,  
Save as the past has taught us to make free  
Struggle and urge, plaintive heredity,  
And day falls on our day of bitterment:  
Strive for the bread, without it no content  
Has ever been, nor has yet ceased to be.

O piteous later sons,  
Although we stand  
Waiting with subtle speech at our command  
To mark the visionary path of good,  
Still have we not withstood  
The hardships and the bitterments ye bear?  
Nor felt the lash of that same brotherhood  
Which lingers in your damage and your care.  
We hunger not, nor know your need for food,  
Or knowing it have put it idly by.  
Then try,  
Try harder still to climb and drink our blood—  
I mourn with ye! I mourn  
Such vain-set gain as unto ye is born!  
With tears I cry the lamentation loud,

And utter the portentous prophecy,  
The poor that go unslacked become a crowd  
That shall arise in armies, like the sea  
That can reurge all power, in justice nude  
Of all sleek garments save her servitude!  
I call with every man of hungry mouth,  
I weep for working women's need of sleep,  
And children who in tenements grow weak  
With famished bodies, the same time they grow  
To manhood's unretrieved impartial woe.  
My heart would burst  
For those who least may thirst,  
Or those who were by pitiless labour stung,  
Would run to bear them fruitage of the south!—  
Would climb the mountains, since upon the peak  
The snows in pity for man's colder mood  
Should grow one withered single bulb of food,  
And seeking for such aid would inward seek  
Lest in my brain should lurk a comfort hung  
Beneath my knowledge—deeper than self is deep!—  
As if within a tangled wood I foraged,  
As if thereby be stored  
A mercy carven on a trunkless tree!—  
Would bring them betterment, than to be free  
Of merely starving aid perpetual,  
—Catching a sign which from the made mind fell  
Before myself upon such self could brood—  
Such good, as their inheritors must see  
When with more force and lesser enmity,  
All will for one last mutual decree.

There is an urge that sings with voiceless song

Through the long centuries, mute, frail, still strong,  
Where Vishnu wrote where Homer hung his lyre,  
Where Dante's hells are hung with halls of fire,  
Where sons of men leave echoes of their plight—  
A record which the gods themselves requite  
With immortality—and these starved eyes  
Long to behold, with hunger brought to sight,  
For senseful feel of Earth more deep than sleep  
Here is enscrolled  
In sign and symbol souls of great men cowed,  
In priesthood of grave letters,  
Teaching the ready mind, to reconceive  
Its own frail child of thoughtage.  
Here allow, O leave  
Opened the pages for the ones who grieve!  
There are no lessers, and there are no betters,  
But he who has a wit on each wrought page  
May spell the vacant words to sweet or ire  
Unto himself, the message strain and keep  
Proportioned only, as he may be wise.

A pool is in a desert;—  
Now but throw  
A stone within, and mark the eddies flow!  
A child his right of childhood doth assert—  
Untutored he, each year of weal and care  
Becomes a little more the harbinger.  
O though it be unwise to lift the plough  
From out the labourer's hand, this much allow  
That he may be the second child who now  
Takes on his lips the waters as a vow!  
The desert is not set apart from Life

Where manual labour chains her kith and kin,  
 Growth which conquered flesh to make it rife  
 For so much labour, starts to grow within—  
 And the sweet pool wherein the waters rise  
 Is Knowledge. Let him drink, no sacrifice  
 Of clay can keep the Heaven from his eyes!

What will come forth? A little will he gain,  
 Then tumult, as the great reprieve of pain  
 Then insurrection, but upon his sight  
 Must fall the great predestined weight of light.  
 At last the vanguard of the longest train  
 Shall near the destined port, the wisdomed brain  
 Ride through the mountains and the marsh amain!  
 The biceps of the arm followed the thought  
 Which had designed which way it should be caught,  
 Whether by swinging of scythe, weight of spade,  
 Or drive of oxen through the burnished glade—  
 Let it encompass labour or be naught!  
 One frightful cry  
 Men's hearts send up to lie  
 Upon the bosom of the naked sky,  
 Let us be taught!—O let our souls be taught!—  
 Nay, feed the starving, let the books decrease,  
 Or feed them as ye feed yourselves at least,  
 Till over all as if above the feast  
 The Dove shall harbour with her Wings of Peace.  
 But O, not so,  
 As waves on the pool flow,  
 Comingle all, but all on further go.  
 I look into the pool, and now I see  
 Virtue has hand of reason to decree

The larger Purpose, the fulfilling Goal—  
Crown every brow with wreath of Charity  
Until all intercircle to the whole.

I have a thirst with every parching lip,  
I have a hunger with each yearning mouth,  
I choke my dust, and with some water sip  
The earth's intentioned sands which bring me drouth,  
I sleep in carnal beds of earth be-dire,  
I lay my face as others to the air,  
I will, since will can greater right prepare,  
But use,  
And not abuse,  
And still aspire,  
Upon Earth's comforts, over her despair.

The sod in summer fields is rich and red  
Ready so succour berries and full grain,  
The Earth shall laugh her mother throes of pain  
Away and fill her lap with spoils for men,  
Most utter and unconquerably then  
Wisdom yourselves and seek to look ahead!

Bread, bread! We cry for every hungry mouth,  
Yet know not how much cometh from the wheat,  
Nor know not through the winters of the crop,  
Nor how the green heads foster at the top,  
Nor gauge not through the spring its harvestment,  
Nor have in ourselves power to tell how long  
Must be the hunger nor the quenching it.  
Death blooms, like a pale bud within the south  
Opening where passeth the dawn's vagrant feet

## An Earth Poem

Unseen by men, and lives like parasites  
 Around the branched tree of heaven grope,  
 Tangled in length by the great length of it  
 Somewhat for hope,  
 As strings follow their measured instrument—  
 And deaths are interwoven unto bread.  
 O tell, low song,  
 The arid deaths of sods upon the fields,  
 The deaths that happen even in a night,  
 Day deaths of suns, and season deaths of rain,  
 Changure of weather, deaths of heaven's will  
 For ill and good that pulsate through the seed,  
 Strange deaths of passage through it to the root,  
 Stem deaths by crushure, choking deaths by weed,  
 Growth deaths by chance, and chance deaths yet again  
 By garnished wealth of being which each grain  
 Unto the master touch of nurture yields,  
 Nutriment deaths which make its passage still  
 To purpose, and above them all the need  
 Of strength in hand, in heart, in limb, in foot  
 Of its consumer or consumers, hence  
 O Life, thy dream is but an aftermath,  
 An ornament to bread's dear eloquence—  
 Rather than breath, the sound which comes from breaths—  
 Life's consequence and not the life that hath  
 Its intertangled being in these deaths,  
 Man deaths through bread deaths  
 And so good or ill.—

Then what is it we crave  
 Of this dear Earth save quantity of its own working stuff?  
 Sleep, bread enough?

What altars yet can raise imagined thought  
Of altars, till we banish for a space  
Dread of starvation, starvant suicide;  
Until on bread and strength we breed a race  
Standing fed and awakened o'er the grave  
Of premature conquerage,  
Until no longer falters  
Blood in its charnel chalice of wreckage,  
Compelling all surrendering heavens wide  
To bring forth future births from life self wrought  
Upon the tide  
That alters?

Sleep deaths sometimes are closure deaths, where twine  
The convex vortices their perfect wholes--  
Such sleeps are body sleeps, wherein the souls  
Forever mutable triumphant climb,  
And something of their inner selves divine—  
Such hourly deaths of sleep, as through deep time  
The widow for the orphan strives to keep,  
Sleep deaths, O husband lying neath the deep  
What alien surf upon thy dead bones sweep?  
Deaths through sweet sleeps of labouring alloys,  
Sleep deaths of joys,  
Mere nightly sleep deaths, visitants of calms  
That lie upon sweet girls and fainting boys  
And then awake them for the morning alms,  
Labourers' sleep deaths whereon the heavy balms  
Of strong oblivion crown the brow of toil,  
Passion sleep deaths of man and woman's moil,  
Sleep deaths of age, matures who seek the skies  
To grow of the new home a little wise,

## An Earth Poem

Sleep deaths of soldiers ere their last death field,  
All these to mortals yield  
A competency in the self's recoil  
To Life, ere it shall seek that alien death  
Which cometh once upon the lips of breath,  
The dear accustomed hands, the feet which cease  
And are laid lowly in their shroud of peace.

What factor in the world doth steal ahead?  
What has reaction unto labour wed?  
What is this bee  
That now forever hums  
Its gold feet set in Heaven's cups of chance,  
Its wings adrift in unseen air, like drums  
Beating some unheard rhythms small and free?  
The Earth with mount and vale becomes its hive,  
The wayward tenure of all circumstance  
Leans to it fervently,  
And now it stings with sweet what is alive,—  
Draws all the pistilled juice the world has bred—  
Upon its back the pollen of the skies—  
Swarms upon swarms arise—  
The world succumbs—  
The buzzing sound grows louder, fills the sea—  
The interchange of goods converge—coerce,  
Half boon, half curse,  
Half symbol, and half sign,—  
Commerce!  
Stretching its laboured wings to the Divine  
Winds its contagion round the Universe!

And shall I ask my song



How long? how long  
Ago, was built a tomb whereon was laid  
To sleep deep, unafraid  
Frail labour's corpse as man's necessity?  
Or, shall I say  
How near the pith and kernel of the core  
Where first the apple in young Eden lay  
Hath cast its royal flesh and juice to stay  
Man's hunger?  
Which soft meadow green  
Was slumber's screen?  
Nay, nay,  
Since younger  
Then his first birth  
The tired Earth  
Plotted the scheme creative—  
Plotted in love for her own child's dismay  
The golden bee,  
The bees that seeking her she bore  
That he might have a thing wherewith to play,  
Wherewith to torture those who for it live  
Should he grow weary on her holiday.  
The void should lend him vision of its sight  
The output of the fruit, when it shall gain  
The evolution upward, should not seem  
To him an emptied dream,  
But bring him promise in its dying year,  
A link where he might chain  
A wonder and a fear,  
A promise, an expectancy, a gain—  
And thus for him even the cloud swept rain  
Took on a vest of moisture like his tear

That after artifice had ceased, e'en when  
 He should outgrow himself his chrysalis  
 The knowledge of mute things to comprehend  
 Then—then,  
 Should mark the link, so unutterably unseen—  
 The ways his patient brothers take to wend  
 Their purpose to a large serenity,  
 Non-fugitive  
 But all for even higher life than this,  
 Before the long dim closure of her night.

Bend O mute systems  
 Now your charts and plan,  
 Now bend them upon man!  
 For lo,  
 Even as returned tides in waters flow  
 He would himself outgrow!  
 O laboured bees  
 Sing ye of Death's almighty mysteries?  
 Or but the harmless marriages of these—  
 The cause of intercoursial innocence?  
 No more! No less!—  
 The hummings of the bees hang in the bell  
 As echoes of Thought's lost least syllable  
 But the same time there stems  
 Innoculate of iron irritance  
 More labour sweating, then command of sense.

The while Invention, as the dissonant bell  
 We ring to skies with plottings of our own,  
 Such combinations as bring tune from tone,  
 Striking it with a gong by which lives tell

How they grew capable,  
For matters when they meet  
Will lend to man a stranger child, grown sweet  
With elements of one another's spell—  
Wood of trunk of tree,  
Pearls that in oceans dwell,  
Gold from deep mines, and uncarved ivory  
From tusks of elephants that desert suns  
Have bleached to white, and wreaths of coral runs  
Beneath the tide of waters lazuli,  
Iron and ore, bamboo and grain split straw,  
Liquids and spices, oils and cinnamon,  
All simple solids that once being won  
Became by man's endeavour protean  
And spilt these laws,  
Wool from the sheep, and cotton from the root  
All chemicals that tide,  
All hinds that ride  
On creatures that above the moist sods ride,  
These, and far others by his hands are tried,  
Leashed and regoverned by his aptitude,  
Give up their solitude,  
Bend to that inward bell,  
Which cruelly doth all progression tell,  
We form, we make, we use, we buy, we sell!—  
And in the change shall view all changes swept  
Before his path,  
All secrets, mutabilities, once kept  
Within the heart of Nature's Motherhood,  
All strivings of her brood,  
The lands beneath the sea  
Whose trumpets called the sods which upward crept,

The pulses of grass seeds whereon were wept  
Ages from Heaven's perpetuity,  
The Naiad spirits of the self-dwarfed tree,  
And then the Insurrection, when he can  
As animals who raise the forward hoof,  
Raise slowly one by one his still set feet!  
And for his soul have crimson Heaven's roof  
And for his Mind  
The closures of the wind—  
And beatings sweet,  
Conning himself in spiritual guise entire  
A shape transmuted through long trial  
By use, than by denial—!  
Here is the angel born!—here in this shell  
Of crystallising Sense!  
All goods once graced  
Here have the ages placed  
Each century the sky of ocean higher,  
And the full star of Inspiration more  
Shines on human shore,  
In consequence!  
Capacities like lower stars have set,  
And rising from their fret  
Hangs the pale orb of the ineffable!  
Our countenance by what we feel now traced  
Is as the silent sign of Imminence!—  
So into larger secrets we inquire.

Now I forget, again an arid strip of land  
I see, run  
As if a mountain  
That totters like a turtle

Then is free  
To breast its bulk upon the round rimmed Ocean,  
To speed itself to its primordial glee,  
Bathed on by Air and Sun,  
Bearing its exaltations, tree and fountain,  
Creviceing its scanty growth by diurnal motion,  
Ruling with voice of wind its spring and raw fed myrtle,  
Then comes the crusher under which 't will hurtle,  
Flatten its bulk and lie like one red stain  
Upon the sphered main.  
Let all men dream and sleep who will not gaze  
Upon predestined battles—war is here!  
This but the head to bear his coronet  
On the Earth set,  
This red cloaked thing that bleeds  
And is a sore,  
Once more  
Upon the kindred level deep of Life!  
Here insects have forgot to sting the year,  
And seeds  
Not now the green effulgences of blooms,  
Only the bones glint like a bayonet  
And motley shades like covering sword and knife  
In crimsoned hands which vapourise the sand  
With pith of bodies breaking flesh,  
And where there leans the ancient white mouth of the air  
Nothing seems longer fair.  
The moist and sodden ground  
In sunken round  
In juice of slain body upward rolls,  
And weighty wind about the bleared sky tolls  
Heavy albeit more, with mountain mesh

Of tombless souls and soulless, pentless, tombs!  
What drifts through yonder haze  
Upon the gaze?  
Not past nor future, since Time cannot be,  
Lest Earth shall have her mighty hold on him  
And rattle with her kind  
Till he in gasping breaths shall spat her face  
With spit of self-contagions, such as trace  
The walls of Atoms on Futurity;  
But from the climbing vortex of the dim  
Slaughter on slaughter rising in a host  
Opens a vista to the realms of fear,  
And with bowed head a continent doth rear  
From the mad seas, to which the rampant ghost  
Spreads wide contagion calling forth,  
Both South and North  
To find  
And stamp their tide swept shores in disarray,  
Till all the world burnt by sun of day  
Becomes skin spotted with the signs of war!  
This is no trance,  
No sudden variation lost in chance,  
But from the broad Sahara and Bombay  
It runs to Greenland—all the world to char  
Till most like disembodied thought it came  
This thought, which was the knowledge of the world,  
Firing my blood, the fire after flame  
Which the great flints of heaven and hell had made and held  
Or the great spark of Earth which one day rose  
Between the Sun and Moon—  
I knew not why like wine that steals unrealised through the  
grape

Fermented not, with unimagined joy  
Of unenshrining boon  
The knowledge stirred my being, let escape  
Such trembling shivers of the one great cry—  
I knew, I knew that it was well, perforce!—  
That no force like the Earth's could have alloy,  
But like some dreamer by a sea or stream  
We, being but the waves upon their course  
Run, heeding not the dream within our dream  
Until the latest wisdoms pass us by!

Pity go to the ocean, drink thy tears  
And then come back, and gently to me speak,  
Uplifting lovely face of struggling years  
Where all the calm lines hush about the cheek—  
Fold the loose skin with meaning—  
Then, to thee  
Will I make answer quiet, free,  
As would a corpse at noisy burial—  
Assure thee all is well,  
And from the song and flowers rise to be  
As thy communer fraught with charity!  
I know the harvest past,  
The grain lies dead in leisure,  
Husked are the grains beneath the moon's seizure,  
Sighing before the blast  
The poplar leaves lie on the pool at last.  
The merciless that once was young and pure  
Has past the sterile strength,  
The glow, the gleaning,  
Till nothing is which should be glad at length,  
And on thy tongue thy shapeless words become

Now hushed, now fast,  
As if they were thy dried tears, soundless, dumb,  
For potent impulse hath thou yet to tell  
Of rod and spell—!  
How grave gay things grew sad—!  
Heavy with slumber and with sorrow clad  
Joy mourns as grief around her festival—!  
Hush and be still:—  
I know thy will,  
Each beaker and each glass  
Thou wouldst refill,  
But nay, alas  
Do what thou wilt, O spirit, still thou shall  
Vainly re-do and pass!

Thou tired shape, with weary hands  
Thou hast refilled the lands  
With labour and retiredness' mood,  
And with the dews of kindness moist the strands,  
And given to the ocean solitude,  
Hath flushed with ruddy purpose Earth and Nature,  
And brought the fledgling to the empty brood,  
And to the Children of the Sod hath brought  
A giant will that plots its own decay.  
Then what will give thee comfort, and have caught  
The promise thou hast fanned  
With helpless winds  
To keep, nor cast away  
Since by thy tainture,  
And by thy trial,  
Bloom, urgency, and good  
Have been experimented with till stood



Thought upon thought  
Wisdomed by long denial!  
Time and Sun have struck upon thy dial?  
Speak not!—nor say  
Thou what confinds  
Lest in thy speech I only hear  
The repetition of thy still dumb tear,  
And see fruition lying on her bier.  
O now to me  
Be ghost of Air,  
Or prayer  
That listens round my ear  
In dearest gift of mute futility.  
Become the ocean,  
Melt until thy heart  
Yearns with all vapours, yearn until thou art  
Emotion,  
And a feeling,  
Surround, diffuse me, start  
The direful shadows which the fair light stealing  
Comes with, but to depart!—  
O closer still impulsive, integrate,  
Unknown as the skies—  
Until mine eyes  
Become with thy dear glory insensate!  
Dimly reach round the reach  
Till my arms circle thee, like foam, and I beseech  
Thee to immerse, and verge  
Truth, sight, corruption and decay  
And urge,  
Till in the night I pass my spirit to thy verity  
And pass away!

## An Earth Poem

Ye who have anarchy within the breast  
Forget not still the question on the quest,  
To kings of purple and of commerce slay,  
To bury these, is only to array  
The retributive strength which envies them their prey,  
For seeing that ye envy, more than they!  
Who nearer came unto the ghost  
A skeleton of glory, more shall wist  
Themselves into the serpent coil to twist.  
Look ye, at first there is a little clan,  
A man takes precedence above a man,  
And next in kinship follow if they can.  
It is a simple law of Nature's guise  
Yet mark within it, if ye would be wise  
Each drop of rain in falling where it fall  
Is crushed by its successor, one by all.  
A King must have a crown, a crown a train,  
A train and hands to hold its amplitude,  
So the liege lords around a sovereign mood,  
If he doth fall, another takes his rein,  
As are the rain-drops pattered on the main.  
Your place shall come, even to wear the crown,  
What is the good to fling the sceptre down?  
Not what desire yearns to, e'er can bless  
But that procession of detainless gain  
Which shifts the shadow on the face of pain  
Can this confess.

I do not ask the question here how far  
Body and Mind combine to spread contagions  
Of proclamations,  
Which visit the organic plan of nations.

Of anarchy and socialisms,  
Catholicisms,  
Of suffrages long, wrecks and starvations,  
Or whether that inherent, inner star  
Guiding thinkless growths and man to bar  
Beyond achieval, makes this tongued clang  
Of ceaseless wail, this seeming futile fang  
Upon the bonework of our civilisations,  
While civilisation shows in its confusion  
Magnificent the managed intellect,  
Conquering all delusion  
With passion, and power adverse still intersect—  
Stands conquerless before equality,  
Bending to it the knee.  
And while I watch in Nature, the same  
Though silenced forces in might disagree  
Where fledglings die, where scavengers are free,  
Where vamporisms are allowed to be,  
And vernal summers o'er-ride misery,  
Where trees are blighted in the month of June,  
And little red leaves among the larger green do wither,  
And pestilence is drawn willing, whither  
The widest bloom reigns on her sovereign throne  
And seems with beat of Nature to atone,  
The while the heat bedizens  
And wizens  
The golden roundure and surrounding rune.

Yet watching worms and riddles has its cloy,  
Nor incomplete development of joy  
Is such as burdens one fulfilment sweet—  
Let us attain; since this alone is bliss!—

## An Earth Poem

It waiteth upon Nature in evolvment—  
The butterfly crawls from its chrysalis,  
The riddle has its solvment,  
And on a quest there run the going feet—  
Since blood of kings is stained with blood of Life—  
And while the pauper starves, the dotard sings,  
Air laughs aloud,  
Atoms of dust whirl in their merry rings,  
And renewed Cæsar takes up Cæsar's strife,  
An hour sees the buried rich and poor,  
And lineal descent our surety,  
Questioning the change which our own deaths assure  
Who cometh next in reign, we cannot see  
And cloudy birth pours on Life's sea its cloud!

Let us say Evolution tenanted  
What we lamented,  
Yet, ere we have to watch our shadow break  
Let us ease more lives but for broad life's sake,  
And comfort One the poorer, lest there fall  
The chance that one be all!  
It is a paradox that nations vex,  
Or government complex  
From the right angle meets not the convex—  
And governing  
Must be comparison, and not the perfect thing.

For Earth  
Placing her fingers between airy wings  
Thence draws forth deaths,  
The deaths and airy birth  
Through which her songs increased

In former days of Earth,  
The breaths  
Until at last for us she cast away  
This knowledge intimate of these her stings,  
Upon which larger destinies she still for us doth play.

Along the lines of sky I watched again;—there went  
The merging and the dying of the flame.  
The saffron rose of dawn had opened quite,  
The horizontal gleams of red had sought repose,  
Here was the symbol larger than the wings,  
The opening petals of the wild day's rose.  
All gone, as colours faded in a frame,  
And gone the pistils with the stars of night!  
No more the passionate flower had its scent,  
The dews were parted from its blossomings,  
Through all the heart of earth, the dear morn went.  
Bringing the bondage sweet  
Of lip to lip, and breast to breast with need  
Of food, thirst, and love hunger half compressed  
Have bent and kissed the print of kindred feet  
O why, not guessed,  
This truth, Necessity complete and recomplete  
Before in the whole knowledge of the seed,  
And higher in the scale of her degree  
Where the sod breeds her children to walk high  
Upon her burnished bosom without root?  
The great half questionings of Nature's plea—  
To promulgate her comforts, and make free  
Her future hesitancies that burn and wait,  
Preparing sluices for the hand and foot  
And heartbeats that two-fold increase, might stir

Life to her labour moulding eyes that see  
Dimly at first through the womb's parted gate  
The gross glad joy of Earth's incredibility  
In hooded cloak of fin, or plume or fur,  
Or shadows, like my shadow passing by.

The Present's chasm rose mine eyes before  
With all the hurts of Nature which it bore,  
The voids in man, the single species sent  
To unify the covenant intent,  
And to disperse the effluences,  
Dissect the difference by merely sight,  
Touch, sound, and feeling which beneath them lie—  
To taste the Mother Earth and be content—  
By use, their stage of being to decry  
Whether, or low, or high,  
Or beings lesser in their void than man,  
Seed, bulb, ground-tree and the soft rain of sky,  
Insect, breed-bird, and sign of spawn, and span,  
Of quadruped; whose blood  
Or attributes cannot distinguish them then—  
Complexity of structured vertebræ,  
Nor instinct, for he change has spread  
Amongst them. Driving oxen,  
Changing their habitude, environment,  
Extinguishing by slaughter,  
Longevity of life suppressing and increasing their extent  
By which he bends the breeds to what they bred,  
Fostering and expelling for his gain,  
Leading by halters  
Their instincts by his senses—  
Then how can he, man, higher set in gauges

Or estimate his value in degree  
Where stuff is brain beside  
Of men of different ages?—  
Racial inheritancies,  
Amplitude of changes.  
Be judge or righteous tutor unto these?  
Or these divide?  
'T is now with man  
Let us repeat this over—and again  
How can he these divide to coincide?—  
Attainments,  
From remainments,  
Nor judge acquirements,  
Environments,  
Or races, or conditions,  
Of the same race' omissions,  
Conciliatory bars,  
That fret the natal stars—  
Heredity, habit, age or sex  
To parent their fruition? intersex  
These long within the flood  
Less tangibly right?  
He has not wisdomed to equality  
Nor ranged in ratios progressing light,  
But left first trenchment to the mysteries!

The blind, the poor, unjustify dominion,  
Conditioned man who waits before opinion,  
Refined in intellect, in low estate—  
Coarse, bestial, less in the dominate—  
Born, bred, raised and separate  
For some unwotted fate!

The chasms of the Present's ever twist  
These things to wist—  
The states of man in his own one estate  
Intangible, migrate.  
But as equality is not, the chasms  
For ever wait on future protoplasms.  
And if ye have enough of sleep and bread  
It is enough for body's need to wed,—  
And if ye have not?—ah! the sting is then,  
That man still stands misunderstood by men!  
Rise up again and strive, forget not how  
Slowly yet surely breaks the ever "Now!"  
Let poor and rich together seek to see  
A partial justice on a bended knee!

Then wind around us pulses of sheer pain,  
O wind around us never ending joys,  
Of vellumed raptures bound into the clay,  
As seeds are in the sod  
Yet while our ecstasies are us,  
And thus, O thus,  
We have the strength, the fortitude for day,  
Children of Sod!  
Moving the seeds with impulse of the plain,  
Upgathering shadowy stems unto their god,  
Descending blooms upon ourselves in vain  
For that great self which, as the sky is bent  
Shall never leave us, leave our instrument  
Ecstasy, ecstasy created not in vain!  
All this have we now won within our clod  
The strings, the winds make for us are but those



No stronger than the petals of a rose,  
No more enduring,  
No small alloys  
Within the human heart,  
Pain, joy and raptures pass—  
And pass as in the mirror of a stream  
The individual who goes apart  
Yearns for what the body the most craves, alas,  
Where ecstasy which was a god made dream  
Still must live onward to the close!  
O vital winds, secreting and repuring  
The music which we make  
For God's sweet sake  
If thou must make for us our strings from gleam  
That know both joy and pain and something more  
That falls like the dim mutter of the rain,  
The years,  
And if the sun sinks gold  
Attain, attain;  
As love has willed it, our life music manifold!

Bid us achievements bravely bid farewell,  
Fervour our failure with the star of hope,  
Let us see light in darkness, yet, until  
We see in blindness, hear in silence, grope  
No more our way about the living grave  
To which some future we must yet be born.  
But watch the bosoms of the Earth still thrill,  
About the shore the waters curve and wave,  
The summer's glad replanting of the corn,  
The autumn's rich full yieldment of its grain,  
The morning sky auroral as a shell!

The lily knows not wherefore she is white—  
The silence dreams, yet cries not,—'t is not speech,—  
Nor takes the rain impellent will to fall—  
The waves have circled the resounding beach  
One passionless in impulse, and the night  
Moves like the ghost of fire without intent.  
The strings of wind are strung on lutes of air  
Before the sound is woken! The hills' height  
With purple vapour wearing like a robe  
Has but been called by sea bathed dawn to prayer  
And has not time to draw her hooded tent  
About her shoulders; the dew bird sings o'er all  
Articulate in some unreal abode  
Of music; and the trees breathless and tall  
Gaze for their meaning up unto the sky;  
Shall Man alone take care to hunger care  
Or wish the load upon his shoulders bent  
Or be creator of his instrument  
Which tells of blight and grief, it shall but share?  
Or haply with unconscious kinsmen die?

For long, has Earth with soft magnetics wild  
Re-equalised her swinging bulk in space,  
And kept her ghostly distance in sky place.  
Man his diverted air turned face allowed  
To keep distinguished from the mammals' mien,  
Gazing with yearning at the purple cloud  
With covenant of kinship set between,  
Conscious her touch shall o'er her fruitage glean.  
O wise, discernful Mother, thy success  
Has only proved the body's covetousness,  
Or soul accepted wilderness

Of flesh anointed and appointed screen!  
Yet as the eagle dips once more to soar,  
And as the foams mark o'er the ocean's pour,  
Thou hast no count of thy returning child,  
Refreshed by Heaven's dimness, in his death  
He doth yield up a sacramental breath,  
But with his individuality  
Passing in wings of flight, and drops of sea  
Has not a symbol on thy charactery.  
Thou art robed in a strangeness semblance fraught,  
And thy material garment is but Thought,  
His lives are thine, whether he be  
Recarnate man or fresh man-mockery  
Of the high Fates, not permitted me  
To spell with record's mutability!

Now what? The many influences made  
A silence, and the many lights a shade,  
In all the springs and groves that bud and burst  
There must be concord—ecstacies that thirst,  
Beauties that waver trembling to exceed,  
Perishing delights and song,  
Gold crimson sounds, and airs, and fading lights,  
Snow fails when Spring exalted calls her need—  
And as if making of one time a space  
Longer than years, or as one breath is long  
The colours melted to their deaths in whites,  
The flown birds called fluttering to their nest,  
The dews of dawn were seeking the Sod's face,  
For all and one there were but longing rest  
With one more cry the Noon threw herself on Earth's breast.

## An Earth Poem

I listened. Had morn ceased? Had it found death?  
Through wings upheld, voices of small mutterings still came;  
Insect flaps of hidden unseen flame,  
And tanglings sweet of wings that sought the day,  
Through thrills of colour, rounded orbs, and breath,  
Where Life in one triumphal song yet sings his still remembered  
    sway.

The Noon forgets,  
The Sun is lighted as a million stars  
Across the front of valley, hill, and dale,  
Mirrored windows, mirroring amulets,  
The Earth wears to receive her now, and bars  
From Heaven to Earth once more are cast away.  
There is no need for pity wan and pale  
To walk abroad in splendour of Life's day.  
Peace blows as waters over sunken sands,  
And things beneath are seen as through their deeps,  
Conceiveless powers have striven to obey,  
And Earth her unified dominion keeps.  
Her manifold later child should understand  
And make this one long hour of home, complete,  
I hear sounds of his many going feet.  
And bless him making echoes through the land,  
And bless him for his huts, of rest and sleeps,  
And thank him for the smile he wears in play,  
He shall be kind, and as a nursling may:

To one, who has the wisdom of the heart  
Life seems a parasite that all doth start  
About a grave trunk tree.  
And though so close it twines there to it shall be

As if it were still loath  
To leave the giant state it wreathed upon  
And with the branches comes and weaves anon  
A green pulsation still. And if he sit  
Longer in quiet of a dream, unfit  
To share with growth  
Or design of gain,  
As Spirits might whose melancholy pain  
Is joyful in the spirit, he shall see  
The twining of the leaves that disagree.  
As if a fancy ran upon a thought,  
The vine runs in the leaves where it is caught:  
Again, if he be on a sunlit isle  
Where southern oceans wind with nettled smile  
And mark the mainland stretch into its lair  
Of hiding dimness, as the very air  
May cover it, he shall perceive the sight  
The land itself is the sky's parasite.  
The land itself is full of what he knows,  
Let him retwine his brow with ivied woes:  
And through the gossamer resemblance fade  
Into the real conception of the shade,  
For noon is coming with a new fresh tale  
Or hidden secret which may perhaps prevail  
Beyond the hunger of the clay, where heart  
Shall be for all, ere doth the day depart.

## II

# Children of Air

(NOON)

The broad noon comes and glories on the world,  
The huts are built, the palaces and graves,  
And some are hungry and some more are fed,  
And Life has settled Life's recurrent cost  
With forces tangible and failures sad.  
And yet as if a child a ball upheld  
Showing some father at the sight full glad  
How little people judge the thing they hold  
And crave the same gift that the father craves—  
And will not pluck the bloom till it be red—  
And will not drink the wine till it be gold—  
And will not taste the fruit till goods be lost—  
The promise of their souls till it be dead!

The Heart is only hunger undefined  
By which the cursory blood and coursing soul  
Make manifest their purpose through the whole.  
There is a need for hunger, that through it  
We find fulfilment!  
Let the heart be sent  
Commissioner for all by which we grow—  
A word may still it, a faint look may please,  
A root supply it, or a sigh condemn,  
A breath which even is but questioning

Or Life's unconscious pulses, pain retrieve.  
Although some hunger may be aim unsought,  
And other through heart-knowledge become thought,  
It doth obey the laws which guide it when  
It is recognisant in brain of men.  
Reason and hope fulfil its destiny,  
Than let all conceive with Clay and Mind  
What they shall work and long for, that most fit  
Upon an ideal or an idol bent,  
And what they would have their will recommend  
Their forces to. If Love, then let them show  
Their spirit's unfurled banner with great ease!  
If it be song, forever let them sing  
That others may in truth their ways perceive!

Suddenly from out the noon there came a wind,  
Like a voice kind,  
It murmured, coming from the dawn and night,  
Shrouding its all too perfect voice in spell  
Of magic syllable  
Only to its own ear, discernible—  
Yet if ye listened, if ye be full still  
What shall ye find?—  
The voices of the sea that have no will,  
The clouds that speak in colour, and are blind,  
A single word,  
But one, O give me wind!  
O give it, as the morning of a bird,  
Or as the grass is stirred  
By some faint foot that ever leaves behind  
The foot of man, and goes to meet the shade  
And finds upon each glade

## An Earth Poem

Where'er soever he may choose to glide  
Over the hills, and vale, until it slide  
From out the vale into the shadow's wood,  
Where it must wait itself in dark's deep solitude.  
Hush! I am one alone, Child of the Sod,  
All dreams were mine, O winds, that brought the day,  
As ye do stay  
I saw the seed leap upward, glad and free,  
And man's supernal body glorified,  
And wills defied,  
Hast thou no answer—for the will in me  
Which I had lost with my eternity?

