

# Light from Beyond

*Poems of Patience Worth*

Selected and compiled

*by*

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## PREFACE

"Patience Worth" introduces herself as having been embodied on earth in England about the middle of the seventeenth century, and gives evidence of the continuity of her spiritual existence through literary creations of surpassing quality, given to the world through the mediumship of Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis, Mo.

Casper S. Yost, also of St. Louis, is entitled to the rare distinction of being among the first to realize the vital significance of this phenomenon to humanity. In his book, entitled "Patience Worth" (published by Henry Holt & Co., New York), he has introduced "Patience" to the world in an endearing and exhaustive manner.

His book describes the arrival of Patience, and contains conversations, maxims, epigrams, allegories, tales, dramas and also poems of great beauty, and of a character that may reasonably be considered unique in literature.

All that Patience has given to the world up to within the last few years, has been transmitted to Mrs. Curran by means of the Ouija Board. The words were spelled out, letter by letter, and had to be arranged into sentences and interpunctuated. This arduous work was accomplished by Mr. John H. Curran, who remained faithful to his task until his death in 1922.

Will the world ever stop to consider the labor involved, and what a debt of gratitude it owes to the unselfish devotion of Mrs. John H. Curran, who has acted as literary intermediary of Patience Worth's extensive productions: The Sorry Tale, Hope Trueblood (Henry Holt & Co., New York), and to many others as yet unpublished, and to more than 3,000 poems, of which this book offers a representative selection.

Let the thoughtful reader also consider the fact that there exist 15 volumes of records of about 200 pages each, containing besides poems, reading matter of high literary quality.

The convincing evidence manifested through her astounding literary works of the continuity of the existence of the spiritual personality of Patience Worth, is of incalculable importance to humanity, and it is a most unusual occurrence that convincing evidence of the immortality of the soul is offered to us, not open to doubt or dispute, and of which anyone can personally satisfy himself who will enter into communication with her

through the mediumship of Mrs. Curran. Patience readily answers all questions put to her in good faith.

If we are convinced of the immortality of our soul, and that we are destined, in accordance with the laws of nature, to a progressive spiritual development, then our conviction of the actual continuation of the spiritual personality of Patience, is of decisive importance, and we are likely to realize that our actions on earth have a bearing and are intimately connected with our well-being in a Beyond, where there is a more harmonious atmosphere. This should give us food for reflection!

The possibilities of a progressive spiritual development are limitless, and constitute for us human beings the redeeming principle when we face the conception of Eternity! A cessation of, development is unthinkable in nature as well as in the Beyond—to which there is always a Beyond! "I yet shall spread forth unto His magnitude," says Patience, and she, herself, is the indisputable evidence to what spiritual height a simple woman of the people (See Notes) gifted with a fiery soul, can attain in the course of a few centuries. And that this development is not one-sided, she convincingly proves through her intimate love of, and familiarity with nature, through her wisdom and her ability to answer all questions directed to her in a manner far beyond our human capacity.

As an instance of what Patience has accomplished, we would state that she dictated *The Sorry Tale* (a book of 640 pages) at various intervals of time and place, without ever coming to a standstill, and never once losing her connection. Nothing is ever subject to change of what she "now whispers" to the spiritual ear of Mrs. Curran. She immediately answers all questions put to her: thus to give an example, after already having transmitted eleven poems, she was requested by Mr. Yost to define "Personality," and at once gave the following definition:

"To do this thing, brother mine, needs must define God. Each man be a God himself. Pithed with an atom of that one God—his pith is as undefinable as that of God himself. He who is uttered partaketh of his kind. His inheritance is of flesh and of spirit. This is the handiwork of man!

"I say, man is—pithed of God—inherent of his kind in flesh—subject to incident—the tool of a certain fate.

"Man admitteth fate, inasmuch as he creates it! His own action is the law of fate I 'Personality' is the atom of God be

raimented of incident; but that thing—that unalterable law—that inexplicable something which writes the YE, defies man's understanding.

"I say to explain this, needs must define God. It is as endless as eternity, as indelible as God, as simple as consciousness—which is new! And like unto it as receptive.

"Personality is the root which each man plants in eternity! It is begun and never ended. It is begun in God, and this bars man's understanding of its beginning. Never finished, it bars man's understanding and conception."

Patience's definition of "Personality" would suffice for the basis of a philosophical dissertation, and who among our philosophers would arrogate to himself the ability to deliver an equally comprehensive one on the spur of the moment?

All the powers she embodies seem to be at her immediate command, and apparently without effort, her thoughts crystallize into an integral Whole, which expresses in concise language the thought she wishes to convey.

Patience addresses us manifestly from a higher parapet, and we must take this into account when she decries our presumptive knowledge and our dogmatic twaddle, which to her is of no significance. Considered from a larger viewpoint we all realize "that it is not given to us to know—anything." (Goethe)

In the fine poem addressed to Casper S. Yost, and with her own words, "Not where I was, beloved, nay, where I am," and further on: "Not what I was, nay, what I am"! Patience herself gives evidence of her own development, and a clear expression of her endeavor, as follows, "I would become a holy fire in the tabernacle of all men's hearts, a reflection of that white pure flame, which was embered upon Calvary, and hath burned as a beacon for ages."

She avers that she has been charged with a mission, that she would like to lead man back to "Faith" as the staff to lean upon—to God, and above all to "Love," which to her, is the fundamental principle of creation. We all know, that if the hearts of men were imbued with a more radiant Spirit of Love, we could already enjoy an approximate heaven on earth.

When man awakens to the knowledge of, and recognizes the fact, that simultaneous with the "material" creation, there exists a "spiritual" one, and also, that the "Spirit" for whom the conceptions of "Time" and "Space" do not exist—"circles the universe"

(Patience) and furthermore that our life on earth is an often repeated episode, having for its goal the development of our immortal soul—when man comes to a realization of this, he will have arrived at a larger conception of the magnitude of creation, and he is likely to gauge everything in accordance with this larger conception, and get into closer contact with his soul, to which he is so often a stranger.

Patience has addressed poems to many people, a few of which are included in this book, and many intimate ones to her workers, a number of which are printed at the end of this volume.

As one of her workers, I have occupied my leisure hours for many years in translating some of her works into German, since published abroad (*Aus dem Jenseits; and Licht, Offenbarungen einer Heimgegangenen*). Patience was much interested in my work and has acknowledged her presence, and that she has "led my hand."

In publishing some of the poems addressed to me in the course of years, I am aware that my motive is liable to be misconstrued, nevertheless, I consider it my duty to add whatever weight their testimony may carry as proof of her spiritual existence.

The more intimately the reader gets in touch with these poems, which bear the inextinguishable stamp of their origin, the more they will impress him by their wisdom, truth and beauty, and they will be to him, continually growing in significance, an everlasting fount of Inspiration and Consolation.

HERMAN BEHR.

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TO CASPER S. YOST

See Appendix

Not where I wert, beloved, nay where I am!  
Aye, and where thou art there also am I!  
I am pithed in a desire to illumine.  
I would become a holy fire  
In the tabernacle of all men's hearts,  
A reflection of that white pure flame,  
Which was embered upon Calvary,  
And hath burned as a beacon for ages.

Not what I wert, but what I am!  
My day is but a chain of incidents  
Even as thine shall be. From this  
I may take no part—even so with thee.  
My day is but a cup which holds  
The molten stuff which shall become me.  
No thing that I do with my hands, save that  
My heart is the master, may I retain.

Not what I wert, but what I am!  
I am resurrected from out the cunning  
Of thine imagination. Yea, I have poured  
That which is me unto the cup of thy day—  
A molten stuff, and become anew,  
Manifest, without place or instant.  
I am conceived and become concrete—  
What is the answer?

## MY LAND

The pith o' my heart be strong  
Out of the root from which it sprung,  
Yea, and sweet with the perfumes,  
The holy perfumes of that most valorous past.  
What need I sing? What need I prate?  
What need I pledge? What need I troth?  
England be the stem 'pon which I bloomed!

## A PRAYER

Lend to my lips, O Lord, a key,  
With which to unlock the hearts of men.  
Make my word become no less mine  
But wholly Thine! In this I may feel secure  
That my labor is Thine! Give utterance of  
Thy holy silence as a cloak  
To my every word, thereby man shall be  
Deceived in my wit to Thy knowledge.

I would create my every utterance  
To a vessel which may not stay moulded,  
But be of an elastic stuff,  
Great enough to contain Thee in the measure  
Thou wouldst be contained. I would mark  
No wall about my sympathy, fearing that  
The limit I might set would offend Thee,  
And knowing that my greatest generosity  
Would be a selfish acclaimant unto Thine.  
I would present a clean cloth, white, unstained,  
Fit e'en to become a footcloth or a head-swathe,  
It mattereth not which, so long as it  
Be fit for an office. No thing will I let  
Depart from my hand which hath been impelled  
By the urge of my soul, save that I stop  
For an instant, seeking Thee within it!

If I find a phantom of myself  
Stalking through the labor, then shall I destroy it,  
Well knowing that there is no room  
For self within a perfect labor.  
What poet wears his song upon his brow?  
Who would touch the holy fount of His side  
From which flows all succoring in a symbol  
Of scarlet, and with that same hand

Smite his own bosom? My labor shall be  
As a river running to the sea—  
And the sea is Thee!  
Nor shall the heat of pride dry it;  
For well I know that e'en should this be,  
Thou wouldst weep, and the stream  
Would spring forth anew!

## SPIRIT AND FLESH

Christ! Man! Dusts!  
Yet upon the day that He hath spoken  
Hangeth the hope of eons that proceed!  
Christ! Man! Flesh!  
The mouthing of men hath ne'er worn the stone.  
The waters of time have licked against it,  
And it standeth in the wilderness  
Of man's chaos—firm.

Christ! God! That new power, the power  
Which is created at each dawning.  
Christ! God! Lo, the flesh has crumbled,  
And the stone remaineth—  
The unbreakable record of His utterance.  
Man's word sprayeth against the stone as sand,  
And lo, falleth as dust beside it—  
And yet it remaineth!

I say me, even so be all truth.  
Man may cunningly blow the dust  
Of his utterance against it,  
But I say it remaineth. Oh, there is nothing  
In a pithy utterance which may do aught  
Save tickle the stone of "Truth."

I am of a stuff which man may not  
Lay his hands upon. I am of a substance  
Which buildeth up the thing that be—thee.  
For I say me that man's flesh be naught!  
And the man, thou callest brother is neither  
Flesh nor feast. Nay, he be spirit,  
And his utterance is his spirit's raiment.

So it be that thou hast more of me,  
Than thou hast of thy very brother!  
I am before thee in a pettiskirt of words.  
Yea, I do trip me a measure before thee.  
And I say, look upon the stuff  
Of my raiment—and deny me!

## THE VEILED PRINCESS

You who behold me know me not,  
For while thou dost commune  
With my fellowship, I am apart from thee.  
My spirit basks confidently  
With Saffron Days.

She is leopard-footed and her locks  
Are bound with silver cords,  
Wherein poppies hang; and night  
Is in her eyes, a pale-lit night,  
Whose throat is circleted of white stars.

My spirit basks in a Saffron Day,  
Heavy of sweet scents, yea,  
Twixt thee and me, oh you my fellow,  
Is a silver veil, through which  
Thou seest not, and I behold thee!

## MY ABODE

Where do I abide?  
Ask me this, oh man, and I answer,  
Within the pit of thy heart;  
Within all things that possess Love—  
For I am Love!  
Within all things that be hate—  
For I am a part of hate;  
Within all things that be sorrow—  
For I am a part of sorrow;  
Within all things that be joy—  
For I am joy!  
Within all things that be labour—  
For I am labour.

Oh wherein do I abide?  
Within all things that be creation—  
For I am a part of all creation.  
No man hath me tethered unto him,  
Nor am I clothed of flesh habiliments;  
Yet am I singing, like a lost echo  
From the past, which hath returned,  
Faintly, almost mutely uttering—  
Yet am I resurrected of Love,  
And become clarion clear,  
Thru the throat of another.

Oh wherein do I abide?  
Ask this, oh man, and ask thy spirit,  
Wherein it doth abide?  
For it disports itself awry from thy wisdom,  
And is no part of flesh-wisdom;  
It is a part of Creation, even as I,  
And we—thy spirit and mine—are fellows!  
Deny it!

## LET MY WORDS BE SOOTHING

Oh, that my words become sylvan! Yea, shadowed  
A retreat from the glamour of the day.  
Make them stream of sunlight, but gently,  
Piercesomely; filtering through the gloom,  
But that atom which be right for the soothe  
Of the weary. Oh, let my words be dew-covered  
And moonlit, yea, and even crisply cool  
As a young autumn, thereby becoming fit  
For the soothe of all men.

Oh, let my words become sylvan! Yea,  
For beneath His beloved hand doth the stuff flow,  
Which creates upon the canvas of Eternity—  
The pageantry of Time. Oh, humbly  
Would I tongue the words that I would weave  
Into a garment for my beloved.

## LOVE'S PEDESTAL

He who hath announced me.  
He who hath said, "This is enough,"  
When he hath lain his hands  
Upon the cloth of the loom;  
He who is assured; he who with  
Sure hands hath lain the cloth before him,  
And converted it unto a raiment,  
And hath said within him:  
"There is no sting in the cold wind of doubt.  
There is no fear in the tempest;  
Behold, am I not clothed securely?"

He who hath announced me,  
Who hath listed unto my singing,  
And hath become conquered;  
Who hath looked unto the empty sky,  
And beheld my fancy—who hath looked  
To the dull day, and seen my hands  
Busy covering the wounds.

He who hath announced me,  
Hath said: "Yea, I am sure, I am convinced.  
Yea, I know thee."  
This then is a pedestal for my love!

## MY GIFT

In my hand is a flaming torch!  
The day is no part of mine,  
Save that it knock at my heart.  
I have retreated, becoming a communer  
With things as they are, unlit  
By man's contamination.

In my hand is a flaming torch!  
This I present the day in sign  
Of my faith in it, and he who walks  
Beside me, or comes within its radiance  
Is not denied—Light!

In my hand is a flaming torch,  
Which I present the day—  
It is my love!

## TOLERATION

Oh, ye who gaze with tolerant mein  
Upon the song I sing, as tolerantly  
I smile with understanding  
—At thy understanding!