Only an hour to thrill and to be mad!  
Be mad and free!  
With feet that will move towards some love like mine,  
Walking faint ether with my own soul's sound,  
Then from our shrouds of ground—  
Perhaps to be burnt with some torch  
Of a woman's streaming hair,  
And my own fingers in hot noon's run scorch  
Turning from nothing unto all, at last  
Thus, thus to pour, the fast  
Sluices of being, into the divine  
Strong, strong and glad—  
Like solids, crystals, Air!

O poem of the Air, how slight my hand—my hands!  
Always each way I reach for thee I find thee fair,  
—A loveliness surpassing tongue of speech—



While the great material there stands  
Many outworn harms that need their plaint,  
And in the future hopes that are so faint  
They frame the guesswork of the heavens to send  
Thought into, like the ocean.  
But thou blendest  
Thyself with vapours, passion, thought, and motion.  
Thou art the present, around thee there doth reach  
The very arms of man, thou art his end—  
His being first into thyself thou wendest  
In thee, not for thee does he make his prayer!

Would for a thought that had an answering heart,  
A gold bee's pistil lying in a rose,  
Then might I have thee, Love, whom no heart knows  
Simple to start—  
Would I might find a loose thorn on my way  
Which some sweetbriar hedge of Spring let fall,  
Then would I place it in my wounds all day  
And as I go bless all!  
Would I might find a tavern in the Sun  
And there some little time with Buddha stay  
Then might I light a single lamp for One  
Ere I shall pass away,  
Would I might travel with the mid noon's heat  
And rest my clay at evening with the cool,  
Then as a traveller turning bless my Sweet  
Who sees skies in a pool,  
Or if my sad returning should be long  
Leave her some recompense, all hers alone  
The echo of a faint forgotten song  
Which was mine own.

Of others yet I sing, not love of mine,  
But song in fainting replica I twine  
O Life gallant to passions, aid my string  
Beneath the moon 't is said that children sing,  
And maidens with most gentle winsome care  
Mark to behold if Love is printed there,  
In casement that o'er rose fraught windows swing,  
Some lovers fondle now fair women's hair,  
Lend me thine aid abortive, I must climb  
The o'erhung nook of this celestial clime;  
Prisoned in what my spirit which despair  
Holds oft a rose leaf on a bud of crime;  
Away, foul thoughts, my mind must all be free  
To sing of such delusive witchery.  
For sing I must, as doth the morning thrush,  
For mark, here goes a man upon his knee,  
And some love mind of woman whispers hush!  
I do not think it well the moon to see.  
O Custom, tie no loose or little string  
Upon my lute lest I shall fail to sing.  
Give me the Heart and with its silver lake  
I shall be free, as clustered grass in brake,  
To stir a port of warble through a ring  
Which fancies make and her imagining.  
Delirious the Sun goes to the west,  
Then shall I sing of one I love the best,  
Of her, of him, or neither, let them rest!

O Love, fulfil the Earth thy dwelling place,  
Make Heaven shine for each in some dear face,  
Permit slight eyes to moisten with glad tears,  
Glad when remembrance darkens or appears.

As if upon the quest of kindred souls  
Love was itself a long remembering,  
As if from some lost Aura of the goals  
In past lived lives, such will as his, could bring  
Stranger to stranger in a newer home—  
Ease thou with yearning thine own questioning,  
Let every human face a face enshrine  
Asking not further whether those divine  
With thine own image were a perfect thing,  
Thro' sweet encumbered climbings of the air,  
And as we roam  
Bless thou the brow as if a spirit there  
Waited in patient resonance to share  
Another's weal, or care,  
Another's pain, almost another's prayer!  
O from the child the mother give and take—  
Unto the man let hearth be deified,  
All brotherhood, which is for brothers' sake—  
All Motherhood enable and design—  
Teach tender pity to the sightless bride,  
Interweave passions' blood with sympathy,  
As if an innocent grape had broken wine,  
Exult intoxication which is thine  
But be thou ever near with charity—  
Aid all the lonely ones to come to thee—  
O with thy spirit stuff imbue each mood—  
And drop thy pale lips on humanity.  
Let age love age, and age love babyhood,  
Nestling to thee make all the world a child,  
And soothe it with thy runes which have beguiled  
All who have known Life to come to thee—  
Unto thee bent:

## An Earth Poem

Thou art in thy wide presence' sacrament  
A wind about the forms thou seekst to bless.  
Thy breath make tender frail with laden hours,  
And those who once have known thy strange powers  
Shall come to thee, and wait on thy caress.

All of thy losses in this fragile eld  
Thou hast with kindlier succour still upheld—  
Others and others wait thee while we weep  
The Heart to home—  
To lead with outstretched hands the way to sleep—  
And while thou art co-mingled thou art ever  
The only force, which meeting cannot sever,  
Thy peace is as the Ocean's, do not roam.

Behind soft tears  
The years,  
Will drop for all  
As on a garden of unsodded biers.  
The rose will let her tender petals fall,  
And deck with beauty her obliterated pall.  
The moon makes cycles for her occident  
Be it or late or early Love shall go,  
Be it or late or early that he went,  
On Master purpose to his orient  
With spices, as those by white oxen sent  
For festival or marriage celebrant,  
To bring home his eternal frequent show.  
No man but feels beyond his power to know—  
And hears, as if the source of some bright stream  
There start the first current towards the endless dream!  
O, for the fingers that Love lover's hair

There is no thought unutterably fair  
Only the feel, the perfume, the despair!  
And lo! the hand withdrawn a moment hence  
Has secret pulses of omnipotence.  
Some cast their love away in early guise,  
Some wait for after years to be more wise—  
But whether late or early Sacrifice  
Sits mistress of the bounty, broods with eyes  
Half closed, half open, o'er the heart's surmise.  
Children of Air, upon the wayward string  
Of this souls' cordial ye must bend and sing  
Sing over Love, as the first impulse, till  
Our soul shall grow at length to use its will.  
—Emotion of a life lead on a smile,—  
Until we turn our pleading hands to where  
No longer we shall clasp the tangled Air  
But the Sun's Isle.

One fierce joy is which most the pagans knew  
And is re-echoed still, as from their seat  
They lean and listen to the morning feet,  
And tongues that babble with the weight of rue,  
The while the oracle lets it come true  
That all the world is as a tender meet  
With births and marriages, privacies, where sweet  
As in the reign of Earth; first children grew.  
Desire is a sterile feed indeed  
Nor moistens any lips with happiness,  
On Earth which custom's weight drags from above—  
Yet here lies all the world's Titanic need  
The good, which this desire brings to bless,  
The great hope of the world, whose name is Love.

## An Earth Poem

O dear Reprieval,  
O beautiful Receival,  
More exquisite than joy; Response to bloom,  
O hushes  
And faint thrushes,  
Sing to the heart, open its petals and make room.  
O stains on some soft berries,  
And frets and petal hurries,  
To close the time the morning glory ceases labours—  
O stains and stains on bushes,  
That make the crimson flushes,  
O ground and Sun and Sod and fair Air neighbours!

Kneeling, what soul has prayed for Love in vain  
Save as that soul be in itself Love's grail  
All women's wombs that hold the blood of self  
Like a great lily its elixir gold  
Are too complete for prayer's disjointed pelf,  
Rung from lost yearnings small and manifold,  
Yet who else trembles at the brink of pain  
What womb-created man shall fail in prayer?  
Children, O children of the bounteous air,  
Your wills shall hold you till you may not fail  
Your passions keep you wayward from the tomb—  
Desires chain you in your mother's arms  
Yearning for her calm milk, as for the blood  
Within your veins which later brings you Life.  
And so, and so pray on to Love and Doom.  
The Sod is lover to the seed that springs,  
Dim drops of water to unquenched flood,  
Births to eternal motions which are rife

To spill themselves to others, or to plead  
The yearning of the aged tree to the sky—  
Murmurs to trumpets in their loud alarms—  
Birds that find their impulse in their wings—  
Fall winds that like to bugles heave and sigh—  
Summers that dawn from April's rosy bloom—  
Be these, O like; if ye wouldst live to tell  
How day goes mourning with her Sun to sleep  
To keep,  
With feet that bleed  
The unseen juices of the asphodel.

But peace, the vision grows—  
Or perhaps my eyes  
Grow stronger by their growing will to see.  
She moves again, her faintest touch still seems  
As unexertive as some passion sent  
Into a heart's lost citadel, or bent  
The un compelling grasses near the lea,  
Aureoreal dew that open the wild rose  
Cluster about her garment, rending it and throws  
Thereon the shreds through which her white skin gleams  
In veiful dyes.

Faint lady frail  
Art thou the child?  
Thou seemst like some imprisoned essence wild  
Caught betwixt cloud and vale,  
The crown for mountains and not men to wear  
Miraged in woman, as a moon in pool  
Where waters touch her and she is not there!  
Such beauty is too pale,

## An Earth Poem

Too slender, and too small for Life to bear—  
Great massive Life that needs an atom's size  
To recognise,  
Even that cosmic Life itself is fair.  
Thou art where streams from sun and stars must cool  
Rushing among the tangles of the trees,  
Or where the midnight oceans find their mould,  
Yet thou must take a tangible shape, since we shall see  
Then creatures of an hour thy perfect gold.  
Nay, be not proud, descend thou so and hold  
My brutal question sacred unto me,  
Is there at least within thine eyes' deep sea  
The impulse of a woman? for I claim  
No right, no grosser right of flesh to name  
My yearning. I would spiritualise my soul,  
I, the lost man, scarcely awake from dark  
I would but touch, but listen, but behold,  
Give credence to the sound I may not hark,  
Take purpose in the way that has no goal,  
Only to be with thee as air, in light,  
To be with thee and call thee as mine own.  
King of the beasts, I cast away my throne  
Disdain for thee, man's flesh which makes him strong  
Move onward from my link of harmony,  
Outgrow my blood, which sings its riot song,  
Break my tough sinews where lies powered man.  
Forgive me, I am not more slough sunk than  
Any lost climber on a mountain's crest,  
Or some parched diver, in the seas' lost snarl  
Quickening all the pulses in my breast  
Although I cannot penetrate the height,  
Waiting upon the Earth with blight and gnarl.



I do accept thee  
Let thyself sing on  
The rest that comes after these words complete—  
To frame them all the worlds have followed dawn,  
And ages felt the pressure of night's feet.  
I do accept thee strangely, O my sweet  
Out of myself to thee to be withdrawn.

Children of Air, behold, with motion set,  
Ye slowly and imperfectly rise,  
Now from the morning Earth the dew, once wet  
Is lying in the Sun's vermilion eyes.  
Ye have been nourished, ye have known sleep,  
And now with higher potencies ye steep  
The burning liquor of your untoward Mind.  
As if ye drank yourselves your own heart's wine  
And filled the chalice fine  
To drink, and drink your very selves again!—  
A lambent spell invisible grows bright  
The clouds in Heaven like the kine  
That wander in the meadows are all white.  
Bulb after bulb ye seek and may not find,  
Because in the pure liquid of the space,  
With eyes upturned ye mark the gossamer Air  
Sheer as the yellow corn of ripened hair  
Whose tassels blow in Autumn's wandering wind—  
Yet lo! behold! a primal instinct vast  
Invisibly shrouded here at last  
As a fair child that Life has taught to spill  
Your being with; exists—  
A blind mad boy  
The child of his own race,

The first child born unto material joy,  
Unto the pleading voice of all he lists,  
With unseen Air that every current drifts  
He joins in festivalling your natal joy,  
His name is Breath:  
The cause,  
Of all your later laws,  
Waiting beside the womb from which ye came,  
He beat with unwatched wings the heart to flame,  
As Icarus the waters while the shame  
Sat on Prometheus' brow.  
He plighted with his Element his vow,  
From which a higher motion brings forth sound  
Unloosened from the ground,  
And knitting senses twain  
Leaves ye to listen now,  
Until ye shall give respite unto death.  
From out the Earth ye taste  
The ritual of food as if the bread  
Of high communion on Air's altar mass—  
The prehistoric dimnesses which pass  
The mammal to the man, lend ye a scent,  
As if with Nature highest beauty blent  
Which the blind flowers give forth from their graves  
There could not be a waste.  
Ye touch her burdened bosom as ye tread  
With foot to thought, upon the high Air-waves  
Which give forth sound to answer to your pleas,  
Higher and higher climbing as to fill,  
The still dim waiting harvest of your days  
With some new form collateral to your will,  
Some praise—

And while the cover of emotions shifts  
The human heart assumes her higher ways,  
Till sound becomes the face of Air,  
And motion is her form—  
Ascend to where  
Within the region of the pulses' storm,  
The Heart, and Mind, shall open wide their door  
And man shall live for Love  
Here is the store  
Of potencies, that cleave ye still above.

Love gives the child  
O Children of the Air, see how he lies  
Upon the breasted Mother! No disguise  
Can be more naked of its mystery.  
From whither was he driven?  
From whence this tiny form, these upturned eyes?  
His breath is mingled even with her sighs,  
And lying calmly on the human sea  
Of first awakenment, he challenges  
The forces to obey him, as if given  
The dim authoritative predestined key—  
And by reverberant transiliencies  
Prepares his way to Life's requirements wild.

My love is not as others, she disdains  
Slight joy and pains,  
And slighter frail fulfilments when they come  
Laden as merchant barges, with their wares  
From some rich port, across the dark seas dumb  
Complaining, but its melancholy shares.  
For trafficking of joys to her brings loss—

Such as to them that sell, and may not buy—  
She would I brought her tears, and perhaps a sigh  
Like the night wind that played about the cross,  
Yet, if I call her sad, and never gay  
Remember I, in grief she too has smiled  
When I was sad, to cheer me on my way,  
And opened for me laughter as a child  
From the great cruse of frequent jollity.  
And lit for me soft blisses in her eyes,  
So something of a joy to me is she—  
Coaxing my rapture with a strange surprise,  
And cozening my sorrow with her own,  
Comforting me with companionship  
She opens her pale lip  
And kisses me, and speaks in undertone,  
So is she made for others as a god—  
She lives for me, an image of my mood—  
An idle, miraged image set abroad,  
Sadder, perchance than frailer womanhood—  
Gayer than man's unutterable despair  
Hid in sardonic laughter, all in vain  
That alienates great Heaven from his prayer—  
I trust her, she is wise, she fears no pain  
And fears no fears.  
I drink with her at ocean of her tears,  
But like a lioness in desert sands,  
Tender and brave, for me, she understands.

What particle falls instantaneously  
And vibrates with a music in the ear,  
If waves are stirred within its ebbless flow?  
What falls upon each closed mouth with a touch

Of constant lovers' kisses while alone?  
What lies between the eye and what we see?  
Air, O Air, always, Air!  
What substance lies upon our cheek and hands?  
What to our forehead lies more near than thought?  
Upon the Earth what company is brought  
Of wavering and wandering o'ermuch  
About the loneliness where none appear?  
Chiding, mad, caressing constant Air,  
Working slow rhythmic pulses into tone,  
Making the roundure of the globes of sands!

My love, if thou but leave  
Thy shadow on the world it is enough—  
For to my darkened heart thy shade is light,  
It doth requite  
Dream an imprintment, thought itself a dream,  
As if blight might be the dear remembrance of bloom.  
It is enough for man to raise a tomb  
To that he might have loved,  
So there is wrought  
An image unto beauty; those who grieve  
Athwart the portals of a hidden gleam  
Shall be ennobled, empty eyes of sight  
If they defy incredible desire,  
And sense, the very progress to inspire  
Necessitates a level beneath aim,  
Some feeling thus is proved,  
Let it be that we have, so that the Mind may frame  
A subtler idol ever having caught  
By use the lesser idol whence it came.  
As by the sea, the flying of the chough,

Or as the day sinking within the vast,  
The Past  
Is in itself its own iconoclast—  
As fire manifests its heat in flame—  
Or shame  
Is but detention from the limitless—  
And need, a mutability whose name  
Is spelt with graven letters of success.  
Since search implies its knowledge, can I then the less  
See thee in utter dark, though thou art dim  
Or seek alloy?  
And could my love in open skies of joy  
Behold thy utter brightness? Love for him  
Who is content to follow shall be guide,  
And follow though the path be closed, or wide  
His utter impulse, to its furthest rim,  
Let the One leading never fall behind  
Though grave emotions be the fruit entire  
Which are the stimulations for the Mind.  
No sluggard of heart ease is ever kind,  
But lure and yearning therefore do we find  
To seek the re-perfection of the same.

Thyself, my love! Thyself! Give me thy all  
As unsundered airs about thee fall!  
My eye envelops thee!  
My thought goes out to drown thee as a sea!  
While my pale Heart is waiting at the door  
Of all my senses, for most utter thee!  
No more be film of vapours, O no more,  
Until I vampersise such vapour's core!

And yet, O Presence, before whom I bow  
Thou shouldst unwittingly consume my dower  
Which is the stem on which Life holds her flower,  
As well as sap my being, ease me now—  
Teach me the way to lose myself, and how  
In that same quiver of departing strength  
To suck fresh Air for the impartial breath,  
For in the Egos' passing is not death  
Nor Love can part the Heart and Frame at length  
Although as if a Karma, spread abroad  
A bed of abnegation where we lie  
Giving the Heart its cherished need to die,  
We must awake that we may still afford,  
Life to its giver, for a longer space  
Nor pass we with our longings laid awaste,  
Nor pass my thoughts which are all on thy face,  
Lest I should make too momentary haste,  
And from the world, my poorer self for ever  
Its mead of growth unutterably sever,  
For all must have its way, and not be held  
From its own opening of the gated world—  
Must pass in its own kind as dew and Sun  
One falling and one shining, to but make  
Each individually the will of Fate.  
So are ourselves reparted in their state,  
My bones must knock upon the sands of Time,  
My body's being cannot Life forsake—  
My spirit rest with thee apart, and climb  
The walls about thy being pleasantly  
While waiting for the will to die, I stay  
To aid my body through its rest of clay,  
Till death shall give it to the winds of day.

For not our lips shall have their troth in vain,  
Not marriage, nor our hands divorcement try.  
If thy sweet body shall with Nature die  
Mine must await her calling voice, again  
So they may meet one sepulchre of pain.  
But for my heart with thine, O let me cry  
Dissolvment in its strain.

For was our birth in one  
And each grave beating moment of the breath  
So should become our bodies in their death,  
But not while Nature, with a complex chain  
Makes the same use of disengaged forms,  
Hers is alone the epic unity—  
The long narrative similarity—  
The function and the flame—  
The same.

Though through one life, I may have died as thee,  
Been man, or woman, by a strange mishap,  
Experiencing all variety,  
Now I must trust to nature on her lap—  
Trust to the meaning which her wills aver  
For what has been, what is, and what shall be.  
No breeze of soul my pulses break nor stir.  
The Orientals' faith is but the Occidentals' reasoning  
Albeit as gnats gather in their storms,  
As rivers to the single ocean run,  
As individuality a name,  
As parent throat gathers all birds to sing,  
Reincarnations are but to imbue  
A perfect soul, with knowledge whole and true  
Which comes alone through all experience,  
Sailing the wing across the nether blue



Till death upon all single deaths outgrew  
His sapience.

Let me accept Life as my parenting,  
As transmigration or Heredity,  
Working its single purpose to be free—  
A dial, watching o'er the trial Time—  
Whose shifting of the weight of light and shade  
Tells with a pendulous tongue day's start and close,  
And from such repetition thereon throws  
The passing of man's days,  
And the amaze  
Which waits therein, to teach him weals and woes  
Wherewith his inner, higher self may climb!

Children of Air,  
Children of Air, what would ye?—  
In this space, between the Earth and Heaven, Sod and Sky,  
This nothingness well called the consecrate,  
Fold of creation endless, filled and bare?  
Life comes too soon for ye, too long to wear  
Her ever present robe of solitude.  
Death is too near, to ever long to die—  
Atom on atom gather till they are  
Each other's star,  
Pressing there is no bar—  
Congealing no unmitigated shape.  
Hope as eternal, phantom as despair—  
Watch the great will, its finite emblems drape  
In vacuum and substance! Here the eye  
Has second sight. Only upon such space  
The Sun of kingdoms kills, the dark of night,  
There is no other warfare

Bloom and blight,  
The open battle of lone Nature bore,  
Nothing that has a semblance wears a face,  
The laws of gravitation bear the power  
Which stems the fair heart of each perfect hour—  
And all is pregnant in a changing mood  
What would ye more? What more?

Wait, for from Sod's low ease,  
From couches of the trees  
The birds that please  
Rise up the morning glories' sonneteers!  
And in the noon, the day worlds' middle years—  
The stillness breaks the crescent shape of sound!  
The evening falls the dew notes to the ground  
Cry ye as well, and from your million fears  
Give echo to the comprehending spheres!

O dim! O Air! O God!  
O Joy that sings!  
What long communication to the Sod  
Shall this grey matter round the nerve of earth  
Through centuries unfold?  
No globe can bear  
Thy immaterial existence old,  
Thy seizure—and thy mirth—  
Save it shall be unpoled.  
I wake and hear  
The silent footsteps as they disappear  
Sounding upon the sound waves of grey care—  
Veins in the footsteps leave strings of gold,  
And light is fire,

Electrical compare,  
As music to the strings that make a lyre  
We chain the image in our moving lair—  
Our cities are thy lightnings,  
And we run  
To hitch the beast of labour to the Sun—  
For every soul doth keep thy imaged breath  
Upon the mirror of its waiting death—  
Lo! there shall be a substance Helium  
I can no more, O children, lest we come  
And yet the secret is not yet all done.

The Air around us grows with dimness wound,  
As if the whirl of motions deadened sound  
Naught can I hear,  
The denseness grows apace.  
Children of Air  
What follows after care?  
Can mine own spirit upon moisture trace  
A portent or a sign;  
Somewhat to grace  
An evanescent hungry Heart, combine  
With grave ennobling purpose into line  
Thought or yearning or desire fine?  
Nay, 't is an Aura I behold at length  
Some shade-ful symbol, of a shadow's strength.  
Now it has taken form and now a face—  
Be it of man or woman, mine all mine:  
Ye see not with mine eyes the tender shape,  
Ye are forbidden the first lure of sight  
Which makes the brightness, for my spirit bright  
It shall express.

It was intentioned that it was for me.  
Now it again takes shadow, as if night  
Descended slowly o'er its tracery,  
And once again assumes a loveliness  
Which out of the surrounding vacuum  
Upon the Air with more exquisite grace  
Doth let the roundness of the contours come,  
And now again, the moon with throatless hum  
Waves the sail wings of insects as they fly,  
The moth ambitions, and the butterfly,  
His yellow lifts from off the resting ground,  
As without sound  
The ear unnoticed by the mind can hear  
The petals from the flowers as they fall—  
Nature who once was sterile in her thrall  
Accepts æsthetic knowledge from the space.  
The tree leaves seem a mouth, the wind an ear,  
And vistas melt from sight before they disappear.  
What is this palpitation clayless born?—  
Almost my heart leaps forward on the way  
As if a rose expectance, was her thorn,  
I pierce with pain, the vision which has sway  
Upon me, till I know not night, nor day,  
And now, the form takes on the guise of her  
Who only unto me can love aver.  
Found, and yet wrought, in my own seeking mift—  
As if the ground should let the vapours lift  
Into my sight she comes, half found, half made,—  
As if my brain created, from its cruse  
The beauties gods let loose,  
As if down all the heavens, did but drift  
Her flame of growth,

White as when fire came  
Vermilionless in concentrated glow,  
Or when the rain has covered for an hour  
The purple coldness of a passion flower—  
A half completed throbbing woman stood.  
Till once again she faded in my mood,  
As if no longer, could frail thoughtage brood  
Around the pinnacle of solitude.  
Once more, a vaporous shade,—  
Until the form across the air was laid!  
Part wisdomed! part afraid!  
Part glad! part loath!  
Staying, as if in staying she would go.

Veils from Heaven were rent, that swayed mine own—  
Then did thy form most falteringly pass by—  
Then from without like a white flame  
Thy Virgin body stood, beside a light  
Which light of sense, my higher senses feel.  
Then wert thou only to me but a sight,  
Or the strained chalice of a linked tone,  
Which parted sense, and left me yet alone.  
—Thy heavenly fame—  
Then comes the dread, again  
It seems the shell of Heaven, hung with rain  
To make it heavy as of enwrought steel—  
And if, upon it hilt of heart should lie  
Yet is thy death as quiet, as in vain—  
And while I wait  
My song goes out, and leaves me desolate.

Dear love, I wander with thee, into space—

With thy dear body on my arm like cloud—  
Then do I hear weird men, shriek aloud—  
Or a strange city totter in its place—  
Then, as the hills we reach my face to thine,  
I hear a trumpet call across the sea,  
A grey sound lily breaking on the lea—  
While with thy fragile voice mine ear doth twine—  
I lose all sense of motion, and of peace,  
I cannot bear thee further than I stand—  
Within, without, the actual command  
Of seizures of the world that will not cease.  
Therefore I grieve, and lay thee in thy tomb  
Among the people's barbarous noise, and sight,  
But I cannot be with thee in the night,  
Therefore the night to me, again is gloom—  
I lost the sense—I missed the hidden trail  
To climb the sky, in instantaneous flight:—  
Or bear thee on death rivers down their course—  
Or catch thy face like sunlight on the hill.  
O, let the noise, and sight go on, and on,  
Let thee be buried with the multitude,  
Frail,  
Passionate, and slight!  
My heart clutches remorse  
From lack of will,  
I could not go the way thy light has shone—  
I must abide and wait in solitude!  
Tossing the wisdom to the winds as pelf,  
Knowing myself incredibly blind,  
Who trusted a lamp's flicker for the star  
That keeps the seven keys to Paradise!  
Now, I forget all knowledge save thine eyes,

All, save what one hour bliss, with thee may prove—  
Willing to be a scavenger to poach, upon thyself—  
Upon the right anointed to the bar,  
In the broad light of this unasked for noon—  
As if with very love,  
Not near, but soon,  
We should the end of the researching find.

To culminate myself, yea unto God,  
No more bare glory of the human hour,  
Give up the blissful scourging of the rod,  
The weal, the power,  
Chew meat that cannot nourish my own growth—  
Spill the lamb's blood which carnal runs in me  
As fast towards heaven as the angel's tears,  
Once more for thee.

O strange and tempting presence, be not loath  
My Lord created manhood to dethrone and mar!

Children of Air

Look ye; this is not much—  
Some monks have gone a lonely life for sin,  
For sins' sweet pardon—  
Some been tempted by a touch  
Of vain art's vagrant hair—  
Some have decried  
Much wisdom, in an ideal that they sought,  
And bravely retribution from within  
Paid, for the bounty of a hindered thought.  
Have worshipped Christ, or Adam, in the garden,  
And sighed  
Away a moment's duty with a rose—  
Some have allowed the hurt of needless thorns

## An Earth Poem

To prick their life's sap, some have bathed their skin  
In the moon's fluid gazing on a star  
Till it were overwhite for life's intent,  
Who knows?—Who mourns?  
I am Columbus, waiting to put forth  
An Alexander, with an East turned eye,  
A Nansen, seeking nearer to the North,  
Newton, an alchemist, whose dream compounds a dye.

Who takes the ruddy morn for drape of wine?  
Then, but the peaceful grape grows on the vine—  
Who takes the ruddy morn for love, of flame?—  
But one step through the sunrise on, he came  
Then folded back into its squandered shape,  
As man became a mangod from the ape.  
Yet sunset, gives no more  
With beast of golds  
He takes across the seas what he beholds,  
The heavy tankard of his vintage-twine  
Serenity of day's imprisoned moulds.  
Then let us, when the stranded noon is full  
With spilth of opal, passion's absinthe drink  
The after sleep, that totters at her brink,  
And as the sore  
Lie on the ground, and mark what to her folds  
In atmospheric sequence, as a gleam  
Of tortuous chameleon among green like a sequestered stream.  
The mute set trees  
That wind the leaves of breeze,  
Then stillest calm pervades—  
Here shall be love, Children of Air, which fades  
With day of life on her meridian—



Before she tumbles from the heights of Can,  
Down to the western drawfage of the Sun  
Here shall be won  
The love, which comes upon a sword to man!

O tears go out and find thy voice  
The faint wind has no breath they said, and came  
After they had sought through all the Air  
For motions back to me—  
To me, and thee,  
But I could not rejoice—  
They fell adown my lips, and through my hair,  
They touched me with cold flame,  
And I, who knew not tears said they were sad  
Because they were not blown as rain thwart wind—  
Look on me, dear, and kiss me through their flood,—  
They will not leave us desolate, and mad,  
Because we know them not, nor can them find,  
Our tears—our tears they are the tears of blood!

Left on the Earth, O left, I stood to gaze and sing,  
To question a lost question, lost in Air,  
Still things were fair,  
The meadows and the hills, the vale and height  
And silence like a godly ghost was mine  
I was the King  
Lord, Master, over-Lord of sound and sight,  
And I could gather of these wills their shine!

Children of Air  
The direst pain I missed,  
The dreaded share,

## An Earth Poem

The direst agony, O near, and far,  
To feel the Earth lie mute beneath the star—  
No loneliness of softly waving trees,  
No parting branches kissed,  
No grass exultant in its harmonies,  
Of interspreading growth, can this confess.  
Although I lie alone and watch its search,  
Or catch the rustle of the leafy birch  
Or the trees' tone.  
Such utter, unrepealed bitterness—  
As to have custom, hide a wretchedness  
Of mine own heart from neighbour-waiting prone,  
Of loved one waiting ready it to mark,  
And still in lightsome commune, stay and hark  
My little words fall, in a quiet stress  
That cannot hide it, neither can express.

I hungered with the dawn.  
The joy of hunger, and its swift repeal,  
I felt the alienness of yearning ground,  
And met with man, the striving and the feel.  
With moonlight, I have lulled myself to sleep  
Knowing that God His silentness would keep  
And had strength wasted that a habitude  
Should fall upon my lot in heavy mood.  
—A garment made of sackcloth, and of blood;  
Of Air and sound—  
Wherewith the afternoon should me devise  
To lure me on.  
But no pain equals to Love's sightless eyes  
That cannot know, bent close upon one's own!  
Humanities that cannot raise a tone—

While their twin hearts are buried in its flood!  
The ill conceits that separate the wife  
With arms around the throat of husband pressed—  
The barren voids that join a mutual life  
Between two near ones, which cannot be guessed!—

For can lives ere be mingled though rough haired calm  
Most like a brush-wood boy  
In certain moments, with a lazy balm  
Relieves racked torture, or the sweets that cloy,  
With heavy weight, of onward pushing joy,  
In movement's incessationed irritant?  
Since growth allows no stoppage, for a meet,  
Life, no pulse's slackage for a love's intent—  
Can man and woman seeking find one sweet  
If ratio of growth divisible  
Is individual in speed perforce?  
Or leaves that bud, be of a single size  
Though harboured on one stem, in friendliness?  
The hand that brings fruition gives excess—  
Lest would oft pliant Air fall on the Sod,  
And laws of gravitation cease,  
And hidden will of Life be visible,  
And motived masterdoms yield up their course  
To strength less used, and aims which are less wise,  
And old stagnation wear the grey of peace—  
And any urgeless silence seem as God!

This am I saved from, yet perchance 't is way  
That makes contentlessness, re-urpful urge—  
To meet a moment on the tottering verge  
Of ocean, as loose light has fostered day!

This argument, of use' futility  
Unlaws each law, where more laws here are seen  
Then undiscovered secrets, and a screen  
About the still unknown proves a cover,  
For now one yields, as forests yield their green,  
And now once more Man's penetrating eye  
Dissects, as we  
Re-harbour somewhat over  
Our senses; o'er a vibrate, or a dye,  
Which has escaped us, or we've passed it by.

Let us search on, and rather this accept  
This one hypothesis of many shows  
That there is casual being, which our eyes  
Meet in the falling petals of a rose.  
And in the ruling Earth's perennial throes  
Rather would we a disaccordance see  
Than build all accord on disharmony!  
We are—although we know not—after what shall be.  
An inquiry is blinded, by the past.  
Let us take counsel, of a wild surmise,  
And with a tide, which guides not go to sea.  
Although upon the heart, the tears are wept  
Which lead from grafted Life, to Life at last.

Children of Air, I do accept my loss  
Of human life, as ye accept the same  
When your hearts' fire mounts not into flame  
Upon your dearest loved one as a cross:  
Dream ye, there does not soar the albatross  
Because he is a bird of omen dread?  
Or that the aster waiting for the Fall

Because her growth is as a widow's pall,  
Because all summer blooms have died in red,  
Blooms not at all?  
Dream ye the futile snows bring not the primrose home,  
And all blues are not gathered in the sky,  
And voiceless cries are voiceless in the heart?  
Nay,—that which is within us—doth impart  
Itself unto its placement, low, or high,  
The higher mountains of the quest reclomb.

Beside the marble solace of thy hand—  
Above the solace of thy marble hand  
I stand,  
As one who gazes on the moon—  
Thy still, soft body now has lost its tune.  
No more, the motive which I understand  
Springs from the tired veins, where thy dear shape  
As ocean let a kindred light escape,  
To let thee climb.  
Caged in thy premeditated balm, the long  
Sweet calling through the desert, for thy mate!  
Thy feet shall ne'er now strain, the sands of time!  
Thy breath shall never challenge, now thy fate!  
More slender than the voice which willed thy song,  
Almost, than Heaven's self more delicate.

Yet, when I view  
Such listless shapes of women who lie dead,  
Waiting but for one moment to attest  
The great sublime of rest,  
That it may linger by their unused breast—  
Their slender, white forehead,

That is not still, to crown the eyes foresight—  
 There comes, but true  
 Such questioning in me, as when the night  
 Winds her most utter dark with crown of dew,  
 And nothing more—  
 As when I gaze, about a rimmed shore,  
 As when I mark a morning glory lay  
 Her soul between the chances of her leaves,  
 Or when the nest's content of straw can ease  
 The robin's trust, against the wind's dismay!

Tilt back thy head, O Love,  
 Once more, that now  
 Thy lips shall give thy kiss's crimson vow  
 To one who seeks for thee, be he the Sun,  
 Bearing thy colour yearningly, as I  
 Who for my sacrifice must see the dims  
 Of Airs wrapt round thee, as the closed Sun swings,  
 And, 'neath thy brow  
 Close thy dear eyelids, from their wonder how  
 Thou cam'st to be—  
 Wind the long shroud, to run  
 Athwart thy prisoned limbs, to catch thy feet  
 Within its folds as Psyche in her wings—  
 What was not mine in Life, shall it be sweet  
 To shroud away as lover to the sky?  
 And have the white clouds, who for vacant whims  
 Nourish the sod with deaths, now watch thee die?

Nay, but some import means  
 The love, the dreams,  
 The closing of each faint mortality,

To one, who loves, that loving he may see,  
And seeing that immutability  
Which is above,  
Bends back upon his circumstance to Love.

I love the Sod!  
I love the hidden spring!  
I love the futile labour of the grass!  
The lucid effort of the wind crushed pod!  
I love these things to pass  
An anxious eye, athwart the goods they bring  
That more of Life and Death be known, alas!  
I con the energy of each and all,  
I am myself a broodsome cognisance,  
Watching how this and that by bulb and stem then  
Leans forth,  
What purposing beyond the wills of men  
Leads the south forests towards the ice-girt north.  
The casual, towards the consequential trance  
In which all being, may with simple tongue grow fain,  
Cry the far striving of her entity.  
Yet they, who follow blind stars not, may paint  
With commune, non-argumentative and clear,  
How nature, married to casuality,  
Doth free the flower, and fruit, which we hold dear,  
From other claims save to repeal the year.  
For mark, the system is intelligible,  
How every leaf, for every leaf must fall,  
And every tree, surrendered to its own—  
How equitably sure the wind has blown  
The sowing of the grain—  
And Spring, comes leaning on her staff of snows

Pale, annual, aurorial and faint,  
Upon the midnight of the winter's woes.

So—So—

It is by soft recalls these fair things go!  
A far hilled echo, a repeated show  
Bloodless and slow.

Down into space, a mind unsatisfied,  
Itself denied,  
Sent noose of thought, by winds reimpregnate  
Shorn and desolate;—  
Can naught move hither of a kindred kind?  
Need sad song wait  
To watch the starling gather to his fate,  
And all the birds sing on who are most blind,  
What is below?  
Kindly the herds which do return with fall  
Of dew, at eves  
Must yonder go,  
Long have we watched these all,  
Watched, in our reason's pool  
Their will-less pall,  
Have drunk beside them, waters calm and cool,  
The link decried  
Between mute nature, and the animal  
Must make us friends with these,  
The secret still  
Of vertebræ that in the oceans thrill,  
That bones, the starfish on the beach yet shall,  
Must make us still, the hidden mysteries.

The wind swings high!



Yea, even ye shall die!  
Yet unpremeditate yet!  
Nature here opens, from her womb, and fret,  
Her sacramental pleasure finding child.  
Shall not such spacious bodies, as are set  
Above Earth's face, not then be free  
Of Life and Death, and Nature fondling wild?  
She hands them caskets, of her energy—  
Each single hoof thing wears her amulet—  
Wrinkling her brow that they may move, and train  
Their pleasure, their inherent nutriment,  
And die, and live again.  
Her laws are change, but yet another stranger law has she,  
As the dim mountains, range on useless range, are bent,  
Rise, and recede into the endless sea,  
Mammals have passed, while now her frequent glee  
Laughs in her highbred animalcula!  
But still, O still,  
Faint, unassuming will  
Thy questioning  
Whereon to string  
Hath a string more,  
To fling at the Mind's door,  
Whereon to play  
The shade and light, of endless night and day,  
The static cliffs that rise, and try to shape  
The lands into their breast—  
The tides that have escape  
By tendrils of the moon, which join their crest—  
Are these not partings where the thoughts behold  
Her question? As in flower, grass and tree,  
Moth, bee,

## An Earth Poem

Winged butterfly with sails of crimson gold,  
Bats blue as dawn, and mists that circle her,  
The sheep's white fur  
The camel's grey  
The lion and the leopard's spotted hind?  
Do these not come behind  
The Secret of the Secret?  
Yet—  
O yet not they!  
Their use is portioned to them, they imbue  
Force with an action, which they themselves renew,  
And seem to stand before the questioning Mind  
Through change, and mutability, as though  
With sauntering beat, that speeds the pulse of leisure,  
Their lives, into their evolutions went,  
And as a cloud over the Sun doth flow  
Or but is sent,  
The Secrets back into the Secrets go.  
They are from Heaven to Earth their own appeasure—  
And their own labour, strength omnipotent.

Of man,  
The long stringed lyre puts on another string—  
The largened vortex has its apex—Can—  
The afternoon began to die in rose,  
Why on my love's lost body, should I seem  
To moralise upon the silent dream  
As does a surface current on the stream?  
Only the envy of the stars could move  
Dead presences to love,  
Or the death presence of a memory  
To muse upon the path trod towards its goal.

Thus, and thus she did, and thus she chose,  
The garment of her soul—  
That her least choice, upon the ear of time might sing,  
And be by somewhat more than circumstances heard.  
She listened, and the seas became the word  
That joined them to the lea.  
By her the bud was seen  
Before its stalk was green—  
In every atom, the insatiate stirred—  
She was the symbol of the century!  
The body's reign was broken, for its sense  
Was filled with milk of morning, and the need  
Through trammel of the parents, taught it whence  
Easy and supple could be found the seed,  
And soon  
Bearing the frequent grain  
The few hours, drenched  
By sightless Heaven in the dark's return,  
Led her to couch of sleep, whereon did burn  
The quiet of her soul, to draw it thence—  
To make it fain,  
And draw the fresh and crimson Life to noon  
Where daytime quenched—  
The noon's clear peak, of vantaged negligence.

The surplus hours, which the tide did keep  
With watch of light, were dropped for other use,  
Save nutriment and sleep,  
Within the frugal cuse  
Exertion hovered, like a jewel deep  
Whose rays were passion, curiosity,  
Impulse towards other impulses unseen,

## An Earth Poem

Before whose biceps, energy should flee  
To fresh invention and expression dear  
Of other import, save necessity.  
As if upon the carpet of the green,  
The over-burdened twilight should draw near.

After she went, I lay beneath the trees,  
And covered all my body with the weight of their fresh hiding  
leaves,  
Of their material, their sexual leaves,  
Their pure leaves on the trees that hide the sky,  
It seemed as if beneath them I was free,  
I need not look above—nor He on me,  
No matter whether God or God should spy  
Upon the primal child of infancy!  
Nature, didst thou make me without ken  
Of this mad fancy of a Deity?  
O succour me,—O keep me, hold me then,  
Even if one of thy best loves, did die—  
Thy sweetest love that thou hast given me,  
Take, thou takest back, to be that paramour,  
Leave me without the stain  
The craving, born of the lost nuptial pain,  
In limbs and lips of mine, to find that judgment, which shall  
make me pure.  
O glad leaves, hung above before the Sun,  
Through ye, I may be as blind from these,  
—The feeling of the flesh, the thoughts that make  
My own tribunal, as ye love me, leaves!—  
O leaves, confess and tell me did ye run  
In Passion under now replenished break  
And gorgeous set, to meet the mouth of Night—

And far low hills not timing to the sky?  
O tell me all, your heritage of will,  
O make me still,  
Let me have speech with something of my kind,  
Red, full with sap and blind,  
Unless, I die  
Torture me not, with pleadings of the light—  
I do but hide myself, to seek the way—  
I let my fingers twine with all the grass—  
To learn, to know, how energies may pass  
I would forewatch the waters near the moon  
To spell the tidal change—and feel it chance  
But not, O not, to rise to Moon and Sun  
Or scale the vault, or hesitate on height,  
But leap from light to dark, from pulse to clay,  
To be wound round with Death's dear circumstance,  
To kiss the ancient antique Sod, and soon  
Return from Chaos of a Paradise,  
To the one Being who has made us one,  
Or where I have not even seen her eyes!

The voice was ceased, and I lay waiting, won  
With the last thought, which is the thought of her—  
Then something parted—and at length had gone,  
The shadow of a presence dim as tears,  
Not love, nor self, nor pain, but on the grass  
A silence voiceful of unnumbered spheres,  
And far, and soon,  
One—one,  
Colourless splendour closed the gates of noon  
As drawing, the vault of a sepulchre  
A white hand would push through the bars, and pass.

### III

## Children of Sun

(NIGHT)

A day has come at last to be withdrawn  
Children of Sun, the day that may be years—  
For Clay, and Heart, have passed their ways of fears.—  
The Soul is coming near us, and is won,—  
As thwart the afternoon, the seeds of night,  
Fell idly from the red roof of the Sun,  
As falls a fountain in a mirrored cave  
Recalling to the day her western dawn.  
Then slowly, as when sorrow turns to tears,  
The dew descended, the last flowers of light  
Budded to burst and close, and when the dunne  
Succeeded crimson on the winged way  
Where palls the succulating twilight wave  
I knew, I knew no longer was the day.

Then felt I in my pulses a strange change,  
The calling which Earth called, another causality—  
As if my being were before her dawn.  
The force which made her life with mine agree,  
The part of void we were both set upon,  
The loop of dark which had around us range,  
The feel, the instinct, we could not estrange,

As round all births, doth cling the mystic night  
Intangible expeller unto light,  
Now here returned, to bid us to return  
To paths of dark, the twilight Sun should earn.

The long day took his path across the sea,  
And as a peacock, trailed his train abroad,  
The west sky mimicking the eastern rise  
Put on a robe of rose  
As for emprise,  
And sunk on the horizon as a lord.  
Breath faintly comes, and goes  
In birth, and death, and breathing faint with sighs—  
The scarlet turns to black, the twilight shades to both,  
The same procession of morn's pageant show,  
Willing it came, and willing it shall go,  
As doth all beauty round experiment  
Weave the lost symbol of the times intent,  
As rain fed clouds are the sky's ornament.  
As eve to day plighted her widowed troth!  
Children of Air, we pass the gate that won  
The lumid apple of the twilight sun.  
How strange it was at length and last  
When to and fro the shadows on the grass  
Waved through the hours of day, and our Life's days  
Still held us to small purpose while amaze  
Kept our strained visage from the wistful past,  
Darkened the vision of the end, alas!

Now it is come, no more in intent mute  
Must we dispel the music from our flute—

All of the reeds that thatched the prisoned sprite  
Of outer voices, melt to sounds of night.  
No more the hidden, chidden, bidden way  
To use the passions, which our Souls gainsay—  
No more on nourishment, our famished want—  
Nor hands that raise the temple in the haunt—  
Within our effort in our wills default.  
Our eyes, at length are opened to the vault!  
No peevish discontent of paltry prey—  
No marriages, or battles of the clay—  
No thatch roofed houses, where the noon's light fails  
A whimpering for tears or flaps for sails  
Can hide us from this dark, which over all prevails.  
The self control of custom is not ours.  
Children's complainings, stilled by wreaths of flowers,  
Nay, no replenished wreck's respective claim  
Which borders on the mooring of an aim,  
Only the night to quaff, to fold, to claim.

But Heaven, not Earth, must hold the gladdened night  
For ever like a child, upon the bare  
Sweet fragrant bosom of her constant dream—  
Who drinks the milk of comfortless despair.  
Mixed with the fluid fire, passed in light  
For day, and still the patient creamy stream  
Of mother moonbeams, the white nutriment  
For the dim dark, that sucks and sucks in vain!  
Here, but some hours we spend, grown black  
For purposes which clear day cannot share,  
Bearing forth Life, making most pregnant Life,  
While as a shuttle, through the webs of pain  
She has come on from hours of the dawn



Has spilled her ire in the lap of noon,  
Dropping it there in orange as a boon  
Takes as if tiny threads of gossamer  
Our twilight's mists, for shading her design.  
What god could give her, her own selfish will  
Who has outgrown self, and knows no bliss  
Save as it ministers unto the way within her spill,  
Men's souls climb, through their vacant lives to her?—  
Their births, which are their fortitudes in strife  
Bring her great agony and supple, fine,  
Changes her atmosphere and makes her miss  
Its bounteous gladness, her day's bloom and scent,  
The mother of our souls, who turns her face  
Away from happiness, but to look back  
To the day's world, to see its race climb on,  
O, not so soon,—  
So soon for her as we, who interval  
Our struggle with deep joy, shall fall the grace  
Of Sunlight for each child. Her Sun is still  
Nay, more, while we do live, she has her chance  
To pity one and all.  
So we, when dark  
Begins to brood, and reign  
Across the sunset are upheld in trance of will—  
'T is like the spirit, for the covering  
Of action, veils the day of our design.  
We lose the feel of Sod, the sight of skies—  
The world drinks up itself in its decline—  
And those who would be nearer Heaven rise.  
For there is more to give, or low, or high,  
The sun-dial fails to tell the hours' time.  
'T is only here by will of Earth we try

Her loosure, without hark  
Of birds who to their nests have ceased to climb—  
An inner Sun waits with us, for the thrill  
Of Nature's Sun which shall await this lark,  
Who shall arise and sing!

Children of Sun!

How did we find the next long vista of the ways we climb,  
We, whose hearts brought us Air, ere night sublime?  
The Sod found Air by time.

Is it a longer way we now must run  
As by the night we reach unto the Sun—  
Or do the optic orbs, of eyes, by sight  
Of near things, and of gross things, lose their light  
To penetrate the crevices of height?

Then turn the vibrate retina between  
The covered lids, re-see what we have seen—  
Take solar green in lieu of forest green—  
Then, there comes

With blinded eyes, as unto voices dumb  
In stillest closure, dark, as if a sea  
Ran on to a long light, or to infinity,  
Now crosswise are the lines as wave of cloud,  
Now perpendicular as in the dawn  
The dew from stranger spheres the sea pours on.  
We hunt, and hunt, the eyelash on the cheek  
The eye protecting lashes proving proud.  
For surely some light starts these lines abreach,  
Opening sight again to Earthly waves  
We behold with glad surprise, the Sun that staves  
So closely in the Heaven. Was it strange  
That we have missed Him, He that lends us eyes

So that the world lying beneath Him lies  
Open to sight, as dreams of Paradise?  
Before what was the dark? What was his track?  
Without first, then within, lure held him back—  
All through the day, that might have been so bright,  
As to the woken Soul there seems the night  
The lure, and lore, and law  
Of what we saw—  
Forgive, it was the shadow of our own—  
As if a language out of its root grew  
To form the verb and noun, as one doth hew  
The shade of trees for fire—  
As what we sing, when grown  
Comes from the lyre, to be itself the lyre—  
So to behold the Sun it is we change  
Adding our change to time, more strongly even  
Than in the morn we Sod to Air did seek,  
And twine the form to heart, hunger to speech,  
As now before the next increase shall be  
We must re-see the Sun to let him free—  
Must moralise ourselves now, through the dim  
That seeing through him, we at last see him.  
The Sun, which every day has shown  
May be the Heavenly witness of our homes,  
O wind him—to us, in the Air, or Shroud!

The lovely dark is coming. Lo! at rim  
The Sun himself draws poor Earth up to him!  
As if the circle would be manifest  
With touch of breast,  
Not sought for, and repress,  
And surely, as on Sod the Air doth lie,

It winds around the bosom of the sky—  
It is a marriage band of Sod and Sun—  
All Children ye are one—  
Sod, Air, and Sun!

To habit, the last brillianting abode  
Perhaps Death, doth hide from sight, the sight of men,  
Then—  
Such do the mighty forces, which have strode  
On Him, whom all religions do aver  
And hushed, the man, who lies in sepulchre  
Is said to pass!  
But wanton thinkings err  
With miniature of truth bedecked, alas!  
Although  
In probability, this thing is so,  
That Death doth lead the way which we must go—  
Still more at last with hope, we learn to know—  
What cometh unto us the times we grow.

'T was said, in many a fable,  
Of stones the gods were made  
As white as snow.  
Then Egypt with her table  
Of crypt the man laid low,  
Embalmed and signed from winds that hither blow,  
That Hells might be surpassed, as water in their flow,  
So mortals might in Death behold this Sun-filled show,  
And should not fade.—  
The story is too long—  
Progression stable  
Sings on with ever antedated song

For Heaven, or for Peace,  
Majestic pæans sing o'er ears that cease,  
And graves are laid in ground  
With many a torturing sound—  
I mock not, for the days must have their round—  
And thought be wrong, at length that truth be found.  
But lo! two images diverse about me go  
While yet feet run  
To climb, the Sun  
And still morns break  
For his all burdened, consecrated sake.  
With insights see  
Twin images, awake the thought in me.  
For premises increase which onward tend  
To justify the reaches towards the end,  
And as Life lessens Substance' o'er fraught spell,  
Man doth about his inner being, turn  
As matter now seems energy, age well  
Collects its impulses, and outer sign  
But seems the symbol of the inner shrine,  
And young night makes Earth on a heavenly swell  
A consecrated oneness!  
And as in closed sea-shell the murmur and the colour  
Do one whole confess,  
I seem to mark the dolour  
Of Life, and Death, as one—  
So far as we may seek, the Soul, the Sun!  
And both the same, if we, as lamps for Heaven burn.

Collateral the Body and the Soul!  
The Sod, the Sun—  
Can law diverge

Of active forces? Nay, I only urge  
Swiftness as change,  
Vibration to its goal!  
As swift to change in higher vibrance run  
Positive and negative in whole—  
As species which both back and forward range,  
Or limestone is as stone or yet as lime—  
Death is a change, but cannot range  
Since the departing spirit, lessens weight  
Somewhat of Body, with its purpose-freight,  
And by a law more strange  
For less accepted by the Mind at large,  
Growth of the Soul in Life, with purpose high  
Negative turns as Death, Life to the sky.  
I purpose but to aid Philosophy—  
I hold that Science more doth stimulate  
Functions of matter, for its own insight,  
Than would æsthetics let the Soul in-state  
By action its own right  
Of growth, without Death, to a betterment—  
A certain losing of material of brain migrate  
As Death lends to all Souls the sight to rise  
For both are stimulants and all vibrate,  
Now in the thinking of the Mind of Fate!  
And if we will it so, shall fostering Time  
With Life and Death, as charges on his sea  
Take both the live and dead Souls, in his barge  
Through individual progress up the skies  
Or down, as they themselves their wills have bent.

They bury One, unfit to buried be,  
Ungrown in lighting of Life's sacrifice!

Earth has her own surmise!  
It is a scene of mocking majesty,  
To impel him to lie with the low Sod at ease—  
Death means not how, but when!  
Around the grave, the sentinel of trees,  
The bugle calling winds, like echoes then,  
The pageant of a grave, and lovelier love  
Has let the limbs be quiet. Clouds above  
Gather and film, as sweetly as at birth  
The little changure shifting of the Earth,  
As if a garment falling to her knees,  
The shroud of State  
About this sudden portent  
Hangs with weight  
Down from the shoulders; the lips close,  
Vermilion strength, as closing of day's rose,  
And tongue and eyes that speak not are migrate,  
O fair,  
No matter what before has been the face,  
Sleep lies upon the individual hair,  
And then content  
Unpantheistic, being unified,  
By constant light, brought sight its grace.  
Life-giving pregnancy thus deified—  
Since thou, O Sun,  
Wilt no more cheer the Air to meet this breath,  
Let it climb on, unto thee, to abide;  
Hast thou not won  
Enclosure of thyself, whose cease is Death?

If motion be thy pulse, as to this world  
A motion higher, on such wills, augment

## An Earth Poem

As cease to place themselves between thy light,  
 Volitioned or involutant, by urge  
 Of thine and Nature's static held intent,  
 Pollute them in thy glory, and ferment  
 Thy faster running vibrants, thine acclaim  
 Of glow that falls on flame!—  
 For since a will was in them hibernate  
 To rise or fall, through Earth grow sloth, or swift  
 Thou must account their speed, with thine to lift  
 Their Will and Purpose, to thy Light and Strength,—  
 As sluggish tides have not fast waters held  
 Though on the incline of thy quicker verge  
 They may beat back to Earth and round her shame  
 Unwillingly by thee resume a state  
 Loath, low, and eddy in abyssmal tide,  
 In will-less dread, more dire than the night,  
 Choose of themselves to wait  
 About a lesser Life, whose sands they sift,  
 While those who live, attuning hourly  
 Their pulses unto thine shall nearer be,  
 Who in the flesh need not more hesitate  
 But with it round their souls inviolate—  
 Pregnate their purpose to thee,  
 And to what is thine, at length!

The second image riseth,  
 One, doth stray  
 In open arms of Life, and would gainsay  
 Nothing which is of use, but still doth try  
 To breathe the higher Air, to walk the Sun,  
 With eyes of sapphire and of sunset dunne,  
 He is exalted more than they who die!



Here, the slow pulses of a nether Earth  
Beat with the swiftness of a heavenly birth—  
And so combining rhythm, make the same.  
O Sun it is not that we die to claim  
Thy given being!—No sphere can withhold  
Progression to the striving! Wills, contend  
The eyes to sight of thee, and manifold  
Both live and dead with reaches to thy light  
All may come near thy couches through the night  
As thou thy being unto him surmiseth,  
And draw for thee the end!

So Thought to thee, freed from the mortal bound  
Of wisdomed long fragility I turn,  
As black night pitches o'er thee lamps to burn  
To ask thee to absorb thyself in Soul—  
It is a willing errand, for long urned  
In fragmentary purpose' quivering heart  
—Unmutial kindness—thou thyself discerned.  
Day had not satisfied thy retributive whole,  
Nor taken from thee all that thou couldst give,  
Nor let thee, even live, such as thou art,  
Untraversed by the fruitage thought of past  
Ripened from thee, man-strewed along thy way.  
Thou art as wiful now, as all thy sway,  
At last thy throbbing is by answer found  
Long held to ground!  
Thou hast a kingdom of thyself at last  
Invisibly vast!  
Thou hast a borderless and moving goal!  
Naught of world severance can longer spurn

## An Earth Poem

The Knowledge, and the Love, where thou shalt live  
 Thou hast thy mate on paramourial cloud!  
 Thy lord is in the spirit of thy vow!  
 The sky night twist of ethers are thy shroud,  
 Thy panacea breathlessly is now!  
 Thou hesitatest not, thou art at ease;  
 No veil of outworn fact is round thy dear lips' curve!  
 O, instantaneous thou!  
 O, witless please!  
 Tumultuous guardless swerve:  
 With Sun, and seas  
 Of Skies, thou hast departed, doth depart!

Yet, all the days  
 The humanising Sun  
 Doth let his rays  
 Around this planet run!  
 O sad, mad Thought, O Soul, thy foster child;  
 Even the force which makes thee free and wild  
 Must somewhat be returned and be defiled!

And yet thy speech is with thee, thou hast cried  
 Thy fervour into ears, that have replied!  
 Art thou not satisfied?  
 Thy lips have had their drink, of golden whim!  
 Of orange tutelage, of tittering brim!  
 Thou art immersed in antenatal swim!  
 Come and repillage Time!  
 Touching thy old world rim  
 Follow the shadow of thy force sublime!

For here, at last seems arch and end of dreams,

This blackened night, that has no calling streams,  
This silenced, onyxed sepulchre where day  
Buries all human love, and here at least  
If there be sacrament, only, one priest  
Shall guard the fane of longing—who is God  
No more, shall be the hunger for the Sod,  
Nor any human heart across our way,  
Nor any love to trammel nor to die,  
Nor any love to torture and to sway,  
Nothing to seek for, which shall pass us by,  
No merchandise or commune which might be  
Irrevocably lost,  
No brightness slipped aside,  
No Life, no Impulse, and no Passion crossed,  
No seeking for the grace which should abide,  
No pleading and no cry,  
No empty and relentless ecstasy,  
No vanguard of long sense, with musk and sweet  
Carried across the desert, with parched feet,  
No blight where winter's snows have not been set,  
No moaning autumn decked in russet red,  
No silent music, and no dews unwet,  
No sleep which is an anguishment instead,  
No shallow which for drowning is not deep,  
No human travail lest it be closed sleep,  
No mountains which their hiding promise keep,  
No thing to chide us, as we strive to creep  
Into our foldment, lasting as the dead—  
Is this thy conceit of the night of loss?  
Heaven, the Oriole sings above the grave,  
And chirps as willingly about a cross  
As if young lovers plighted.

There doth save  
As for childbirth, each star astrology.  
Comes in happy crowd  
Clouds reunited,  
And if the vault entire were aloud,  
It would the blindest eyes, have spiritually resighted.

But is night in the soul of Death entire?  
At thought of this, the Word would close its lyre.  
And night, young, beautiful for her intent  
Of inner Life, through darkness silent bent  
Find Sun of Soul to keep her dim content.  
The outer darkness lends to inner sight  
Or live or dead, within the vault of night  
Higher than Earth, O higher in the spill  
That lends the Sky and Earth a single will.

And yet, with stranger lure  
Another vision comes, it spreads on lofty sky  
Its own engravure  
And its signalry  
Breaks forth with voice of child as well should be  
In newest oldest Heaven a low cry  
Breaks from the small lips pure!  
And on the dark abyss  
Falls meaning of the world, as so to kiss  
The past and present ages, into bliss!

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Peace  
Waking the dead from tomb and sepulchre,

Then comes the sounds of dimness, and hearts' pall  
As if the dead were risen with their wound—  
Each sound  
Breaks like a pallid lily on the Air.  
The child's lips tremble, and seem ages pale  
Touched by the grey smoke, from the hills, and vale,  
And Stygian rivers, and encircling field,  
As if the awestruck ages, could not yield  
Their dead at once unto the climbing Lair!  
As if, though some are waiting, yet not all  
The souls could cast away their graves and cease,  
And still they rose, now slowly, and now more,  
Coming like vapours through the call of Time—  
Some trembled, and some seemed to circle arms  
In hesitant purple mists, heavy like tears—  
Had they left loves and passions in the biers?  
Were they afraid again of tinged form  
Fearing rebirth, or some Life as before  
Which should have strength, e'en to make essence mourn  
By which, they were to reach, now the sublime?  
Retracting to their fear, their Life, their Harms—  
Some seemed to shudder at the vault above,  
Nor eddied sweetly swayed, as if by prayer  
With others, who clomb high having no fears,  
Some seemed remembrous of love—  
As over sound!  
Some could not seemingly forget their will  
More lasting than the crumbling bones, or mold  
Laid in the passing clay, from which they came  
But were afraid, afraid of Heaven still—  
Some seemed in their grey shrouds as burning flame—  
Some seemed even in vapours to have eyes

## An Earth Poem

That feared the touch, of some illusive gold.  
The fragrance of some starlight, in the skies—  
And yet they clomb the ether round, in round  
Rise, after rise,  
Vagrant Sun Children, into Paradise!

The child called once more down the Halls of Peace  
And on the strength and dark his voice grew loud,  
Welling his pass through the invisible  
He could not cease!  
It seemed the night should mirror all the world,  
Should draw its secrets from it, pluck its pain,  
Make all historic dooms a little leaf  
That crumbled, and was naught,  
Was suddenly encaught.  
Wound in a shroud,  
The willing, and unwilling closely held  
Abortion-thought which hung within the womb  
Of old Belief,  
And Heaven and Hell  
Crush into fragment ere the morn again.

It is its only goal;  
The Soul  
Moves now, no longer is it still,  
It wars to have its will,  
It wars to droop upon the lilies' breast,  
It struggles down to meet, to clasp, to hold,  
To see, and to be seen,  
It clutches at the portals of the screen,  
It would be felt, it draws the Body nigh,  
Now one sense deadens, now the others try,

It is like Death  
Since it would have us die.—  
Yet not, for see it yields us of its breath,  
It would but have us cry  
The urgent need to falter, and to lean  
Upon the vapours' arm,  
And now between  
The visitation of the good, and harm,  
As birds learn how to fly  
Around the templed, liliated gold  
Aye—  
It falls, and takes upon itself our mould!

Higher, and higher,  
As if energies  
Resupplemented shell  
Material—  
Should be,  
Should waft upon the wind, where we aspire  
And beat our hearts, as if their tuned bell  
Should ring the great exalted song of "Shall,"  
Until we gain our Heaven, or our Hell.

But watch the passage is of narrow shape  
In which we fight ourselves, the Animal,  
And mirrored on the bulwark broods an ape—  
The Senses which were crutches of the Mind  
Circle to dust, and all is Astral!  
Light doth increase,  
We are assumed by pregnant angelhood,  
There can be no escape,  
No long ceased mood

## An Earth Poem

To garb our bodies in, where once they stood  
 No function to respire,  
 No stranger custom beat  
 Of warmth, or heat,  
 No thirst for dew, or fire,  
 We have fulfilled the last great link in space,  
 The passage through  
 Children of Sod, of Air,  
 We do embrace,  
 The secret omnipresence lost, and won,  
 Whose war is Peace,  
 Ultimate Peace to find,  
 Whose war is peaceful kingdoms of the Sun!  
 The child is gone—  
 Again we seek alone,  
 The glint of Sun has shone—  
 The great excessive message of his tone!

To ye who live, I sing my song of Sun—  
 My song of Soul's expression—  
 My songs which on the pinions of lights run  
 When to compression  
 One only good abideth—  
 One reposition—  
 One fondness past discretion—  
 One last past lesion—  
 One motive which most hideth—  
 After so long the day of fullest need  
 Has fallen upon ye to bind, and bleed—  
 One sacrament which has no nether creed—  
 One foldment back from whence ye once have come  
 Experienced and dumb—



For ye, who long have stood the fray of day,  
And would not longer stay,  
Or would have ease which shall not pass away,  
Or with still yearning arms would hope for more,  
Let god be yours, who rose from morning's floor  
And now at evening kneeleth as before,  
The One who travels from the east to west,  
The One by whom we see, whose meed of rest  
A tiredness of lives repealed years for.

Yet still why, must my Soul unemptied lie  
Beside the bosom of a harmony?  
I look upon a chart that is not Heaven,  
And see the purple veins that make a river,  
And watch the pale blue oceans as they die  
Sand dune and cliff,  
And mountains as they rise,  
Surely I am not wise?  
Backward I turn empirical surmise,  
With stress and shif,  
The globe lies in the pale hand of the Giver,  
And rivers to their sea,  
—To immortality—  
Carry the cargo of the human, even—  
As all the rivers of the space, the stars  
In golden commerce to unknown bars!  
Yet O, to me  
Ere I pass on, omnipotent, glad Soul  
Back to the replaced goal  
Comes homely hunger of the Earth, to free  
Her bestial breasts of milk, that she may be  
No longer Mother but Infinity.

## An Earth Poem

Mad emptied song, and where do Nations go  
That drop their foam, like petals here below?  
The while each individual Soul may soar,  
Where are the seeds that Babylon did sow?  
Where lost Sidon, and Myrrh their citadels?  
And Keva's walls that yield not still their store,  
And all the ancient infidels?  
The Eastern Islands that I may not know?  
Away with Empires' mutability  
Of past utility,  
Such seeds as had an early pregnancy—  
Gone in a wind's extancy  
Gone in a wind which all the seeds must blow—  
And all the pollen's unsundered trust  
It cannot all be dust.  
For seems to me, from out the bartered show  
Of Sorab and of Rostrum  
Blue to Castilian hills, that there the folk  
Of kindred heartbeats woke.  
Like a lost Asian drum,  
There every sea  
Which tossed on Ceylon, Greece, and Italy  
Has left the flotsam of the hidden clay,  
For do I e'en there stray,  
And feel the import of cohesiveness,  
As in the halls of Northern great Savoy  
I hear the bells of story ring for joy,  
The story and the glory passed away—  
Carthage and Judea still have left their spray  
That washes on Gibraltar's opened door.  
And do confess,  
The tides of tideful water, ever more.

Then all the flowers drop in Arcady,  
Russia and England drink as from the bowl  
Of the North Pole,  
Winds from the South-west seas are blown North  
And curve around the sheaf of North Sea's Bay,  
There ice leaps forth  
Till all the North-west blossomed in a day,  
The pollen drops on California,  
The dust of gold blows to Siberia,  
Sweden has risen in her own strange way.  
Shall the North Sea  
And Norway spot the Sun?—  
Still weep for these,  
As August for the flowers of her May,  
Or shall the fruitage of the Southern lands  
Make recompense for flower dust of strands  
Which still must be forgotten?  
Lo! the whole  
Divisibly begotten  
Great Earth, is like a flower of man's Soul,  
And her Countries!  
Why does the large Equator swing her girth  
Still round the red breasts of the Mother Earth?  
The pomegranate still shall have its pole—  
But it is later past the Earth's July,  
Some flowers bear their blossoms, and then die—  
The while their dust with others, which survive  
Make all the fruitage of the Autumn live,—  
The seeds sprinkle on Greenland, Labrador;  
The north Sun, on the ice-girt pole hath gleamed  
As ruddy rind on skins of apples seemed  
When Adam dreamed;

Nay, all the spotted pall  
 Of the North Isles is pulp of Tamarind.  
 For fruit, the flowers have blossomed, and decay  
 For fruitage life has waited and has sinned.  
 Then let the Sun's ecliptics lay them way  
 For all.

Great stars of Heaven, whose nightly magnitude  
 Leaves your white bodies nude—  
 Come teach us with your trance,  
 Teach stellar ice  
 The sacrifice,  
 The long forgotten young aged moon's romance,  
 How bloodless for the world she clomb the skies,  
 No longer I surmise—  
 E'en so, Earth's vapours to the leaning Sun  
 Shall sacrificial run  
 As the baptismal streams of Paradise!

Souls of an hour  
 Behold,  
 The flower  
 Is gold,  
 The sphere has rolled  
 For ever to her own, O wake, arise  
 Chaldean, Thotme, Greek, East Indian  
 Behold your clan!  
 Transmuted in all graves, the life stuff lies—  
 And by eternal resurrections prone  
 Through bodies and still bodies more, alone  
 The last completed Soul shall find her own?  
 'T is but for ye the barter of a span

A nation, age, time, purpose, woman, man,  
Which did assume your naked entities  
And your identities—  
And working through them all, made the Earth flower  
Bloom for ye through her hour,  
With passion, sense, ignorance, potencies  
Consistencies,  
All these were but for ye—  
And while there hangs the dome as still a mirror there may be  
Each seen, passing through them all  
As to their pall!