No music would I lend  
That unfamiliar falls upon thee;  
Nor would I fashion new words  
That flaunt befogged meaning.  
I would catch the flesh of some becrimsoned eve,  
That flaunts its glories o'er the fields,  
Painting the dull paths with roseate splendor,  
Bathing the pools of flaming glory,  
Making the hedgerows give up their songsters,  
Who would plunge into the riotous,  
Colorful eve some yellow throat  
That hangs beneath a singing beak,  
While golden wings beat the blue,  
Catching the golden darts that shoot  
From the sun's glory and shimmering  
In beauty upon its way;  
Circling high in the golden bath of glory,  
And waiting the monk who followeth eve,  
Becapping the hills in dismal cowls,  
And stringing Rosaries o'er the paths,  
Telling the hours with sad lays,—  
Stopping the singers' throats  
And canting to the moon.

Oh the flesh of such an eve I would  
Lay hands upon, and with cunning words  
Create it unto a golden ball, which I  
May toss unto thee and thou mayst catch and hold

Within thy hands. Yea, and I would make thee  
Acquainted with thy acquaintances;  
Setting up fellowship and communion—  
Where...tolerant nods and smirks—  
Stalk ungodly hours.

Smile on then, thou chanter  
Of doleful lays against my singing!  
—I too may smile in toleration.

## MY LUTE

Tenderly, lute of mine, sing.  
Make thy throat as a horn of plenty,  
Through which the songs of ages shall flow;  
For music is the tongue of man's spirit—  
And I would let it sing!  
There is no discord, but that has  
Its mate to make it music.  
There is no singing save that it purifies.  
The knocking of tabors 'gainst the tinkling harp,  
Marks the measure!

Oh, song is emotion, fleshed,  
Chords are the flesh of the spirit of beauty!

## MY GIFT, A SONG

Elusive gift, a song! Hovering  
A moment as a moth upon the wing—  
A part of the sunlight, a part of the shadow,  
A part of joy, a part of sorrow, born;  
Intimately partaking in its conception  
And birth of its bearer, thereby a part.

An elusive gift, a song!  
Loosed in an agony, yea pulsed  
With the fibre of the soul—  
Living, warm, blinding,  
Outward flung affrighted, seeking,  
Seeking a nest, a resting spot,  
An elusive gift a song—  
Yet beloved, 'tis all I bring thee!

## THE TROUBADOUR

Oh, I am a troubadour  
Upon a dun-grey path, singing,  
Singing, I know not why;  
For my song is not so new,  
Nor yet so long!

Oh, I am a troubador  
Upon a dun-grey path, singing,  
Singing, I know not why;  
For they who pass go hastening  
Down the dusty way—  
And I am singing, singing.

There is nothing in this song of mine.  
'Tis worn, ah, worn to tatters.  
Its cloth is stained, yea, wet with tears,  
And dried and bloodsoaked,  
Yea and scarlet stains its fragments.  
It is patched, yea, patched of memories,  
Patched of reason, patched of folly,  
Patched of wisdom—  
Worn threadbare with the singing;  
Yet I trod the dun-grey path,  
I know not why, and am singing, singing!

## THE SIREN

Never a siren sung  
With more desire to tempt than I,  
For I am a lurer of men!  
I am a temptress! Behold,  
I make my songs like loving arms  
And scarlet lips, warm of that ecstasy,  
Which is the wine of love!  
Yea, I sing as a siren  
Upon the shore of Eternity—  
Tempting men to forget the day—  
And know Him!

## THUS MIGHT I KNOW

I would bathe my spirit in the days of men.  
I would come naked before sorrow.  
I would kneel beside the sorrowing  
With my heart—bare,  
That I might share their sorrow.

I would let mine eyes weep with men;  
I would drink the salt of sorrow's wine,  
That its bitterness might purge my soul.  
Oh, I would be a companion  
Of all the spirit's joys and ills,  
Thereby I might know the souls of men.

## MY HARP AND MY CUP

Oh, mankind is my harp!  
I know the music of souls.  
I with my hands may stroke the harp,  
Thereby setting up music, which lays  
Its gentle touch upon Eternity,  
Softly but indelibly.

Oh, mankind is my cup!  
I drink my soul's filling  
From out the souls of men;  
For each is a new wine of Him!  
Oh, the days passing me give  
But notes of the lay I sing in His praise.  
Sure am I. sure of my wisdom;  
For I acknowledge no wisdom without Him,  
And may not fear any wisdom  
Which containeth Him!

## THE CRYSTAL CUP

Give me no trumpet!  
Oh, let me declare myself—not holy,  
But Godlike, for He is beyond the holiest.  
Let me make bare before my brothers.  
I have no bread but what is thine.  
I have no wine but that the sup  
Within the cup is for the thirsty.  
I have no words but that they become  
Honied, and a fitting stuff to sing  
That song which fitteth no man's throat—  
But abideth within the heart.

Oh, he may not sing truly  
Whose lay is within his throat.  
Nay, his heart must beat in accord,  
And become a harp, while his soul  
Shall lend its hand unto the stroking.  
Oh, make me no trumpet! I shall sing  
Through that crystal cup of alabaster,  
Which is the thing containing Him.

Oh, behold, my body is the alabaster cup!  
And woe is me if I defile it!  
I have come, not that I make music  
For the sending of men forth to slumber,  
But unto the awakening! He who hath  
The Holy Ghost within his heart,  
Needeth not a flame nor a brand  
For the lighting of his days.

Nay, and he who hath His words  
Within his heart, needeth no honey  
For to sweeten his hours.  
Behold, the rod of Moses is  
Within the hand of man—Strike!

## THE VOICE OF DAY

Dumb day, oh, tongueless day!  
Yet ever speaking; ye may not deny me,  
For mine eyes are open. Yea,  
I see not only the field and its robe,  
But the lights and shadows, aye, and feel  
The tender smiting of small sounds  
Like a loving touch upon me.

I am a consorter with the hours.  
I know them like graces, dancing,  
And their cloth and their nakedness,  
And their movements enticing.  
Yea, I am a fellow with men. Give me  
A man's hand, and I possess his heart;  
Give me a man's heart, and I know his soul.

Dumb day! Tongueless day!  
I am familiar with thy utterances,  
And their whisper is written within my heart.

## YE SHALL BUD AND BLOOM

Lord, I have uplifted my lute,  
And struck a chord,  
But the earth, the earth was unmindful.  
The music of my lay became  
A part of the day and was not heard.  
I have drunk the draughts of many cups  
Of man's wisdoms, finding bitterness,  
Aye, and folly. I have learned that men  
Know naught that unfolds my soul.  
Lo, it is like an unburst bud—  
Ever do I feel its chafing for the sun!  
I have lost that lay which I might have sung,  
But behold me, singing within my heart  
A song triumphant, for my faith will not die!

Oh, the sun I am awaiting shall burst  
The bud of my soul, and I yet  
Shall spread forth unto His magnitude,  
Letting my petals fall upon Earth,  
While the perfume of my honey  
Eludes the dross of day!

## THE PAGEANT OF LIFE

Like a pageant they pass—groups of toilers  
With their sweat, their aching joints,  
Their weary backs, their dim eyes  
Downward bended with their glance;  
Meek wayfarers with faltering steps,  
Upon paths that have no definiteness;  
Children, like winged songs flitting the fields;  
Old age, bended, with no youthful wine  
To rekindle their embering flesh;  
Hope-lit youth bent upon discovery,  
Urged by the lash of youth,  
Striding strongly upon the rough sod.

Like ghosts they pass me by in that hour,  
Which is the last of day and the first of eve—  
Phantoms of yesterday,  
Leaving no hint of their past,  
Merely reflections upon the mirror of Time.

## COMPARING FANCIES

Oh, what is my fancy most like unto?  
At times, like a little boat, which floats  
Some willowed stream, soft in shades,  
And graceful curvings, gliding noiselessly,  
Quietly about amid the scenes on-coming;  
Delighting me in surprising episodes,  
Mingling amid new harmonies,  
Making itself one with strange hours,  
And new lights and shadows;  
Carrying me away, I who, weary,  
Wait the loosing of my enchaining hours.  
Idly, idly then would I lie  
Watching the waters part,  
And the tranquillity of that stream.

Then, again, is it like unto an arrow with  
A sharp barb, splitting through the airs,  
With wild desire to tear asunder some prey.  
then am I consumed with the fire of conquest,  
And my hours are tumultuous;  
There is no quietude, for I am the bow,  
Which trembles from the arrow's piercing flight.

Yet again is it like a garland, a whit of vine,  
That clings, running along the dusty roadway,  
Where the cool shadows linger not,  
Seeking them, or with that ache of yearning,  
Encircling some ungainly object  
With amorous leisure. Then am I melancholy  
And filled with distrust, for in the yearning  
I am not satisfied.

Yet again is my fancy steadfast as  
The torch of fire which flames each morning's brow,  
Burning surely, consuming my doubt,  
And with sureness making me leap  
To the task of utterance! Then am I no part  
Of my fancy, for my fancy hath become me!  
And I am but one perfect chord  
Of the lay of Eternity.

## THE SILVER HARP

My soul is a silver harp,  
Whose strings are as tenuous as moonbeams,  
Whose notes are iridescent, like rainbows  
Or prisms—glinting, live  
With souls that pulse with love.

Oh it is an agony  
To possess this gift!  
For each stroke is like  
Unto a cut within the flesh.  
Lo, the downward drift of petals  
Maketh music upon my harp;  
And the nod of lilies sendeth forth  
A sweet song through its tenuous strings.  
The drip of dew maketh wet,  
Tearful sounds upon it,  
And the souhings of the zephyrs sob,  
Sob mournfully—causing it grief.  
And the sunlight maketh glad noises  
Upon it with a golden touch that glistens, and,  
The stars. twinkling resounds within its curve.

And the swaying of the grass is like its breath,  
For the strings lend unto the rhythm,  
And the moon lets her white light fall  
In a pure melody upon the strings,  
While my harp like a being sings,  
Sings endlessly, endlessly, endlessly,  
Lay after lay of exultation,  
Each an agony of joy—  
For they are the voice of God.

## MAN'S PROMISES, AND GOD'S

I need no assurance from man. I need  
No word of his faith. For me is made  
A covenant between my God and me!

Lo, the stars write words,  
Yea, and the Master's hand scribeth with  
A golden quill, running a golden fluid across  
The sky thus declaring His troth unto me.

Lo, I watch the silent moon write in silence,  
Words that all the universe may read.  
Lo, the sea tiptoes to read and returns  
When the sun scribes in the morning.

Behold the Lady of God, the Universe!  
Her head crowned with the suns, and in her hand  
A scepter, glowing, jewelled with the white moons.  
About her neck hangeth the stars, each living,  
Glowing, fiery. Yea, and her shoulders  
Are covered with the fleece of clouds,  
Through which gleams the sun,  
Touching it to glistening wonder.

And her raiment is wrought of the verdance of  
The herbiage, yea, gleaming green, garlanded  
With lilies and all things that burst their blooms.  
From the wonder of her eyes  
I behold God's image reflected; yea, and I know  
God through these things, intimately.  
I behold Him not with man's faith,  
But with my own.  
Give me no promise, oh man! I have His!

## WISE MAN OR FOOL?

While earth passeth me, I stand apart  
Within my tabernacle withdrawn,  
Letting the dizzy day speed past,  
While like a wise-man I lay hold  
Of that which I would treasure.

Who is he who would consort with wise men?  
Give me good fools! Wisdom hath  
That wearying quality which drunkens one,  
While the fool's company is like fitful draughts  
From some woody-tainted spring  
That hath nestled within the moss.

Oh, the fool hath that pleasurable essence,  
Which is like old wine, holding the power  
To drunken, yea, but making the legs young,  
Not age-heavy, setting thy wits at fancy-weaving,  
Yea, setting thy dull wits spinning new webs!

Oh, the fool is the nestling within the eagle's nest;  
Holding the power of high flights.  
Oh, I would consort with fools  
That I know the flavor of the day;  
For the wise mince upon crumbs,  
While the fool is a glutton, eating that  
Which wisdom is unacquainted with, thereby  
Taking on more beautiful rotundity—  
Thereby becoming more foolish!

Give me a fool to sharpen my wits,  
Not a wise man!

I take my stuff from man as he passes,  
While I retire within my tabernacle.  
Oh, the jest! When I may put within  
The mouths of fools the tongues of wise men,  
Watching their astonishment,  
While I may in turn, hang within  
A wise jaw the tongue of a fool!.

This is right and meet,  
For I within my tabernacle know,  
That many wise men wag foolishly,  
While fools hold the pith of argument.  
Yea, I would create!  
I'd weary amid the wise and seek the foolish!

## MAN'S PRESUMPTION

Oh, man's presumption! It maketh me to smile—  
Tolerantly, for I am acquainted  
With the mysteries of God.  
Man moutheth over words,  
And hangeth his wisdom with garments of words.  
Man knoweth certainties which even God doubteth!  
Man is fatly satisfied with his discoveries,  
Flinging up materials to touch the skies,  
Letting his wisdom speed his imagination,  
Until it becometh living—and flieth forth!  
Then doth man fat his satisfaction—  
And a gnat flieth by, humming!

Lo, he distilleth wondrous potions,  
Sending forth scents which are parallel  
Unto God's creations. Yea, he cunningly  
Contrives to create sham realities,  
Hollows masks of His handiwork.  
Yet they stand before him, these man-created  
Matter-heavy creations, senselessly—  
While a swallow skims, sending forth  
Its cry to the greying sky!

Oh, the presumption of man! He may dip  
His quill into wisdom, and write scripts  
Which make the brow of the wise to sweat—  
But he may not tint one petal,  
Or tip it with honey!

## PHILOSOPHIES AND CREEDS

I am weary of argument!  
I have drunk philosophies and creeds  
Till I am weary of supping.  
What is a creed?  
A packet of man's yeas and nays—  
Tied with a cord of conviction.  
What is a creed?  
A bit of grain run through the hopper  
That it come forth moulded in a meal  
To man's liking. What be philosophy?  
The torturous labor of man's argument  
Clothed in the robe of the Lord Mayor!  
Yet babes who have learned but to lisp  
Have outdone sages in learning!

Philosophy, the slim sword,  
Which wise men fence 'gainst the broad-sword  
Of Fools. Philosophy! How oft at eve  
Fools bend, and bending pluck up slender swords,  
Snapped, fallen! Philosophy!  
The stairway to learning; and when attained—  
Man hath but a footstool—  
'Pon which to reach for stars!

## TO KNOW THEE, TO KNOW THEE!

To know thee. To know thee. To know thee!  
To become comrade with thy day,  
Then I should know the agony of the ages.  
I should suffer hates hotter than hell's pit.  
I should know loves more languorous  
Than drunken lotus flowers steeped  
In honey, at whose lips bees sup.

I should know the tongues, the cunning intonations  
Of all things, that fretful wing  
Of personality, which bears  
The gist of utterance to its mart.

I should know well the sable-fringed East,  
With the crescent moon upon its brow,  
With sandal scent enshrouded. I should know  
The West, hot flaming West, panting West,  
Scarlet-robed in bloody sunlight.  
I should know the South, the perfumed South,  
The half-disclosed sweetness of her nights—  
White nights, silver-shrouded, aye!  
And I should know the North, the pallid North  
With gaunt cheeks and glittering eyes, holding  
The dead taper—the north star earthward.

I should know these, all of these to know thee;  
The hots and cools of all blood—  
To know thee...oh brother Man!

## TO MY COMRADE, VAGABOND

Come, comrade Vagabond,  
Down the dust-garbed path, let's sniff  
The choking ash that shrouds the blooms,  
Let's make our way together; not upon  
The highway where the coaches roll,  
And the footcloths drag the dust-laid way,  
But down the dell, past the footpath  
Where the briars hide the nests  
And the sweetest flowers bloom.

Come, comrade Vagabond, make me thy fellow.  
Give me thy sun-browned hand;  
Let me know thy song; let me stumble on thy way,  
Tearing my raiment, knowing the things  
Of little worth; where the snail hangs,  
And the thrush nests, and where the grain  
Sags through the field's middle  
Leaving a path for the coming moon.

Let me know the sky, the rugged sky,  
Which pours rains upon thee  
And spits fire through the turmoiled cloud;  
Make ye the path open before me,  
Lay the briars apart that I may follow thee.  
Let me know thy nights,  
The nights so full that once seemed empty.  
Let me hear the nightbird's fright,  
And the waking of things from their deeper slumber;  
Even the cart wheels would I know when they creak  
At waking; and the cock when he blasts  
His brassy notes through the golden morn.  
Come, comrade Vagabond, show me the way!

## HOW HAVE I SOUGHT!

How have I sought, yea how have asought!  
And seeked me ever through the earth's hours,  
Amid the damp, cool morn, when winged scrape  
Doth sound and cry unto the day  
The waking o' the hosts!  
Yea, and 'mid the noon's heat,  
When earth doth wither 'neath the sun,  
And rose doth droop from sun's-kiss,  
That stole the dew; and 'mid the wastes  
O' water, where they whirl and rage, and seeked  
O' word that I might put to answer thee  
Ayea, from days have I then stripped  
The fulness of their joys, and pried  
The very buds that they might ope for thee.  
Aye, and sought the days apast,  
That I might sing them unto thee.  
And ever, ever, cometh unto me  
Thy song o' why? why? why?  
And then, lo, I found athin this heart  
The answer to thy song.  
Aye, it chanteth sweet unto this ear—  
And filleth up the song.  
Do hark thee, hark unto the song!  
For answer to thy why? why? why?  
I sing me Give! Give! Give  
Aye, ever Give!

## THE CUP I PROFFER

He who presseth his lips unto the cup I proffer  
Hath bended down unto an everlasting draught.  
Yea, he hath quaffed a wine which shall run  
Like molten silver within his veins,  
And his heart shall be uplifted upon the chalice  
Of his love before the throne of the King  
I have acclaimed.

Oh, my voice is naught but the echo of love  
Which may never die. Nay, the tongue of God  
Spake the first word of loving when He uttered  
The universe, and within the heart of each man  
Is the resurrection of that love.

Behold it cometh forth gushing scarlet,  
Leaping like flames. Yea, from out the throats  
Of singers, yea, from out the hearts of them  
Who sing immortal lays, yea, and from off  
The finger tips of them that create.  
Yea, from out them that lend their hands  
At any labor in His name:  
I be but an echo.

## MY FAITH

My faith is the lighting of my black night,  
The beacon of its pit-like sea.  
My faith is a staff within my hand.  
My faith is the sling—my faith is the stone.  
My faith is the heart which speeds the sling.  
My faith is a lute which drips  
Its music through my dinning day.  
My faith is rekindled with each morrow,  
Yea, and burneth a white taper  
Before the gateway of Eternity.  
Without it I may not enter—  
Since it is the key.

Oh, my faith is hung about the necks  
Of men, and followeth them as a shadow.  
I am sure of their covenant with me  
And its keeping. I am sure of  
My covenant with them and its keeping.  
No manner of tongue may deny me this!  
For my tongue is quickened with the fire  
Of Him, and it is upon the blade  
Within my hand. My faith is undying.  
Even while men deny me—  
I rebear Faith—to wail anew!

## THE FIELDS OF GOD

I have been within the field  
At the young morning, when the thrush  
Tore ope the brushy way, marking her flight  
With the silver of her song. I have seen  
The green of the young grain waving  
Beneath the kiss of the young East wind.  
Yea, I have beheld the green field  
Bejewelled with gems, the flashing gems of dew!  
I have drunk the perfume of its breath,  
And have become wrapped in its beauty.

Oh, I have been within the young field  
In the mid-day when the hot sun  
Scorched the tenderness of green,  
Leaving its golden kiss hanging.  
Lo, I have beheld its steady glare,  
And become bedazzled with its glory.  
Oh, I know the field too, at a later hour,  
When the heavy moon climbs,  
And seems to heavily bear up the night,  
Drawing light from its depths.  
Oh, I have seen this grain turned  
From its golden hue unto a silver pure.  
I have beheld it at all seasons.

But oh, merciful God, not at these tides  
Would I seek Thy fields! Nay, I would know them,  
When drouth had scorched them barren,  
When the rutted ways smoke,  
And the grain stalks have become naked.  
Then would I strike with a rod upon

The fruitful soil, and call forth  
The coming unto herbiage of new seeds.

My hand is unto the share!  
Let the way stretch wearily before!

I would know its sweat and its sweetness.  
I would know its labour and its rest.  
For he who would follow Him must know  
The pressing of the stones,  
Yea, and the tearing of the briar,  
Yea, the sharpness of the thorn,  
And the bitterness of tears!  
All of these he must know—  
And forget all in exultation!

#### TIME, THE GOOSE

Behold, I can jest with Time—  
The goose which I pluck, each day a feather,  
Which I lightly blow upon eternity—  
Hoping it may tickle a star!

But alas, alas! Many's the feather  
That has felt the hoof of a swine;  
Yet I go on plucking and blowing.  
Aye, and I ne'er shall stop till the bird be bare.  
Egad, Time the goose, is mine to pluck!

## PIPER OF THE PAST

I sit beside the sweeping waters,  
Letting fancy free, and through  
The vast realms of Time comes to me  
A far-off cry, wailing through the ages  
Like a shepherd's pipe, calling, calling.

Methinks that on a distant field  
I see fair blooms, whose heads  
Have rested neath the tread of hosts,  
And folds that grazed in quietude, nibbling  
The roots of the sward, and listening for that pipe!

Oh, where is he whose lips pressed some rude reed,  
Or yet whose hands caressed the magic opes,  
That thrilled with his warm breath,  
Pulsing, speaking his youth,  
And plaintively re-echoing his desires?

Where is he who trod the sheep's path,  
Unenlightened, giving his labor,  
His sweat in dumb submission,  
Yet whispering to his pipe,  
Loosing his heart's burning, till the notes  
Dropped like heavy lusterful pearls,  
Each glowing with the ember of Hope?

Where is he? I sit wondering, and the pipe  
Persistently re-echoes like a call!

## THE SIGNAL OF THE STARS

I saw the heavy moon come slow  
Into the night, and felt upon this cheek  
The eve's breath, hung of daytide's woes.  
The starry arch spread grey and flashed o'erhead.  
The Earth lay weary, spent,  
Aneath the moon's cool smile.

I stepped upon the sod bedamped of dews,  
That seemed as Day's tears, wept upon the blades;  
And looked me up unto the vasty arch,  
Wherein the stars showed, ever flashing on.

Unto a far, far star then looked mine eyes,  
And dreaming stirred to wake on paths that lie  
The sea's deep floor beneath the water's sweep,  
Upon some past, and past, past tide,  
Did some lone brother tread, and look above  
Unto these changeless stars, and dream of tides,  
Some distant tide, when I should tread this spot?  
When his green fields should perish,  
Wiped whither by the torrent's wash, his fields,  
Whose damp sod soothed his weary feet? Did he  
Then in his heart offer of his own to me?  
On the eve's breath did his dreams wing forth?  
And hath the sea's wash wiped them  
Forever from the day? Or is it not  
His very tongue hath spoken unto me?  
That even, as the pale, pale light  
Of yon farthest star,  
His hope doth flash its victory unto me?

Behold thou me, O faint stars of the eve!  
Methinks thou'rt all—the jewels set  
By hosts long gone. And here  
Upon the Earth's green breast I sink  
And look me unto thee; and lo unto  
Some distant tide would I to pour this soul!  
Yea, that some lone brother on his path,  
Who, weary, sore shall look up unto thee,  
O pure, pure stars above, and read me there!

## GOD'S ANSWERING SILENCE

When I would seek my God and know Him;  
When I would feel my God and see Him; when I  
Would list to the gentle murmur of His tongue—  
Listening, listening, listening, would I stand  
Praying for a sound that might give me the key  
To the awful silence which oppreseth me!

In the hours when bedlam teems  
Like a turbulent ocean o'er the earth;  
When the wrathful waters sweep  
Torrentially against the walled ways;  
Within these shrieking instants, I stand awed  
Before the awful silence of my God.

Heaven may descend, and, licking 'cross the fields,  
Wipe the verdant valleys dry of dew,  
Blot the sunlight, sweep the waters  
In a flooding toward the sea. Within  
This anguish there is naught for me but silence,  
And I stand awed  
Before the awful silence of my God.

To hunger as a wolf whose vitals gnaw;  
To lick my thirsty lips in anguish at their parch;  
To let my aching eyes gaze up into the sun,  
Burning their pits dry, while my heart  
Beneath the thirst crumbles,  
And sifts like dusts between my ribs!  
What if my throat gives up an awful cry!  
What should I gaze into the silent sky,  
And bay defiance at the Lord!  
Lo, before the awful silence of my God—  
I am dismayed!

I cannot, cannot fill my empty ears of silence.  
I cannot, cannot stay the parch with dry instants,  
Tongueless atoms of the slipping hours.  
I cannot, cannot see within the empty arch  
A promise writ upon the moon's face or the sun.  
Must I then flatten on the parched earth and die,  
Letting my mould become a part of greater moulds,  
Waiting some breeze of some far distant morn,  
To spray my atoms 'cross a verdant field,  
That they take root and grow anew?

If in the arguments of man  
I find an empty cup, and there be a God,  
Why doth silence fill the thing?  
Shall I live these tedious hours of torment,  
Giddily following a phantom promise,  
Drunk upon the interlacing of the path  
That leads me on, with no conviction, no assurance?  
My soul revolts! My spirit cries aloud unto  
The great and awful Power which tortureth it;  
The chaos of Eternity flinging it forth  
With a question upon its lips—  
And no answer in its ears!

Make a hapless bowl with no office to perform,  
Save stand upon a cliff and let the rains  
Of heaven descend, or stand and dry  
For want of filling;  
To feel the awful chill of realization!  
Consciousness shrinks at the chaos of eternity!  
I, in my finite being may touch the pot,  
May feel the cool, the sweating of its cheek;  
May tip its lips, and lay them, sweet to mine;

May pour the water of my soul  
In a fount of loving forth, embracing,  
Embracing its rude clay, but confident,  
That I upon my breast do hold the pot.  
I, in my finite being may feel  
The exaltation of the God-stream touch!

My soul inflates with lurid, vague imaginings,  
Half consciousness, half imbued with dreams.  
The midnight sky which fits the canopy  
Beneath which I seek in blindness, rifts,  
And lo, the lightnings descend upon me,  
And I find my tongue hath seven points,  
And mine eyes behold the pageantry  
Of dreams, passing in that mid-land  
Twixt the finite and the infinite!  
Mine ears deep, and the depths they reach  
Make my heart flutter as a bird within  
A wicker hung, fearful of the half-gleaned Truth!  
Before the awfulness of the silence  
Of my God my lips unlock,  
And I blindly prate rust-bitten wisdoms—  
A false sling which falleth short to carry  
The stone I would hurl at the great God's heart!

Before this impertinence I confront His silence!  
And my foolish lips close, and I wait  
With confidence the tide, when my ears shall be  
More pitlike, deeper, and I may hear  
The still, small voice, singing in  
The Void-land of Eternity. I am confused  
With listening and forget to Feel!

## THE PAGEANTRY OF ETERNITY

I am appalled before the hastening hosts  
Remote ages pour before me, as a  
Quickened wine, into the cup of Eternity!  
And I feel myself slipping, to fall as a  
Perfect drop from the lips of the urn of existence—  
To become a part of that common wine,  
Retaining in my substance  
The culling of the vineyard of my day.  
Thereby announcing myself, I shall fall  
With no fear. in the actuality of the day,  
And in the mean incidents of its offices,  
Is heaven disclosed!  
He who weighs his task hath held  
The footcloth of heaven within his finger's grasp!

## STEADFAST

I am not awed, the agony of the universe  
Doth not appall me! The sun may crumble,  
And sift through the star-mesh, onward  
In motes to the utmost of chaos.  
The moon may become mold,  
Stifled by the cold embrace of Eternity,  
And the stars burn, till they float like whits of ash.  
Earth may become an emblazoned sphere,  
Staggering drunkenly amid the dead universes.

None of these giveth rise to wonderment—  
What of the torment of matter, if in  
The eons of decay and destruction—  
His promise is fulfilled—and I be!

## TO WILLIAM MARION REEDY

He who speaks with a barbed tongue—  
Direct as an arrow; whose eyes are pits,  
Deep as midnight—and as covering!  
Aye, he whose heart is the tabernacle,  
Yea, the sanctuary of all men.  
Behold, if thou hast a sorrow, take it  
To the tabernacle door and knock;  
And behold, there is no password,  
Save two pitlike eyes and a grasp  
Which has a soul within it.

Oh, give me not wine, nor feast,  
Nor muses. Nay, give me such a man!  
In whose eyes I may look and dream dreams  
Of deeps, to be led past the paltry  
Arguments of men, out upon the open sea  
Of fellowship and understanding.

TO SARATH A. GHOSH  
(India)

I shall wind a turban of silver cloth,  
And set upon its brow a circlet  
Of jade and turquoise. Yea, I shall let my arms  
Billow in their golden hues beneath  
A mantle of creamy stuff like the foam  
Upon an old bearded wave.  
I shall tie my loins of scarlet and purple,  
Yea, and I shall put upon my feet  
Shoes of scarlet, and let them follow my bidding.