Like a great eagle, o'er the darkened waves  
I ride contagions of myself through life—  
Small swells of reason, measured distance rife—  
Or follow gods who sing from echoing caves—  
Glimmerings of the visions, which but fade  
In soaring towards a hidden ultimate—  
Some yearnings thus, and passions satiate—  
My open wings which soar the seas thus made—  
Then in the morning from the nest of Time  
I gather legends, breaking into foam  
Wherein I dip my parched wings uselessly,  
And wait to see  
These in the moonlight of the evening climb  
To seek a closure in the vaulted dome,  
Till I exalt myself through night and day  
Leaving my nest hung breathlessly midway!

What benediction makes of injured Peace  
A compensation, in the realms of prayer?  
When all through Body, Mind and Soul increase.

Alike around the angel of despair  
A shroud, that she may wear  
When Heaven draws her back into its light  
That she—even she, Mistress of earthly gain upon the night  
When fire shall consume feigns, faints, and snare,  
Stand judgment with the Angel in her sight!

The time has come for slaughter, and for prayer,  
But was it not so in the kilns of care  
In procreation?  
What bitterment has fallen to our share  
Of blood for blood, and raging fight for ties  
Of Life to Life, that still—has still defied  
The unfranchised Heaven with her eyes,  
To gaze on Peace from belted nation to nation  
Drinking her foster mother's milk in pride?  
A shadow like a dim plague walks abroad,  
Holding no vain, vague suppliant hands to God,—  
Neither with eyes that well the tears of Time  
Making obeisance, in a lowly guise,  
Unto some self creation over Air.  
But still, more over-wise  
We would at once gather to the sublime.

Again comes war  
But here, now to devise  
The garb of Spirit to its own franchise,  
For long the spotted sign, the Spectre bore  
The banner for the will to mutinise—  
And Atheism waiting at the core—  
Sours the fruit, which we have gained before  
Whether God be an actuality

Or a surmise!

We who have gained heart from the flesh grown wise  
And still must have the Soul for our satiety,  
And have the red Sun, where the vine of yore  
Clambered as now, for see  
We grow, we mount, we rise!

The red vine

Which ran beside the Sod

Would now drink up the skies, and still run on  
In flaming torture.

That which in the dawn

The creviced children saw,

Now grown to twine

Not seed, nor pod,

But all the sweet corruptions of all law,

Drag its besmitten purpose

Through the sore,

Till there bleed

Nations, in ruin,

As if the world itself became a seed,

As if through some belated aperture

Or stagnant foss,

The instinct sent by cosmic impulse nigh,

The leopard, and the lion, and the bruin,

Had come from out the Mind, that pinioned high

Still bears the Earth's collateral womb, upon

Whose pregnancy such sordid instincts lie,

As devastations, storms, disasters, war.

Watch how its leaves

Like hammers rise, and fall,

Fretted by north wind of their circumstance,  
And trance,  
Athirst for pestilence—  
And consequence!  
Man bleeds, to call  
Himself a victor.  
Gathering unto sheaves  
His sword blood's harvest,  
Lacerate, infest!  
Is the wound Need?  
Or Need in torn tatters, but the wound?  
Bloodless the outworn faiths, lie on the ground  
Inert of any more supreme intent, to heed  
The faces turn to Heaven with their plea.  
And all the bugles stop their mouth of sound,  
Some tired Purpose surely here let free  
A venom, on the world—  
A great unrighteous parting of the breed—  
For war itself necessitates a foe,  
The hands that held  
The hilt,  
Or open face  
Of unsheathed blade  
Now withered hence  
Must know,  
The guilt  
Who made  
Intense  
The voice who knew the war song of his race.  
Yet, on the scarred shore  
Yet spot the dragon and the leopard more,  
The devious tongues are still;



And still the place  
Which holds the swollen trenchment of the dead,  
Stilled is the storm  
By slackage but of will,  
The vine leaps up and clammers overhead—  
Closer, and closer, cling the still live clan—  
A dim light stills the face of argument—  
Was the most spacious war  
Conceived by man,  
For purpose of the world?  
Growth of fruition or futurity?  
For like a wave upon an iron sea,  
It crests and foams, once more fain  
It sets its giant feet  
Above the stilled religions on the main  
Which it has felled.  
What can secrete  
The torture amid those who live, with form  
Of shadows, burial and doom?  
There must be leash, some better thing to gain—  
Lest Patience hang her tears, upon the tomb  
And Pity be with blinded dim eyes bent!

Higher, the vine grows  
Trellised by the will,  
Further 't will spread  
Its sacramental woes,  
Faiths on faiths are lying among the dead—  
More bastioned armies join the leaguered foes—  
Each wind doth veer the way that the vine goes—  
Now North and South, now East and West, where head  
The mighty seas,

To wither, and further still.  
Now joined to it the labour of the bees—  
Then doth dragoon,  
The urge grows more, and unto more is rolled,  
The hearts unbled grow less—  
Armies on mutilated armies swoon,  
The purpose, yea, what purpose can unfold  
The torn and mighty strife,  
And leave a mould  
In which may still be felt the feel of life?  
I mark a fortress  
Lured from nether deep,  
My spirit there calms souls that are asleep,  
Wakes like a gong  
The import of my song,  
Rises and seems to bless  
The bleared proximity of right and wrong,  
Goes through the gate  
Between the gun eye holes,  
Watches the heavy weight  
The powder rolls,  
Seems as it sat alone in mighty state,  
Again alone, where it could meditate  
On war as Fate!  
Sees the chaotic system in the plan—  
Marks in it deaths that sanctify fresh birth—  
Holds winter on the snow encumbered Earth—  
For now again the lap of plenty fills  
The fruits of dearth—  
Watches fresh streams from once polluted rills—  
And temples unto Mammon, set anew  
As lilies tall nurtured alone on dew—

And domes that form like globules of the Air—  
Sees  
All repurged and more upon the view—  
War is for Earth, then let it pass!—  
But wait,—  
The rolling hemispheres cast wide their gate  
To meet the Sun.  
And it shall fall that crime  
Is but the surplus energy of Time.  
And yet, alas  
He runneth fast who cannot with us stay—  
There are corrupt abortions, which dismay  
The promise of his later foster child.  
Till see, he groweth nobler by heredities,  
Loosens his veins and lets the vampire wild  
Of War  
Once more,  
Feed on his later kin,  
—The revolutions purged, of blood filled skin—  
His cheek grows whiter as to meet in kind  
The lower Lily of his rebuilt mind—  
And War himself, a quieter disguise  
Has won,  
His criminalities besmirch  
The cheek of custom, which one time was fair.  
His alien search  
Grows steadfast, towards the long predestined line—  
He would all things regather and refine—  
As if the pith of some sweet new fruit lay  
Beneath the bramble vine—  
Fresh faiths like beakers, drinks, and casts away  
Sunburnt as deserts,

Lands about whose clay,  
A great Deism like a central noose  
Makes uninhabitable  
Such tabitable,  
Such he hazards,  
Then plunging under Atheisms loose.  
Places his blades in Doubts of gaunt array.  
That tell not of his coming, nor dismay,  
And what still Lifelike land  
Is civilised  
With impregnated zeal  
Lies trembling, in his hand—  
Agnostic structures mingle, and congeal,  
And spread aside again, the changing clan  
The stars surmised—  
Their eye averts  
For War is Man!

The vine is forked, it clammers once again  
In trellises of pain,  
Now from the parent ground  
Unloosed is free.  
To watch what it may be,  
To sleep and hear a sound,  
Be dumb still speak,  
Find odour in a note,  
Have feel within a lifeless marble set,  
Draw fire from the cool of prisms' vent,  
Grow thirsty without throat,  
Then drink the wet  
Moisture that keeps the Soul's environment,  
Hear its faint sounds as winds in a frail tree,

Keep all its pulses yet grow dark,  
And weak,  
And hark  
Behind the rustle of the Mind's black screen,  
The Soul puts forth, unseeable, unseen.

The Mind

Is in the Battle's midnight tent.  
It paces as a sentinel of War,  
Inside its opened door,  
And sees the starlight glitter on the floor,  
Without lie all the forces, it has bent  
To its own use,  
That it has taught to lay it low  
As out of streamless oceans, rivers flow,  
Or out of harmony the dissonant—  
Doth rioting sounds supplant.  
For once a subtle regency it planned  
Weaving the war vine to a coronet,  
Tutoring forces from it, till at length  
Growing with strength,  
To make the circle weave a perfect band  
The brow to bind,  
While thereupon was set  
Impulse, at self-command—  
Which mutinised against it, to forget  
Its lien,  
How it had first-birth for its own abuse.  
Then must again the Mind with kingly mien  
Once more do battle, with its children's fret  
With their incongruent,  
As all the streams run backward to the sea,

As if it argued its own argument,  
Grafting the untoward crown from Mutiny,  
Warring its diverged pulses, as a foe.

For here, the ground vine grows  
But growing mounts,  
And mounting fades,  
And fading mounts again to higher glades,  
All intertangled with the rues of War,  
The nebulous creeping, constant parasite,  
Working its own despite,  
From red, to white.  
From white, to ghostly purple at its core.—  
Its weaved petals, stains that Stoics wore—  
Its closing foldment that which is the Mind—  
Passing the torrents, falling from its founts.  
Now lost in lonely caves,  
Now flinting waves,  
Nor yet it wins but wind  
Now shuddering up a dismal depth of height—  
Now eddying into ghostly wills afraid  
Of motion and of light,  
It is all laid  
Upon the slender shoulders, of the Soul!  
Mounting upon the Purpose, of the Whole!

Yet, Children of the Sun, my tongue of faith  
Rumours of portents first disconsolate—  
For many lives, I feel, that we must sow  
To reap the single harvest of our fate.  
That we are gathered where the four winds blow,  
To numberless bodies come, and crave inmate,

To all the ages, the world's tables show,  
And natural sun-dials of the hours state,  
Until regenerated from wraith, to wraith,  
From out our wanderings, we somewhat still shall know.  
Shells of my Soul, how many have ye been?  
Where were ye nurtured, on what ocean tossed?  
What nations frequented, what wanderers seen?  
What globes inherited, what garbs, what screen?  
What many strange and diverse fortunes held  
That now between the Earth and Sun do lean  
My thoughts which have been traversed with the world?  
This, is not Oriental pedantry,  
Nor springs it, from across Nirvana's sea,  
It is my life, that sends such faith to me,  
To measure with an equal darkened eye—  
The Past with the eterne Futurity—  
Since one magnetic drop upon the Now  
Splashes the blinding drop, from which I die—  
The Sun has other systems where to light  
His hidden sight—  
His world repelled, Janosial replica—  
The systems of the Heavens are abridged  
To the close reading of Earth's fugitive,  
As if Time's Ocean of Man's Mammalia  
Refused the answer "Whither" with the "How,"  
Until the seas at last shall be pillaged  
By the cognition that we only live!  
And nought can ere be lost—

Atoms of pre-existence melt and merge—  
The air is chaos' Archæologist—  
We totter with twin feet upon the verge—

With twin eyes see, with twin ears hear—  
And list  
Stratas of selves, whose burials we resist—  
Yet, somewhere is the axis of the sphere,  
Some faint day must our generations show  
Halved on the crescent of their own eclipse.  
To me, it is when no more nether woe,  
Nor outer pain can lead the Soul amiss,  
For this I live, for this my long parched lips  
Eat silently, the sands heredical—  
And do forego the Heavens' anointed kiss—  
Because the faint dews of my sorrows fall  
Upon the tarnished globe, terrestrial.  
Gathered to self, with stars so few and small  
I watch the sunlight down the west decline  
Contentedly, knowing it seeks for mine—  
Some other space where I must surely go—  
In following the reconstructed cheer.  
Mark how the symbols through the blackness shine,  
This outward life is mine, this one is thine,  
This is my face, mine eyes, mine arm, my hand,  
My brow and arm arterial,  
Yet all into one dust must intertwine  
And this rising again, shall recombine!  
Yet what grave law between material  
Cohesive matters and the Spirit stand  
The Ghost of Semblance! Consecrated Form!  
As if the rain replenished in the storm  
Upon another lift of Air should wait.  
One, in re-purposing a new estate  
From which the Spirit led forth with much ease  
Its squandered habitude, for such as these



Its integrating bodies should replace—  
Yet grows no rose the same, in form and face  
But uses the use-matter of its shape  
To let an instinct born of death escape  
Which nurtures not the spirit of its husk.  
No human bones the same, regather, me!  
A new verse comes with every song's refrain!  
A fresh note re-establishes its key!  
And something parts which coming back again  
Accepts her varied mutability—  
A perfume makes the roses' squandered musk!  
An added thought gathers the vampire breath!  
And what is seed of Life is seed of Death!  
Till, as the flame regenerates a fire  
His own identity which must expire  
Alone by the addition of its hire.  
Yea every time, a spirit doth return  
Its taper on sidereal Earth to burn,  
It has an added wisdom to its lot—  
Therefore, alone, Fatality is not—  
Nor can a sire leave his entity  
In any willing soul, who would be free—  
For all addition, as a chemical  
Shall spot the small walls of the simplest cell!  
And Spirit above Matter, complicate  
The impulse, and o'er governed growth of Fate!  
O let my soul, in each ecliptic ray  
Attain fresh wisdom, that at length which may  
Not be for others, but itself indeed  
In others' clay—  
To shatter other Need!  
Not faster than an Atom goeth God,

Nor swifter than a climax dies the Sun,  
As Earth progresses we progress to shun  
The evils which await us in the Sod,  
The path dissimilar has end the same—  
Even as doth the fire and the flame—  
Earth works through us, as we may work through Earth,  
She bears us all, from tired birth to birth,  
While individuality goes silent through  
All, which it blends her to imbue,  
That years, which bring mortality, and use,  
The Sphere's breast, make and break, but cannot choose.  
To form with all discrepancies, and justice thus—  
That we may meet her, and her course meet us.

O inner, hidden Will, I cannot see  
I know that I am taken to agree  
With what is mine for what mine own shall be!

Ye who suffer, come, the night is black  
None, save the Secret, knows your agony  
But ah! dear waiting Ones, ye turn not back—  
Ye cannot, for the Secret has the key.  
O, unto all and all eternity,  
Be it for joy, or suffering, at last  
The Future comes—ye cannot have the Past.  
Bend down upon a glad adoring knee,  
Listen! ye shall hear—  
The chains swing on each year,  
Nay, bolted is the nether hemisphere,  
And lo! its chains encompass even ye,  
Till one more anguish flung, upon your Soul  
Shall let ye pass an unpermitted goal

Accumulate a change,  
Until ye range  
Your bated Aura, and your Aureole!

How many, many years the birds sing on,  
O, caged bird of the world sing on and out—  
O, changeling bird!  
O, long has been immersed in truth by dawn—  
Linked between all sight and sight is sound,  
Beauty has sung her image to the ground,  
And now the truths of natal notes appear  
To wing their way into the inner sight,  
Let every Soul fold his broad cadence clear  
And pierce with yearning float, the vault of night!—  
The Word is ever waiting to be heard.  
Although a beauty marvellous was caught  
And symbolled in the flesh, as Portent-thought,  
The higher climbing Sun, will be too bright  
For human eyes to gaze upon unwound.  
In silences is sound—as Faith is Doubt.

Not yet can I pass on, for I must say  
The darkness light,  
Before I pass away,  
With the Sun Children, to the couch of day—  
The morn is breaking in the mauve midnight,  
The onyx is all bright,  
But further still—O, it must be the Soul  
That shall communicate, the lighted Whole!  
The passing onward to the perfect ray  
Join then all hours, in your dance of black,  
Hide your face stars that guide in re-dismay.

Turn the great frugal sleep, of bodies back  
To hunger, and to thirst,  
That still the first  
Material instinct reign, and then a sway  
The Children of the Sod, with Air for breath—  
The Children of the Air, with evening's fall—  
For be it Life, or Death,  
It is for all,  
The Soul that leads unto the gated Sun  
And has the path rewon.

The child calls once more down the Halls of Peace!—  
But now he wakes the Present to increase  
The wonderment for the miraculous!  
He calls, and calls, even the Sun Child thus!  
His voice awakes the woken slumberous!  
Shriller, and shriller, on tympanum years  
He beats the moving sunburst, of the spheres!  
And makes the hearts which shriek in silence thrill  
The voids across the caught-predestined Will!  
All of the Nations, as if chords of wind  
Flap their mast sails to thunder in behind,  
The spirit army winged with impulse throws  
A shade as if a million evenings grew  
At once, out of the shadow of the rose—  
And images of all religions came  
And lay amongst them as a tongue of flame,  
Little Krishna, Buddha, Zeus, and Christ,  
Them unto whom the less gods sacrificed  
Gautama, Sinto, Janos, Odin, Thor,  
And he who in a casket of old lore  
Sailed down the Nile beside the Pyramid—

The Malay and the Slav, the Greek, the Dane.  
Till lastly came to dwell among the crew  
Upon the tottering fane  
At portals  
One, who his eyeballs hid  
Until into the quiet night they slid  
To give the place for mortals,  
The coloured pagans, lemon, bronze, and red,  
The white Caucasian, and the Indian bred  
Among the pines and cedars, sleek of tread  
Alive and dead, in growth or pall,  
Some breathing tenderly,  
A child asleep upon a mother's breast,  
A man who wanders 'neath a star-branched tree  
Making a sport with his imaginings—  
A monk at wineful prayer of celibacy—  
A woman's pillowed face beneath her hair—  
A grave's uncouth and yearning occupant—  
Those out at sea who hear the ocean's chant—  
Those lonely in the desert—  
These astert!  
Those who wear  
The leaves about the wood for garment dress—  
The lover whom the maiden doth confess—  
The grandsire and the granddame beautiful—  
Here are their souls! Behold the sky is full!  
They have come out to meet the midnight, all!  
They cannot be at rest  
There doth assert  
Within their being, fanning of such wings  
As may be symbol of their upward flight!  
The question down the long nights' echoes' rings,

The Sun along the long Dawn's seaside swings,  
It is not answered yet, not answered quite.  
Come Children of the Sun, I change my tune  
I carry to my lips the horn of moon—  
Since on the path so many questions fell  
'T were best, to doubt, than to be Gabriel.  
Light passes through the sunlight as a shell,  
And now the dark  
Is left alone, to hark  
To hollow wakening of the sleepless lark.  
And still they gather, they will mount the Sun!  
They ride him from the ocean down the sea—  
To where mists fall, above the lower sky  
They have not passed—I cannot see them die—  
I cannot see them fade from off the lea—  
The latest Death to Light, and into Sleep  
That leaves no echoes on the mornings' steep!  
Still gold,  
In mould,  
Remembrance makes Eve's hair—  
And protoplasm of an antique dust  
Cling on the Sod, and linger in the Air—  
Fulfilled is not the Babylonians' trust—  
Spotted the East lies waiting her compare,  
Unless she feels through every vein, the Sun to run—  
There can be nothing won  
Upon the brack  
Despite Despair!  
Children of Sun, pass on  
Not yet the dawn—  
O run with fair feet faster than my thought!  
Does not a vista, dare imply an end?—

I must pass back,  
I cannot more ascend,  
Though far I sought—  
Let the great vision be with peace withdrawn!

Yet, what is individual, has rest  
Within the crying of the multitude,  
With their ambitude.  
As if, a snow peak on a mountain's breast  
Higher and higher, wing the endless brood  
Through,  
And one in the communion of the quest,  
Banish the single pain for greater good,  
Love remagnetic thrills for the unknown,  
And here the end! The Sod shall be resown  
And brimming o'er the Sun, the Sun shall pour  
Larger than self upon the closing door.  
The Souls like atoms, once disintegrate  
Shall mingling heave remultiform as Fate—  
For O! when once the seizure on the root  
Has been, who shall not dream the after fruit?  
We had the Body, and we held the Mind,  
A heart around the Pulse of Heart did wind,  
Till in the ages past the ghost of Death  
Stalked forward for his prey, to teach them whence!  
And if now we lay hands on consequence  
The while we still our breathing quietly,  
The Soul,  
The promise must return its goal,  
By slow rotations round the belted past.  
We shall become by use our gods at last,  
For they who have the strength re-open life,

Take up the tender dead form from the grave,  
Twine the limbs' motive to the motive rife  
Which is no longer limb, the motive saith  
Since use itself, itself shall learn to save,  
As labour shall increase by thought to see,  
As thought shall have a feeling faith in thought,  
As ape has grown to man, there shall be caught  
The penetrateless in the veil of naught,  
And man become the godhead whom he sought!  
Wait, for the forms are changing by degree,  
The Sun's imprisoned prism  
Lends a ray  
Faltering anew across the path of day,  
The dove's wing lends the peacock's tail its hue.  
Was it so strange how all the flowers grew?  
Will it be strange if man outgrows his way,  
And from a mocking angel, whose derision  
Is our arrision,  
Man's self laughs loud  
Yet doth himself, bedizzen  
And be by self re-risen?  
And Matter which was once itself a cloud  
Allowed,  
Pass back, across its Sun to pass away?  
Revolve! evolve!  
Until the well of light  
As if a shield of golden breasted night  
Shall sight  
And sound dissolve  
And yearning of man's bosom be his clay!  
One, both in Death, and Life, is the return—  
Sun of the morning which the nights' suns' burn!



Unseen, O Soul! Thou Species still unseen,  
 To whom Man's aspirations learn, and lean,  
 Whose Body is his Thought, whose Life his Dream,  
 Whose Individuality the stream  
 Of all his Purpose, Thou inoculate!  
 I sing, as Sun, as Soul, as Growth, as Fate!  
 As Hell, as Schism!

O futile Sun!

As yet, so fragile thou

Thou liest thy dim brow.

Each evening, where the lowest waters run—

And art returned each morning to thy task of heavy climbing

Thus Heaven and Earth combining,

Fortified in timing,

The light to its divining.

How justified these souls, that take their flight

Each up the sky a passing eremite,

Nor pursuivant, with the red Earth below their height

No longer bide regality of state,

Deeming the regal coffer desolate,

Wherein with lock of lips, and bolt of hands,

They sent their guarded wealth across the lands,

As blisses round the Autumn draw forth blight

If all, the kith, and kin, of the world's rout,

Is wisdomed Man, conceived of Harlot-Doubt,

Let us die on Sun Children, and die out!

A leopard skin the Sun wears in his woe—

His dark corona doth with dark lines flow—

And his dark spots have lines we may not know.

When to the night he sends his cup of wine,

There is no telling of the brim, by line;  
 The tangled regions of the photosphere  
 Shall then, envelop man's appointed bier!  
 Or from the spectrum of the disc, be seen  
 Fresh intertangled rays of solar green:  
 Or, shall this our own Master, vernal, young,  
 Leaning to Earth with yellow carpets hung  
 Not carnival us, to our own surcease  
 Lifting us into further stars of Peace?

The view of things terrestrial passes! See!  
 The vortexed Soul conceives each galaxy,  
 Around by comets, stars, and systems, wend  
 A meteoric bounty to the end—  
 And chasmed in the purpurate well of night,  
 The perforate hearthstones of the worlds requite  
 The fire in the heart. O World! O Soul! O Child!  
 O great abortive Atom undefiled  
 From thy white disc, as timid as the morn  
 Shall spring at length, the bourne—  
 For where the Throne reigns, Empirical  
 The reasoning of the Dragon shall let fall  
 The spit creative in a nether ring  
 To spore the spousal lion to his spring,  
 Till, with an answering jar the spheres are set,  
 Unto the Master un beholden yet—  
 And, as the Eagle flies he hesitates  
 What star, into his bony beak he takes,  
 Or makes,  
 To scavenger it up and down the dark,  
 Till lo! beneath his talons drop the weights!  
 The ray its prism yields!—gives forth the mark

Where it shall glow in firmamental fret!  
Hark!  
What sound is it that vibrates through its shriek?  
The evolution of a species! Clay  
Fraught with the thunder tumbles into day!  
And voice from casual Word to Word grows weak,  
With its ascension to the Speech Unheard  
For thus, the mission of the Sacred Bird!  
What is the secret of the Sod  
Save God!  
Speech, close!  
Children of Sod, of Air, of Sun, close! Close!

Now if ye see not, wherefore can ye see  
In solar realms, or worlds campestral?  
No more of speech is given unto me,  
Children of Sun ye are immersed in light,  
Whether in life, or death, if ye desire to be!  
I leave the strain, I seek the astral  
I merely say, what unto me befell  
In thus so seeking through the Heaven, and Hell,  
Which garbs, and guards the world, in mystery  
The Secret and the Soul, the God, and Sun,  
Comingled seem as one.  
And that great inner self, which ever lies  
As clear and dark as night  
Closed in the eyes—  
The self's own individual Emprise!

My heavens tottered in their afternoon,  
So large the full and blown bowl of blue—  
The one drop spilled, and Air had no control;

## An Earth Poem

Till the red Sun was mastered by his fire,  
Who once with steadfast steps climbed up and high  
And was no more, Lord of the Universe!  
Hush! He was climbing with himself in lieu,  
Was bearing up the burden of his soul,  
So that before the impress of the moon  
Had shadowed twilight to a dim desire  
Upon the western gate his course adverse,  
Children of Sun, succour Him, let him die!

The twilight, like a world exotic King,  
Had closed my mind and left my heart to sing!  
The small moth flutters, and then falls to rest—  
Not I, for I shall take it on the wing,  
Protecting all my flight, this sword of song,  
Piercing the mighty breast  
Of dim reclining darkness, through and through.  
I wot by pulsings of my heart, my goal—  
I do not need the Mind's recasket lore begun—  
The Heart—nay, nay, the Soul shall show me where—  
The Heart which faltered in the noontide Air  
Shall play the hierarchical ante-roll,  
And Life become almost as 't were a Soul!  
The Sun has sunken on the broad sweet bay,  
He has repealed his overtures to-day,  
But lo! I am the Eagle of the Sun;  
I follow him in most sequestered way  
With balmy sleep, and revelry of sway.  
Hidden save to my inner eyes more strong,  
While all time, for his sight finds disarray!

Would it be strange, if haunted are men's signs

That spiritual Death no War confines?  
Or spiritual Life, no Death may need?  
Or that around me, while I do succeed  
In forwarding my soul, should lives attend  
Unseen who had this purpose for their end?  
O, all my cry is for one opened spill,  
Of all the stars that cluster in my will!  
Yet, lest they reign in stuff corporeal  
Which falls upon the light reboreal  
More slowly, then allow in astral mien  
My upper spirit, to break through the screen  
I am a seeker, I abhor shut vaunts  
Of needless trammel, and remouldful wants  
Burying all the deaths, I need not die  
To let loose all myself is all I try.  
Unfortifying what did fortify  
My smaller ways of gain,  
O Sun to lie—  
With outspread oneness, on thy golden main!

Earth, thy full cup of wine  
I know, I have not tasted  
But have wasted  
The bubbles pleasantly above the vine.  
For can satiety an individual visit, whose size  
Is all humanity!  
Or one life symbolise  
Creation's sea?  
Nay, save there wake between a human breast  
And thine, an incompatibility  
O Earth, O goad, O rest!  
Below the treasured Heavens waiting be!

## An Earth Poem

It seems in night I live not, nor do die,  
 Lest laughter of the world should pass me by,  
 Lest from the revelry's sonorous moon  
 Some echo, come to hark me of the noon;  
 I lie abreast of a new hope alone,  
 And gather back my thoughts, unto their own.

Into this world, an untuned instrument  
 Was sent the Spirit!—  
 Winds that round it blow,  
 That pass all growing flowers without care  
 Of nurturing thought, and heed not all the hills,  
 That stir refractured waves upon the sea  
 And are for seasons but their wayward child,  
 Drawn faint phantoms of heredity—  
 Must touch the Soul to sound,  
 Must make it fair,  
 Take lamentable stress for it through space,  
 Draw for it, through the dimnesses fresh wills  
 Till it inherit  
 Motion, and light, touch, odour, essence, scent!  
 The worlds on worlds of passion have beguiled,  
 Twining it round with sunburnt circumstance  
 That cries in passing torture of its wound,  
 In pæans, wisdomed unto music's willed instance,  
 Until to lovely Death this Soul, this Spirit go.

Then what is God, and what the Souls in pain  
 That come from hidden viols, with great sound  
 Like thunder, breaking through the constant rain  
 That night and day, dips the clouds' garments round.  
 Seen and unseen by element of stress, and hone,

Or weight of force, or measure manifold.  
My soul! There stands the rapturous Sun in gold,  
A faint star now is trembling up the way  
To where the purple hills their tents unfold,  
Till as a thought remembered comes the day,  
And the white moth of evening's life is done.

Then thou, dear Light,  
Thou questionable shade,  
Parade thee through the furrows of my being,  
Take thou the young Heart which desire made,  
Watch thou the stars within my vacant night,  
Bend thou, the god, above my benefice,  
Thou person within person, aid my seeing  
Of that sublimest glory which on high,  
Or lost in wreathing darkness, lies below,  
Will benison and bless  
In thy dominion, lead Thee where I go.  
I, I,  
How could I be Life's overwise accomplice?  
For every year this tiredness doth grow,  
Until as mounting, upon melting snow,  
The world bounds onward to its last excess.

Night, noon and morn, ye are commingled well  
For through the languorous mauve veins of the dark  
Slowly as on a shadowy stream, a bark  
Moors into morning, while the midnight moon  
In smaller crescent mimics the globe noon,  
But still more joined as echoes in a shell  
The Soul becomes a Body, and a Heart,  
Dons them for its own being's covering,  
Foregoes to grieve

That it may thus its higher self impart  
From stillness unto motion, song to wing,  
So that all Life waiting may hear it sing.  
In the world above can we perceive,  
The withered, palsied, famishment of prayer,  
Or prayer alone, while sequented dear form  
Shall not the Senses of Life bring to storm?  
No gothic stone in Abbey purified,  
But has the prisms in the grey stones dyed.  
Nothing is simple save inclusion be  
Within it, putrefaction, tarn, afraid  
Of opaled memory upon them laid.  
And opaque has a visibility  
Through which the eye, must search that it may see  
I as its compare  
This wrong, the foul creeds that show,  
Heaven blaspheming joy, would lend it woe,  
And senseless have it mask thus sense, it cannot know!  
Futile! I spread it with a lure of sight!  
That I may see its darkness, and its bright!  
I give it senses more than here we take  
For feeling!—for e'en deaths of lives awake  
A new sensation—where we watch them break—  
Who has not stood before a sepulchre,  
And felt the pulses in a new way stir,  
Sense of the Sod, and sexuality  
Reel in the quietness which cannot be,  
Hunger and Love, increase when unfilled they await  
By every moment needs unactuality!  
To grow, to strengthen, and at last migrate.  
I tread the streets of astral abode—  
I am uplifted unto sights unknown—



Around me are the ways the spirits strode—  
Whose wings weave paths about mortality,  
I am at last a naked entity,  
My flesh lies with the seed that is unsown,  
I bend my brow and some still force has kist  
My spirit, for I am a spiritualist.  
O Children of the Sun, within, without,  
I feel ye nigh with Promise and with Doubt—  
Hush! Lest my course should become sensual  
I am exalted unto such a spell,  
Of over perfume sense!—  
And yet, 't is well,  
A frail god-hand leads me through the Immense.

The leaves were singing, and the branches wait,  
The sunbeams sang as they passed through the gate  
Where clambered in the west, the silent Sun  
In rapturous state let mobile shadows run,  
How far? How long? It is a thing of Fate,  
Night is a carpet for aërial shapes  
Of gods, transcendent man out passing far  
To rest upon, and in the arms of Air  
To sleep unseen.  
Who would break one drop of the evening's dew,  
Or with the impatient penetrable eyes  
Surprise the shades of darkness, and bestrew  
Slight mimics of the angry day's decease  
With light, upon the separating green?  
To Earth all things are fair—  
To them that sleep  
One calm unfolds another into rest—  
I, who have ever wandered on the crest,

Go hence, and passing o'er the bodied deep,  
 Dream that the Sky, and Earth, are as the Sea,—  
 The Sea of Peace.

For twilight drops as from unnumbered grapes  
 The juice of light, which falls from the first star  
 And watching o'er the disentangled skies  
 There come the shadows, of the night to be.

If I go on, O soul, what will betide?  
 Shall I grow weary of the weight of light?  
 I, who before was novice to the Sun,  
 Shall Paradise to me seem dark with prayer—  
 And ecstasy the dust upon the streets  
 Where the man angel, joins the hallowed saint—  
 And prophet, the diviner angel meets—  
 Where sin, like a pale woman nun grows faint  
 With too divine a beauty, brought from tears?  
 Or on the long night's darkness, long and wide  
 Become an essence which is spiritualised?  
 I grope, and yet with freedom of the Sun  
 My arms outstretch for planets never won  
 My lover is the mist, nay, she the cloud,  
 Nay, she the dark, nay, but the crowd  
 Of hidden voices for again I hark!  
 I wake from my enfoldment, and I hear  
 The errand of the Sun, upon his cheer  
 Singing with voices marvellous and near!

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Rest,  
 Waking the sphered music from the breast,

He would the dream re-echo on the stream  
That unto others, it may glint and gleam—  
Some whispering echoes, from the self of quest.  
He calls for echoes that the Sun Child may repeat,  
Some bleared notes of the song, his ear doth greet,  
Some sound unpassable, some knowledge sweet,  
Which cannot be transmuted: Yet, may lie  
A murmur from the deeps of midnight sky!

In garnet pall,  
The Elder Day ascends  
To where he finds no friends  
In surpliced light.  
While over all  
The green grass, and the grey green vapours, keep  
The secret through the night  
Where he doth sleep.

If only, behind stars some Will be free  
Of Purpose. Patience; let us bide through Time  
The consequential agony of thought,  
And deed with iron hands bound unto deed defiled,  
And flux of impulse that with surety  
Like a great mother, bears a kindred child.  
Let us like breast babes, suck at the two seas  
Of change and chance, and where the parched sand lies  
Barren and bare and comfortless and wild  
Dear sleep shall be to soothe our discontent,  
With Heaven's bounteous mimic mysteries.  
We are, on shores immeasurably wrought  
Of ages, where the ancient prophets went,  
Where will of ours alone dismay defies,

And on the tottering marges of our day,  
Climb to the places human and sublime,  
Until the great wind blows all self away.