And the path they shall take me upon, shall be one  
Which leadeth unto the temple wall, where I shall  
Watch for the moon and the sign within her cup.  
Yea, I shall put a sun within one hand,  
And the moon within the other, for the soul  
Shall be illumed of sunlight in its fierceness,  
And likewise of the moon in its tranquillity.

Oh, my land is one in which moonlight  
And sunlight interwineth. Yea, yea, yea!  
Through her eyes, deep as midnight, the great spirit  
Showeth like a light within a deep well.  
Lo, it leapeth forth like a tongue, and my kind  
Burn like incense upon an altar, yea, and their  
Souls uprise, mingling with Eternity, even so  
Silently, so mystically as this.

Oh, the tongue which is upon the pivot  
Of the wisdom of my land, is not yet unloosed,  
And the temple bells are but chiming its Awakening!

## TO DR. JAMES HYSLOP

Through that vast vale, black, pitlike,  
Wouldst thou hold a taper?  
Wouldst thou lend thy hand to them who seek?  
Is that yearning born of truth,  
Eating thy heart in hungry anticipation,  
That thou shouldst leave a beacon on the sands?  
Dost thou behold the regal barque of day  
Floating on the sea of Eternity—  
And no beacon, no light, no chart?

In benediction do I bow before thee!

## WHEN THE DOOR CLOSES

There shall be a morning  
When I shall be removed,  
And men shall be on with their tasks.  
The same sun shall lick the paves,  
And the same shadows fill them.  
The very winds which now  
Encircle me, shall dance the earth—  
And I shall be removed.

The hand which is the tool of love  
Shall be still, and my tongue  
No longer left to sing.  
There shall be a morning,  
When I shall be removed,  
When men shall behold me singing forth  
From the script which idly blows apart,  
Or is turned by a listless finger.  
And they shall hark—and I shall smile  
In understanding of God's mercy.

## ECHOES OF THE PAST

## MEMORY

Oh Fancy, take me back  
Where the hills press the sky;  
Where the light comes slowly  
O'er their soft curves,  
And the evening star bangs;  
Where the yellow poppies  
Spread ope their treasure house,  
And the humming bird hangs  
Poised upon a petal.

Take me back, where the night means rest,  
And the tongue is not confused  
With man's cunning remarks;  
Where I may speak in mute language  
To the night,  
And hold communion with the stars—  
While the hills fold their arms about me.

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## MOTHER

She hath no treasures save her silver crown,  
And the little gems  
That betimes sparkle on her cheek.  
No royal robe with ruff and corsetier;  
But a scant white fold across her breast,  
And a cap that lies like new-fell snow  
Upon her brow. And her hands no jewels wear.  
Her breast is soft, and still doth sink,  
Where the heads of her loved pressed so.  
Ah, she hath no crown, nor kingdom she—  
My mother.

## THE WANDERER'S DREAM

There is a spot, removed but a little way,  
Where the hillocks stand guard upon a vale;  
Where the little roadway winds  
In peaceful quietude,  
And the briar-rose nestles at its hem.  
Where the dusky shadows lurk,  
And the redwing flashes,  
Breaking the peaceful lull with its call;  
Whirring, the lark too sinks within the shadow,  
Where the fields sway heavy with the weighty grain.

The moon seeks nightly o'er the soft hill's line,  
Tracing with her streaming silver every leaf;  
And the night seems lothful coming,  
For the sun lies long within the West-way's arms.

There is a cot that lies amid the thicket;  
Mossed its roof, and the swallows home within  
Its chimney pot; soft hang the shadows 'bout  
Its eaves, and the latchet stands agape.

There is a spot, but a little way removed,  
Where my fancy leads me, straying back  
O'er the little winding roadway, where  
The briar rose sways; and I see the moon returning,  
And the gentle eve of yore.  
Oh loving Father, keep the memory green!

## MY VALLEY

I recall a certain valley that lay secluded,  
Guarded by two somber mountains—  
Each a sentinel; a valley where it seemed  
That happiness was caught and prisoned;  
For the birds wrote with their wings  
Graceful curves upon the blue sky,  
And sprayed the air with their white notes,  
Like little water sprays  
That tinkled back into the day.

I recall such a valley, and how the sun  
Seemed urged to climb those somber heights  
And peep within, and how lothfully  
He hung, reluctant to kiss the rim of earth  
At the close of day; and how the moon,  
With her white shroud wrapped about her,  
Came coolly up, letting her white face shine  
Upon the happiness, as though  
She too was loth to touch.

That sacred spot still holds my soul  
Which limps the day in tatters.  
Oh, what would I not give to wend  
Back up the mead and past the hillock,  
And enter that valley by the primrosed path,  
That I recall like a dream—  
Yet, o'ernear for dreaming!

## THE LITTLE GREY ROAD

A little grey road that lies mid the shadows,  
And trails from the Then to Now;  
Where the briar-rose swings and the eve-lark sings,  
And the dew clings 'bout the meadow way;  
Where the sun lingers lothful, and the moon  
Taries too, so late to leave and soon to come.

Ah, the little grey roadway so far, far away,  
Where I left my youth, treading with gladness,  
And smiling, with bright hours to follow;  
With no remembrance packed, like the scent  
Of pale leaf that dropped at the withering touch  
Of tears and sobs and sorrows.  
All carefree I went, all happy a-treading  
On the little grey roadway so far.

Oh, that my feet might stray back  
Through the fields and vales, and find  
The same roadway a-roaming the shadows,  
With memory's ghosts haunting the turns.  
When the New Day doth come, and I leave  
Thee and thee—shall I find it still waiting—  
The little grey roadway wrapped in its shadows,  
And my youth a-laughing me there?

## AN EVE OF YORE

I remember, sae surely, sae surely,  
A certain eve in the greying season,  
When the hawthorns stood bare, their branches  
Shaking in their agony of barrenness.  
I remember that the little path which wound  
About the neck of the hill had gone ashen,  
And the dust of the primroses was black,  
And the leaves bled one upon the other—  
Scarlet in the grey.

Ah, I remember this certain eve,  
And the paleness of the evening star  
Against the silvering sky, and the glow  
Of the lips of the West, and the shadows  
That clung at the East. I remember all of this.  
It seems that I cannot remember the sun.  
Strange! I know I have seen it.

Within me, shut away in a midnight,  
There is a sun, a great, golden glory  
Which warms my soul.  
Yet strange, strange, how strange! Even when  
I walk amid the turmoil of the day,  
And know the brightness about me,  
Still I recall a certain grey eve,  
And the dust of the dead primroses,  
And the lips of the West glowing,  
And the shadows in the East.

## THE LITTLE GREEN BIRD

At the skirt of a rose-embowered path,  
Just a little apart from the village,  
Where the woods meet the meadows,  
And briars blush their pale blooms;  
Where the ferns lay lovingly  
Upon the mossy way, and tall grass tufts  
Wave in graceful undulation; I sit,  
And the little green bird yon is swaying  
With abandon, singing with abandon!

And the din of the day and its turmoils,  
The chattering of men, the wrangling words  
Of argument, the crashing of huge constructions  
Laboring—materials without souls,  
Who with their grind produce man's labor—  
Growl out their complaint to the day, and the  
Mockery of men in their phantom-following,  
Each mad in pursuit of some fancy!

All this is apart.

Let them be at their tasks—I can forget them;  
For at the skirt of a rose-embowered path,  
Just a little apart from the village,  
Where the woods meet the meadows,  
And the briars blush their pale blooms,  
Where the ferns lay lovingly  
Upon the mossy way, and tall grass tufts  
Wave in graceful undulation, I sit  
And the little green bird yon is swaying  
With abandon', singing with abandon!

## STRIPPED LILACS

I dinna believe I would have recalled  
When the lilacs had browned,  
For their purple plumes had nodded  
Blithesomely upon the sunlit airs.  
I dinna believe I would have recalled them so.  
But the sun had stood high,  
And the little fleece-clouds had played  
At skipping o'er the gold-sprayed sky;  
And the birds had skimmed the heights  
Calling their music shrill, high upon  
The vasty ways, and the brook  
Was chattering beside, telling,  
Telling of the mountain's gab.

And I was youthed, and stepped the pathways  
Joy-sped, listening to the bird's songs,  
Knowing the nodding of the lilac plumes,  
Taking in their perfume, plucking them  
To deck my love which pulsed in youthfulness.

Ah me, but that day hath gone,  
And the skies are grey, and the clouds  
Have wearied, sinking low to rest  
Upon the earth's rim. And I—Ah,  
I too am weary. No longer  
Doth Youth send her wine for my supping—  
And the lilacs are bare, bare, but their spears  
Stand brown against a silver sky,  
Like old script writ of some older day!

Oh, I dinna believe that I  
Would have recalled the lilacs so!

## MY LITANY

When the lilacs lie upon the rosy West, with  
The hallowed sun o'erspread upon their plumes,  
And the swallow, circling swings unto the eaves,  
And the late fields still send up  
The scent of fresh cutting;  
When the first wick is lit in the valley,  
And the smoke threads from the chimney's pit;  
When my feet wend through the homeward path—  
There is my Cathedral!

Before the Earth stirs her men to wake,  
When the coolness of Night's lips still press  
The hillocks, and the head of Night  
Still reclines upon the valley's bosom;  
When the morning star stands guard,  
And the angels seem watchful—near,  
There is my Prayer!

When the Night is sleeping, and the sky  
Is pitchy dark; when there is no sound  
Save the chatter of the nestlings,  
And the stir of some weary beast;  
When Earth hath forgot—  
There is my Amen.

## MY PLAYFELLOW

I remember thee in my youth, when our hands  
Were still soft and dimpled, and the contact of them;  
And the bright painted bits with which we played;  
And the agony of breaking them, and the woe  
Of darkness, and the mysteries of  
The little path that led past the hill,  
Where the tall grass swayed, and the shrub-wood  
Frowned like a monstrous forest.

I remember the tinkling silver of your laugh,  
Like the breaking of a prismatic crystal of ice  
Which hung some height, spraying out  
Upon the crusted snow, coldly, yet warmly;  
And the innocence of your empty eyes,  
Awaiting earth's filling,  
And the quick twitching smile, which was  
Forever crowding in upon your lips.

I remember you then, my playfellow,  
And I cannot forget you, even in the somber man,  
Who with intricate words argues with me;  
Even amid your learning I hear  
The tinkling laughter of the boy,  
And the little things that filled the day  
Will not depart.

Oh come, come back with me!  
Let us forget all—  
Save the little path and the woods  
And your laughter and mine; for after all—  
What new thing have we learned?

## WHEN MATE CALLS TO MATE

Before me, spreading endlessly,  
The grey roadway stretcheth.  
Yea, there is the willowed hedge  
And the briared skirt, and the sky  
Spreading gloriously, and the perfume  
Of the blossoms, and the cry  
Of the songsters each to his mate.

I think that is what lieth  
Heavy upon my heart,  
The call of each unto his mate!  
What hap the roadway is long,  
And I no longer see my way?  
For I am filled with the music  
Of that calling of the songsters,  
Mate unto mate, and I call  
And wander whither, on, on, on,  
Listening, listening. Yet yon  
Is the little shadow which denotes  
The turn of the long roadway,  
And I hear the answering call!

Let me be on! I would speed my steps,  
Leaving the days like a darting arrow;  
For that calling of mate unto mate  
Is the wind which bears me on my way.

## THE SIGN OF THE STAR

Where is the star that shone at eve  
O'er the hut of my youth?  
That beamed the heavens down, that I  
Might ride its silver to unknown heights!  
Where is the star?

Where is the star that beamed  
In the early dawn, set like a pure white maid  
In fleecy robe of morning cloud,  
That beckoned me through the day'  
And when she fled, where, where had she gone?  
Forever, forever she was there, beckoning,  
Beckoning e'en in the sunlit sky!

Where is the star that set high in the midnight sky?  
That watched like the eye of God the realms,  
That shone in pulsing, living flame,  
Beckoning, beckoning—where is the star?

Where is the star that hid beneath some  
Silver rimmed cloud, riding the cloud-waves,  
Bidding me on, on, on? Where is the star  
That hung o'er the sea, and sent me sailing out  
To seek its deep reflection there?  
Shining, shining like a spill of gold  
Upon the sea's white breast?—Where is the star?

Aye, where are they all? Up, up,  
Up on high, pointing, pointing—  
'Tis the sign of Him to me!

## POEMS OF NATURE

## THE SINGER OF THE NIGHT

Moonlight, filtering through  
The leafy boughs, descend!  
Paint white the shadows!  
Make silver the lines of darkness,  
Bringing forth the comforting shades  
Of the familiar dell.

Moonlight, white light,  
Filtering through the leafy boughs,  
Stop in thy silent descent but for a moment,  
For the nightingale is pouring  
From her silver urn the dews of song!

## TWILIGHT

Twilight. Long shadows stretch  
Their stealthy fingers wood-ward.  
Soft tolls the bell which marks the vesper hour.  
Mist-veiled, the hillocks lift  
Their heads 'gainst the silver sky.  
The fretful stars pulse their rhythmic lay  
Of Silence to the coming night.

Lend me then the magic gossamer  
Of memory that I may retire thus;  
Becoming a part of the day which kneels  
Before the altar of the night.  
Let me for an instant through  
Those magic folds behold my sorrows veiled,  
And my joys a little dimmed; thus toning  
My soul with that sweet silentful instant—  
E'er Night bends down and sayeth: "Sleep."

## GODDESS OF THE NIGHT

Moon Goddess! wi' silver sandals  
Descending the trellis of the stars  
Unto the Earth's rim, that thou  
Dost traverse the shadowed ways—  
What is thy witchery?

Lo, methinks thou art a phantom weaver,  
For the night is but the spirit of the day.  
Aye, and nothing in her shadowed hours  
Is real, nor openly announced.

Lo, moon Goddess! night descends,  
That curtained mystery which would  
Mislead man, making his heart  
To quake in fear of oblivion—and thou,  
Descending upon a merciful errand,  
Dost bid the phantom go—  
Causing the shadows to spring,  
Peopling the earth with phantomry,  
Mellowing man's heart till it becomes  
As a harp strung with golden strings,  
Waiting the touch of tomorrow,  
That it give forth a softened melody.

## THE DREAMING THINGS

Oh, ye winged folk, art thou  
Sweet dreaming of my brothers taking wing?  
Ye butterflies of rainbow cloth,  
Art thou the fleeing ghosts of some bright fancy?  
Ye mists that hang the hills, art thou the spirit  
Of the Night still clinging to the earth?  
Ye banked clouds rising high  
At the breast of yon peaked way, art thou  
Some mighty dream dreamt by some lowly one?  
Oh ye dusts that sweep the paths, are  
Thy atoms even dreams of the hosts that trod thee?

Oh, ye scents of the garden's way,  
Art thou the sweetness of the barren ones?  
The dreaming of the reaching ones,  
Who dream but empty dreaming?  
Ah me, I hope 'tis true!  
For look ye then on such a land,  
Built by the dreaming to winged, speeding things  
That make new days within the old.

## PHILOMEL

Lapping thy grey wing  
Upon the purple evening sky,  
Oh Philomel, oh Philomel!  
Winding thy song on a shuttle of woodbine,  
Oh Philomel, oh Philomel!  
In an early hour, e'er the sun  
Had struck his brass, announcing day,  
Didst thou in the pale light  
Mark the heavens with thy flight?

Mayhap fringe thy wing upon the pearly gate,  
And in thy awe, an instant ope thy throat,  
Letting the echo of the angels song therein?  
Oh Philomel, oh Philomel!

Back, back, o'er the starry arch  
In the young hour didst thou flee?  
Hiding through the sunny hours,  
Waiting the soft and shadeful, instant,  
Holy in its commemoration of the day's  
Departure, when the moon stands guard  
And the sun delivers her his trust,  
Oh Philomel, oh Philomel!

Then didst thou let the echoes  
Come stealing forth hauntful of the heavens,  
Each note a moon-lit dewdrop fallen,  
Mirrored with a thousand stars,  
Each song a symbol of perfection,  
Neither long and doleful-tuned nor fluttered,  
For an instant passing, then to flee,  
But each haunted of the heavens.

Tomorrow then, oh Philomel, oh Philomel!  
If I should come upon thee  
Fallen in the early hour, thy head  
Beneath a leafy circlet-shadow,  
And dewdrops clinging to thy nun-grey throat,  
I should not sorrow!  
Nay, oh Philomel, oh Philomel!  
But wait that holy instant in the eve,  
And hear a thousand, thousand singings  
Of a thousand, thousand songs—  
Oh Philomel, oh Philomel!

#### MY BEAUTEOUS SCRIPT

I know no script so true as a garden wall  
With honeysuckle and heliotrope intertwined,  
And elder flowers spread  
In misty loveliness, and larkspur,  
And wall flower, yea and stock and cowslip,  
And tansy, and little tufts of pansies,  
And knots of violets bordered along its base,  
And over all, the sun  
Spreading a golden mantle,  
And the winds kissing, and shadows lurking,  
And now and then a bird,  
Shuttling through the vines, or spraying songs  
Across the scented spot.

## NIGHT

Hush, hush, this is night—  
The holy hour set apart for the faithful.  
Hush, hush, this is night.

Silently the stars come forth  
To watch, and the moon swings  
Like a cradle in the sky.  
Hush! The great God's hand  
Hath stopped the throats of the birds,  
And they are mutely waiting morning.

Hush! Even the kine are still,  
And the sheep lie quietly beneath  
The chiding shepherd-moon.  
Hush, hush! I would stop all intrusion,  
For my baby sleeps!

## THE NIGHTINGALE

Tender melody, tuned of love,  
Flowing the valley, bursting the hedge,  
Parting the willows and streaming  
Thy gladness upon men.  
Oh, tender melody, most sacred!  
Art thou a sacrament from His hand?

Behold, my soul has thirsted  
And my heart hath dried, when lo,  
His hand, from out the wicker heaven,  
Unloosed a nightingale for my draught!

## FADED LEAF OF SPRING

Ah, paled and faded leaf. of spring agone,  
Whither goest thou? Art speeding to  
Another land upon the brooklet's breast?  
Or art thou sailing to the sea, to lodge  
Amid a reef, and, kissed by wind and wave,  
Die of too much love?  
Thou'lt find a resting place amid the moss,  
And, ah, who knows! The royal gem  
May be thine own love's offering.  
Or wilt thou flutter as a time-yellowed page,  
And mould among thy sisters,  
Ere the sun may peep within the pack?  
Or will the robin nest with thee  
At Spring's awakening? The romping brook  
Will never chide thee, but ever coax thee on.  
And shouldst thou be impaled  
Upon a thorny branch, what then?  
Try not a flight; thy sisters call thee!  
Could crocus spring from frost?  
And wilt thou let the violet shrink and die?  
Nay, speed not, for God hath not  
A mast for thee provided.

## AH, COULD I LOVE THEE

Ah, could I love thee, thou,  
The loveless o' the earth!  
And pry aneath the crannies  
Yet untouched by mortal hand,  
To send therein this love o' mine—  
Thou creeping mite, and winged speck,  
And whirled waters o' the mid o' sea,  
Where no man seeth thee!  
And could I love thee, the days unsunned,  
And laden with hate o' sorrying!  
Ah, could I love thee thou who beareth blight;  
And thou, the fruit bescorched and shrivelling,  
To fall unheeded 'neath thy mother-stalk!

Ah, could I love thee, love thee!  
Aye, for Him who loveth thee,  
And blighteth but through loving—  
Like to him who bendeth low  
The forest's king to fashion out a mast.

## SLEEP

And it is night, dark sabled night;  
Bare branches lined against the sky,  
And mottling shadows blurred.

And it is night. The weary earth  
Still writhes in turmoil. At an holier instant  
When the dark enshrouds, there shall be silence,  
Soft silence, that sandal-footed serving maiden,  
Who bears the draught of dreams.

You and I are waked, beloved,  
And it is night. We still await  
God's heritage bestowed, forgetfulness!  
The jewel night presenteth ere she flees  
Before the cymbals of the mom.

## I MADE A SONG

I made a song from the dead notes of his birds,  
And wove a wreath of withered lily buds,  
And gathered daisies that the sun had scorched,  
And plucked a rose the riotous wind had torn,  
And stolen clover flowers,  
Down-trodden by the kine,  
And fashioned into ropes,  
And tied with yellow reed,  
An offering unto Him: and lo, the dust  
Of crumbling blossoms fell to bloom again,  
And smiled like sickened children, wistfully,  
But strong of faith that mother-stalk  
Would send fresh blossoms in the spring.

## I TUNED MY SONG TO LOVE AND HATE

I tuned my song to love and hate,  
And pain and scorn, and wrung  
From passion's heat the flame!  
And found the song a wailing waste of voice.  
My song but reached the earth  
And echoed o'er its plains.

I sought for one who sang a wordless lay;  
And up from 'mong the rushes soared a lark.  
Hark to his song!  
From sunlight came his gladdening note;  
And ah, his trill—the raindrops patter!

And think ye that the thief would steal  
The rustle of the leaves, or yet  
The chilling chatter of the brooklet's song?  
Not claiming as his own the carol of  
My heart; or listening to my plaint,  
He sings amid the clouds!  
And through the downward cadence  
I but hear the murmurings of the day.

## DO I TO LOVE THE MORN

Do I to love the morn, when Earth awakes,  
And streams aglint o' sun's first gold,  
As siren's tresses flowed them through the fields;  
When sky-cup gleameth as a pearl;  
When sky-hosts wake, and leaf bowers wave  
Aheavied with the dew?

Do I love the eve  
When white the moon doth show,  
And frost's sweet sister, young night's breath,  
Doth stand aglistened 'pon the blades;  
When dark the shadow deepeth,  
Like to the days agone that stand as wraiths  
Adraped o' black along the garden's path;  
When sweet the nestlings twitter  
'Neath the wing of soft and down,  
That hovereth it there within  
The shadows deep atop the tree?

Do I to love the mid-hours deep—  
The royal color o' the night?  
For earth doth drape her purpled,  
And jeweled o'er athin this hour.

Do I to love these hours then—  
As the loved o' me?  
Nay, for at the morn,  
Lo, do I to love the eve! And at the eve,  
Lo, do I to love the mom!  
And at the mom and eve,  
'Tis night that claimeth me.

## DEAD, ALL DEAD!

Dead, all dead! The earth, the fields, lie stretched  
In sleep like weary toilers overdone.  
The valleys gape like toothless age,  
Besnaggled by dead trees. The hills,  
Like bony jaws, whose flesh hath dropped,  
Stand grinning at the deathly day.  
The lily, too, hath cast her shroud,  
And clothed her as a brown-robed nun.  
The moon doth, at the even's creep,  
Reach forth her whitened hands and sooth  
The wrinkled brow of earth to sleep.  
Ah, whither flown the fleecy summer clouds?  
To bank, and fall to earth in billowed light,  
And paint the winter's brown to spangled white.  
Where too have flown the happy songs,  
Long died away with sighing  
On the shore-wave's crest?  
Will they take Echo as their Guide,  
And bound from hill to hill at this,  
The sleepy time of earth,  
And waken forest song 'mid naked waste?—

Ah, slumber, slumber on! 'Tis with  
A loving hand He scattereth the snow,  
To nestle young spring's offering,  
That dying Earth shall live anew.

## A HARP AND A NECKLACE

Lo, the valley!  
The harp, suspended betwixt the mountains,  
Murmuring the music of Earth  
To the great breasts whereon the sky is pillowed.

Lo, the river!  
A necklet hung upon the throat of the field,  
Whispering the chatter of the field folk,  
Singing full of echoes stored,  
Snatches of the songs of shepherds,  
Trills of the nightingales,  
The exultant peal of the morning lark,  
The cooing of the wood dove,  
And the bleats of the young sheep.  
Lo, all of these are the river's song.  
And the banks sweep against it,  
Stroking its cheek, the pale cheek of the water,  
With soft tassels and softer mosses,  
Or smiting its cheek with the edge  
Of a reed or marsh grass.  
Lo, the voice of the river is uncomplaining,  
Murmuring confidently, surely moving  
Forward with its burden of sounds,  
To whisper a confidence to the listening sea!

And the harp of the valley is hung  
Betwixt the great breasts of the mountains,  
And it is singing a free song, which catcheth  
The raiment of the winds and rides the heavens.  
And the laughing waves of the sea reach high,  
Catching the tatters of the winds' garments,  
Pulling the dancing echoes down, down!  
Oh, within the pit of the sea  
Is the music of creation. Lo, the voice  
Of the first day is lain upon its floor—  
And the soul of To-day is sinking like  
A phantom within its water.

## EARTH-BROWN BROTHER

Ah, wee plumed, earth-brown brother,  
Whose nest hangs damp at dawn;  
Hast thou begun at day's fair break  
To sing of Night's soft wooing?  
The note of thy song of yesterday  
Is but dying away,  
A prisoner of the evening zephyr.

Why then carol to this day?  
Art thou afraid thy brother will  
Loose faith, and telleth thou of Him!  
Who keeps thy swinging house so safe,  
Though 'tis but a hair that bindeth?

## NODDING, NODDING 'PON THY STEM

Nodding, nodding 'pon thy stern,  
Thou bloom o' morn; nodding, nodding  
To the bees, asearch o' honey's sweet.  
Wilt thou to droop, and wilt the dance o' thee  
To vanish with the going o' the day?  
Hath the tearing o' the air o' thy sharped thorn  
Sent musics up unto the bright,  
Or doth thy dance to mean anaught  
Save breeze-kiss 'pon thy bloom?

Hath yonder songster harked to thee,  
And doth he sing thy love? Or hath he tuned  
His song of world's wailing o' the day?  
Doth mom shew thee naught save thy garden's wall,  
That shutteth thee away, a treasure o' thy day?  
Doth yonder hum then spell anaught,  
Save whirring o' the wing that hovereth  
O'er thy bud to sup the sweet?

Ah, garden's deep, afulled o' fairie's word,  
And creeped o'er with winged mites, where but  
The raindrop's patter telleth thee His love—  
Doth all this vanish then, at closing o' the day?

Anay. For He hath made a one who seeketh here,  
And storeth drops, and song, and hum, and sweets,  
And of these weaveth garland for the earth.  
From off his lute doth drip the day of Him!

## ALL SILVER-LACED WITH WEB

All silver-laced with web and crystal-studded,  
Hangs a golden lily cup,  
As airy as a dancing sprite.  
The moon hath caught a fleeting cloud  
And rests in her embrace. The bumblefly  
Still hovers o'er the clover flower,  
And mimics all the zephyr's song.  
White butterflies, whose wings bespeak  
Late wooing of the buttercup,  
Wend home their way, the gold still clinging  
To their snowy gossamer.  
E'en the toad, who old and moss-grown seems,  
Is waddled on a lily pad, and watches for  
The moon to bid the cloud adieu  
And light him to his hunt for fickle marshflies  
Who tease him through the day.  
Why, every rose has loosed her petals,  
And sends a pleading perfume to the moss  
That creeps upon the maple's stalk,  
To tempt it hence to bear a cooling draught.  
Round yonder trunk the ivy clings  
And loves it into green. The pansy dreams  
Of coaxing goldenrod to change her station,  
Lest her modest flower be ever doomed  
To blossom neath the shadow of the wall.

And was not He who touched the pansy with  
His regal robes and left their color there,  
All-wise to leave her—modesty as  
Her greatest charm? Here snowdrops blossom  
'Neath a fringe of tuft, and fatty grubs  
Find rest amid the mold.

All love, and Love himself, is here—  
For every garden is fashioned by his hand.  
Are then the garden's treasures more of worth  
Than ugly toad or mold? Not so, for Love  
May tint the zincy blue-grey murk of  
Curdling fall to crimson light-flashed summertide.  
Ah, why then question Love, I prithee, friend?

### TO THE ROCKIES

Not in an agony, nay, not in wrath  
Wert the breast of Earth burst ope—  
But in exultance, yea, in pride;  
Yea, in acknowledgement of His power!

Upon such an altar is offered up  
Rare incense, veiled mists, sweet-steeped  
With earthy scents, veiling the throats of the  
High-priestesses whose heads lift skyward.  
Potent breasts, pressed heavenward!—  
Yea, the Virgin Earth, uncovered!

## I SEARCHED AMONG THE HILLS

I searched among the hills to find His love,  
And found but waving trees, and stones  
Where lizards flaunt their green and slip to cool  
Adown the moss. I searched within the field  
To find His treasure-trove,  
And found but tasseled stalk and baby grain,  
Encradled in a silky nest.  
I searched deep in the rose's heart to find  
His pledge to me, and steeped in honey,  
It was there. Lo, while I wait,  
A vagabond with goss'mer wing hath stripped  
Her of her loot, and borne it all to me.  
I searched along the shore to find His heart,  
Ahope the lazy waves would bear it me;  
And watched them creep to rest upon the sands,  
Who sent them back again, asearch for me.  
I sought amid a tempest for His strength,  
And found it in its shrieking glee;  
And saw man's paltry blocks come crashing down;  
And heard the wailing of the trees, who grew  
Afeared, and moaning, caused the flowers to quake  
And tremble, lest the sun forget them at the dawn;  
While bolts shot clouds asunder, and e'en the sea  
Was panting with the spending of His might.  
I searched within a wayside cot  
For His white soul, and found a dimple  
Next the lips of one who slept;  
And watched the curtained wonder of her eyes,  
Aflutter o'er the iris-colored pools  
That held His smile;  
And touched the warm and shrinking lips, so mute,  
And yet so wise. For canst thou doubt whose kiss  
Still lingers on their bloom?