What are we little mortals, and large souls  
That like a halo glisten round our path?  
As clouds move past their suns up, on,  
Farther and farther, passed the will to stay  
We die as they,  
Sinking as nothing where the ocean rolls,  
Giving ourselves, our impulse, our controls,  
Until at last, there hath  
The power risen to confront our way,  
Who has the eyes to see the dawn decay,  
And something of the evening pass to dawn.  
Take heed in comfort, lest the way be long,  
And take not heed in constant mead, or measure—  
Vain countings of a wrong, defy its death—  
Vain pleadings tire voices for their song—  
Within the heart of all the secret treasure  
Waits, for the waking of promethean breath  
Thine—thine, to give, and wholly half thyself  
To spend upon, in giving life and light—  
This, this absorb thee, draw thee out, make strong,  
And e'er completed on the Master's shelf  
Shall lie in vigil one more human life,  
The sun shall spread his purple cloth for night,  
The stars shall wing their course beyond the pleasure  
Of God's, to spread on unillumined skies  
Their radiance, with a calmness rife  
Within mute Heaven's long protecting eyes.

Forgive me for all placements which are wrong—  
Dwarfment of sweets  
Which solitudes the soul  
In its own ego—if my sad feet,  
But follow after through the paths of song  
When one hour sooner they had led the way—  
Acceptances of blisses ready made—  
Rejection, of the forming of small joys  
With which fond Life, doth let her children play—  
If I, but mimic praises of the light  
Wrapping myself, in the close cloak of shade!  
O this, the most forgive, if, in the night  
I should be hindered by some small alloys  
From my first goal, not to replace my goal!  
Forgive me if I mimic my own song.  
Worlds without end unnumbered and untold!  
Each star once for it chose its satellites  
From planets numberless. Thus let my will  
Choose from old glories that which it creates  
Anew in reverence by their placement here!  
O mighty worlds, for cadence in my shell  
See that I be washed up, by new waves still  
Dripping upon the beach, each afternoon—  
Forgive my hesitancy—which hesitates,  
Pleasure my thorn  
As my delights—  
Snarings, and spell,  
Forgive me more, if the dawn find me old—  
Bringing the same mute music to thine ear!

Then Soul of mine ascend, take thou thy flight  
Into the perishable night,

Let darkness fold me,  
Let sweet silence be  
The unrequited messenger of thee,  
Until a thunder waking from the sky  
Thy great response of immortality  
Assure thee in thyself—let the clouds make  
In hiding thy fair presence as a light,  
The measure of thy upward soaring clear—  
Palpitate through the ether, till there break  
So loud a beating on the low air's ear,  
That if thyself, unto thyself, should die—  
Thy element of Heaven would draw near—  
O brave and lovely Soul, soar high and high!

O hungering sense of wild relentless laws,  
Why hast thou made me this, that for faint cause  
Is seen but a far echo half distilled  
O'er moonlit valleys, sun-girt oceans hilled,  
In soft wave valleys, till I seem a blight  
Half upon nature, half upon the light,  
Ununified, unvitalised in force,  
Part for myself, and partly for remorse  
Of vast outgrowing Nature, that she can  
Create no unity in pulse of man?  
Fain would I be like him, who in the dome  
Finds entity of will to bring him home.  
Who striking his broad trident in the seas  
Still knows his entity, their mysteries  
Who peoples planets, and o'er governs chance,  
Making of myriad forms his own romance—  
Stilling creation, allowing it to be  
For ever struggling to him, nor yet free,

For even as his, our sequestered forms  
Of life. We know, like him, the land storms,  
The tender south-west wind, the burdened tears  
That fall in Time's dear passage like the years,  
The single trees that in the garden shed  
Their immemorial silence o'er the dead,  
The simple rose, the guileless asphodel  
With her white stains leading the way to Hell,  
The bloodless poppy by which sleep has caught  
And held the bosom of young dreams to naught,  
Fulfilment of gold corn in autumn fields,  
And wheat and barley that the full grain yields,  
The apple, and the cherry, and the grape,  
That lit a liquor from their perfect shape,  
A liquor in the autumn lent to lips  
That long have hungered waiting their eclipse.  
The nothingness of airs that rest and shine  
Making the sphered Earth with them combine  
The law of her creation, till they twine  
The lucid passion of humanity.  
Yea one of these, even like one, to be,  
And not a variegated essence wrung  
Of music, coming with a myriad tongue  
From out some worn and circumstantial gain,  
Part ecstasy, part song drift, and part pain.

For sword of Time  
To Earth, not only unto her,  
Who sleeps  
Lying confessed,  
Hath thou thy later wisdom all expressed!  
In warfare of such hilly steeps, as climb

## An Earth Poem

Above Earth's natural welfare, in the deeps  
Of common sense!—  
But unto all, thou deignest eloquence,  
Who see thy long blades burnished in the light! Shall I aver  
The mental strife,  
Those who imbue  
The well kept flesh with senses strange and new—  
And use thyself, for other claims than life?—  
For perpetuity  
Implies a gradual yearning, in whose noose  
Are caught without omission,  
Hapless in their fruition,  
Sleep, child bearing, and a wide nutrition,  
Transmission,  
Which let thy sovereign power again run loose  
To labour, and to prayer,  
To slay far other things of Earth, and Air,  
Symbols and portents, Child-births of the Mind,  
Divergent sleeps in old necessity,  
Whose vaster surname still is energy—  
And hybrid fruits  
Which in men's hearts we find—  
Therefore thy sword upon the sunlit routes  
Shall higher still be held,  
Till for new purposes by strange recruits,  
The shadow of the sword, shall slay the world.

Yes, on Mankind!

Man has the choice, though it be bitter guile  
His energy, unlike that which is found  
In seed, and growth of ground,  
To bask



In bird, and animal, broods but awhile  
The way to tend  
About itself to wend,  
Sleeps, feeds, and then is free to soar, or droop,  
To spot, or fleck  
Its pinions into ruin and to wreck.  
To loop—  
No least task  
Preordinates his use—  
He must have choice  
To barter, or to make, destroy, or build, or bind,  
Sorrow, rejoice,  
And so his soul goes fluttering wide, and loose.

Is this then not the question unreplied?  
Not even for the compass binnacle  
Here, in Nature's latest creature  
Decked in godly traceful feature,  
Feeling himself as potent, and as free,  
In choice of ecstasy,  
And long endeavour,  
As are the stars which can shine on for ever,  
Thought born, thought bred,  
Manning the Earth with tread,  
With feet most lightly tied,  
With forehead crestial?  
Now he is lost, an Angel glorified  
Walks on no feet, prepares no ritual Mind,  
Obelisk's Thought, upon a pinnacle  
That glints above the thought he left behind;  
And above Earth in spaces, wide, celestial,  
Allowed is to have wider strife to be

A chord, or discord of all Harmony.  
 The Air-waves beat beneath him—  
 The Sun's rays no longer one in disentangled glow  
 Break in renewed effulgence through the dim—  
 In legions of the spheres he shall become, and know.

Let us assume that God is simple state  
 Of an entire consummation, or the pause  
 Or cause  
 Where gravitation ceases. Lives that here  
 Have found their latest excess, or their bier,  
 Go on through lives of the celestial sphere,  
 And many spheres, before such light be won.  
 God in this Life is Will, within the Sun  
 Is, Impulse, farther on, we may increase  
 To have desire perfect in its birth,  
 Then will the end come unto any Earth,  
 Or planet with the Instantaneous—  
 It is alone, while Time moulds slow or fast  
 Futile returns of pulses, there shall last  
 Need for recrimination in the vast,  
 For Peace  
 Misunderstood by us  
 Attainment is, that does not hesitate.

Perchance, this Master-Spirit in the west  
 Who leaves the stain upon the ocean's crest,  
 And leaves us for a time to wake or rest,  
 To think, to dream, on portents, may be for us, our God?  
 He looks as red as hearts that bleed to win  
 The secret reflux of the growth within,  
 He seems accustomed to all things; the Sod,  
 The Air, Himself;

He watches pelf,  
And watches actual gain, and growth, and light,  
He is in day, and magnetises night,  
His white expansions seem our souls to fain,  
He spatulates His form, as we our pain,  
Ah! Surely He is God or very joy  
Of His own life would slacken His employ.

Floating chimeras why compare  
Thy beauty, to a substance tangible?  
Why not tell  
The hidden wonder lurking in thy grief,  
That makes our share  
Of Soul here still in anguish find relief?  
In the same power's potency,  
All in great majesty,  
Doth Time roll on, bearing his world to sleep—  
In crimson splendour twined with calms of prayer—  
More, and more, may pass as waters through the deep,  
Of sense,  
Yet still, an eloquence  
Of falling tears makes music on the Air!  
O sing, that these shall pass, and passing die,  
And not that beauty crumbles into naught—  
All Heaven to me must be a well of Thought,  
Or shall I vainly, frequently decry,  
Thy Sun for thy dear pale and wondrous Moon  
Child that the planet Earth brought into pain,  
And so to birth,  
And swoon.  
O Music come again,  
Maker of tears, that passeth, and must die.

The faint child calls down all the Halls of Earth,  
To wake the souls of elder life, and birth,  
To wake the rich, and poor,  
To cry the feel  
Of trumpets ceaseless in their woe, and weal,  
To cry awide  
The silences in songs unjustified.  
That with their frailer notes cannot endure!  
To cry to the forgetful all his lure,  
Mocking, I mimic him,  
For I have heard his sighs  
On ears of Time that have not grown wise,  
I sound the Portent even through the Dim!

What shall be just since Justice is defied  
By sane exemplifiers of life, who tried  
To wed faint Custom as an alien bride,  
And their own souls beatitude, as ever,  
And take their souls as trophies brought with her—  
Trophies and jewels from Kashmir,  
Brought to the desert's caravansery,  
Who through their sense her touched, and tasted fair—  
Have wed their brains to cobwebs of her hair—  
With sensiate fear  
From dreaming of the diurnal stars that set  
In their desire as an amulet—  
Who have come back to drink her fresh young lips—  
Nor dreamt the way she sips  
And found them perfumeless—  
Who have gazed long  
Upon her eyes, where those strange mirrors throng  
Which image Earth and image her through song,

Who take her Sphinxlike hands—contendedness  
And use her long used body with new hope  
To fashion wings,  
Or wingless breed a child—  
For giving Life that still her chalice sings  
To sad convulsion of the undefiled—  
Who climb the ages' purpose, as a rope  
In which each knot must spell heredity—  
And spot the parents of the ceaseless sea—  
And still through Fate, have been reaseaselessness,  
Barren, with but the longing more to be.

Who shall be just since Justice is defied  
By the exotic courtesan of self  
Who worships by her bed of sacrilege  
The ego only for the Ego's pelf?  
And steals the wanted heir from the Queen's womb?  
Which vampirise all mute glad things from Will,  
And torture human wills until they swoon  
In abnegation, or forgetfulness,  
Whose swollen umpire would disclaim the Sun,  
And dye the lions' skins in blood of lambs,  
Making the lily spotted by the rose—  
Would have their justices from hopes denied,  
Would have their honest hopes expelled by shams,  
Would have the morning disregard the noon,  
And all that has been won  
In pupilage  
Of skies eternal, and of dark's reclose,  
Be mute and still;  
Save where such knowledge opens sores and woes

Breeding the bitterment's regretfulness,  
And lays the bright Sun, in this seeming tomb.

How little sound they make these moving Souls  
That pass terrestrial abodes in pain,  
And wander somewhat in the orbs of bliss?  
How little sound falls from traversing feet  
Touching the ground, with motion's wilful kiss?  
Only a faint gong murmurs in the goals—  
To tell the way they struggle, and are vain—  
And struggling on, rest in the recomplete.  
But for us here, where oceans make their plaint,  
Thunders have voice, and winds in passions roam  
There is a music loud and terrible.  
The falling of the rain on Sod, or Stone,  
The flapping of the eagle's wings in flight,  
Songs of the birds that sing by morn, and night,  
And stranger still, here where we seek for home  
Tears, laughter, melancholy, mirth, and moan,  
And possibly an answer sharable  
Vague, loud, sweet, shrill,—tumultuous or faint!

Life, thou eternal organist of day—  
Who on the billows of the wind doth make  
The trees and rivers, into pipes of tone,  
Or sounding with great thunder in the night  
Brings sparks of heated fire through the storm—  
Who crushes drooping pearls the stars away—  
Whose wintered passion makes forests retransform—  
Thou wouldst not, this last Love of ours forsake?  
Nor come with dimness on autumnal blight?  
More pitiful it were to be alone—

Than to reach towards thine own imperial height;  
O glorious Sun, I wake, and through the night  
Thy wreath flaked moon, but leads to lands of sleep,  
Until awaking by the dawn seas deep  
Once more shall I behold thee in my sight.

Mad morn,  
Glad of the thorn,  
Wake, rise,  
Thy very burning Sun shall solemnise  
The rites of anguish with which thou art born,  
To pour thy gold drouth down the long noon's horn  
And drink it with thine evening's dews anointed  
To the dark midnight with her black lips torn.  
Thou art again appointed  
Now thou art by Children of Sun worn.





## Sonnets and Other Poems



## A SONNET

I WOULD be some vast, dead, gold sonneteer  
Who heralds forth the crocus and the rose,  
Or down the high mid-passage of the year  
Blow blasts for empires that seek repose,  
Or with the fall my latest period close,  
Or as Apollo with gigantic cheer,  
Or sadly hymn of death by blighting foes,  
Or tell how last sun's rays shall disappear.

But all the time, my verse goes out to seek  
Rivers that gently wander through the plains—  
And with sleek winds sing the disturbless trees!  
With accidental butterflies full meek,  
Whose wing before the least of purpose wanes,  
Or but go humming with the summer bees!

## THE WOMAN OF HEAVEN

THE sky is as a woman's purple veil,  
Doth she enclose a harlot or a nun?  
What is the face, that ever must be pale  
Beyond the fretted risings of the sun?  
Now dripping fires in man's fingers run—  
The strands that ravel, as the faint clouds sail  
While winds remesh and tangle o'er the One  
Colossal Entity, unchangeless, frail!

Mother of men, beatitude serene!  
Watch this behind thy closure infinite—  
Mother of blooms, that grow contentedly,  
Of clouds repured and conquerable night—  
We crush each other, in our haste to Thee!  
Bend for our hearts thine omnipresent Screen!

## SONNET

WITHIN a beauteous thought serene and whole  
Is grown a fair garden, where I may  
At my desire wander, or make play  
With grass that needs no ritual to control.  
No path there led me, save an oriole  
Whose tortuous throat leapt forth to lead the way,  
And there awoke for me in wilful sway  
Some lovely flowers, waiting for my soul.

Where one night, bending 'neath the sunset, I  
Within the cool of evening would have held  
A bulb within the sod of this still place  
Till looking in the glass of a pool's dye  
I rose in horror seeing it the world  
And the deep lines of passion on my face!

## SLEEP

O SLEEP, when take me further to thy heart  
On falling eyelids path of dark'ning deep,  
To lead me to the vistas, where the steep  
Elysium blindness falleth, and thou art!  
From out thy lids no plaintive echoes start,  
No dire Earth her miseries can weep,  
Nor on thy bosom, thou exalted Sleep  
Can care take harbour, or thy amour part!

If thou canst not eternal mistress be,  
Then portion well my visits to thy dome,  
Thy high locked chamber wrought of ivory.  
Where thy low Circean winds lead those who roam  
Whose hands hold ever the unseen gold key,  
Dreamers of clay, to call thy bosom home.

## SONNET

### CEASELESS

O WAR of nature, leading to bright cause  
Of some glad haven in the desert set—  
Playing with light between the Sphinx's paws  
Immutable, intangible as yet.  
Have thou a mercy on each soul; forget  
They come to thee with burden of self laws—  
Within thy bounty, with an urgesome fret  
That shall outspeed thee on thy course, nor pause!

I climb and climb and never am forspent  
Though hidden 'neath the height I seek to win  
As glacier torrents of a mountain peak,  
For some still echo calls me from within,  
As if the wind upon my instrument  
Were strings of music, still the voids I seek!

## DISILLUSIONMENT

TO sink away in sunset like a prayer  
Being but hope of truth, which was deferred.  
To hear the grasses murmur "Ah, not there,"  
And the god mumble o'er his human word—  
To feel the poppies' kisses in my hair,  
And hear the Sod's deep pulses never heard  
Laying my ear beneath the rapturous air  
My breast for lovers who are never stirred!—

Down, into silent Death—to waiting Death!—  
Tearful with eyes that longer need no tears,  
Counting the futile pulses of the breath,  
As the gulls seek the sea the scattered years—  
While over all one simple spirit saith  
"Down,—down like vapours to your moveless biers."



## UNSELFISHNESS

**I**T is alone, when we reject the heed  
Of our own beauty, or our claim on it,  
That to us Earth doth open up her creed  
And from her beauty, words of ancient writ  
Are spelled upon the vision to befit  
In effluence the tender of her gleed—  
As if our strata held the soul's sanskrit,  
The Yajur Veda, for the world of need.

Therefore, in gardens of the lovely earth,  
And the foam gardens of the outer seas,  
Let us in pleasure wander hand in hand—  
Clasping the joy which was our own at birth,  
With later creatures of a lesser ease,  
Till there shall ride a rapture through the land!

## SOME MUSIC

**B**EFORE thy music I, a lotus, lie,  
A reed that bendeth to the poise of tone—  
And when I seek for thee, and am alone,  
It seems to wake such music I must die—  
To perfect this accord, each note I try  
That rests in human need with minor strown—  
And now I kiss an ear, and now a cone  
Of echoing caves, that join the sea and sky!

Now I am mute—but whether life, or death,  
Shall give to me the murmur of thy voice  
I cannot care—my will goes out of speech—  
My longing harks for some earth given breath—  
Is it thine own? May I arise? Rejoice?—  
Or penetrate thee between reach and reach?

## TYRANNY

AS long as thou shalt drink life from the skies  
With slow belated hands of negligence  
I hold up Heaven!—knowing it were wise  
To drop the chalice of its consequence  
And mark the splintered shape! Lest some surmise  
Lay in the shatters broken, whose new sense  
Should turn my face from gazing on thine eyes,  
Of paradisial promised eloquence!

Yet, day and night, as still my fingers clutch  
The heavy borne weight above my head,  
Thou blind'st with sleep my unaccomplished will—  
And torturing me, with thy demanding touch  
Fret my endeavour, till I turn instead  
My whole unmuted purpose to thee still!

## DEAD DAY

DEAD Day why hast thou sunk within the west?  
Arise again that I may see thy face!  
—If only thy ghost come to me to grace  
My habitation and to make it blest!—  
Die not! Thou child of fortune lulled to rest  
Within the twilight's, eveningtide's embrace—  
Upon the breast of Heaven's outspread space  
O thou, who knew my suffering the best!

Dead Day! why hast thou died upon the lea?  
Upon the waters do I watch thy pall!  
The evening wind arises calling thee!  
And unto thee the shrouded streams make call!  
The dark'ning mists obscure the voiceless sea!  
But thou? Dead Day thou art to me my all!

## SONNET

THE heart breeds hunger from rejected bliss  
In the strange lines of a forgotten face,  
Or touch upon the brow of lips that trace  
The perfect circle of a lover's kiss!  
Or but remembrance, which makes of this  
Small climbing Earth, the anguish of a race  
Leashed in the frail mind's tortuous embrace,  
Knit to the young soul's waiting chrysalis!

But while the heart makes motion, day by day  
The pulse doth take her long accustomed right,  
Whose children we, regretfully obey,  
And summon forth our wills to meet the night—  
While netting wisdom in heartrendering sway  
We stay, to greet the coming of the light.

## VIDHATA

VIDHATA wrote upon thy broad clear brow  
Who keeps me from thee in the fate of men  
With palm leaf, and a snake skin, and a pen,  
Given upon the night of Brahma's vow.  
And though I should encompass thee, and bow  
Before thee as a reed—and although when  
I sorrow I am thine—our commune then  
Was ended if the longing haunts me now.

Some hold that human life was made of dust,  
And some combine with dust our will as air  
Most alienably lost in quest of soul!  
I am a Hindoo though I pray no prayer  
To any imaged Buddha, nor have trust  
That aught enfolds me, save my life's control!

## AFAR

**S**MALL is the earth that roundly spheres for souls  
The young white crescent of her perfect moon  
And trumpeting forth faint music, from lost goals  
Pauses to hush them in her afternoon—  
That none may know the way that she unrolls  
The silent night where comfort is unborn.  
But on the waiting earth again enscrolls  
The symbolled question lies in birth of morn.

Across the veil, each tear is filled with joy,  
And on the breast of Mother Certitude  
Lies Rapture sleeping as a slumberous boy:  
There is no sound to break the solitude—  
Save Gabriel's trumpet in its own employ  
Calling the vagrant souls from hill and wood!

## SONNET

DEAR love! I seem as ever at some brink  
Waiting for the lost transport of thy word  
To bear me on—but question as I think  
That this is not for me—but the unheard  
That sings around each breast as if a bird—  
It says me well, that I must rise, or sink,  
Steadfast, alone, so conquered and averred  
The doom of longing for the hope I drink—!

Yet, sometimes in the syllibance of night  
I catch an echo, that is not mine own—  
A parched long cry from some forgotten pain—  
Hush! it may be my heart's voice void of tone,  
Or a mute whisper from a life of light  
Led in the past, that may not come again!



## COMPLEX LIFE

UNDERNEATH each mind lie slumberous pools  
Of lives forgotten, and of hopes forsworn,  
In quietness we wake unto the morn,  
But as we know the ocean's grave sand-rules  
Lying beyond us o'er the rounding sky,  
We realise that below our happiness,  
Or our despair, the sunken pools confess  
A mirror of ourselves, beyond our eye.

If one might go beneath the crimson heart  
He lives right royal with, in sovereignty  
—The great display of nature—he would start  
At miraged shadows hungering to be free—  
O Life! between all time, and time, thou art  
Only the surface of such mystery!

## SONNET

THE softest green is hidden under shades  
When in the afternoon the torpid sun  
Beneath the pines, lets his red fingers run,  
Thrilling light shafts into long colonnades,  
That interspersed with shadow branches,—blades  
The dagger lights, until they are as one  
Bright path of colour, underneath the dunne,  
Which circling round them, into darkness fades—

Are not thine eyes like light when thou dost turn  
Thy lips and hands from mine antagonised,  
The while I wait thee where the shade is not?—  
While on thy path, my hilted daggers burn  
Unsheathed for thy caress, and sacrificed  
From purpose which thy heart hath all forgot?

PAUSE!

**T**HERE are still moments wedded to each thought—  
They dance the minuet of day, and night,  
Sweet as a bower in sequester wrought  
For subtle dreams in sleep, exquisite, bright,  
Moody, yet tauntlessly still held to light—  
As if the girl of day, her fair feet caught  
Should wander with her eyes, in their despite  
Within a cobweb grass, of mist ensought!—

Or do upon a strain of murmured air  
The pauses fall, to make the tone more clear—  
Or on the heart, the burden of a will  
Too slender to embalm itself in care—  
Too shrinedly encaught, to let a tear  
Know that within the bosom it doth thrill.

## A PALACE UPON SANDS

I MIGHT have built a palace upon sands  
But I remembered its futility,  
And all the winter surges of the sea  
Rose as to wreck the structure of my hands—  
Then drew strange, sane men round, He understands,  
They spake, the laws of mutability!  
But the same time there grew regret in me  
As I went wandering through alien lands.

Walls, very walls, arose before my mind!  
And parapets and chimneys built to blast!  
And loosened gables swinging to the wind!  
Frail fragile windows to the hill waves cast!  
O, thou sad wisdom of the heart unkind  
This might have been mine own within the past—

## SONNET

WITHIN the forests' tangled arabesque  
I watch thy form with hidden archery—  
To pierce through shade, thy figure statuesque  
Sequestered 'neath the leafage of the tree.  
For from within its ample branchery  
Thou veilst from me, in woman guise Moresque—  
Mosaic in Nature's armoured filigree—  
Bowered for aching heart in far Floresque.

I would I had the eyes of genii, so  
Sights of the sense, and of such dimmest wold  
As mocks the shepherd's quiet sleep were mine—  
And thoughts that into shadows ebb and flow—  
And wilderness of earth's recessions fold  
For bright imprintment on a single shine.

## SONNET

THE darkness broods, as if the mist of eves  
Yearned to caress the Earth in showing guise,  
For all day through, around her silent wise  
He held her promise to the night's reprieve  
A husband waiting for the child, which leaves  
The breast it clung to with the matin's sighs—  
Knowing her bosom his, the while disguise  
Mantles her thought which for his tenure grieves.

The myrtled ocean calls him to draw close—  
The birds call to him with their throats aspray  
With unrejected music, far, and near,  
As if the calling of the heart to glose.  
My God the air is round her all the day!  
And Heaven protects her through her hours of fear!

## FUTILE TIME

ONCE I began to sorrow with the sun  
And it was sunken; with night—then was risen  
Dawn, in the cornfields, apple-cheeked a-mizzen—  
And noon eclipsed her bounty, while begun.  
Life thou art jesting! While thy fair feet run  
Across the shadows which the lights bedizen,  
And with thy fairness thou art wan and wizzen!  
And with thy youth, thine age already won!

O Time, what wilt thou with these perishings?  
Wilt thou not in thy changure sip my grief?  
Day, and at midnight, thou hast stilled these feet  
Thou wilt not harbour love, sick cherishings!  
Thy wind hast blown o'er the sorry leaf.  
O give us joy! Thou canst not, thou art fleet!

## LOVE OLDER

THY hair is parted on thy widthless brow,  
And certainty is on thy seeing orbs,  
While a sweet shadow thy round cheek absorbs,  
Have the gods come, to crown thee even now?  
While elder youth laughs from my wide lips trow?  
And fruits of youthage lie in heavy korbs,  
As Springtime bird in Indian summer worbs,  
The paramour of autumn's winging vow?

Wert thou as young as heyday in bright May  
Thy comeliness could not outblush the rose:  
Wist not, remember not, but in this hour  
Forget not, we have lived to find our day—  
When ground-hog sees his shadow on the snows,  
And winter moon reflected seems a flower!



## THE STARS

THE young night rides above in regal state,  
Behind her car the pageant of the shades,  
The while the clouds float into white mossed glades  
Beyond the portal of the heaven's gate!  
Draw in the tired light arms of the day,  
And let the limpid moon rise kind and fair!  
Golden the war sun sinks, and as a prayer  
There come the still sea's murmurs far away.

Peace to the copses of the jungle trees!  
Rest to the rivers that the oceans call!  
O'er slumberous mountains of the centuries  
The dimness of the laden shadows fall.  
The stars bear forth their scroll of mysteries  
Spelling a Dragon and a Dream to all!

## SONNET

ONE reaper comes who says to me, and thee,  
The moon is dead, the sun is yet to die,  
And I, who most have watched within a sea  
Of longing, marvel not that such as I  
Who have no nether harvest fields to try  
With scythe, or any strained cup for the bee,  
Where latest life of summer left the sky—  
Should be recalled by death to pass thee by.

But should I turn from hierarchical bliss  
To watch thy face a little, and thy smile,  
Open it wide, as when the earth makes shine  
In young sidereal morning, and for this  
The sun shall carry me across his isle  
In imaged shape more human than divine—

## MY KAKIMONO

THE Kakimono in my house of light  
Is of thyself beloved, day by day,  
I change its lustrous beauty!—night by night  
I cast the picture for a new away!  
As thou dost grow exalted in my sight—  
From resonant gold—to ravish gold and grey!  
For now some ideate angel thou art white!  
Now super-subtle in thy tint's array!

I draw thee by an act of my own will  
Upon the rice paper, in form and line  
Until thy shape like some traced wraith appears.  
O if the painted image were not thine  
But mine own hand's work, in the doubt and still  
That compasses the labour of my years—

## SONNET

LET us relive, again, as if to-day  
Grown in the springtime of our own accord,  
With gathered hands we might at evening lay  
Upon an altar where no prayer adored  
The saint iconic of the passioned lord—  
The tangled buds which cluster in the spray—  
Which Mother Earth has for our being stored—  
And now in thoughtless heed we toss away!

For it were wonderful if youth were wise,  
And it were beautiful if one might see  
Innocence running from the belted land  
Out to the hindered boundaries of the skies.  
If I could walk on calor waves to thee  
Or thou couldst touch imperceptive my hand!

## DELIRIUM

WHO threw the dust into the blind one's eyes?  
Was it the Sandwoman near the shoals of Time  
From her grey bag, that held with must and grime  
The grains' compassion and the grim surmise?  
O, I am lonely underneath the skies!  
Strange I have never—cannot be sublime!  
I mock the ocean as I strive to climb—  
And the waves leave me barren and unwise!

Now I am blind—inexorably blind—  
I see death faces that are calling me  
Where large lips droop to catch the falling tears.  
Shall I regret what I have left behind?  
Shall I go out even across the sea?  
—Across the aversed comfort of closed years?

## AT LAST

THE Sun at last shall garb the World in black,  
And round his course shall dance his satellites  
As mourning widows, dressed in robes of nights,  
Till as the ocean from the moon draws back  
One long last ray, their rimmed forms show in lights—  
Then shall the harvest, which the moons retrack  
Be desolate of grain, save where the rack  
Of gaumless souls turn home as hungering mites.

Thou art like me, O Sun, thou hast withheld  
In somewhat light, and lustre, thy sad heart—  
But now, the eagle nearing more to thee  
Shall go out with the great winds where thou art—  
And death with highest climbings in the sea  
Shall cover our twin bodies and the world!

## THY MEMORY

THY memory is like a garden cool—  
Where winds of night their grave siestas take.  
There let me lie upon a lucid pool  
As closed pond-lily on a lonely lake.  
My heart was hot with love, thou couldst not slake,  
And now has gone from out thy realms, and rule,  
Nor with thy faint young bosom's breathing wake,  
Leaving a shape behind thou canst not fool—

More hushed am I, than if I should be dead,  
Parted from thee, who hast my shadow kept—  
Let the trees of thy garden sing it well!—  
Allow the flowers still to wreathe its head!—  
Permit the rain to touch it which was wept  
From Heaven's heart for all whereon it fell!

## A SKULL

A MUTABILITY my hand doth hold,  
For in my fingers as I press it tight  
It drops a little dust, as if not quite  
It were contented with its shape or mould—  
And what has change is neither young, nor old,  
Though driftless centuries may there unite  
To parent it to birth. Touch, motion, light  
Torture and sever,—eternalise, enfold.

O 't is a native moment for my soul!—  
This skull as near me, as myself may be,  
A tabernacle it has used before  
Bleached in the sun, where endless suns must roll  
To endless sunsets on a tideless sea—  
Hush!—Lest it be reincarnate once more!



## NIGHT

NIGHT is when the day for her dear sun  
Wears purple weeds and rue at his demise—  
Her somnolent beauty rests about her eyes  
Which in her sorrow she from earth would shun.  
The stray stars circle, till they make a crown  
Of empire reaching to the upper skies—  
And in the west the patient shadow dies—  
And pitying dark like moistening rain falls down.

Into the bosom of the moving vast  
The day birds nest to still their wings from flight,  
The seas like pilgrims all their waves have cast  
Upon the shore in the tide-drenching light,  
Passively, Sleep, as Heaven's antipast  
Comforts the world, her long protecting Knight.

## CONVENTIONALITY

**B**EHIND the evening, like an elephant  
Dim with dark hind and ivory tusk for moon  
Bearing the world its burden of musked noon  
There comes a form, who gravely doth enchant  
A pæan and a psalm hiberniant—  
In whose hands lie a cryptogram of rune,  
And while his beard he strokes, doth most entune  
The secret sorry syllabents thereat.

Go, ghostly form, and leave divinity—  
Thou lovest best to mouth the word of doom  
In melancholy utterance uncouth,  
Holding thy brazen beads across the gloom,  
Thy book, and soul before untutored youth  
Which images a live eternity.

## NATURE

HOW far is Heaven on a day in spring?—  
Farther than light encouched upon the grass—  
Farther than can the lumid blue a-wing  
As soarer of the sun the stillness pass—  
Farther than day who long doth kneel at mass  
Where orifice of apple-blossoms swing—  
Farther than startling Hours who alas  
The melancholy leave of summer bring.

But in the autumn, when the heated rain  
Warm from the corpse of leaves grown scarlet cold  
Under the feet like osier crystals start,  
And cover in their passage cloud and wold,  
The lavish One again with bended heart  
Burdens the Sod with her celestial pain.

## TOGETHER

I HEARD from out the wind swept harmony  
Of being, this tumultuous trombant cry,  
That thou shalt live for ever, thou and I,  
Treading the cosmic paths of the to-be!  
The clouds of evening hurtle o'er the lea,  
The dual essences of nature ply  
With rhythmic efforts, sequently they die,  
And even is this so with thee and me.

The clouds of day and night but meet one end  
To wrap the ceaseless motion of the sphere  
In saddest darkness—Ever now contend  
The elements of vibrant power. Each year  
Grows heavy with its own weight, as to spend  
Its futile purpose on this globe of bier.

## SONNET

**B**Y pool of Sicily the young boy sate  
Piping on reeds which envied all the throats  
Of sleepless birds, until its thin sweet floats  
Defying air, which builds for sound a gate,  
As if he sang to some enchanted mate  
Whose omnipresent beauty hid in notes  
The while, their filmy form had met his notes  
He sang the morning out as if 't were Fate.

He still sings on, in hidden Sicily,  
And pipes the world in his delirious verse,  
While all the lands run sinking to the sea  
To hide the loadstone of the universe,  
And makes disaster fail in melody—  
—He pipes of giant stars that bear the curse!—

## SONNET

**M**OCK not the spirit which in torture holds  
The unwrit scroll, to breast and ear of Time,  
Or seeks the sundered apples which in golds  
Strove to be full in Hespers' western clime,  
Unseen they bloom, and hide as if from crime  
Of long delay, in consequential moulds,  
Into the blue of Life as bells of thyme  
The perfectness of air her texture folds.