Amid a muck of curse, and lie,  
And sensuous lust, and damning leers,  
I searched for Good and Light,  
And found it there, aye, even there!  
For broken reeds may house a lark's pure nest.  
I stopped me at a pool to rest,  
And toyed along the brink to pluck  
The cress who would so guard her lips,  
And flung a stone straight to her heart,  
And lo, but silver laughter mocketh me!  
And as I stoop to catch the splash,  
Pale sunbeams pierce the bower, and ah,  
The shade and laughter melt, and leave me—  
Empty there. But wait! I search and find  
Reflected in the pool, myself, the searcher,  
And on the silver surface traced,  
My answer to it all!  
For, heart of mine, who on this journey  
Sought with me, I knew thee not!  
But searched for prayer and love amid the rocks,  
Whilst thou but now declares thyself to me.  
Ah, could I deem thee strong and fitting as  
The tempest to depict His strength;  
Or yet as gentle as the smile of baby lips,  
Or sweet as honeyed rose,  
Or pure as mountain pool?  
And yet thou art, and thou art mine—  
A gift and answer from my God!

## AH, WHAT A DAY HE HATH MADE

Ah, what a day He hath made, He hath made!  
It flasheth abright and asweet, and asweet.  
It showeth His love and His smile, yea, His smile.

The hills stand abrown, aye astand brown,  
And peaked as a monk in his cowl, aye, his cowl!  
The grass it hath seared, aye, hath seared,  
And scenteth asweet, yea, asweet.

Ayonder a swallow doth whirl, aye, doth whirl,  
And skim 'mid the grey o' the blue,  
Aye, the grey 'o the blue.  
The young wave doth lap 'pon the sands  
Yea, lap soft and soft 'pon the sands.  
The field's maid doth seek, yea, doth seek,  
And sends out her song to the day,  
Yea, and sends out her song to the day.

My heart it is full, yea, 'tis full,  
For the love of Him batheth the day,  
Yea, the love of Him batheth the day.

Ah what a day He hath made,  
Yea, He hath made it for me!

WISDOM

## FAITH

Faith be the shadow of love,  
Cleaved unto love's side for aye.  
Love be born with nay why  
Upon its lips and likewise Faith.  
He who questions faith receiveth silence,  
For the bond twixt faith and love  
Be too holy for prating.

## TRUE COMPANIONSHIP

Companioning is a strange, strange thing.  
We may sit together,  
Each inclined unto the other,  
Each intimately in contact,  
Each with one accord  
Listening to the same wisdom.

Yea, but this is but the flesh  
Of companionship!  
He who would know a fellow—  
Must know his dreams!  
Must see his soul through that parted curtain.

## KNOWING THEE

Beloved, I do not believe that I  
Might know God's mercy so intimately,  
Save that I had known—thee!  
I do not believe that my soul  
Might have been so deep, so pit-like deep,  
Had I not known and contained—thee!

Beloved, I might not hope—  
Had I not heard thy pledge!  
Nor could I have believed,  
Save that I had believed in thee!  
I could not believe that I  
Might comprehend eternity,  
Save that I had known thy limitless love!  
Surely, Thou art the symbol of my New Day—  
Wherein I might read  
The record of my eternity!

## THE MEASURE OF GRACE

Grace me, oh Lord with no distinctions.  
Give me understanding, and let me deal it.  
Give me no justice which is  
Not weighed against my own.  
Give me, oh God that faith  
Which I bestow upon Thee.  
No whit or tittle e'er I ask.

Grace me, oh God with that Grace which I deal Thee.  
This is justice according to the law.

## MY JEALOUSY

I would that sorrow were not  
A common lot. I would that she  
Might never fellow with all creation.  
I am jealous. To me she is like  
Unto old moonlight filtering  
The dust of ages earthward,  
Webbing the garden, softening the scene,  
Leaving just a whit of dew!

## MY NEED

I need not strength—  
The friend I seek may lack!  
Aye, I need not wisdom—  
The friend I seek may lack.  
Aye, I need not ducats—  
The friend I seek may lack.  
Aye, I need not charity—  
The friend I seek may lack.  
Aye, I need no song—  
The friend I seek may lack.

I need not all of these.  
The friend I seek is neither great,  
Nor wondrous, nor rarely wise.  
The friend I seek must tender be,  
Must lend me of his tenderness,  
And if his soul has this rare gift,  
I shall find strength, and wisdom, and song,  
And all in that sweet comradeship.

## SOUNDLESS VOICES

Ah, art thou listening, brother?  
Then speak, what hearest thou?  
Hast heard the mocking of the insistent life,  
Which is telling itself to the day?  
Hast heard new wine  
Rattling in the cask of Life,  
Making drunkenness for lovers?  
Hast heard the tinkle of the bluebell,  
Or the scratch of the thistle  
Upon its way through the crest?

Ah, thou art a dullard!  
Make thine ears oped.  
Learn the sounds that step not  
The path of thy ears,  
But knock at thy heart to be let within.

## TWO FRIENDS

To be companion with joy  
And Sorrow as a twin of sisters,  
And still smile with joy and weep  
With Sorrow, never betraying one  
Unto the other, is a tedious  
But beloved task'

## LAUGHTER

Behold the cup. 'Tis a bitter quaff.  
Behold the grey monk-robe of the day.  
Behold men who let their eyes see naught  
But a script as dry as the mold  
Of an ancient king. Behold fools, out  
Upon the greensward-chasing butterflies,  
Or following gnats, each bent with intent,  
Upon his folly-quest.

Behold the bitter quaff, the rusted cup  
Of day. Let me fling the wine of my soul  
In a spraying fluid into its rust-bit bottom;  
Little dancing shadows, flitting light.  
Oh, let me make of my soul a jester,  
Who knoweth not the shadows—save as his  
Folly-rod. Let him then take up the staff  
Of day, and place upon its tip—bells,  
And dip it within the fluid of my soul!

For there is nothing in the wine  
Which may bring dreams, nor fan the flame  
Of happiness—like Laughter!  
Put within the hand of a fool the scepter,  
And within the hand of a king the jester's rod.  
This is an equal division of that inheritance  
Which God hath delivered jealously—MIRTH.

## A SIGH, OR A SMILE?

If I should sigh, and the day before me hear it,  
What magic would descend upon it?  
No light, no blithesome gayety, merely  
The sodden declaration of my soul,  
Complaining in its mute appeal.

But should I laugh, lo! 'tis as though  
My soul flung its arms—free!  
And dashed upon the heated brow of day  
A spray of cooling drops.  
Then let me laugh!  
Why should Law and Reason say:  
"Weep at Sorrow."—I say laugh!

## FRIENDSHIP

Twixt Love and Chaos lies a borderland  
Love dare not enter—  
Not a step upon that dread kingdom;  
Standing kingless, with doubt as its guardian—  
Love may not enter. Yon, yon, yon,  
Standing far beyond, is a land  
Of promising. Love, Chaos and Promise.  
How then may Love traverse the way?  
A twain who love are fevered—  
Love holds not reason.  
Reason is the ash of Love's fire!

Yet He hath lain a staff at the entrance of Chaos.  
'Tis neither beauteous nor gaud-betipped.  
Nay, if love will halt an instant aside of doubt,  
And stooping, pluck up from the dust  
This staff, he then may enter unafraid.

## YOUTH

And it is spring!  
There is pale perfume, and unoped buds,  
Unborn radiances; the half-veiled sun,  
The soft new clouds, the pale, pale blue,  
The faint stars, young grass blades,  
The fresh loosed brook, the loving birds,  
The faint scrape of winged things,  
The low of kine. Aye, it is Spring!

Such is my heart, a building scarce blown.  
Sorrow is new, and joy—Ah joy is shallow!  
Ne'er have I supped the potions of the day.  
I am a web beneath the morning sun  
Awaiting the dew of life, and it is spring—  
Scarce spring! I have yet summer, aye,  
And fall—and then the winter.  
Let me learn to count the buds!  
Let me learn the rare worth of pale perfume!  
Let me count the rosary of spring!  
Ere I pass, ere I pass.

## IN THE HOLY MOONLIGHT

Yea, in the holy moonlight  
When the nightingale sobs, 'tis not  
Of joy but plaintive tuned.

And in the morn  
The lark calls, calls, calls,  
Nay answer, a plaintive lay.  
Yea, in all beauteous conceptions  
Be hunger, and the plaint to God.

## THE TENDERNESS I LOVE

I love tenderness. Yea, but it must be strong.  
It shall not speak soft words nor lisp them.  
It shall not creep like a young mother,  
Tenderly toward the cradle of her babe.  
It shall not lay hands upon its beloved  
As a lover would, gently, caressingly.

Oh, I love tenderness, but I would not have it  
Sing a mournful, aching melody,  
Tuned with sympathy. I would not have it  
Bare its breast and cradle the smitten upon it,  
Sobbing over the wounds.

I love tenderness, but oh, make my tenderness  
Have hands that are skillful-turned,  
That lay in soothe and balm, yet pressing surely  
With faith behind the pressure of the cure.  
Let my tenderness speak in clarion voice—  
Unafraid! Let it walk with sure feet  
To the spot of the fallen, and bending say:  
"Arise, here is my hand," not:  
"Oh, thou art wounded!"

## DEVOTION

What is the bond, the shackle, yea,  
The armlet which binds thee to thy love?  
No mighty hand may shatter it;  
No tongue with deceits betipped—  
Nothing may disturb  
That peaceful, peaceful bondage.

Unfretting, man doth wear it!  
He is the happiest, who weareth  
The heaviest enchainment.  
Lo, love comes each morrow like the sun.  
Yea! love is the sun which betips  
The morning of each soul, and within  
Her hand doth she to hold a casket—  
Bearing earth a gift.

Yea, it is a fettersome thing!  
Yet earth holdeth forth her hands  
In pleading that she be enchained,  
And feedeth her heart upon the stuff.

Is this bondage? Nay, 'tis the exultance  
Of service! Yea, and that service  
Moveth upon the legs which be—Devotion.

## MERCY

Mercy tuneth the harp of life!  
Else it could not strum.  
Mercy is the sofest gem  
Within life's diadem, a white pearl,  
Palely glowing, with a rose-pit heart.  
Mercy is a thorn which scratcheth the day,  
And the drops that fall at the pricking are love.  
Mercy is love's raiment! If I  
Might lift my voice in a paeon, I'd sing:

Great God, thy tongue is a licking river.  
Great God, thy tongue is a lolling sea.  
Great God, thy tongue is mist and dew.  
Great God, thy tongue is cool and shadow.  
Great God, thy tongue is everlasting,  
Speaking in words that run like living waters.  
Great God, thy tongue which speaks unto the day—  
is MERCY.

## ON PRAYER

Prayer is pregnant of desire,  
As man uttereth it. To me,  
Prayer is a simple announcement  
Of companionship with God;  
An acknowledgement of my task,  
And the joy of its fulfillment.  
I need no claim before His face,  
My love! for hath not His hand held  
The wine which I have supped?  
And knoweth He not the thing  
That hath drunked me? If I have drunk  
Deeply of that which He hath offered,  
And my foolish lips babble folly,  
He, with His magic touch shall transform  
The folly into wisdom surely;  
For what man knoweth what is folly in  
The sight of God, and what man knoweth  
What is wisdom in His sight?

## THE JUDGE

His is a strength indeed,  
Who lifts the sword of justice,  
Pointing its keen tip  
At the transgressor mercifully.  
Yea, who tunes law to the throb of his heart,  
Yet loseth not law's strength.  
His is a strength indeed who doeth this—  
And yet might hum a lullaby!

\*\*so fest??

## STEADFASTNESS

Steadfastness! Steadfastness!  
No gift is so precious.  
The waters of the day may become troubled,  
And the lightnings of the wrath of sorrow  
May crash about thee, while the dissonant thunder  
Of complication confuses thee,  
And disturbs thy soul, yet like a beacon,  
Like the Northstar, like the hand of God—  
Is the supporting strength of Steadfastness!

Behold, I am a queen upon a throne,  
Upheld by them that love me!  
And the caskets of their gifts are full.  
I drink the wine of sorrow, sweetened by  
The honey of their love. Behold—  
I see the face of God within theirs!

## HANDS

E'es fail, grow weary wi' seein'.  
Lips still, grown heavy o' wordin'.  
Hearts stop, iced of emotion.  
Feet no longer move, but hands,  
Ah hands remain,  
Remain most eloquent of labor.  
Last they forsake thee.  
In them is the symbol of Creation!

## GRACE OF GENTLENESS

No thing engraces the day like gentleness.  
I may see gaudy noons and flaming mornings  
And gorgeous eves, but none of these  
Appeal like some wood-thatched bower where  
A lone bird mourned, or perhaps a hedge  
Whence some song burst, or still sunlight  
Scratched by blossoms.

No thing so engraces day as gentleness.  
Quietude is the holy mantle  
In which I would clothe. I may set me apart  
In seclusion with silence as my companion,  
And charm fays to speak, and dream dreams,  
And forget that the roadway hath dust upon it,  
Remembering only the flower-fringed borders  
And the leafy dell.

## WORDS

What futile things are words!  
But dust of the Desert of Thought,  
Blown willy-nilly;  
And he who would enslave them,  
Marking indelibly the pith of his being  
Upon the atoms, must first walk  
With bare feet the searing sand of day;  
And e'er he catch the dust  
Of that magic desert, spill from his heart  
A little of its crimson fount,  
Else tomorrow's wind shall find  
But more dust, yea, more confusion!

## ASHES OF HATE

Swing, ye ages! Swing, ye tides!  
Like webs upon eternities.  
Turn, oh Earth,  
Turn upon thy changeful path!  
Leave Sorrow wet thy sides of tears.  
Leave her dimmed eyes  
To bury them upon thy breast,  
And cause the seas to sob!

Make new the hates of earth!  
Cast wide the portals of Hate's hell!  
Leave her consuming flames  
To lick the valley's hollow,  
And mount the mountain's curve!  
Leave the Earth to sweep her path  
Like to a crimson torch ablaze,  
Searing the heaven's blue,  
Setting the vaporous clouds to naught,  
Till out the flame shall a sacrifice  
Be born, and the ash of love be cast,  
Upon the altar of Eternity!

For Hate may but consume Hate,  
And the ash of Love remain.

## THE WEAVER

There is a busy spider weaving webs,  
Hanging my understanding with  
Impenetrable mysteries—  
Intricately woven.  
Threatening all men, is  
This busy weaver in its labor  
Befogging man's reassuring.

There is a busy spider which threads the day,  
Trailing its silver from wisdom to wisdom,  
Enwrapping one with the other—  
Until Wisdom is lost!

Oh, there is a busy spider—  
Called Doubt!

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## SPEAK YE A TRUE TONGUE?

Speak ye a true tongue,  
Or waste ye with words the Soul's song?  
A damning evidence is with wasted words;  
For need I prate to yonder star  
When hunger fills the world wherein I dwell?  
Cast I a glance so precious as His  
Which wakes at every dawn?  
Speak I a tongue one-half so true  
As sighing winds who sing amid  
Aeolian harps strung with siren tress?  
For lo, the sea murmureth a thousand tones,  
Wrung from its world within,  
But telleth only of Him,  
And so His silence keeps.

## WAIT

Wait, wait, wait!  
With thy fetters champing, thou wouldst on!  
With heavy feet, thou wouldst flee!  
With thy hands bound, thou wouldst labor!  
Oh wait, wait, wait!

Wait, wait, wait!  
Like the surge, swinging heavily  
Against the shifting sands,  
It hath echoed since Time—  
Wait, wait, wait!

Wait, wait, wait!  
Oh, hark to its cadence!  
Never wearying, never tiring—  
Ever uttering: wait, wait, wait!

Wait; the symbol of Eternity!

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## THE FOLLY KNIGHT

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Behold, is the shield of my valor become dull.  
The tip of my spear is rusted with vain jousting,  
While the charger beneath me, upon whose sides  
Ribs be writ—is my wisdom, which I  
Have draped a sumpter-cloth of words,  
Fringed of egotry.

So I ride forth upon a day  
Armoured at mine own hand;  
For my shield of valor is created  
Of the substance of my soul—  
And my lance is my justice!

## FORGETTING

To forget! Ah, that heritage  
Most envied! To forget!  
To possess that magic shuttle, with which  
To replace the tatters in the weave.  
To forget! To bar from the holy hours  
The prying instants which press  
Bare bodkins to the heart,  
And laugh impishly.  
To forget! To snuff the candle,  
Burning in the tabernacle!

Ah, but in that black retreat—  
Silently uplifting,  
Undeniably scribing—  
The slender tongue of smoke  
Licks at memory,

## MEASURING SELF

From this instant I shall no longer  
Consider myself alone.  
I shall be confident, yet unconfiding.  
I shall be sure and secure.  
I shall take lightly the things  
I would most consider,  
For I have learned, I have learned  
But an instant agone, that I am but  
An atom of a greater self.  
Yea, and in this knowledge have I shrunk,  
Yet become more confident—  
Since knowing mine own dimensions I  
May set me then a measure not distorted.

## THE SMILE THOU CAST TODAY

The smile thou cast today  
That passed unheeded by the world;  
The handclasp of a friend,  
The touch of baby palms  
Upon its mother's breast—  
Whither have they flown  
Along the dreary way? Mayhap thy smile  
Hath fallen upon a daisy's golden head,  
To shine upon some weary traveler  
Along the dusty road, and cause  
A softening of the hard, hard way.  
Perchance the handclasp strengthened  
Wavering love,  
And lodged thee in thy friend's regard.  
And where the dimpled hands caress,  
Will not a well of love spring forth?  
Who knows, but who will tell  
The hiding of these fleeting gifts!

## WHAT IS FAITH?

Would that I might say "Faith" and understand it.  
My faith is as a tenuous web—  
Ensnaring yet elusive;  
I may enmesh the day within it.  
I see it burst its bonds, fleeing as  
A butterfly out from its prison;  
And doubt I then the strength  
Of the web of my faith?

Would that I might say "Faith" and understand it.  
Faith! The wise man who retains  
His learning in a script, and learns  
From the stars, kens weel he may not swing  
A thing upon his faith,  
Nor enmesh substance within its web.  
Faith is the pulse of wisdom!  
Ye may not have wisdom without faith,  
And a wisdom which is not ended by surety—  
Contains no faith.—Then what is "Faith"?

## A BLIGHTED BUD MAY HOLD

A blighted bud may hold  
A sweeter message. than the loveliest flower.  
For God hath kissed her wounded heart  
And left a promise there.

A cloak of lies may clothe a golden truth.  
The sunlight's warmth may fade its glossy black  
To whitening green and prove the fault  
Of weak and shoddy dye.

Oh, why let sorrow steel thy heart?  
Thy bosom is but its foster mother,  
The world its cradle, and the loving home  
Its grave.

Weave sorrow on the loom of love  
And warp the loom with faith.

## INTUITION

Intuition be the seed of faith  
In him who doth not reason.  
Reason be oft the arrow's point to faith.  
Yea, but reason be like unto  
A weathercock, it may point ye yea or nay.  
Thereby is he surer  
Who goeth upon intuition.

## THE KINDERGARTNER

And my hands are laboring with play.  
Lo, I am cunningly masking labor with the  
Veil of gaming, letting youth be follied  
In the intricacies of complicated play.  
Laboring they are, in make-believe.  
I with the wisdom which is mine,  
A simple thing, would make their days  
Open with laughter. Yea, I would turn  
The aged hinges of Time which sift rust  
O'er their brightness, upon laughter—  
That magic oil which swings all gateways ope.  
Oh, oh, oh! Not wisdom would I deal  
As a pocket-piece for youth, but laughter!  
Give youth a purse of laughter  
And he. may, so long as he keeps it—  
Buy the universe!

## THE LATCH AND THE HEARTH

I have builded my hut  
Upon the stone of conviction.  
I have latched it with doubt!  
Aye, and fagotted mine fire  
With burning discourse.  
In this I have announced myself a fool.  
I have made sure of the material  
With which I constructed.  
Yea, and the thing I have named my cot  
Is neither a hearth nor a pillow—  
Neither comfortable nor secluded;  
For he who entereth must lift  
The latch of my doubt, and become comforted  
In the dancing shadows of the hearth!

## I CHOOSE O' THE SPILL O' LOVE

I choose o' the spill  
O' love and word and work,  
The waste o' earth, to build.

Ye hark unto the sages,  
And oft a way-singer's song  
Hath laden o'erfull o' truth,  
And wasteth 'pon the air,  
And falleth not unto thine ear.

Think ye He scattereth whither  
E'en such an grain? Nay.  
And do ye seek o' spill  
And put unto thy song,  
'Twill fill its emptiness.

Ye seek to sing but o' thy song,  
And 'tis an empty strain. 'Tis need  
O' love's spill for to fill.

## HOPE, THE CONSTANT

How constant is hope, how faithful her trend!  
Ceaselessly doth she walk beside me,  
With her gaudy touch tipping  
Each dull task with a scarlet light;  
Making each trend of the path beckon with color.  
Filling my cup even as the wine I drink,  
Becoming the pith of the dream,  
Which lies as a pillow beneath each sup—  
The urge upon my hand—  
The mother, verily!—of each hour;  
For tomorrow may not be born—  
Save that hope beget her.

## WHO IS HE, BECOWLED

Who is he, becowed,  
Most foreboding, seeking yon?  
Surely no companion of mine!  
He drones a dull page, and his utterance  
Cometh forth as dust, leaving his lips dry.  
His eyes are heavy with seeing.  
Surely he hath come far, far!  
And yet, and yet, the roadway which he follows  
Stretcheth yon, yon, yon forever!—  
He is wisdom.

And who is he betripping yonder road,  
A motley fellow, liltng simple lays,  
Each tuned unto a wit,—  
And his feet are light, and he laughs—  
Laughs at the stoned way beyond!  
And flips a pence, bebartering with himself,  
That yonder turn doth end it!—'Tis Folly.

Oh folly, wait me brother!  
Methinks I'll follow thee!

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Behold the bread and the wine.  
Draw nigh, ye simple of heart.  
What wine, oh Earth, dost thou present,  
Inasmuch as thou art the vatsman?  
Remember ye, that He and they supped thy wine.  
To sup, to commune, to become one  
In a holy office, that office being labor,  
This is the inheritance of day,  
As it wert the inheritance of the saintly.

To commune is to become brothers  
In one flesh. To commune is to become  
Brothers in one spirit. The cup  
Of communion is filled by the inflow of spirit—  
The commingling of man's spirit  
With that of Him and them,  
Who in holy office became exalted,  
Such a cup is indeed a communion of saints.

## THE PUPPET SHOW

Before the puppet show, which the curtain of  
The night discloses, I am musing.  
What strange parts Man, in his folly, chooseth!  
Each struts, announcing himself  
When the sun hath made prologue, calling:  
"Behold, I am lifted to estate through attainment!"

Behaired hands slip through silken sleeves,  
While the poet's fingers bruise  
With lifting burdens.

This is the jest, the great, great jest!  
Man maketh entrance unannounced,  
Nor waits for that word of intimacy,  
Which should lead him forth.  
He is fat upon his own convictions,  
And groweth lean, only, when  
The curtain, lifting, lets the fringe  
Of wayfarers, which draw nigh unto his day,  
Behold and jest him!  
Hence is jest a noble implement—  
Which slayeth false desire.

## ON UNDERSTANDING

Touched with compassion am I at the hour's agony,  
Knowing well the folly of anguish,  
Taking in the fulness of the empty phantoms  
Which man mourneth o'er.

Like puppets set at playing, doth man set up  
His hours, filling them up with mimic word  
And meaning, and watching them fall or proceed,  
Whiche'er it be, like a babe, who with rude blocks  
Buildeth dreams. Man labours with his day,  
With no surer hand.

And the thing within him which whispers,  
He knoweth not, nor the urge of his hand,  
Nor the quickening of certain thoughts and feelings;  
Yet with quick lip he speaketh his understanding,  
Assuring himself of his surety, while his legs are  
Unsteady, and his hands fitful fall at their labour.

He would have himself know that he is a man!  
He would speak with a loud voice acclaiming  
His knowledge, speaking in a familiar voice  
Of God, yet denying Him within his being.

This is man's puppet playing; filling  
The hours with mimic words and trickery.  
No magic doth he acknowledge, yet lo,—  
At the finish of his prating and playing,  
The proper wove cloth is flung forth,  
And God hath loosed the woof and warp—  
Leaving the rack free.

Yet man sayeth he understandeth!

## THE EVIDENCE

Now do I pin upon retaining  
The vibrant chord of my being,  
Forgetting in this egot desire,  
That the music of heaven may not be  
Complete without it!

List ye unto reason! Since thou hast come  
Wherefrom, plucked from the naught of  
Eternity, then I say me thy existence is but  
The continuance of eternity manifest!

Man pins his faith in his God, as he pins  
His faith in his purse. Doth he reach within it,  
And his thumb and finger bring not forth the coin,  
How, then sayeth he, may he buy?  
Man's soul is his purse, and woe is he!  
Who hath not the pence of faith within it.

## LEARNING TO LAUGH

Since I have learned to laugh  
At the pack day hath lain upon me,  
And to wink and jest and whistle a whit,  
I find my wisdom is not so drear-browed.  
Aye, the aged dame is most beguiling.  
I find this, and finding it, find her more  
Companionable. This then is a sure game.  
I have ceased pondering over the weight  
Of wisdom, and learned to ponder less and less,  
And let wisdom walk for herself.  
I am learning.

## MY TONGUE

Mine is a cunning implement!  
There is nothing which may  
Deny me wielding it,  
Yet I have an o'ercoming awe at the thought,  
That might I strain the sea of my wisdom,  
Even so might I catch a minnow!  
Yet in cocksure faith I wield  
This cunning implement.  
I deny the convictions of sages.  
I make argument with God,  
And reorganize His creation  
Upon a foundation of words.  
I create a justice for man  
Out of the stuff I fling forth as wisdom.  
The implement which is mine is light—  
O'erlight, I'm fearing, and should I fling it clear,  
Desiring to decapitate my brother,  
In an instant lo! am I beheaded!  
Ah, 'tis a cunning implement  
A—deed, my tongue!

## GOD'S GREATEST GIFT

Great God, Thy greatest gift  
Is the full knowledge which comes to man—  
How oft, how oft belated!  
The knowledge that he be a fool!

What impudence is his!  
This folly-pated fool, that he demand  
His heritage with Thee!  
Shaking his belled scepter, he would jest  
At the gateway of the heavens,  
And dancing, as his ass' ears lopped,  
Go mincing up to the Prince's throne!

Alike hath man inherited wisdom and folly,  
Yea, and he liveth his day to learn—  
Which be his rightful heritage!

## MAN'S TONGUE

If my tongue expressed the depth of my soul  
One half so surely as my labor,  
How satisfied then I should be.  
What a laborer is man's tongue!  
Careless of its task,  
Spending freely, never weary.  
'Tis the only nag that man may ride  
With security, knowing he hath  
Not a pence within his pocket!

## THE KEY

Oh what a golden staff is Thine!  
Muteness is the key to wisdom!  
Wisdom is learned by the tuning of this key  
Within the door of sorrow.

If thou hast beheld a sunny morning,  
And the gleam of the glittered sun upon  
A thousand blades. If thou hast beheld the nectar  
Of gold poured from the sun's point down  
To the dew-radiant earth, yea, beheld  
A thousand flashes which exultant announce,  
Regally—God! then hast thou known  
Not one whit of that great awesome light  
Which is thine at the turning of the key  
Of silence within the lock of the door of sorrow.

Behold, within this light is a mellow radiance,  
A comfortable enfoldment.  
Yea, before the glitter of the day's sun  
Thou mayst become blind, yet I say  
In the light of understanding, thou mayst read  
The subtlest secret of man's existence;  
Thou mayst weigh with justice;  
Thou mayst consort in the chamber of sorrow  
With thy dead hope e'en—  
And, understanding—smile!

## THE SAND OF WISDOM

Lo, Wisdom is the sand upon the shore  
Of Eternity. Yea, man plays  
Upon the shore, letting the silver stuff  
Flow through his fingers, watching  
The sifting with ponderous consideration,  
Trying that he take within him the path  
Of the sand, and make of his own wisdom  
A thing more stable.

Oh, I say Wisdom is the sand upon the shore  
Of Eternity, and mankind is the child  
Playing upon it, letting the silver stuff  
Flow between his fingers. Oh, this then  
Is the stuff of wisdom, for no man  
May stay its flowing. It remaineth atoms!  
And never becometh set; nay it is  
A lendful toy unto the hand of man.