It is the seeker for the mute beyond  
Who garnishes his kingdom with best pelf—  
He has forgotten how it was to rest,  
And in his long abortive ways has found  
An abnegation for his rod of self  
Which is of all creative goods the best.

## SONNET

WHEN we from sluggard calm, are called by pain  
As if a deferential mien to wear  
Towards life's realities, we know the share  
Of suffering is large, but has no gain—  
And are bent down as broken stalks of grain.  
Having assumed a passion of despair,  
Harboured alone by the receding air,  
Tortured by tumult, by disaster slain!

O how much frailer than my thoughts, am I  
That they can measure me a kingdom vast  
Outside my being, and above the sky,  
Bounded by no futurity or past,  
To oceans where they must return to die  
Bravely as rivers sailing from the vast!

## LIFE'S FEAST

I F Life shall still invite me to her feast  
I shall not prove myself a morbid guest,  
Although in travelling from the innocent east  
Unto the far and sun beridden west,  
My spirit may have dreamt its course oppressed.  
I laugh, and kiss at last the revel beast—  
The wines from ancient mouldering vineyards pressed,  
The rapturous fruit, where even growth has ceased.

For was my soul but born to have been pained?  
And was my heart renailed upon the cross  
For this?—That even ere my life had waned  
My red lips should have tasted bitter loss,  
While sat Control above the board disdained  
With brooding promise, like an albatross?



## HEREDITY

MAN is fulfilling some old sire's design—  
His are the lips that touch the future's face,  
And his the hands, by whose suppressing grace  
He brings the world its forecast and its shrine.  
Possession, and free will, and present need,  
Commingle, while the spheres are moving on—  
Yet, piteously the sad night whispers, dawn  
Will come too late, for each to claim his meed.

O Father! What dost thou desire through me  
That thus so barren stand I in mine age?  
Thine aspirations I imperfect see,  
And hold thyself alone my heritage,  
While by the laws of mutability  
I leave mine own mark on the written page.

## SUPERMAN

I N me is dust wed to a master's will—  
I am the marriage of the Sod and Soul  
Of all earth's aspirations—and in whole  
Clairvoyant to chaotic wisdom still—  
I thought that I was human man, until  
Above my being rose with surging roll  
Eternal powers, while below them stole  
Clay—in my body, to itself fulfil.

O thou most dread, and yet beloved decree  
Of self-created Life, I love thee well.  
O thou most profitable state, I see  
A beauty in thee which I cannot spell—  
So mystically wrought with Heaven to be  
Held by the chains of the earth-bounded Hell.

## THE FUTURE

**H**EAVY pressed One, our hands unwitting touch!  
Our shoulders feel not, with their bended weight,  
We scarcely think on Thee, who art so much  
The guerdon and the donor of our Fate!  
With meagreness of mind we hesitate  
To mark the river's current, through its rush  
That flows in silence from its source to mate  
The sinking sky who meets it with a blush.

O tender future, by the eyelids fast  
With heavy dreams, thou wilt not give to us  
The direful burden of the out told past!  
A Greek Athene in whose mind we thrust!  
For cipherless eyes, that question thy forecast  
Thou lendst a wraith of beauty luminous.

## NATURAL PROGRESS

### I

DAILY the course of some refrequent plan  
Makes us remember, we are bent as reeds  
Upon Time's river where the world succeeds  
And the enamoured sun is held in span,  
For fugitively, do we seek through man  
Still for his being's uttermost desire,  
Whose burning oil, upon a fateful fire  
Rose into flame, when first his world began.

For lo, there is a purpose in the whole  
Which doth outwisdom all conceived thought,  
And ushers the gold stars above the seeds,  
Whether earth work for our inherent soul,  
Or for self comfort which through us is wrought  
Since there incurs a purpose in our needs!

### II

Through usages of those most vernal ties  
With which earth holds the matin and the moon—  
The passage of her life from night to noon—  
Or eve when she doth close her children's eyes—  
Or alien use which natural law defies  
Of stranger human breathings—whose hearts meet  
About her throne like birds whose bound wings beat  
Athwart the rampart of the hidden skies.

Therefore when seasons have their fruit recalled,  
And silent years have all their waters led  
To surge about our knowledge of her lands,  
Let us remember, where her will has walled  
The bastioned sky, our purpose overhead,  
And the reseizure of our lips and hands.

## III

Whyfore are we of voluntary calm  
Desirous, while with certain fortitude  
Earth doth apparel us in this her mood—  
And chains us to acceptance of her alm,  
Letting life fall on us in bounteous balm,  
In easing comfort for the highest clay,  
Making a motion for us, night and day,  
Till we lie pillowed on her dusky palm.

While we, by conceit like the moon's lost light  
Would but remake ourselves a lamp to guide  
Tarnished and sacramental through the dark—  
And trumpet the great herald of our flight  
With noisy vision, sounded far and wide  
While she unto our silent pleadings hark.

## IV

Yet there are matters foreign to the Sod—  
And what shall be replenished year by year,  
Though it be smaller than a broken tear,  
Or some adventurous vision of a god,

## Natural Progress

With which man goads himself by staff and rod,  
And wears the sandals of his own advance—  
And comforts thus his tiredness in trance  
Of alienation from the clamberous clod!

For who can tell, but in the ill advise  
Of his attainment, and incarcerate war,  
Rising between his body, and his dream,  
He may exalt himself to sacrifice,  
While peace shall reign, as it has done before  
Bearing the martyrs down its quiet stream.

## v

With beauty in a wilderness of mind  
The inward heart upon the world looks forth.  
And as progression turns from fervid wrath  
Conquers rejections as a thing unkind.  
Thus nature, parent to the guiding wind,  
Seems parent to the astral blooms of sight—  
And sounds with which we make aerial bright  
Our thoughts, which we by thought to earth do bind.

For later blooms of an austerer coast  
May rooted in our firmer wisdom grow,  
And hold no commune with material earth  
Save, where their Mistress, they have made her most,  
To chance it with the winds, in which they blow  
And hold for them their secret—Death, and Birth!

## VI

Colder than fingers that have scarcely held  
Fruitage, or leaf from the primordial tree,  
Are these strange fingers which have ceased to be  
The soul-cup bearer to the passing world!—  
Are all leaves shed, and have all trees been felled  
Within the pallid forests through the night?  
Where the loos'd spirits do their form requite  
With gnomes, whose heavenly beauty they have spelled?

I fain would walk within a forest vast—  
And hold communion with the sun and trees,  
And as I slept, my dream should round a space  
Towards boughs of heaven, where they hang at last—  
While hearts round spheres, with a love hastened ease,  
Engulphed in either forest's resting place.

## MY CRY

NOT now, not yet, for me, but I am grown  
In lordly pride, I see thee—I rejoice!  
Thine the loud music! Thine the plenteous voice!  
Thine is the seed, and sod, and seed re-sown!  
Thine the completion! Thine the crown and throne!  
Thine all the impulse!—Thine the kept estate!  
Thine the kissed pilgrim waiting at the gate!  
Thine all the world, and all the sky,—thine own!

O, how can I be sad, when thou hast come  
To tilt the mountains over and climb on  
Like some lost genii stalking to the cloud!  
I speak thee, in these vain words and am dumb!  
Nay, I but tune my trumpet Protean  
I beckon to thee! and I call aloud!



## Other Poems with Sonnets



## THE MAKERS OF TO-MORROWS

THINGS that are unseen, unknown,  
Atoms that scarcely are wed,  
Hidden as crocus bulbs, grown  
Under the soft soil's bed,  
Thinner than tears unshed,  
Softer than softest silence  
The music, when heaven sorrows—  
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods,  
The Makers of To-morrows.

The world whirls, circles and crestward  
Is hung in its large blue sky,  
Day travels westward, and westward,  
And time exists but to die,  
Yet the past  
Will last  
For the tombs of the Ptolemies stand high,  
On the Sphinx's breast  
Will the ages rest,  
And their opulent glories still try  
To obscure in clouds of hidden shrouds,  
The Makers of To-morrows.

Ye who have come from the womb  
Give to the past womb no thought,  
Ye who have great deeds wrought  
Look not ahead to the tomb,

## The Makers of To-morrows

Take but the present indeed,  
Enjoy now whatever will come,  
The glories of spring  
In remembering  
Are naught when her voices are done!  
See, the fair flowers, they grow  
Blossoming, exuding perfume  
An ecstatic moment of bloom  
Even with ye, even so!  
And Fall has a harvest to reap  
When she must haste to her task,  
O'er the fields still the sunlight will bask  
When the freshness of summers die.  
Think not of dull winter's snow,  
Skies in their anger may start,  
Some are so soft  
That in falling, aloft  
They will melt, ere they lie on earth's heart!  
While under the mire and marrow  
Growths which are hidden from sight,  
Forces of birth will bring to the earth  
Rapture, and bloom, in a night—  
And these are the gods, of the realms and the sods,  
The Makers of To-morrows!

Then ever glory in crimson!  
Ever expand to the light!  
Cloaked with mists,  
The darkness lists  
To sorrow, and bear the night!  
But stumble in the darkness!  
Run up high heaven by day!

For do ye think on heaven's brink  
Crimson lights decay?  
Whetten and breed the mighty!  
The present with its might,  
In the full of noon-tide  
Worship the gods in sight!  
Lavish in achievement  
All that ye have won,  
Eat as Atalanta  
The apples of the sun.  
Beneath past glow  
There still shall grow  
A veil, in the midnight's train,  
In the hour of dew  
Fresh wills come true,  
To make the world again.  
Phantoms of trembling import,  
Passing to find the clay  
Take their forms, in the risen morns,  
And arise to meet the day!  
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods,  
The Makers of To-morrows!

O Nations born of the body,  
Peoples one in the clay,  
All of your life, like an arch of the sun  
Will glory to pass away.  
Out of earth's womb, as a mother,  
Out of the first fresh mire,  
There will come the birth that will make of earth  
Her flame in the mouth of fire!  
Then, from the pulse of your effort

## The Makers of To-morrows

Reign, in your sovereign noon.  
Give to the height of your being  
Your strength, ere the night bring the moon.  
In the flash of the moment of triumph  
When growth is at full, ere she wane,  
Spill all alloy, in the moment of joy,  
And free the bound impulse from pain!  
Ye, who are masters of wisdom,  
Thrivers of gold and of rule,  
Your slow civilising intention  
Shall bring forward the mass as your tool,  
And as they pass on to the higher,  
The next generation shall pass—  
As tears on the rose in the midnight—  
As mist on the dark sea's glass—  
For the decay respreads its creation  
To nourish the earth once more,  
And the child comes out of the mother  
As ever it did before,  
And the things that are dim and silent,  
And the tool that is hidden unseen,  
Shall be the great  
Who shall make the fate  
Of the earth, and its old redeem!  
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods!  
The Makers of To-morrows!

Things that are unseen, unknown,  
Atoms that scarcely are wed,  
Hidden as crocus bulbs grown,  
Under the soft soil's bed,  
Thinner than tears unshed,

## The Makers of To-Morrows

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Softer than softest silence  
The music, when heaven sorrows,  
These are the gods, of the realms and the sods  
The Makers of To-morrows.

## BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS

FROM East to West the pale winds run  
And hardier storm winds from the sea,  
While summer's day the sacred sun  
Sends to the season's granary,  
The years like birds are winged forth,  
The hours are nestled as spring bees,  
Till the long poles lean south and north  
And meet, in star rimmed majesties.

Draw nigh, the citron is in bloom,  
And olive trees on southern isles  
Where life no winter can consume  
Nor cheat them of their rounded smiles,  
Beneath their leaves, that swing and sway,  
Between which stuccoed roofs appear,  
The later pilgrims on their way  
Have come, to find the cherished year—

To bask in it, and let it feed  
Some succour, for their fear of harm,  
As round the kernel of the seed  
The buxom earth winds her bronze arm—  
Nor hasten life, but warm her chill  
And constant seizure on the root,  
Until the southern air shall fill  
The world, with perfume of gold fruit.



Yet now before their course they drive  
A spirit utterly unshriven—  
For they would wholly be alive,  
And driven beyond earth, are driven  
To northern lands with lesser greed  
Of nurtured life, and stronger soul,  
Where clearer spaces seem to breed  
A larger light, beneath the pole.

Thus, long with chiller passion wed  
The earth her higher Nations pass  
To colder climes, that have withheld  
Our knowledge from the bending grass;  
And tortured us with more conceit  
Of self constructed measurement,  
And lent us from the spheres that meet  
A purpose, strange, without content.

Therefore the north whose snows are pure  
Must give us promise of surcease,  
And on her breast, such life endure  
As cannot die and may not cease.  
From cape to cape of Labrador,  
We seek to find a resting place,  
And look upon the twin stars' face  
From what we are, and were before.

O valiant sun that tends us on,  
And valiant moon whose life is lost  
Usher us through the darkened dawn,  
To where the day by night is crossed!

## Brotherhood of Nations

And as we circle, span by span,  
The rounded globe, with greater pain  
Let us remember how there ran  
The rivers, from the southern main.

Therefore, with comets let us sit  
In council, till we learn from them  
How yet to make our bodies fit  
To kiss the coldness at its hem.  
For long, in barbarous splendour wrought  
Of time's spoilt struggle up the south,  
No need there was, in flesh or thought,  
Save to have knowledge of her mouth.

Now diademed our wayward mind  
Which lastly doth all life caress,  
And has the eyes, which make us blind,  
In piteous thought's wide wilderness.  
For here there rise forth phantom forms  
To question, as they ask her balm,  
And through the thunder of their storms  
Can find their peace, in rainbow calm.

So with her snows that catch and gleam  
In varied light the jets of noon,  
She tangles dreams, within a dream—  
As shadows web in the white moon.  
And tired we, who so far see  
And travel, for the uttermost,  
Cannot find rest, whose course should be  
To sleep, down the far western coast.

For we more vacant in our need  
Cannot the silent word aver,  
How growth doth make all bodies bleed  
To pass the spirit down to her.  
And hunger led by hunger's guide  
A deep desire fixed in want,  
Soars o'er the snows dissatisfied,  
Seeking her long accustomed haunt.

And to the many lives that pass,  
Would make the murmur lost, and free,  
That far below where grows the grass  
They might bend under citron tree.  
For host to host together lie  
Where suns the olive in the clay,  
Where life did first with earth combine  
To meet the vision of the day.

For earth, with ghostly eyes, did meet  
The stranger life with hidden soul.  
As now we in the north compete  
To watch the meetings of the pole—  
Ere we, in thought, were hurled afar  
And by the mind were bid to see  
The tangled boughs beneath the star—  
Which make the northern citron tree.

And from the body's warm caress  
Turned we like ghosts, to meet the good  
Of a contagious blessedness  
Which thought held in her alien brood.

## Brotherhood of Nations

Till over long, confronting earth  
We saw the passage of her breath  
Kiss the wide open lips of birth,  
And the white lips of waiting death.

Meantime, the heavens lean above  
In starry vaults that seem eterne—  
Then, in the heart of spheral love  
Shall not our pulses meet and burn  
Till stars seem citrons of the south,  
And dimmer vaults their olive trees,  
Where sunset opens the earth's mouth  
Which dawns caress, with ecstasies.

For in the time, ere earth shall wane  
She shall our million lives imbue.  
Incarcerations still retain  
In splendour of her song and hue.  
And when she passes that same course  
Which long has held her in her reign  
Her soul shall be as ours, which force  
From death a rapture beyond pain.

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Two ghosts appear on emptied space—  
And first embrace with mouth and hand,  
And then they turn each willing face  
To what appears as snow-bound land.  
And now they cast abroad their gaze  
And seem some vision fair to see,  
As if more ghosts within the haze  
Stood in long groves of citron tree.

## LIFE

O LIFE, enfold me once more passionately—  
Forgive me!

What if I should have mistaken Thy achievements, for thy  
purposes

Sorceress?

Sweet-breasted mother, lean lowly, tenderly, caressingly,

Over my head put thy hand, O enchantress, O mate

Consume me, believe me—

What if Thy desire should not be this, my fate?

If Thou like an innocent, pale cheeked girl did conceive me?

Forgive me,—pardon me,—

Suffer me once more only to be to thee gladness!

Suffuse me, delude me, and harden me!

Make me more crude to thy striven-for guerdon of sadness!

Take thou compassion—

Put thy red lips to mine Life, till I drink of thy being,

Grow thy confusion,

Pygmynise me in my entity,

Burden my soul, if inheritance hold such delusion,—

In the night I would be but the surf washed up from the ocean

Unto thee!

Great-hearted warm Life, O Life of maturer emotions,

Mistress Life, wife Life—O poor, and most pitifully chidden—

Soft child of parents unseen, hardly discernible—

Make me more kind to Thee—Thou of aloofnesses hidden,

Sacramental, unreturnable!

O, live me—forgive me!

Take me back unto Thee, once more prodigally, and re-  
pentingly,—

What I have known of Thee I have lived, O now live me!

Test me, bone of Thy bone, thee representing,

Heavenward soaring!

Rest on my wing, O maiden Life young and adoring,

Cling to me Life, frail, girlhoodly—trustingly!

See for the clouds pass by, they are only the front of the  
vapours—

Kiss me, thy sweet body tapers

From rimmed hip to hip, O slip to my adamant shoulder!

Cling closer, bend nearer thy holder!

The wind goes over the blue sunset hills from me gustingly.

O Life, baby-Life, featherweight, infantile, creepingly!—

Lo, I ascend to my sleep with Thee sleepingly—

Take me,

Child-bearing make me—

Forgive me. O, lo when the dawn wind cries to the morning  
awake me!

I would forsake thee—

Ageless Life, older than Adam and Eve in the garden,

Forgive me—pardon me, harden me!

Sphinx-like Life, with eyes of a cat, looking at

All my imperfect potencies, exigencies,

Behold, I trow,

Communicant with all, I become, as I bend, to ascend to Thee  
now—

Forgive me, pardon me!

I rise!—I pass on!—I exult!—and I come to Thee!—

## LINES

O, IF I only knew that thy mouth would never more fail—  
I could draw Love down to me here, I could hold him  
for ever—

For the day is warm, in the blue of the sun's golden fire—  
For the night is white with the moon, and pale with the stars—  
And passion cometh to Love, at the lip of the lyre—  
—If I only knew that thy mouth would never more fail—  
—If I only knew that thy life would never expire!—

Feel! The kisses they fall on the long cold chalice's brim,  
The chalice is Life,—is Life Love, awoke in thy face!  
It glories thine eyes—it waves the soft hair on thy brow—  
It touches thy lips with shade poppies—it rests on thy chin—  
It laughs in the tip of thine ear—and O how  
It magnifies all, to supernal delight, and eclipse!  
If thou liveth on—why my heaven is here,—it is now!

## STRUGGLE

WHAT mighty impulse broods about our ken?  
It seems as if a tear could make the sea—  
And one evaded moment's agony  
Turn, like a bastioned army of the sands,  
To gather to the lands,  
In times of men.

Above thee, Silent One, the clouds pass by—  
Yet is thy voice the thunder in the sky—  
And from sweet sleep's luxuriant beds of tarn  
Doth rise thy ancient body, with a sigh  
So deep, that in it lies humanity  
Endless like balls of yarn.

Then, thou dost walk abroad in mighty state.  
Thy name is Struggle! morn and noon and late  
Thou castest thy dim will, from void to void.  
And in thy giant arm the little world  
Nestles to thee in littleness, and grief—  
Nestling to thee as if to be upheld,  
Till as a doubting child may find belief,  
Toys with what thou hath toyed.

The Moon and Sun, the frequent stars that shine  
In vigils for themselves:—these all are thine—  
Thou hath creation like a snake defied,  
And gathered lilies where white stones have died,



Thou, who awaketh from the morning seas!  
Thou hath these things, and thou art one with these.

Thou art the foeman to love's hidden hate,  
The anguished ardour of the desolate!  
The stars look for thee, in their long embrace  
That century on century did trace  
From earth's created self, up unto thee—  
Doth gaze the mighty tumults of the tides  
That lie in under-ocean, and there hides  
The soul of man within thee, as this sea.

Born with the weight of knowledged ignorance,  
Slowly before thy steps the spheres advance,  
And hesitating, in thy sudden eyes  
God as a tear, that in its fair self dies  
Turning thy purpose into sympathy,  
Makes thee for all,—until we cease to be.

## PEACE

FROM elemental substance which was wrought  
Collateral with birth, the early earth  
Did habitude her kingdom and did bear  
All diverse substance in a dim desire;  
As dawn doth light the white torch of her fire.  
The great vermilion substance of the dearth—  
The fragile emerald of the hills by Tyre—  
The turquoise sea, that like the sky did wear  
Her garment every morn continually—  
The night that cast her shadow on the lea—  
The golden Sun and the pearl Moon, the Bear,  
And the great Northern Dipper towards the pole—  
As manifestial visions of her soul.—  
Then sprang the loose Nile 'tween his banks of clay  
And sang the seas about their continents—  
Ashen Vesuvius gazing on her fire—  
The sweet low waters in the hurtling bay—  
The mountains restless, and the hills' contents—  
The valleys, and the deserts, and the shade  
Which gazed upon them ere their front was made—  
The coral reefs that lie by ocean cliff—  
The forest trees whose leaves behold the spring—  
The accidental clouds that their face lift  
Into the vault of the dim blue's arcade—  
The winters, and the summers, gold, and green—  
The red, that bore the sunrise to the rose—

The grey mists that to mists were as a screen,  
Purples that make the vapour as it throws  
Its palpitating heart upon the scene—  
The lands of citron, and the lands of myrrh,  
The pallid sands of Ethiopia—  
The cedar woods of Greece, and Lebanon—  
The isles that sun their fruitage in the sun—  
The Pamirs, the late groves of Tsin and Tsa—  
Egypt that holds the sphinx, and worships her—  
The black sea and Tung Hai in between  
Krishna's, and Buddha's land of ancient light  
Grown desolate with quiet, where they sleep  
With togaed prophets still and neophyte,  
For worship of the Karma in their dream.  
Upon their graven altars bronze and white—  
The place where ancient eyes were prone to weep,  
While all the eddying waters, of that hour  
Conceived the passionate East her lotus flower—  
For gods, who bent their eyes upon the shore,  
Knocked also there upon creation's door—  
While Sultan's turrets, down the Bosphorus poured  
Even as life, their wreath of golden wrath—  
Sprang there the Western Empire unafraid—  
The Mediterranean, in his northern path  
Stole to where Peter in his House adored  
The She Wolf of old Rome; the while was stored  
Crowned Greece with Euxine and Eugean shade—  
Spain in her splendour rose, and boomed adrift  
The crest Gibraltar, and the Pyrennees—  
Mohammed there, his prophet hands did lift—  
While mild eyed Venice rose from out the seas  
Joining the great Levant's Hesperides

With Doges. Then the Astrian with war  
Of upturned face such greater realms foresaw,  
From France, and England, Holland, and The Hague,  
In spotted cloak of night, his banner bore,  
Dreamt for himself a dream eternal, vague  
As Cæsar's—Alexander's; while there leapt  
The jaws of nations on like Lions' mouth,  
Ate their own North, chewed on the bone of South,  
And tortured Europe to the continent—  
While in the west dim land, like a far nest,  
Impulsed the eagles' wings for fresher prey—  
For further on, the great lands could not flow,  
There fell a hush. No nether continent  
Could lure the resting eagle from repose.  
Siberia put on her cloak of snows—  
South Africa, as if an instrument,  
Lay in the hands of powers, part as foes,—  
And as a prism, beyond Panama  
Republics shone in South America—  
From Cape of Good Hope unto Labrador,  
The Earth was bounded by the chain she wore,  
The chain, whose first link was the people's weal,  
The second link its outrage, and its war.  
Yet greater good, the nations still foresaw,  
Commerce built peace, for barbarisms' flaw.  
And as the mammoth nations singly grew  
War interspread amongst them, till the gold  
Of progress, which at first did hesitate  
With simple matter for its single cause,—  
—That matter which had made the hills aspire  
And formed the globe we live on for its growth—  
Being the only implement it had to use—

So that no longer what was could abuse  
Itself by self,—but turning into thought  
Might grow a potency,—undreamt,—unloath—  
To succour aid,—since there was nothing wrought  
To differentiate construction, save  
Its own complexity. Thus have we caught  
Reason to guide, still let her guide beyond.  
She denized her nations o'er the wave,  
She spilled her life less frugally for naught,  
Now let there reign the reason which decrees  
No slaying of live life, though it return  
Cargoes of wealth, or that for which we yearn  
In pride, and empty vauntings, of the mind.  
But turn, and in a simple wholesome way,  
Let matter in her highest form of life  
Fulfil her progress through the bodies' clay,  
Till she shall manifest a pregnancy  
More ripe through man, for conqueirage and sway—  
For in his form is larger entity,  
Grow thinking selves, and reason shall be found—  
As in the first, sky, ocean, cave, and ground.  
Assumed from her progression! Wake! Be free  
To call down halls of long heredity  
The stimulated soul; until behind  
The peace of nations, body turns to mind,  
To cast dim chaos back her rags of war,  
As if they were not worth the search to find,  
Leading lone matter towards a guiding shore!  
Therefore since peace shall help to keep life's sway  
In unprevented manhood for the mind,  
As nations in their weal do royalty.  
Let us have peace, and round about her lay

Our riper judgment, and our clearer sight,  
Tutoring earth no further to delay,  
Her progress through the still abortive night,  
Nor making dismal flaunt of loyalty  
Detain progression from her unseen height  
Of soul and sense, that gather to the close  
As vistaed petals of a whole world rose  
Whose pollen breeds investment of more gain—  
Perfumes of thought which not in vain we slay—  
Since after the long summer of her pain,  
Her natural rupture, her enforced decay,  
Are all we have of her, to use, and train  
For commerce, as the goods of memory.  
Let us have peace! And since she, for the mind  
Is a Levant of Harvest-Renaissance,  
Behold with less encumbered sight the past  
Which was the purpose of her blood choked trance,  
And what we glean from what we leave behind.  
That stronger still our reaching hands may last  
To crown the brow of succour overcast!  
What goods shall follow, and what gains increase  
By spell of peace, and wars' futility,  
Has footstep even now on labour's shore  
In wide invention for facility—  
Placing a great machine at nature's door,  
And aiding commerce, by the simple use  
Of nature's weapon of complexity,  
Following as she has done before  
The tideless vision of each common law  
Be it for us, or for the land and sea.  
For substance is the primal cause of Earth—  
War was of use, while great war brought forth dearth,

And threw the dust of empire's sightless wrong  
Back in their face, as challenge for the strong,  
New bands, in which united men might hold  
A wiser empire of a larger mould.  
But now, in separated groups they stand,  
Man no more for the state, lest it command  
The lessening of himself, or integrate  
The individual, who is the state!  
And so crown peace the culler of that good  
Which saves to use, and also to bring ease:  
For after quest of golden Argosies,  
Symbolled in iron portents, steam, and steel,  
Which work by coalescence of the brain  
Until it brings these things surcease from toil,  
As nature engrafts air above the soil.  
For, what need, if through man's progressing sight  
He has already gained goods war brings forth,  
Now futile to his upward onward course  
—On both the victor's, and the victim's land,—  
Should he have war, with all its emptied blight?  
Or battle raise again her hammered hand  
To nail the profit of the conqueror—  
To roof his empire with a larger beam,  
While peace, a minister of subtler thought,  
Stretching her arm by friction undelayed  
Can grasp the trophy of a stronger board  
Than any armies bastioned can afford  
To roof alike the splendour of her dome,  
Bulwarking both the empire and the home?  
Or on her breast, with strategy as child  
Can gather in the spoils which war defrayed  
By spilling coffers of the nation's core,

While cool eyed justice, like the scioned north  
Leaves still the emptied purpose of the blight  
With bloodless import firm and undefiled,  
For which the mangled corpse of armies fought?  
O peace! Forgive that long thou art debarred—  
That man with fated soul, of struggle fought  
To gain, what thou hast folded in thy thought—  
Raise thou the dagger which his hand has marred,  
And place it from thee with a gentle mien,  
Glad that he kneels to thee, at length to glean  
Thy teeming temples' sufferance of prayer!  
Thy time has come, thy way he did prepare,  
Since now life needs thy soul as eremite  
To take with thee, her long stilled inward flight,  
Where science leads to show progressing stars  
Whose battles are to cast their nightly wars  
Of undiscovered, and predestined light:  
Know thou thyself O peace, whose gracious right  
Is burial of swords on fields of clay!  
Erect thy temple on the swinging world,  
That in thy nether hand, be simply held  
Time's sickle to erase progression's blight.  
With face of royal guise, and bloodless grey,  
And eyes that gaze through lesser storm afar,  
Ride on men's living bodies, as a car  
Unto the perfect sun which makes his day!



## THE SONG OF THE DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD

O DECENTLY put us away!  
We are the dead, we are lying  
Here on the battlefield, yearning  
For burial sweet as our brothers.  
We are the fallen, we know not  
The outcome to earth, and the living,  
Of the great onslaught which slew us  
Sapping our bosoms of pain!  
So we lie still in our slumber—  
Battle scars over our bodies—  
Numbness over our feeling—  
Waiting for final decay!

O decently put us away!  
Ye, who shall rise on the morrow,  
While we lie still in our slumber  
O,—rest us well for the night!  
Fire moon-rise o'er the meadows—  
The sky is a flame of desire—  
Decently put us away  
Underneath longing and sorrow,  
Where we shall see no light breaking  
On the sun of another day!  
Moon and stars are resplendent!  
Pools and rivers translucent!  
Bathed in the black night's quintessence

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Earth and Heaven a-quiver  
Lean now one to the other!  
But we lie still in our being—  
Dead now in death of the body—  
Never now speaking our meaning—  
No more hearing or feeling  
The pulses of men, or their voices—  
Irregular somnolence, stealing  
Over our palpitant heartstrings—  
Bending our sobbings to silence  
Wait we the sun of no morrow.

Decently put us away!  
Cold boards well fixed to the coffin  
That which has entered decay—  
Let us have damask to wind us  
Folding our limbs in its texture!  
Death flowers around us to crown us!—  
White flowers, yea, and bright crimson,  
Purple the passion blooms also,  
All of the pomp of life colour—  
Crocuses swathed in red yellow  
Bathed in the lap of the sunshine,  
Place o'er our corpses, about us  
Where the cheek deepens to shadow  
On the side where the chin line is ended  
Along the battlefield's grasses  
Dampened with blood of our wounds  
Lay, the soft blossoms of morning  
To expand and to flush as they once did!  
See! We are cold! You may hold us!  
Arms stretching over our shoulders!

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Lips burning chill on our fingers!  
Hidden face dropped on our bosoms!  
Bowed o'er the hearts lost to motion!

Decently put us away!  
We argue not now for the future,  
Think not of reason to give you,  
Why we should yet wish for glory!  
Let it suffice, that we enter  
Portals covered with shadows,  
Curtained yet from our seeing  
While we arise on no morrow!  
Now, we know naught of existence—  
Stilled is the wind of emotion—  
As stilled is the aspen tree slender,  
So stilled is the pulse of our soul!

O decently put us away!  
For no night waits on the morrow  
Bringing us ought of repletion,  
To replenish a life we have spent!  
Give to us then, our due honor—  
Ye who shall rise to the day—  
Ye—who have fought through the battle  
Which led to the dark of our tomb!  
If we had lived, we had met you—  
Worn your triumph of laurel—  
Come in victorious greeting—  
One in the triumph of day!  
Yet, still shall we lie with dead hate,  
War, and disgust, and rebellion,  
But no more shall suppression

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Be with us, haunt us, or rule us,  
Uninfluenced by submission—  
Infranchised for ever from custom  
Breeding control as high wisdom,  
Lie we as still as no motion,  
Waiting for burial decent—  
Decently put us away!  
Into the doubt and the darkness—

## THE GULF STREAM

THE world has a beautiful breast! Lo here on the sea!  
It is soft with the fluid of vortices, from atoms made free,  
Save to join them and hold them in love! The great wave and  
the rain,

And the kindly long wind with his trumpet of pain,  
Shall here have surcease of their foul agony,  
And the ripped rough red crown of the sun on the sphere  
Shall look lovelier here!

O, delicious sweet wane  
Of the pillowous current of storm, like an opalic vein  
For us that we know when we come from the lea,  
Here urges its wrath into calm, as itself in the spray  
And flies with the wings of its spirit away!  
O nipple-red sun, thou wouldst have us to drink  
Of thy light as a child at the brink  
Of thy day,  
On the sea of thy endless long year!

Within the southern seas—the seas to south  
The Gulf Stream lies, like a slim softened mouth  
Blue as with drouth—  
Tangleous Gulf Stream, what wilt thou here, in thy multiform  
flow?

Drink and be filled!—Thou art water thyself, save as show  
Of thy prismatic passion, and closure of waves—  
As a mouth in the waters of sea, thy crestial lips lave

O'er thy mesmeric pallor of brow,  
Weird as the temples of Heaven, whose clouds are as thou—  
What wilt thou with chasms of flow, as the spaces work now?  
Succulent Gulf!—grassless and herbless sea,  
Drink in the moist air that like foam dazzling widthless, and  
    breathless,  
Doth make thy wave coast  
Like a ghost,  
An atmospheric straight lea—  
Stretch yonder arift to the heavens, thy form stirless—and  
    yearning—and deathless—  
For watch how the hurtling caught wave, like a baby asleep  
Wanders down to the deep!—  
It sends itself to the weariless worlds from afar  
In sidereal love as a star.  
Does it dream of the surface of ocean, or ocean crossed floor?  
Nay, the babies laugh on as they sink to the bottomless level,  
    and creep  
Back again, with the winds that like music from bugles out-  
    pour  
Their honerous challenge to motion and sound as before,  
Where the lone Gulf Streams are!

There is dust in the air, for the wind has gone out o'er the  
    sea—  
And the mind projects into heaven—propitiates into the  
    light—  
But behold—the blue withers to night—  
Veil after veil it is breaking across, to be free  
To spit in the face of the stars,  
The history of the dim bars  
And foam of the world breaks the hid mystery!

At tollic mountains rising beneath the Gulf Stream  
In statilic redundance, why should ye children of primal  
lands laugh?

Was not the past one great thee—

When waters turned back, with the lure of the crest of them  
half

Towards the moon and her dreams?—

Towards the great sunken sea?

As the ocean pours on to the lea,

Ye did heave your wide bulks, then were free!

Then the mighty stars dropt, as a berry might drop, from the  
tree,

And lo, as at sinking of suns, the rimmed oceans are red,

They arise now to mourn for their dead—

They come up with the night, and the dawn,

The surge of the waters, that form a great bowl, and surge on

Till the stars that are lost, rise as continents lost in their space,

And the Heavens, her hips between the chaotic warm arms

Of the spaces grows mute, as if conning endeavours and  
harms

That should make them look more, on her face.

O waters of chance, how pure and how cool, by fresh lands

Drip ye your lip dropping surge

In succulent prayer, and what diurnal caresses do urge

The smooth rippling tides, that follow the sea to the shore?

Ye are sunned on by suns—

Ye are dwelt on by dews, and the store,

Of a garland of hours, doth measure the wreath of your crown.

Till the white waves, in white foam, like white asphodels pour,

On the head of the cliffs, and the down!

Yea, who gazing on thee, has concept of thy multiform chance

## The Gulf Stream

Thy circumfering trance

O sea!—

Thou doth reach like a serpent, and bury the swan necks of  
Peninsulas, where

The Isthmuses lie in thy lair!

Thy night plottings with storms—

Where rocks clinging above, lean like land longing to thee—

Thou moulder of forms!

And in thy green hands, are the sands of the lands,

The porches of stars—

Where dead skulls like jewels have lost all their light,

Till the day

Cometh forth to return them, their prismatic ray,

And thou falter, and fail, while he lingereth there

For he touches thee too on the height!—

On the height of thy spray

In an all loving way!

What guideth thy course

O sea? what shadowy will, in an orb

Like a motherly face

Can absorb

Thy infantile force?

Spender of change! what fellowship hast thou with loss?—

All pervader of life?—There are three

Who have fellowship over the sea,

The sun, and the moon, and the air,

They will make him a cross—

For lo, in his chatter and tumult, of range

They will silence his voice to a prayer—

For the moon pulls him high, and the sun pulls him high,

And the air lent him now, as a garment to wear,



Is a breath of himself into which he must die!  
O moon, thou succoured the past  
Thou wert mother to him!  
And O, red sun die last  
Since thy satellite air, shall recover him fast—  
For already the clouds which are filled with the dim  
Are his envoys to thee,  
When thou touch the last star  
Which is sunken to earth, O sun, thou shalt see that he travel-  
leth far,  
For the continents rise, which were stars, which were set,  
In his oceanous fret,—  
He would moor to thy bar—!  
And forget!—  
He would touch thee at rim!—  
For all shall be thine, when the fair years shall fall—  
When the earth meets the sun and the sun meets the All!  
But thou, simple Gulf Stream—simple, and sinuous, thou  
I come back to thee now—  
My tired head lies on thy warm breast, to sleep, and be still,  
Lull me with bees in thy waves!  
Hold me in caves  
Where my spirit shall connote the will  
Which is killing thee now, and shall **kill**  
Even me, till my body shall fill  
My incarcerate overplus soul!—  
And thy ripening rill  
Shall lie dead in thy goal!—  
Nay, since there is slumber no more, in thy pale arms for me  
Let me sing thee myself, as thou sang me the song of the sea!  
O how passionately doth the soul

## The Gulf Stream

Make a Gulf Stream lonely and warm!—  
 With its bleeding frail juices, and sluices—its eddyous storm!—  
 O polluted pale wisdom of self—hybrid and curving, loose  
     moons  
 Of the foam that but gathers to swoons!  
 Beating against the walls of self, I ride  
 For ever on the omnipresent stream—  
 Sometimes within the current's dark, for hours I hide  
 And lie apart to dream,  
 Until the end of all surrender mine—  
 I sink at last into the Gulf divine.

In the Gulf Stream of Life, the senses lie bosomed in under  
     its effluent tide  
 For what more sensuous, sinuous, than these sensiate waters'  
     warm breast?  
 Here, slumber itself with its soul finds rest,  
 In the Stream bridged between ocean, and ocean,  
 In this succulent winding way—  
 In this wild contagion of motion  
 Half smile and half sway—  
 In this nest of the eered seas—  
 In this line of the foam and toss—  
 In pliant line which the deep seas cross,  
 As a bird swinging south, and north, this suppliant line—  
 Delirious, and divine!

Phantom women of Sense,  
 Five, in the depths of the sea,  
 Wherefore have ye learned, to chatter, to chide, and to sway,  
 Yea, for what consequence?  
 Have ye not selves to reform, and to keep ye all day

Working through, as we work on the lea?  
And great hair in the twilight to curl?  
As ring upon ring, the sunlight like hair of a girl  
Is swept by the clouds, in their nebulous circles, from hence?  
Have ye not cheeks, and red lips, to vermilion in dark,  
And white brows to remoon by a thought?  
Have ye not strange eyes, to mark  
With a long line of lashes that curve into naught?  
Have ye not wrought,  
Your fair bodies, by form, of a motion, whose undulous  
whirl  
Kept ye quiet from self, with your search through the coral  
and pearl  
That have trust of your forms?  
Or do ye but wave your crescentine wills, and give sway  
On the waters of day?

Skin of the Waters! how silken, thou hast made these girls'  
veins.

That their sequented, slimness, restrains!  
Didst thou know in the night, of thy storms,  
How One with an odour, and One with a taste, and a thrill,  
In the garments formed for thy daughters,  
—Skin of the waters!—  
And One, with her voice like the echo cast free in the hill,  
Came over to me?  
And One, O the last, with her form in the foam of the rill  
Came under and held me with hands  
Till I dreamt no more dreams of the way and the shine of the  
lands—  
Till I utterly lost all my goals, for the quest of thy spill  
And surrendered my will?

## The Gulf Stream

Gates of the furtherest seas, where do ye close?  
On hapless waves of sullen ebony?  
Or make ye glad, with purple, gold, and rose,  
Where is the gateway of the furtherest seas?  
Like it, the soul  
Bows down unto all passions, surgent, powerless,  
And lets the foam waves lap, all climbing even  
That out of all, the ages wake and bless,  
Redowered man until he find his heaven!  
Let waves compassion, make ye no more plaint,  
Where is the gateway of the furtherest seas?  
No more control will let ye ebb and faint,  
I watch the gateway far across the leas!

I have no yearning for aught else beside  
Abyssmal calm,  
O senses no more strive  
To hold the gold bowl, in the wandering sea—  
For oceans, upon oceans yet  
Shall roll  
And make my soul,  
Not thee!  
I shall forget,  
O ye five girls, that whirl,  
About our world,  
And comfort take from me—  
And grow almost unto one golden girl—  
That tempts with voice, and touch, and lips vermilioned in  
    their curl,  
And ears that listen to the shells the level deep has  
    held,  
And smelt the sea-weed matterous drift, and balm

That the Sargasso sea has taken—and the seas to the far  
south ride—

Wherewith all things are created, that in ye can be alive!

Pallid Sleep bend down,—O bend down, to the Gulf in the low  
set tide—

Lift! Arise with me, to the languor where all is kind,

These girls at last shall fail, as the waves with thee defied—

Thou Sleep! thou consumer of Sense, that gathers and drifts to  
mind!

Spatulent Gulf Stream

Wreathed with white wave foams, that crown the white head  
of old Dream,

Wouldst thou bathe him in blue skies of swell?—

Where bright heaven comes up, and bright hell

Runneth down with a yell?

Wouldst thou mirror him there?

Sound, sight,

As if they were hung with the tiniest globules of motion, and  
light—?

The senses recede, and are free,

Yet so pliant they are,

They seem the reflection of star beams, let fall from a star.

For his sight in the foam is not lost, though it be not his own—

For he marks the long predestined sight, of a colour in tone—

And heareth the diurnal earth moan,

With her rotten steep burden of lands, her reciprocal burden  
of lands,

Her burden of life rimmed high!

But the sea climbeth too,

It climbeth to touch on the sky:

It holdeth, her dew  
Which Dream touches until he stands moist, from his Triton-  
ous bath in their air—  
Singing songs loose of bearing, and sense,  
Now singing on sea-weed strings!  
The shells give him odour and scent!  
The brine the inherent long taste!  
Singing long! singing fair!  
He winds the great sheaf on his song, of the waters awaste,  
Singing loud! singing far!  
He echoes the cavernous bulk stones, with voices he brings  
And heaving himself, in a torrent of fret  
For a strung instrument,  
With murmur of chants from the sybilline sirens departs, and  
goes thence,  
For sconched ears, set on the strands!—  
So the dreams are gathered from ye  
Senses of deep!  
What we have, in our sleep  
Has come out of your burden of weeds,  
And your grey mists that creep,  
From the will, of our needs  
From the sea!

Dead, like a storm that has perished,  
Dead, like a mouth that is kissed  
And that no longer now kisses nourish,  
Over the Gulf creeps the mist:  
Tangled as pale lips forbidden  
To press in a tender full line—  
The tarn of the sunlight is hidden  
And cannot more shine!

Down, down, O Gulf Stream! Eddying weight!—  
Lest thy waters now loosen, and climb!  
O curved waves run, like the will of fate,  
Out of the wind of time!

Light, again in the sensiate Gulf,  
Light, all over the sea!  
Light,—as if there mystical love  
Hid in the cloak of the foam,  
Purpled with wings of the dove  
Came restlessly home!  
Light as the sun in his prism, kneels on the waters of tide.  
With blessings of infinite wisdom, where curves of his sickles  
abide,  
As the waves of the air, he swirls,  
As the dance of the Silver-Sari, danced by the Indian girls,  
The silver sickle of time here reaps by his endless blight  
The spirit of all of the waters, to spear them, and hold them  
to light—  
With spirals of serpentine cleavure, the Gulf Stream runs on  
to the moon—  
As once, with its pain, and its leisure, its bloodless veins drank  
of the swoon  
Of the Senses, which gave them their pleasure, and wrought of  
them death, as a boon.

## YEARNING

**T**HE mountains hang about me, as the thoughts  
Which keep my body from thee, dearest love;  
How far they reach to Heaven! God above—  
They reach, and reach, and then they seem to climb—  
As if their highest peaks were arms; I know  
'T is best I stay from thee, and yet not so!



## THE QUAIN'T HEART OF THE NIGHTINGALE

**T**HE quaint heart of the nightingale,  
He knows not, mad, unconscious bird,  
The poets dare not sing of him  
Unless their songs be calléd trite!  
But on a fresh time-summer night,  
The memory of Eden, heard  
Above the earth, below the clouds,  
He wakes the ghosts of hearts, whose shrouds  
Are pale as the moon's vapours—pale—  
The quaint heart of the nightingale!

## SYMPATHY

IS the rough Spring come again?—  
With her little green leaves, that suffer their pain,  
Twining the mad wind between their hearts' calls  
While the rain of April integral falls?  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Pale is the white birch, and pallid in grey  
The poplar leaves shift to the sun as they sway,  
The streams' weeping willow is slender and white,  
She lets her leaves fall on the stream in the night—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Wild oak, and maple, and olive forsooth!—  
Dark trees aspire as anxious frail youth.  
Sucking in juices, with herbous long root  
Seeking each other in strangulous moot—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Bark magnetising, with ravenous pore—  
Pulp of the pine trees—leaves of the sycamore,—  
Spreadings, and sheddings, for coverture free—  
Amities whispering, bush brake, to tree—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Motionful bendings of poplar, and birch,  
As silver willows the summer streams search—

Questioning ever sky's limitless face  
Regally fallen, under her grace—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

O, sap of life, Spring, rough vernal reclaimer!—  
Dost thou but weave, as the leaves weave the summer  
Hearts in the springtime with lavishing portals—  
Green arras hid, from the stringents of mortals?  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Workmen, whose hands dig in labour's old sore—  
Large hands, besmirched with the earth's clinging gore  
Semblant to trees in what they conceive,  
One in their breed as one to receive  
Sympathy—sympathy.

White hands unused, and pale hands unbidden  
In froth of the foam of life hidden, and chidden.  
Hands as white leaves, with the green leaves in under—  
Mystical hands of a wandering wonder—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Rough lips with orifice ugly, it may be,  
But fashioned to press to the lips of a baby,  
Lips as cracked leaves, pallid, intersought, tender,  
With sprouting young shoots, sent by wistful Spring's sender—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Corporeal lives, with the burden of weavings  
Griefs, and self shadows, within their sun sheavings—  
Turning to sorrows of others enthrall—  
Shiftings of life, in the interstice small—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

## Sympathy

Blue green leaves soft in their mangonist touch  
 Deterring the harshness of gnarlings o'er much—  
 Magnanimous reachers of feels pitying  
 As marvelling winds with their mouth full of sing—  
 Sympathy—sympathy.

Seekings for sun under serpentine branches  
 Seen only as scales, on the leaves' habitancies—  
 Pursuivant efforts which snake darkness covers  
 From outward reward, of world unseeing lovers!  
 Sympathy—sympathy.

Sweatings of brows, as the hot noons of raintide—  
 Pelted from spirit as sun which the rains ride—  
 Golden nobility sweats of clod workers,  
 Heavy with spill, as the dreams of soil shirkers—  
 Sympathy—sympathy.

Running feet ceaseless, as leaves in their flutter,  
 Love domiciled with impatience, and clutter,—  
 Home feet that tend on unreasoning quest  
 Tormenting of self, for peacemaking unguessed—  
 Sympathy—sympathy.

Hearts longing with elder reburdenful measure,  
 Hearts laid away from unmitigate pleasure.  
 Seeking the joy of a shelter serener  
 Dusk as the evening leaves draw from the greener  
 Sympathy—sympathy.

Unfulfilled novices' yearnings and waitings—  
 Meditative with mood drifts hesitating—

Sappling boughs finding some future eternal  
Unrecognised in dispersions reveral,  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Balm of the trees, a medicinal quiet  
Fall upon doubt, with a subduing fiat—  
Sophistic closures of maze inphiltrate  
With dove inter-cooings as if to a mate—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Resorting to stillnesses, minds take their covert  
With constant appealings to madnesses overt—  
As veins of the leaves which in slender forks hold them  
Ever resuscitant changure shall mould them—  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Crime, dalian cloaked in her scarlet strut gear  
As leaves spotted with premature red in their fear  
Of oncoming autumns blaze globe flame of glare,  
Under the trees makes a riot of air!  
Sympathy—sympathy!

Artists who strive for the bread of old Heaven  
Finding not that, which by mortals is leaven,  
Living in sky, sea, tree, leaf, and flowers,  
In sounding of air waves, and shadows of bowers!  
Sympathy—sympathy.

They who are list'ning for gnomes in the trees—  
If spirits of death may arise at their please—  
To mourners' dim ears, and eyes touching as dead—  
The sight, and the sound, of the leaves' hearts o'erhead.  
Sympathy—sympathy.

## Sympathy

All who would come with all burdens of sense—  
Grievous hurt lives with their passions immense—  
Given for aims, or given but merely  
That living by them, may become the more dearly  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Inventors, and searchers, who reach at the rim  
The unknowable, as the trees searching the dim—  
Hearts, as the roots in their primal delusion  
Making the vibrating whole of earth's fusion!  
Sympathy—sympathy.

Is the rough spring come again?  
Here in the world of a larger life's pain?  
Heavenly green that shut heaven looks over—  
Love is the only narcotic we owe her,  
Sympathy—sympathy.

## THE NEW GENESIS

**T**HERE was a God once—lying in the East—  
And Chaos was about Him, and no world  
But grey voluminous vapours; so the heart  
Was silent in the God, and only time  
The soul-throbs of His being, made Him live.  
Then came a change, for He desired. Lo!  
The rivers ran with water!—Heaven wept!  
And all the lakes and oceans they were filled!  
And all the streams and pools were given life.

And He desired, waking from a sleep  
Of ages inconceivable, and Earth  
Grew and grew green; and seasons, winter, spring,  
Summer and autumn took their separate tasks—  
And learned to bear their load of forest, marsh,  
Meadow and mountain; while the day, and night,  
Placed by their brow their brilliant sun and moon  
As rounded mirrors to behold themselves.  
And lo!—The God desired All! All! All!  
And lo!—the God desired and was man!

## AN INCENSE SONG

**B**EHOLD, thou Lord, my songs no more shall greet thee  
In plaintive runes of unaccustomed rhyme,  
For I have seen the dark blue spaces meet thee  
And I have heard Thy heart beat upon Time.

The body Thou hast wrought me is a lyre  
And sensitised the clay Thy hand hath wrought!  
The yearning heart is vibrant with desire  
And her desire is to Thee, and her thought.

Behold, O God! All light and life art of Thee  
Praised by the waving censer of the Moon,  
Behold for the chaotic soul doth love Thee  
Swayed by the finite senses into tune.

Behold! Behold! The Earth and Heaven do know Thee  
All of the shackles of the world are Thine—  
Behold! For Thine idolaters shall show Thee  
By adulation that Thou art divine.

The Human Thou created clay wrought mortals,  
An Adam who hath eaten of Thy Tree,  
Behold! Like wind they sway Thine open Portals  
And, being wisdomed, are but One, with Thee.



If weakness Thou doth banish by Thine ardour,  
 And molten sin Thou drive from Thy create  
 What large rebellious thoughts shall they not harbour  
 Being of all, save virtue satiate?

Will they not come and Thee dispel and shatter?  
 I, even Man, Thee slay, myself to rise?  
 The jointure of Thy spirit and of matter—  
 Becoming from mine own self to be wise?

Thou poor, Thou fragile God, some star shall tremble  
 In its rotation round Thine orb'd throne—  
 And all the wakened Earths and Hells assemble  
 In insurrection, for Thou art Their Own.

O Thou most childish God, in pity  
 If so, I, Man come to mine own by right  
 Shall I not like a sovereign take Thy city?  
 And claim supremacy of Rule and Might?

Behold, O God! The Sun, the Sun is falling—  
 The round ball Thou hast wrought mine eyes to bind  
 As I to Thee in grown strength am calling—  
 The light is passing, which has kept me blind.

O Thou, Thou fallen Lord, no more I need Thee—  
 For am I not Divinity and Love?  
 If Thy Life 't was I drank, why should I heed Thee?  
 Thou art below me and no more above.

Watch Thou, I say it was a deed of error  
 Which made me underneath Thy Rod and Rule,  
 A vast, primeval Modesty and Terror—  
 Which made me seem a pupil in Thy school.

## An Incense Song

But Man is like Thee, he, shall he not pity—  
 When he shall enter Thy dominions in  
 And take possession of thy crown and city—  
 Thou dust-choked idol, pity Thee this sin.

Shall Man, the Supreme, with Thy court around him  
 And the blue spaces and the laden air  
 Not feel exalted pride of birth surround him  
 And see Thee in his likeness to be fair?

Shall he, shall he not lift Thee in his mercy?  
 A lonely Monarch while he is divine—  
 For Thou his secret want, can he disperse Thee  
 Though shackles of the World no more be Thine?

What is the compensation for Desire,  
 For Longing and the Will to be afraid  
 O Thou! Thou answer me! Was Nature's fire  
 Which burnt in aspiration but to fade?

I need to yearn, O fallen Lord! O fallen!  
 I crave Thy Secret-Presence to my love,  
 The morning and the evening star art callen  
 Yet Heaven is below me and not above.

Thou bend beside me—Man, O Lord and tell me—  
 Nay, stand Thou, while I kneel before Thy feet,  
 I claim the right for some force to compel me  
 That I may see a vision more complete.

This purple robe take from me and this sceptre  
 That move the spheres that hold the Buddha's dust  
 When Zeus a human found, he did accept her  
 That he might pleasure passion and distrust.

O Thou—behold, Thou Christian God, I anguish,  
Wilt Thou not aid me? Thou?—more vast than they?  
For, till the real Christ came all hearts did languish,  
Thou—to whom later generations pray.

Behold, behold! for Earth and Heaven do know Thee—  
All of the shackles of the World wert Thine!  
Behold, for Thine idolaters did show Thee  
That by their worship Thou didst seem divine.

Behold, O God! Some passing star may reach Thee  
Guiding the wise men to the higher East.  
The waving censer of the Moon shall teach Thee  
Nature is to Thee, O Lord, as Thy priest.

And I, I, God, shall I not kneel before Thee  
With plaintive runes of old accustomed rhyme?  
For Thou, my Impulse, shall I not adore Thee  
When I have heard Thy heart beat upon Time?

Behold, we stand before the Secret Throne!  
Behold, I kneel before Desire to rise!  
And with Thee, passing on to the Unknown,  
I feel the yearning for a Paradise.

Worship, O God!—

Behold, O God!

Worship, O Lord, behold!

## ASCENDING LOVE

**T**HERE are fields of Orange Lilies  
Where the hot breezes blow—  
In the heart-time, in the throe-time,  
Bending golden glory low.  
In the heart-time, in the thirst-time—  
Where the meadow grasses quiver  
Mad Orange Lilies grow  
By a river!

Many a throstle, many a word  
From some soft brown-throated bird—  
Branching music waking midnight,  
Meadow music waking day,  
Whimpered vows that may be broken,  
Whispered promises unspoken,  
Hesitancies of mutation—  
Waft the Orange Lilies' way.  
Mad Orange Lilies grow  
By a river!

Musing there alone at evening  
When the dusk suppressed the water,  
Musing there alone conceiving  
That the Earth was Heaven's daughter—

When the very heart did falter  
 With intuitive believing  
 That the primal Earth was better,  
 Than the Earth that men should alter—  
 Etherised a presence semblant,  
 By the water with its flow  
 Passing o'er the bracken bendent,  
 Bosoms breathing, eyes below—  
 Hair a-misting,—lips bow twisting—  
 Dimple cleft the chin astroe—  
 Bestrewn stamen-astralation—!  
 Mad Orange Lilies grow  
     By a river!

Cerise darkness, gash of crimson  
 Strumpets into orange bode.  
 Into vine of scarlet gold run  
 Mazement unafraid bestrode!  
 Hush, the lapping of the waters  
 Eyelids droop o'er eyes of sloe—  
 Petals wither 'neath sun's altars,  
 'Neath the sun of fire throe.  
 Syllibants unuttered seethe.  
 Tethered trees with leaves a-bluster,  
 Bounden pulses joy bequeath!—  
 Drench of stars to dimness cluster!—  
 Mad Orange Lilies grow  
     By a river!

Bracken waste, O braken tender  
 Press with urge her coming feet!  
 Urge with air her figure slender,  
 Restrain to still, my pulse retreat—!

## Ascending Love

Wanton waste of passion holy  
 Makes a tryst with melancholy—  
 Iron manacle of wrist  
 Earth cut bruises intertwist!  
 Happy juices! saps of sluices!  
 By the hungering soil comprest,  
 Wing away to interloses,  
 Frightened bird within the breast.  
 Mad Orange Lilies grow  
     By a river!

Voice of woman as the wind-drift  
 When it drifteth over mow—  
 Of the grasses, in the mowrift,  
 Tossed by Summer's wilful toe.  
 Voice for lovers' lip-completion,  
 For seductive meet of mouth—  
 Susurrations of repletion  
 Wassailing the face of drouth!  
 Sweet fermenting, love concerting  
 To a draft of skyer dye—  
 Wilder fantasies inverting  
 To sound flagon of a sigh!  
 Mad Orange Lilies grow  
     By a river!

Love stakes higher than emotions,  
 His the great immotive mind.  
 He, the stars of night reoceans  
 In the darkness man leaves blind—

Tilt the ball of sunlight closer!  
Lift the lily as its cup,  
Golden cup as Heaven's doser,  
Nasceous loot, the ground licks up!  
Brown bird on the wing a-quiver,  
All the foam of song asplash,  
Meadow mourner, sky adorer,  
Lifts the lid of evening's lash!  
Woman sweeter, heart completer,  
Foot-a-mountain as a doe—  
Cloud mount than the fire fleeter!  
Mad Orange Lilies grow  
    By a river!

## A SOUTHERN ISLAND

**H**USH! for there is no light, and the isle like a great bird  
Takes flight into the sea—

Listen and watch for the morning word  
Yellow, and orange, yet scarcely heard  
The sun took over the lea,  
And the evening wind has stirred.

How many hours of peace here can we dwell apart?—  
Hid by the southern hills, crossed by the southern wave?

A little hour perchance, or long in need of the heart  
For the pulse leaps up and reclaims what it had at the start—  
Longing, and hunger, and then, fulfilment and strength for the  
brave!

Late in the afternoon, the moonflower leaned from her tree  
Making her body a trumpet, long, and slender, and white—  
She drooped among her leaves as she called to the moon on  
the sea.

Arise, O moon, arise, the beeches wait for thee,  
And the melancholy tide for thee is filled with light—  
Come soon, come passionately!

Here along the main the cedars are red in bark,  
The banana bushes are rimmed by a round banana crown—



Waist high under the blossoms, red, and satin, and dark—  
The palm to the heavens listens, as the moon to the moon-  
flowers hark:

The cacti with the weight of a million thorns leans down  
To the sod of the seed-pods mark.

Lovely! The horn of the plenteous ground is full  
Of the bounteous mother earth and the burdenous bulbs she  
breeds,—

Finger plants that are bright, and scarlet, and brown, and  
dull—

A million spices the myriad marsh plains lull

As for their need—

Fruitage the gourd-rimmed cherry, flower, and fruitage, and  
weed—

Air-vines soft and clamberous, grey as the seaweed's mull.

Soft! For the air itself is full of its own long call!

Heavy as air can be, a parasite of the south,

Heavy about her body like a vaporous cloak let fall,

Perfumed with white of lilies, slender, and supple, and tall,

Or as a kiss of the fire on the lips of an untouched mouth—

Weird, delirious, motionful, contagious, and nurturing all.

But the land like a great bird swings

Its train into the deep—

The feathery deep of its level—is as bird on the edge of its  
wings.

Watch! For the black and the blue bird circle, the red bird  
sings,

And the sparrows twitter in sleep,

And the land bird flies and is gone, in the cover the darkness  
brings.

Who is it that lies  
Like a gourd across my door?  
With her two red breasts, and her skin like an oily cocoanut  
rind?  
Has the moon forgot to shine, and the darkened clouds grown  
more?  
The white leaves by the wind  
Are shaken, and now in their heart are sunken her eyes!

Yet, why should I not forgive  
For there in the heat of the noon  
She brought me cherries, and moonflowers stemmed from  
their tree?  
Even life that is kindly must torture to make us free—  
And the moonflowers and cherries are lying struggling to  
live,  
In the still where the shadows swoon.  
And from the sky comes a piercing long shaft filled with  
light  
The created pinion that brought  
The end of my thought,  
And lulled me to sleep with the night.

Where is the nest of the lands? O is there an island more?  
Deep was the soul's content, desirously fulfilled  
Ere the hour disappeared, and we lost the wake of its shore,  
Spaced in an ocean of anguish the shoulders of Atlas bore—  
Child if thou wilt!—  
Thou canst return with evening, as surely as before!

But the island nest is empty, the last of the lands has flown,  
And I shall be gone with the spring, when thou shalt returned  
there be

For I wander north, and northward, where the piteous wind  
has blown,  
My mind from the lure of fruitage, of flower, and grass,  
and tree,  
Though the south shall hold for ever the bird in its ecstasy!

## A SOUTHERN SCENE

SILENTLY before the cottage door  
The tidal-river seeks the boundless sea—  
Within the distance, where this silver lea  
Withstands the ocean's pressing waves no more—  
But yields unto the flood force monarchy.

Silently upon the silver strand  
That just divides the waters meeting here—  
Silently upon the waters near  
The moonlight shimmers, in a golden band  
Mirroring the moon, the moon of southern land.

And up, and down, the tidal river roam  
The murmurs from its waters yearning still,  
To pass the banks on the seaside and drill  
Through the cold sands, and reach their ocean home  
While through the dark there cries the whippoorwill.

Behind the cottage lies a tangled space  
And there wild vines and trees are interwed—  
With rattlesnakes and wayward lizards bred,  
And there couched to the ground, the panthers pace  
Their path into the distance with sleek tread.

A jungle is far spread—Yet to the west  
A crown of trees, with soft white blossoms fair

Are waving silently, now here, now there—  
It is an orange grove on the low crest  
Of a small slope the planters raised with care.

And in the sky above the placid moon  
A thunderstorm is brooding, passing slow  
Clouds meet each other and then onward go  
As if repenting of their wrath, nor soon  
Will break the storm upon the world below.

Since yet the very loveliness of light  
And rains that brooding ever never fall,  
Throw a cast uncertainty on all  
The beauty of the southern tropic night,  
That deeper the rapt senses will enthrall.

A life is on the river—on the land,  
In undertides, and in the silent grass  
That groweth lazily where sunbeams pass,  
And yet it is alone, without command  
The fervid heat breaks on the heart alas!

The moon has now arisen to full grace  
And in the orb'd whiteness of her heart,  
Rising above the stars I see, there start  
The mirrored light on thy own brow and face—  
Shining for me, more softly where thou art.

The southern stars are now adrift—arove—  
With light that reacheth low upon the stream  
Its water bearing on the golden beam.  
And from the jungle and the orange grove  
Descends a subtle perfume and a dream.

## THE TRANSFORMATION

**L**EAFLESS none of the year  
Stands the tamarind tree—  
Older by far than the other trees that appear on the lea—  
Old as the ocean itself, for its leaves like drops of the foam  
Slender and green, on their cycle of branches austere  
Tangling themselves reappear—  
Longer than doubt and than darkness this trunk stands alone  
And the leaf of it blooms all the year.

Now is it planted away from its Indian home,  
And the African shore does not bathe it in floods of the Nile,  
It waits for me here, in my garden, where stranger trees roam  
Through the sod with their roots, and to Heaven with con of  
a smile

On my lone southern isle—  
Around it fidelios walk in a white stemmed row  
With their gossamer leaves one looks through,  
They protect it or marshal it on  
As a grove of young maples a yew,  
And I hear with no sound how they talk to the tree  
And do cheer it with hands underground!

Moody this morning, I came here myself to find ease  
With the heart of the trees—

Before the young dawn, like a young saffron ghost had out-  
spread

Her tent overhead,

For I marvelled, and needed the sight and the sign which  
befell

On bark things like a message, sent down to their region of air,  
For all night had I woke with my spirit, and seen the dreams  
fail.

And my mother—the fair—

Nature, I said, should revive and should bring me some com-  
fort to tell—

Some understood meaning of passage, some unction or spell,  
That I further might turn from my mood.

And lo 'neath the tree

There came comfort, and secrets that speak

In the silence where tongues like convolvulus blossoms grow  
weak

In their easure of sense—

For the tamarind tree

With its mighty grave force had leaned unto me—

As the sky might lean down from a heaven intense,

Or the sun take a pity to sea,

Or an age that was passed should come over the dream of a  
man

To speak him the wisdom he sought,

As a bell, like a thought

Which the waters of life as an essence o'er ran!

Thence, there I lay down in the noon,

For I could not behold

The richness and rapture of sky, which was merging to gold.

## The Transformation

And the sod by the roots of the tamarind tree, leant me grace  
Of a sweet resting place,

And I slept, till the hour when the dreams of the noon lost  
their form,

And the long afternoon came to pause, and around  
The fidelios circled like maidens of midnight and morn!  
And from out of the tamarind comes such gold wine  
That it seems a libation, I drank to the good of each vine  
And all that had grown about me, till once more I sank  
In silence superb, at the trunk of the tamarind tree.

How much stranger the silence by night, as I stand by my  
door!—

For the sun like a master, led day to his chamber of light,  
And the dusk winds outpour  
From the billows that sing of the west,  
Or rustle, and seems to unite a calm to a balm,  
As if drooping fans, waved through the space  
Where the tamarind tree with its under-caught boughs inter-  
lace

The rift of the essence of sense which doth steal o'er the place,  
Making most unto me, the changure to evening,  
And joy of the kith, and the kin, of the trees which I long for,  
and feel from within.

I have told my heart's burden to them, I am glad, I am free!  
By companionship sent by the crown of the leaves, and the  
brow

Of the olive green wonder, more mystically olive turned now  
From the tamarind tree!

While fidelios keep their circle to marshal me sleep!  
Yet Naena where art thou? Come close  
For the time of the tide of the day nears its end,



As small as a drop in a pool, till the wind and the cool  
Bring it back to our circle of light  
Which shall circle again—  
O my negress, draw nigh, for the crown of the tears of the day,  
    kept the last tear from pain!  
I would hear the broad sigh  
Of thy bronze breast, that seems like the main!  
Come near to my ear, as the breasts of the earth which retain  
The slow call of her birth, and renewing them thus, in her high-  
    est formed creature of will,  
Re-echoes it still!  
And O Naena thy head I would have to bend over thy knee,  
When my head in thy lap, thou shouldst sing me to sleep as the  
    tree!

White as the call of the moon to the tide,  
Or the call of the moonflower is to the moon,  
The space of the land like a leopard leaps wide!  
And the verge in the succulent spill of the gloom  
Seems bordered with cacti but thorned in their bloom,  
In the dark 'neath the moon!  
And I feel, in their sphere where the red cedar lies,  
Thy mouth, must have bred a strange juice from their shape  
Like the line on the leaf of a southern grape-vine,  
Or thy languorous eyes, with their cape  
Of down drifting lashes that curve to their drape;  
Thou must somewhere be lost twixt the palm, the palmetto, or  
    pine.  
Darkness brooding, and darkness nigh,  
Lifting above to its upper space—  
Then nearer the ground where the trees climb high  
Is a network of shadows and shade, like lace—

## The Transformation

For the will of the night has no will to look down  
On the lonely desolate under-place!  
Far aloft are the hills of the cedar more high,  
And the waters more low,  
Where I hear their tone through the faceless winds as they  
    wander below,  
And the finger plant burns, and the air moss grows dry:  
O Naena, come in, for the tamarind tree  
Seems more heavy with will austere.  
I feel it has thoughts, of my will that must go  
Back to the year where it first did grow,  
A long lost Indian year—  
It is dragging me with a heritage  
Of hands that forget the thoughtless age,  
And I seem like a dust in its face to blow,  
Gathered again by the winds of chance.  
Beside its trunk a form bends low,  
I cannot behold or speak its trance,  
“Nay, who art thou grave form austere?”  
She slides round the trunk and is swiftly gone  
And now in her place has a change occurred  
For some one stands whom mine eyes have known  
And though she moves not, and speaks no word  
It is thou, my negress, my fear hath stirred!  
O Naena why art thou there? Come away  
For the tree is changeful, by night and day,  
And growing so perfectly all the year through  
Must have a secret to keep, unkept  
By the leafless trees that in autumn are swept  
Dry and barren to bark,  
Till one hark,  
The tall sky walking them through——

## LINES

**A**T the time when the wet rain languors  
And the round dews grow thin  
A couch for thee shall be vapours,  
Let thy soul lay thy body within!—  
Over the dark sea marshes  
Where the foam of the wave is a bride  
To the seaweed brown, cold, lying  
Upon the glistening tide—  
Where the waves long spent, once silvered  
Are the ashen of dead rose leaves,  
And the heart of the mighty ocean  
From the distant land slope grieves,  
There shall come a tone of music  
Which will make our lasting cry  
The lovely weight of sinking  
Through the slippery sands where we lie.

O not ours the aspiration,  
Nor the giddy glow of the height!  
In the dark was formed the creation  
That budded to bending night.  
Thy paleness saffrons the glory—  
The dim long reach of thy hair  
Softens thine eyes' endeavour,  
O let mine eyes rest there!

My head, from thy slim round shoulder  
Droops to thy crested breast,  
There shall my wild lips seek thee  
And there at last shall they rest—  
Thy voice with the will of pleading  
Grows weak to the mad lost naught--  
And O, in the depth of our feeling  
Should there again come thought?

Dearest heart, let us hunger to dreaming  
Till we lose what never was won,  
The palace of God above us,  
And the lasting heat of the sun.  
By the pale blue lake of the forest  
The pale blue harebell grows—  
And sleep will bring the poppy  
To opiate our repose—  
Far from the maddening transport  
Of Babylon, and Myrrh,  
Let us still the endeavour  
That never brought forth her—  
Cold are the ashes of Cæsar,  
And Cleopatra's fame  
Is only the woof that tangles  
The ghost of her lovely name—  
The roots are waiting the branches,  
And the faint troublous star of dawn  
Will see that we, like the ages  
Are bidden to begone.

O lovely semblance feel not  
The plea of the spirit's hand—

Open thine arms, and live not,  
And do not understand—  
See on a brow, the garland  
Of leaves are mixed with clay!  
And even the bird now singing  
Oblivious is of day!  
Calm in the blessed failure—  
The incomplete made sure—  
Follow the will of all lovers,  
The passion and the lure.

The purple hills are waiting,  
The green fields swept by wind,  
The calling of the waken,  
These things are left behind.

## THE LITTLE SCAR

L O, what is this upon thy wrist  
Thou new-found Love of mine?  
A little scar, like a purple star  
Where the blue veins intertwine—  
Upon the wrist, below the kist  
Shell-shade palm of thy hand—  
Where the white of the skin is a sky made pure,—  
Give me to understand?

Far and wide over waste and moor  
Long as the land might be,  
Have I held a pipe to my full red lips  
To call for the lips of thee—  
Till the shadows fell on the couch of night  
To pillow the Darkness' head,  
And the dew-eyed Day, had wandered away  
Dreaming her Sun was dead—  
And the Moon came up as a fair light may  
Over the famished land—  
But this little scar like a purple star—  
How comes it upon thy hand?

I thought thee white as the driven snow  
That fell on the autumn's flame,  
And it brought the spring of imagining  
Back when with thee it came—

For in my thoughts have I held thee fair,  
And have sought thee far and wide—  
As a banished man, with fever can  
The thirst of a native tide.

Yet, is Life a thing of Fate?—  
For the Little the Great breeds,  
And closed is the gate immaculate  
If the bloom be the dye of the seeds.  
Nor the sun shall shine, nor the moon divine,  
Nor the planets wake which are seven,  
If a little scar like a purple star  
Can banish from man his Heaven.  
Would, O would, in the endless not  
That we should be forgiven,  
For what has been cannot be forgot  
In the plane of the Pleiades even.  
For Man who is lower than Heaven far—  
Shall never understand  
The little scar, like a purple star  
On the white of a woman's hand.

## ACHEON

I SAW the great Acheon, artist, sage,  
Mounting the paths of knowledge, and the soul,  
And I did ask him, "Whither goest thou?"  
Simply, in the way the systems roll  
About their sun, from out his bearded age  
He answered, "Child it is to Heaven I go."

The stars were lit on the grey cloaking night,  
The miniature stars, the fireflies on the grass—  
And through the dimness, I beheld his face—  
"To Heaven," I said, "What mean'st thou?" Then did pass  
A flush about his cheek, and sprang a light  
Within his eye. "To Heaven, child?" "To grace."

The moon arose and from the dark abyss  
Of pine trees lay her head upon the sky  
In open splendour—"Night is but a thought  
That clouds our vision when the moons pass by."  
Acheon said, "And in such guise as this  
It is at length the universe is wrought."

Thus ended so our talk. And he at last  
As if his words were driftweed on the shore  
Ended his speech, and in the still



His voice for me was silent evermore.  
Across his wide browed face a glory passed,  
Concording death and the eternal will.

\* \* \* \*

My God, to finger a dead woman's face,  
To let wild kisses fall in her deep hair,  
To feel the power of sex in death, to grow  
Dumb to the force of all premeditated prayer!  
And yet above oneself, to feel the grace  
Of this, nor pondering have the right to know.

Acheon knelt, then with his large swift hand  
He touched her hem, a feather's weight of touch  
The dampness from the water of her gown  
Burnt him like fire, he, inoculate,  
Until the fire of contact so brought down  
Upon his soul a longing overmuch.

He held her hand, he breathed upon her feet—  
His ear fell on her bosom, and his eyes  
Sunken on hers forgot the sights he saw.  
Such is first passion. From without came cries  
Of children all unheard, who passed the street,  
Such is desire for life, and such its law.

He rose, and lit two tapers standing by,  
To place them at the altar of her head—  
He took her hands, and bathing them in tears  
Wiped the lake slime from off their palms instead—  
He folded the large white arms still and high  
Upon her breast, above the beat of years.

## Acheon

He hunted till he found a linen sheet  
Of coarse wrought texture, then with gentle pain  
He wound it o'er her body, her drenched hair  
Hung to the side, he fixed with tender care.  
He tilted the head till the chin reposed,  
And closed her eyes to never wake again.

The children entered, motionless they stood,  
A brooding flock of geese from out whose throat  
No echo rung, till her child reached the bed,  
And the small arms were round her neck and float  
Of black curls on her breast. "My God, O would  
I too were as thy child!" Acheon said.

He put the child away in tender wise  
And then he rose again, and while the throng  
Of small guests stood all motionless, was he  
Unconscious of their presences for long—  
Bent he his eyes once more upon her eyes  
Finding within them now eternity.

Then passed Acheon onward from the tomb  
Telling to all he saw, what he had seen—  
And some believed him, others called him mad,  
But knowing well the thing had only been  
A revelation to his soul, he had  
No passion left in anger to consume.

And so he blamed them not; men seemed to him  
But torches for the soul, which lit, or still  
Unlighted, in the end should find their light—

He laughed if they laughed, bent unto their will—  
Wept if their eyes for his own grief grew dim,  
And if they half saw—saw he with their sight.

O God, what was his greatness? To live life  
As if it were the future and the goal,  
To lose himself in being, nor aspire  
To reach beyond the uninate soul;  
To take from others but what they could give  
Ever returning to them something higher.

\* \* \* \*

No eulogy can rise to praise the good.  
Their happiness lies in their constant strife  
To better grievous hurts, and uncontrol,  
Their thanks are oft to be misunderstood.  
He painted the one picture of his life  
Upon the canvas of a human soul.

\* \* \* \*

O lest my songs should desire a lyre  
Let me lie in the hills all day—  
And bathe my brow in a brook of fire—  
And pluck green myrtle and milk kind spray—  
For lo I lie underneath the sky,  
Nothing can take it away!

## TOWARDS THE STARS

O SPACE, that as a mother to a child  
Leans thy fair brow! O beatific Time!  
O Heaven that falls on man's ear as a vow  
Uttered in secret silences sublime!  
O ethers gloriously eclipsed to now!  
O runnels from the belt of spheres bend low!  
And white moon's fragrance like an orison,  
Bend down—come down—lean o'er our world, as so  
The night her Nubian arm doth rest upon,  
Rest ye Exalted Essences for lo!  
The earth waits for ye, with a lap of snow!  
The low sod grovels, and then learns to grow,  
Groping for spring for ye. In winter's prime  
The great birds dip their wanton throats in rhyme,  
And out of stillness come with rhythm wild,  
For ye! Descend then, have a pity sweet—  
The grass upholds unto the roof to meet  
Her tenderous blades, descend O undefiled;  
Summer for ye has garnished her round dome.  
Descend O elements about whose feet  
Winds as the tendrils of the air make moan,  
Man has for ye a need that brings him home,  
Further his discontent to call ye nigh,  
The creature of a moment's wonderment  
He stands, and gazes on the nightly tent,

And at the orb transmuted to the sky,  
Nor dares he question, lest his voice should cry  
All the past ages emptied dissonant!  
Come show him kinship, with your garments dipped  
In plenteous ocean, where the twilight sipped  
From sun bowl painted on with wine deep dye!

Bend, and come down, across the withering slopes,  
The withering slopes that wish for your descent,  
Because all things must meet to make them fair:  
Surely, a chosen place has lambent air?  
Naught can her latent ways of naught defer,  
She parts the dim fulfilments from their hopes,  
Heaven and Earth are disengaged by her,  
Her dewless pollen is on mountains sent  
For they grow pregnant in their solitude,  
And round their crown the spaces are as far  
As round the seas, and meadows, which still brood  
Waiting for the eclipse of some long star  
Hung in the vertex far!

The slow great withering slopes loom, and expand  
By distance fanned,  
And weary as the bird upon the wing  
The winds die round their lonely harbouring,  
As if they also sometimes ceased to sing.

O slopes then whyfore wait ye for this boon?  
Know ye not yet, the spaces shall be far?  
Have ye forgot that Time is lost from tune,  
And Heaven hung above the fartherest star?  
Do ye not well remember, Ethers came  
Between the lily, and the ancient flame,

To part the shame dust from the seraphim,  
 Or mocked ye never at the deep sea's rim  
 To part from ye the Dipper and the Horn?  
 O wondrous orbs like Death, serene, and sad,  
 None marvel that ye hide your face from morn,  
 Whose blatant passion is a thing unglad  
 To those who drink the beaker past the brim  
 And fail, with life's eternal recompense  
 Viewless in the immense.

Therefore ye Elements, whose ways are set  
 Above compassion, pass; and withering slopes  
 Look elsewhere in change, and chance, for hopes—  
 If all the lost blue like a bird should fall  
 Ye should not hear a murmur, nor should see  
 A sign more bright on Buddha's enshrined wall,  
 Nor yet the manger hid in Galilee,  
 Nor any fond cloud have a voice to call,  
 In else save thunder's omnipresent glee!  
 Mark, how ye murmur to a dewdrop's lips  
 "Respond," but in the fullest sun it grows  
 A thing of vapours. Even before the pall  
 We are accustomed, to our lean eclipse,  
 Forgiving Nature, for her weals, and woes.

So space I would not have ye bend so low,  
 Nor lose from airs, your help where they may grow  
 The precious stems of bliss. Nor Time, O thou  
 Who hast the danger of Eternity,  
 Falter a moment on the cliffs of Now!  
 Or Heaven spread a speech for euphony!  
 But let me sleep, sweet stars the while my brain  
 Is fraught with ertia, till I swoon in pain!—

Let me imagine that each light may fall  
From habitude exultant, upon all  
That wills to have it near, still can withdraw  
The groping hand from light, as if to twine  
Again upon itself, that some dear vine  
Of circles may rewreathe it to that law  
Of the supernal! Nearer come again  
The long preheritors of destiny!—  
Joining the sky and ocean as one sea  
Shall stretch their way by climb, and climb, to be  
Nearer to what calls to them from the main!

Harder it is in higher light—in more proximity  
To crevice use to our futility,  
And yet we rise! We rise! We see! We see!  
To moon and sun and skies,  
And as a tree  
Shadow the loose beams, which descend from ye!

Ah nay, no slumber crowns the balm of pain,  
The great consumer of our lethargy.  
We would not sleep—imagining ye to find,  
But rather would we sweep across your main,  
As in a storm the gullies of the sea  
Give forth the spill, and spilth, of all their kind!  
We sacrifice  
To make again, our own heredity!

We grow more wise, and twine our own skies round,  
We shall become as gods! 'T is memory  
That for so long has kept us from our own.  
Such echoes as affect our circumstance  
Have made our consequential failure sound

## Towards the Stars

As Circian trumpet blasts across the sea  
Between this life and Heaven! Wake, be free!  
Forget how long the toil has been for tone!  
Till we could cry across the steep hills' trance  
Across the withering slopes to power, and sight!  
Forget the tenure of the outlived night!  
Forget the claims which have our weak wills bound  
Unto the ground!

Let dispelled records of the passing, lie,  
When they have served our aim,  
To show how progress came,  
How from the sod, the stalwart man walked high  
And pressed upon the eagle in his flight!  
For faster in the far air of the sky  
We shall assume our change, until behold  
A moment is our mould!  
A cloud our dye  
By which we are distinguished, and passed by!

O soul, what are the withering slopes again?  
Not the thick mountains of predestined doom,  
By which both Abel and his brother Cain  
Are kept with spotted children in the gloom,  
Nor the gold apple-eating sons of Eve?  
Not Nomad sepulchres nor still the tomb  
That opened on the third day, as a womb  
Ready to let the child of spirit forth?  
They can obscure the stars' light by no troth—  
But shelter earth, until by our own will  
They call on us to mount!—They do distil  
The balm of spirit, where the heart is wroth!



## THE WHIRLING ATOM

**A** WHIRLING atom, through the will of space  
Circled the nebule which times embrace,  
Came past the will of stars, and time, and change,  
Looked on the ocean, and the lands that range  
The comet worlds above, and far, and wide,  
The alienation of great Heaven's tide—  
Sank—and became a face:—  
It wore a veil so barren, and so thin,  
That some who saw, saw not that there within  
The human was, till from the dark came sin—  
Stole in the eyes, as joy around the skies,  
Dropped on the mouth—then this strange face, did win  
Again its impulse, whirled, and whirled, away!

## TO A CHILD

STRANGER, why hast thou come from balmy sleep  
Whose kingdoms are the stars that drowse and burn,  
To habitate the body's ancient keep  
Wherewith thine eyes can but as twin eyes turn  
Their pleading wonder back insatiate?  
Why not the white moon's rays inhabitate,  
Whose death was ere the cycle of thy birth  
Quitting this life, through which thy members pass  
Into volition in revolving earth—  
Why hast thou come to be with us alas?  
Yet, we rejoice, and thank thee, for thy fate,  
Kiss thy small hands and feet, forget thy soul  
And let thy tender-hearted mother have  
The right to hold thee to the cup of love,  
Witting not thy detention from thy goal,  
To which thine elders struggle for above,  
Treating the infant as a glowing wave  
Upon the ocean of humanity,  
That here may break, and there may cease to be,  
Yet goeth on unto the hidden grave.  
Yet, Child, be thou content, and do not mourn,  
Now are the gates all shut from whence thou came—  
Thou art incarcerated, and thou art born—  
Soon shall baptism chain thee with a name  
Which henceforth we will use to call thee ours,  
And ere long, thy soul glowing as of flame,

Held as the chalice of the petalled flowers  
Within the body's ashes, shall creep forth  
And once again resume an entity.  
Thou shalt be decked in white flesh, as the north  
In snows of winter holds the burning Pole,  
And if thou dream, thy dreams shall not be more  
Than slight man's vagrant yearning for the soul.  
Thou shalt assume a mind, to comfort thee,  
And a torn heart, to lie thy ways before—  
Lest thy now lost existence fret thy clay  
This heart of thine shall then be given pain,  
Thine eyes be given sight of night and day,  
Thy vagrant mouth a speech most frail and fain,  
And prayers, and tears, and sighs, shall guard thee  
    round,  
As thou dost grow to suckle thine alloy,  
Faint passion shall have voice, and touch, and sound  
And if thou lend thine ear to antique joy,  
Which is the aureole above man's wound  
Thou shalt be glad perchance, in thine employ,  
Force me not more than this, to vouch to thee—  
For speaking of thyself, I tell thee all  
Which may have import to thy life's decree,  
Not one least sunbeam shall about thee fall  
Unwittingly, nor rain-drop seek the sea,  
Not one germ grow without thy knowledge, nor  
One seed without thee blossom to its pall,  
All wisdom of the earth is thine, therefore  
O happy little child be glad and free!  
Consequence is a secret to us all  
Beside its will all else is fugitive.  
But being so, can be discerned and seen,

## To a Child

All the great summer stumbling into green—  
The winter seasons in which we do live—  
Promising spring's and autumn's echoing blight—  
Darkness, dew time, and light.

O tender One, not ready yet to climb  
The ways of chance, scarcely so strong to creep,  
Whose grown soul holds the excess of time,  
Life's consequence in death, and greater sleep.  
Flaunt all the angels with their clumsy wings!  
Take for thy rattle earth and all its bells!  
Chew on the world, and for thy rubber rings  
Have thou the endless heavens and their hells!  
Take for thy playfellow a piece of space,  
And let man, as thy elder brother run  
Playing for thee his game of tag and race,  
With thy rebounding ball, which is the sun!

## ODE TO YOUTH

**T**HIS is my song, I lay it at thy feet  
O thou so opulent in trust, O youth!  
In strength and will!  
As a cub-lion, nurtured in the spring  
On spiritual lilies, whose gold cup  
Was strangely given,—sweet,  
As Mary Mother, her most heavy child,  
Deep wells of truth,  
And in their whitened bodies, could hold up  
The blessed flesh and blood for some such thing,  
As beast of forest—earth, and braken-Nature wild,  
To feed upon, and still be undefiled!

How loud a tone will pierce the heaven's assault  
Or cleave above the shrill bird on his wing?  
Thus, would I move  
The pale lips of my voice to cry of thee,  
Louder than some harmonious bassoon,  
Or weary water falling passionately  
From mountain gorges to the crushed ground,  
Or sky ascending rocket to the vault,  
Since life, of thee, has every need to sing  
The early burden of her tender love,  
The while a pauper, barter I the sound  
'Twixt Sun, and Heaven's will, and the desirous Moon.

## Ode to Youth

Yet still how lowly in my song am I  
Who can no more than stir perturbed calms  
To multitudinous shallows  
Of sounds, that echo through acoustic spheres,  
Or touching here and there a freshened note  
That intervenes mute music, make aware  
Thou, of my pleadings for thy blessed alms?  
Letting the tendrils of thy hair afloat  
Upon my senses, spell the sense of prayer,  
And lingering on my words convey its dye—  
Whispering softly of a light, that hallows  
Thy lighted eyes, till mine be filled with tears.

Yet it is much, if I could speak of thee!  
O how like a pine forest is thy hair!  
Thy hapless eyes  
Happy, in their imprintment of thy dreams,  
Thy brow the whitened beach for thought's loose tide,  
Thy cheeks a moor of berries, brown and red  
Blent to their juices, for thy veins' disguise,  
Thy lips, like sunset when to crimsoned streams  
It folds, so is the pool of thy speech wed  
To silence, where thy wise communions bide,  
The line that thy full strong chin glorifies,  
Thy neck that holds aloft these gifts to be.

O youth, how could a mortal voice be found,  
Communicant with heaven's highest aim  
Of beauty binding art,  
To mark for thee the paths which are thine own,  
To clasp thy hand, to look upon thy face,  
And for thy childhood's custom let thee go;  
Where standing on a luminous mountain place

Life shall be seen by thee, self willed alone,  
Where unto thee, the thunders shall acclaim  
Their lordly noise of being, and the Hound  
The howler of the stars be heard below,  
For thou art elemental, and apart.

Yet on earth's ocean wilt thou find thy peace,  
The blue entanglement of space and tone  
Will girt thy soul,  
That wandering forth into the Stygian years  
Belted the lands around their slender waist  
To guide the present's heave, upon its shore!  
For it is kin to thee, and part thine own,  
And ere its mutability shall cease  
Famine shall be succumbed, chaos, and tears,—  
There since by wonder all shall be defaced,  
The primal earth at last shall rise from war,  
While the sun spheres her bosom pole to pole.

But I know well the metamorphosis  
That thou must, day by day, play on perforce—  
Therefore my song may cheer  
Thine ageless soul, with comfortable truth—  
For when thou art apparelled in thy joy  
My heart leans lowly to thee in remorse,  
Although I worship also with alloy!  
My arm would pillow thy dear head asleep,  
My thought would cover thy dissembled bliss—  
Thy tortuous vigil I would pass forsooth—  
And light thy tapers for thee all the year—  
And kneel at sacramental shrines and weep!

## Ode to Youth

Still, thine own burden is thine own to wear  
As night her cloak, O individual  
Thy shoulders are  
Caressed, by some such weighty hands of light  
As if on every finger were a star,  
That none dare cast them from thee, lest thou turn  
And miss the kingly vision of that face  
Hidden in lovely wilderness of night,  
Where thorns are loath to lie below the hair,  
And eyes unfolded truth had made to burn,  
Or thou should'st carry all the miraged earth—  
As some unconscious evening, Atlas shall  
From wider death unto serener birth.

None shall forget who once have seen thee pass!  
For, thy remembrance cannot swiftly die,  
Nor thy face fade,  
Which like a vernal effort of the May  
Is hung with bloom, while from the season's sun  
Shall slowly grow thy fruitage of July!  
Therefore with trophies let me trim thy praise,  
If praise were well, from me to thee, alas,  
Whose harvest shall be sooner reaped and done!  
I sun myself within thee unafraid  
To crown thee, with the laurel of thy day,  
And the rich wisdom of thine elder days!



## OUR DESIRE

WHY look thee, thou hast come, while I had thought  
Thou never could be born from mothers' wombs,  
By which our tenements of clay are wrought  
For purposing our souls across the glooms  
From women burdened births, to earth enburdened tombs?

All of us come with fragrant hearts franchise,  
Therefore are we expected like the spring—  
Prepared our welcome in our mothers' eyes—  
Gaily should every soul arise, and sing,  
For welcome done at its frail harbouring!

Yet blind, and lonely, gazing on the sun  
Most of us hunger for our life's excess,  
Until our latest revelry be done—  
Then backwards gaze we, while our wills confess  
There was no joy, or pain, to aid, or bless.

So through the dark, we traverse and are bound  
To visionary hope, self willed for cheer  
Lying beyond our veil of sight and sound,  
Whose dimness reaches gravely round the year,  
And leans aloft the night's revolving sphere.

Wait phantom, for it cannot be as yet  
That thou hast come among our prison ways—  
Still are our doubts untutored to forget—  
Still crown we with our momentary bays—  
Our vacant pleasures, and our wanton fays!

For all about us, is our ghostly dread,  
Our superstitious wisdom of the past,  
In which engulfed, we cannot look ahead  
For we into its armoured shape have cast  
Ourselves, and bodies, and our minds, at last.

O thou great soul, behold our afternoon!  
We signed our seizure at the midday feast—  
Now will come night to darkly chain us soon,  
Then will at length dawn light, a lonely priest  
To gaze upon a desert in the east.

Were thy birth now, Time would himself have death,  
And withered earth lie couching at thy feet,  
For the awakening of thy sad soft breath  
Which with its tone in heaven, the hours beat  
Beneath thy footfall rhythmically sweet.

Yet wilt thou come, and round thy crowned head  
I see no aureole or diadem—  
No change in Nature, by thy passage bred.  
No leaning angels stoop to kiss thy hem,  
Nor any flower falter on its stem!

Because thou art, the earth and air abide  
Within their rampant beings, still the same!  
The pallid moons, across the sunsets ride,  
And no bird falters, crying loud thy name,  
Thou hast not changed the doubt, nor fear, nor shame!

And yet, thy very promise would fulfil.  
A springtime of ripe heaven, rich, and full  
Would tint horizons like the daffodil,  
Unto the sluggard currents brown, and dull,  
Bring ease in rains their beings wake and lull!

Upon the viewless sky, the faceless winds  
Should weave such figures in their tapestries,  
Which every crimson morn, and evening finds,  
Where the dusked shadows swarm like equal bees  
And calm the mountains, and the waiting seas!

Thy shade upon the shadow of the world  
Should tinge each tinging vision into form,  
With so much radiance of light upheld  
As makes the light in fanes of fires warm—  
And purples in the brooding of a storm.

Preceding years, which revelations told  
By thy white hand, pointing to thy self birth  
Should all the heavens behind thy mood unfold,  
And to the clusters of sidereal dearth  
Make motion of star clusters, beyond earth.

Stern wills pervade thy atmospheric soul,  
Which on our wills all exultations throw  
As the reflections of our frequent goal,  
Thy impulse for descent we strangely know  
Caught in the web of clouds, that round us flow.

Therefore but lean with charitable touch  
Thy heart to ours, and we shall waking keep  
Thee all revealed to outlived splendour such  
As falls upon us in our dreamful sleep—  
Truth!—Which the waves of life about us sweep!

## THOU STANDEST NOT

WITHIN my garden blooms life's tree—  
Thou standest not beside my door,  
Where oft, in fond expectancy  
We stood together there of yore.  
The ripe fruit offers of its store  
To my full lips' sufficiency—  
Thou standest not beside my door  
Nor is the bloom miraged in me.

The wind touched leaves, sing like a sea—  
On the bowed branch the sun rays pour—  
The summer from the spring, shall be  
More ripe with joy's increasing store.  
And all the earth which grieved before  
Shall know of earth's regality.  
Thou standest not beside my door  
But as thou art in memory.

On further moor, and vaguer lea,  
On ocean's disaffusing shore,  
Where bound waves call their anarchy  
With glistening seaweeds dank at core,  
On hills to dim horizons swore,  
No gladder life is to be free!  
Thou standest not beside my door  
And winter withers my life's tree.

## THE WHITE FLOWER

I CAME within a garden desolate  
And there I saw a white bloom swept by wind—  
It trembled into birth all unperceived  
After the snow had passed, to make the June.  
It was the afterthought among the flush—  
A yearning for the past, and tears it held.  
And yet it grew as vibrant as the rose,  
Its tomb was as the shadow in its heart—  
The paleness of the moon was in its veins—  
The long blue finger shadows of the eves  
Entwined its petals—soft as udder-dripped  
White milk, that when the sunset had decreased,  
Or that which in the hours of the dawn  
Is made libation with to humankind,  
When man doth bring the cattle from the field  
Of pasturage—Diaphanous, and beautified, and sheer,  
Almost a nothing—yet in that Divine!

## LINES

**H**EART of my heart, I am free to thee, heart,  
Long since I spilt desires with the rose,  
And slept my sleep in poppies that depart  
With opiate repose  
Heart of my Heart!

I am free to thee now, come in, I welcome thee,  
The sun took all my fire in his cup,  
My tears were tangled with the evening sea  
Now they are drunken up  
I can forget and be.—

Winds have my will, O sad girl beautiful!  
Springs have my pulses where their freshets run!  
My wings are in a body moth-skinned, dull,  
And as the butterfly's wait for the sun  
Heart of my Heart!

Come through the waste, whereon the eagle flies,  
And we will watch him as he soareth far!  
Within his nest the restless seagull lies,  
Within his placement now is every star,  
Come back, be wise!

Come back, O wonder of the land and seas!  
With hair that breathes the perfume of the moon,  
Or seems a wafting swarm of gold-backed bees,  
And lips half parted as horizoned noon—  
And shoulders white, as warm snow ecstacies.

Come home, and lift and drift me, to mine own.  
For like the earth forgotten hearts that beat  
Salient, and strangely, in their undertone,  
Sweeter than when I sought for so much sweet,  
I lie upon thy bosom nor make moan!

The conqueirage of stars long have I tried,  
And moulding earth's infrequent will of storm  
Have watched the deadly waters as they rise,  
And did the soul's insatiate wonder mourn.  
Come home—



## A GREEK LAMENT

**G**ODS! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my weakness!

Laden with weights of Religion, I lean toward Heroic Rebellion,

Sacrifice surging, yet singing the funeral dirge to submission  
Leads her away to her bier, where together they both lie as buried.

Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my weakness!

Scented with passions Earth culled, from Hesperides' gardens—desires.

Hearts are like flame holly buds, dipped in sharp, frozen ice of December—

Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my weakness!

Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity, great ye, on my weakness!

Losing the wings of my soul, I should fall like an Icarus drooping,

Ocean heaves high with warm winds spread adrift on the breast of midheaven—

Magnetised, dreaming herself to be lifted in starlight, and darkness.

Dawn with her purple brush sunk in an amethyst cauldron of  
fire  
Paints to the eastward a sunrise, thin-skinned, as a tender  
Europa!  
Beyond her the scarce hidden form, of a sky-lipped Sunbeam,  
and Shadow,  
Brother and sister will wait by the couch of their mother  
Awakening.

Noon with her sunbeams abreast on the waters Ægean,  
Waits for the call through the olive-lulled isle for the evening,  
Here on the steps of Acropolis, waiting the voice of the  
midnight—  
Gods! O ye gods of the ancients, have pity great ye, on my  
weakness!

## LINES

L O! Love to bathe for thee thy tired, tired feet.  
I heard a low voice calling, "Awake, arise and be!"  
Then ere I could the water, in the sky's bowl pour sweet—  
My lonely eyes were opened—and I could see.

But still I sang as ever, of thy tired, tired feet,  
I long no brow of marble, no cheek of blood to feel,  
No eyes to mine sequestered as this I still may meet,  
For I have come with balsam, to bathe thy tired feet!

Thy tired, tired feet, what more can seem more real?  
Low round the far creation there falls the hearts that beat,  
But I, but I remember not, for I must fill my bowl—  
I wondered what to fill it from, and then I found control—  
To bathe thy tired feet.

The air is soft as linen, the rose it fain would dry  
When round about its petals, the morning dews fall nigh—  
To make a softer linen, with sun my tears, I try.  
And weave them for thy feet—  
Thy tired, tired feet.

## A DAWN SONG

THE Dawn is up, she wakes the birds!  
The fairest dawn I ever knew—  
She does not wait for passionate words—  
For her small creatures sing to you!

The Dawn is up—the fragrant herds  
Of flowers drink the morn stream's dew!  
She does not need to wake the birds,  
Her silent blossoms sing to you!

The Dawn is up, and she is fair  
A lapis lazuli of blue!  
My god alone the very air,  
Will sing to you!

## NIRVANA

### A BALLADE

**N**IRVANA liveth in the thing that dies—  
Sleep is laden, full of life's desires  
And only earth goes desolate and hires  
Her live emotions from the silent skies.  
I read the future in the present's eyes  
Not there the halls of great Nirvana are  
But in the sunken past alone she lies  
She was the dust which fell from yester's star!

My heart no more for full cessation cries,  
I find her in the dead breaths of my sires,  
The future is loud-voiced and ever wise  
She sings her psalms, upon full stringed lyres.  
I see the light that falls from ancient spires,  
My soul there rests, no life is there to mar  
The wondrous calm that lucid naught inspires.  
She was the dust that fell from yester's star!

Across the Styx to life, Death's oarsman plies  
The regal heaven, she herself attires  
In sound and beauty all which harmonize  
And into life forgetless, sleep aspires—

## Nirvana

But in the present still the past expires—  
There is the grave which knows not heaven's bar!  
Nirvana is the breath of ashen fires—  
She is the dust which fell from yester's star!

## ENVOY

Let Babylon and Mirve pass in suspires—  
They leave upon the earth no stain, or scar;  
The regal heaven herself, in life attires,  
Nirvana is the dust from yester's star!

## IN MEMORIAM

**T**O-NIGHT the violins around the world  
Played on by hands that seek to find joy keys  
Are touched with sadness down the four long strings—  
Known or unknown there comes the wail of wings,  
The resting bows unrosined send a plea,  
Silent they lie as if by music held,  
A funeral dirge adown all scarfed horns flings—  
Of mouth unimpelled breath, of murmurings,  
The North Sea to the North Sun tired sings,  
With musical complainings, heart-wrung felled,  
And Odin still and cold—cons immortalities,  
For Grieg is dead.

It is no matter now Concertos lie  
On music stand, or closed in cabinets,  
The notes are weeping through the clarionets  
Of those Archangels who can never die.  
The eyes that read Norway's folk-songs are wet,  
The voices tuned to plaints grow husked and dry,  
And on each music lover's breast a sigh  
Proclaims that even breath, cannot forget  
One loved the lyric song who has passed by—  
For Grieg is dead.

## In Memoriam

King Haakon in his palace hears a wind,  
 Charles Ninth receives one of his ancient breed,  
 King of the Song of Battle, and of Seed,  
 Round which the cradle of the North Seas tind!  
 To every honest, cottaged woman, blind,  
 Doth come the waiting song, wherewith did bleed  
 The breast of her, who sang Peer Gynt's soul rest—  
 Of Ibsen's plaint harboured in his breast  
 The words the searching melody did find!  
 For Grieg is dead.

Weep golden sun, whose gold makes constant day,  
 Weep midnight sun thy fragmentary child!  
 Sprinkle thy light where ashes are defiled  
 And laid for an immortal son away!  
 Forests put on your robes of funeral grey  
 And let the storm winds on the coast grow mild!  
 Let mariners a sound hear through the dark  
 More piercing sad than Tristan's loud dismay—  
 For Wagner's brother passes! And ye hark  
 Since nature's voice has now but surf and lark!  
 For Grieg is dead.

O purple hills of Norway thunder keep!  
 O statesmen of a growing Nation weep!—  
 —Commercial progress, starts, empirical,  
 And from the Norse gods lightning 'gins to fall,  
 Invention fresh has set her hand on fire,  
 But while the bugle dies in hut, and hall,  
 No more the proclamation of the lyre!  
 Revenge and joy are choked upon the pall—



No voice victorious calls, where men aspire,  
And battle's tongue is mute within her ire—  
There is no heart that cries with heart of all!  
For Grieg is dead.

THE END







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