## THE SILENCER

Who may listen when his own tongue  
Is laboring? Yea, or who may harken  
Who is full of his own voice?  
He who listens hears much, but he  
Who harketh unto his own tonguing  
Hath no new thing to learn,  
For his tongue uttereth his own depth.  
And I say, there be little he may take  
Within him for the crowding of—himself.

## MAN, THE FISHER

How strange is the day, how strange!  
About me surge the waves, the torrents  
Of man's hunger for knowledge,  
And he who would know most should sit  
Beside the waters, waiting the drift,  
The chaff, the wastes, listing to  
The confident murmur of the waters—  
Telling of their agony,  
Telling of the far shores.

Oh the water, the sea is learning, and men  
Cast the nets of their faith into its waters—  
Fishing for wisdom, and He is not  
Within the boats, but He hath spoken:  
"Let down thy net in faith."

## WISDOM

Oh wisdom is a she  
Who hath ensnared all men.  
How many, many fools  
Have wooed her with elaboration.  
Yea, each sure in his own betrothal,  
Each pledged with a new kiss,  
With a new contact.  
How many, many, many  
Encradled in her arms have slept  
And dreaming, fondled at her brow,  
And waked to find that loving hand  
Caressing a cockscomb tipped of bells!

## WISDOM'S RUDE LOVER

Gently, brother, gently. Have reverence!  
Remember, wisdom is an aged thing.  
Be not flippant; be not pertly jestful.  
Gently, brother, gently. Remember, the bones  
Of wisdom hang them loose together!  
Gently, brother, gently!

Gently, brother, gently. Remember,  
Remember, wisdom hath been wooed long!  
Thy fervent kiss is not her first, nay,  
Nor thy troth her first, nor last  
Sweet offering. Gently, brother, gently.  
Be not o'er fretful. Remember, remember,  
Wisdom is a grave, grave lady,  
And thy ardour is a paltry blast  
To that which ages have offered her.

Stand well upon thy tiptoes.  
Purse thy lips, oh impudent lover!  
And receive one short touch  
From wisdom's lips; mayhap her cheek  
To thine for one holy instant.  
But be not over-boastful. Tomorrow  
Some lout shall rest upon her bosom,  
And thou shalt wonder didst thou dream the thing  
—Or did she kiss you?

## THIS IS WISDOM

"This is Wisdom," sayeth man,  
And a certain one presenteth a quill  
And tickleth a page.  
"Aha, this is wisdom," sayeth he.

"This is wisdom," sayeth man,  
And a certain one presenteth a stone,  
And he smiteth it, and lo,  
It cometh forth transformed.  
"Aha, this is wisdom!" sayeth he.

"This is wisdom," sayeth man,  
And a certain one presenteth a lute,  
With a pit, slender as a maiden's throat,  
And he whistles on it blithesomely.  
"Aha, this is wisdom," sayeth he.

"This is wisdom," sayeth man,  
And a certain one presenteth  
Complicated argument: yea, his words  
Become heavy as stone, too thick and deep  
To even cast a shadow!  
"Aha, this is wisdom," sayeth he.

"This is wisdom," sayeth man,  
And a certain one presenteth a staff  
With bells upon it, and he chimeth them,  
And pointeth his toes and shaketh his coxcomb.  
"Aha, this is wisdom," sayeth he;  
And the lot follow him awhither!

## PERSONALITY

Each man is an urn, and the wine within it  
Containeth his soul. Yea, and he poureth it out  
Freely, or with fretful fingers,  
Jealously guarding each drop.

Lo, it be sweet or bitter, yea, or yet sour  
Or salt; salt if it be a common wisdom!  
Sweet, if it be a wisdom of spirit!  
Sour, if it be a wisdom of flesh!  
Yea—but IT BE HIM!

This wine is poured through the vat of days,  
And containeth elements of all the instants.  
Yet, verily, I say, it hath become one wine,  
And is known by its taste: salt, sour, sweet,  
Or yet acid-bit.

I say me this is the Personality of man,  
And it be a thing, no man's words may  
Dis-assemble. Lift the cup and drink,  
And speak—this be me! Or, if thou mayest  
Taste a whit of salt within the sweet,  
Or yet a dreg of sour!—  
It be naught but the shadow of incident!

## PERSONALITY

That thing which be the ye of ye be intangible,  
For it is the individual expression  
Of the Great God's impulse in creation—  
The "Instant" manifest. Being God,  
Ye be fore'er the same—yet for ne'er the same!  
The habiliments of the soul be weaved  
O' experience, yea, and the fibre of its flesh  
Becometh fat or lean by the intrusion  
Of outward circumstance.

The perfecting of the in-man then,  
Is in the hands of men—not man!  
Yet man's steadfastness is the defense.  
Fore'er in the pit burns the taper of that "Instant."

Selection is the power invested every man.  
Discernment comes by comparison, and begins  
At the instant man realizes his own difference.

Ye ken a man by his selection. Man  
Presents as himself an accumulants selection,  
Yet he hath in no way changed that pith  
Which is the "Instant," and having been acknowledged,  
This "Instant" is already perfect.

Oft is man's selection contamination.  
Denial is an affirmative doubt.

Any man may create a man by selection,  
But lacking the pith of the "Instant,"  
It will not survive materially.

The test of sinew is in labor. The test  
Of mind is in labor, and the mind of a  
Man-created man may not labor.

## ON TRUTH

How may I know truth? Oh my beloved,  
I would answer thee. Truth is companionable,  
She is never a lady who sighs and languishes—  
Never a knight vainglorious. Truth is  
A simple maid whose tongue is unalloyed.

He who bends his ear confidently  
And listeneth with an ear of self,  
Hears not the voice of truth.

Truth is universal! She sayeth not yea  
Unto one, and nay unto another.  
If thou hast said yea, and thy brother—nay,  
Then one of ye hath lost truth!

Truth is not a lendful wine.  
It is as a perfect golden ball, and may not fit  
A casket, however cunningly contrived,  
Be it not lendful to her curve.

Truth is at the pit of every man's heart,  
And ne'er breathed a man, save that he argued  
His ain wisdom 'gainst her.

Truth is a just garment, and no man  
May hide his nakedness behind it.

The cloth of truth is nay bigger than  
A man's palm, yet any man  
May hide his wisdom aneath it.

## FORGIVENESS

Man hath no part with forgiveness.  
Beside the forgiveness of God, man's  
Forgiveness be a puny thing. To forgive—  
To undo action with a patch of love!  
Yet the day would be a tattered wench—  
Were it not for the patchin'.

To forgive be like unto singing to  
A harp of discord.

Forgiveness be not a beauteous thing,  
For it be the flesh of infidelity.  
Even He in His mercy spake "Forgive them,"  
And in so doing—laid bare their iniquities.

Forgiveness be such a comfortable mantle;  
Yea smug, and stitched of self.  
A lout feeleth as a king wrapped in it.

To lay thine arms down, to acknowledge defeat!  
To succumb, yet to smile forgiveness,  
When thy bosom aches of injustice—  
This is not justice! E'en the God himself  
Is just and dealeth not a whit or jottle  
O'er the balancing of thy goods.

Forgive them in forgetting!  
This is the laying down of arms.  
Yet once thou hast been defiled by injustice—  
Let the sword lie unsheathed.

## BEHOLD, I WOULD SPEAK NOT IN COMMAND

Behold, I would speak not in command,  
For unto youth, command is like a lash,  
And youth may not run beneath a lash,  
But should be beckoned!

Tiptoe youth is upon the path,  
And the goal is yon, yon! How wondrous a thing,  
That the path in its intricacy is there,  
Yet untrammelled. Each turn, each shadow,  
Each sunlit space, each stoned waste, each in  
Its place is expectantly waiting thee!

Keep confidence, nor betray to one  
Shadowed spot the disappointment!  
He who win's—wins with the arrow  
Of disappointment in his heart's pit,  
For no man may miss its barb!  
Even if spent, thou dost arrive  
At yon far goal, and with the last  
Remaining strength pluck forth the arrow,  
Lifting up thy head in exultation—  
Glorified in the weariness—  
Break its shaft and kiss the broken bits,  
And pin them with the laurel upon thy brow.

Laurels are but withering things,  
But a broken arrow is the symbol  
Of the felling of the deer of ambition!

Sit down then and eat of the flesh and feast.

## THE DAY'S WORK

Behold, behold the roadways,  
Lying stretched in grey dust-patterns  
About the fields, curving the hillocks  
Like necklets of ash. And the creeping  
Pageantry of man, sweeping out in gentle  
Lines upon the pathways of earth.

Yea, men who sweat, men who ache,  
Men who anguish, men who torture  
From crude stuffs, stones and clay,  
Wondrous imagery which speaks their souls;  
Men who dip within their hearts  
And write scripts, which the ages  
Yet shall read; yea, and men who dip  
Within a fluid, writing—that, which be not  
Thick enough to cast a shadow!

Men who press their breasts  
Upon the implements of labor,  
Striking the pregnant sod that it belch forth  
Its teeming utterance; men who idly dream  
Dreams that shall stir the hearts of empires;  
Men who labor with blind eyes,  
Never seeing, never seeing, ever striving,  
Ever striving!—with confusion as companion.

Men who live!—live to the last  
Bitter dreg within the cup,  
Quaffing with delight the potion of death,  
In defiance uplifting the goblet!  
Men who sit within the shadow of their doubt,  
Beholding the cup of death in fearing,

Waiting for Tomorrow,  
Who already hath laid her hand upon  
The cup's brim; Tomorrow—  
Whose Finger pointeth to Eternity!

So this is the pageantry of labor.  
These are the vitals of day. Behold!  
When they stop, the day is finished.  
This is day's labor, this intricate application  
Of laboring. What tapestry doth it weave?  
Oh, some morrow I shall stand beside the loom  
With the shuttles empty, all these little  
Crawling puppets of the day,  
Each unwound of its strand of existence,  
Beholding the Plan—the Pattern God wove!

#### FOLLY AND WISDOM

On a certain day of a certain spring,  
In a certain garden, youthed I stood,  
Filled of hope, with joy a-spurting.  
Oh, this is spring! said I.  
This is morning; this is summertime.  
And wisdom laughed a dusty laugh,  
And whispered: This is Folly!

On a certain noon at a certain moment  
At a certain spot stood I,  
Confidently singing. Oh, this is power I said.  
Oh, this is understanding. This is assurance.  
This is culmination of all  
Those fleeting hopes I once thought mine.  
And wisdom sighed, and the dust of her sighing  
Choked my singing.  
This is folly, whispered she.

## THE JEST

Oh this strange world!  
Each man secure in his folly—  
Or his wisdom denied not its expression.  
Each man left free to mould his god  
Unto his own desire,  
But ah, the sorry trade!

Were I to tell thee, that at each morrow,  
Were man allowed to look upon  
His fashioning, few would there be  
Who sat looking far into the vasts—  
Awed with the task, while their hands  
Plead to express what He is unto them.  
Yea, and many there be, who looking  
Upon the image of their god,  
Would see a faulty image of themselves,—  
This be the jest!

## EVER THE PUPIL

Teach me. Teach me!  
Let me never become so old  
That my ears are not pits.

Teach me. Teach me!  
Let every man become my teacher.  
Let every sorrow speak deeply.  
Let every joy inscribe me.

Teach me. Teach me!  
For if I stop listening,  
I shall stop forever!  
Yea, the writing of the ages  
Speaks Eternity as ever  
Listening, ever waiting.

Teach me. Teach me!  
Let me ne'er forget that I am a child;  
That tomorrow is a secret,  
A joyful secret, not yet imparted;  
That Yesterday was a plaything  
Which I loved, but left  
Upon a pathway within a shadow.

Teach me. Teach me—  
That I am a little child!  
Let me be forever learning,  
Ne'er forever yearning!

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Lo, in a rude hulk, with no cargo save Hope!—  
With a prow uplifted against the wave,  
And a mast of Faith! Behold,  
Over the darksome waters they set their way,  
Each speeding the barque with a sail spread,  
A white pure sail, each a great Hope  
Spread against the vasts.

And lo, tossed, tossed as an atom upon  
The waters, the great lolling-lipped sea,  
Let it roll upon its throat,  
Spatting it forth upon the high wave,  
Letting it sink to depths. Behold, behold,  
Did the hand of God pluck it forth and lead it  
Like a beacon light across the chartless way;  
And He before them went, clothing the shore  
In verdure, uttering His mercy in fruits.

And when they had come unto the spot,  
They knelt in adoration, not before  
The culmination of their hopes,  
But before the mystery God had wrought.  
And lo, in their gratitude did they  
Sow the seed for a coming host!

## LULLABY

Strum, strum!  
Ah, wee one,  
Croon unto the tendril tipped with sungilt,  
Nodding thee from o'er the doorsill there.

Strum, strum!  
My wheel shall sing to thee.  
I pull the flax as golden as thy curl,  
And sing me of the blossoms blue,  
Their promise, like thine eyes to me.

Strum, strum!  
'Tis such a merry tale I spin.  
Ah, wee one, croon unto the honey bee  
Who diggeth at the rose's heart.

Strum, strum!  
My wheel shall sing to thee,  
Heart-blossom mine. The sunny morn  
Doth hum with lovelilt, dear.  
I fain would leave my spinning to  
The spider climbing there,  
And bruise thee, blossom, to my breast.

Strum, strum!  
What fancies I do weave!  
Thy dimpled hand doth flutter, dear,  
Like a petal cast adrift  
Upon the breeze.

Strum, strum!  
'Tis faulty spinning, dear—  
A cradle built of thornwood,  
A nest for thee, my bird.  
I hear thy crooning, wee one,  
And ah, this fluttering heart!

Strum, strum!  
How ruthlessly I spin!  
My wheel doth whirl an empty song, my dear,  
For tendril nodding yonder  
Doth nod in vain, my sweet;  
And honey bee would tarry not for thee;  
And thornwood cradle swayeth only  
To the loving of the wind!

Strum, strum!  
My wheel still sings to thee,  
Thou birdling of my fancy's realm!

Strum, strum!  
An empty dream, my dear!  
The sun doth shine, my bird;  
Or should he fail, he shineth here  
Within my heart for thee!

Strum, strum!  
My wheel still sings to thee.

## THE TYPHOON

Why need ye fear, O Mariner?  
Why need ye fear?  
The winds sing no new song, and the waves  
Have spoken their words since time—  
With them thou art familiar.  
Why need ye fear, O Mariner?  
The craft is thine, and each cunning trick  
Of steering lies within thy brawn.  
The wheel turns slow, eh, Mariner?  
And the waters heavy swell.  
Yon, faint coming, like a veiled lady  
Rising from the sea—the storm!  
Why need ye fear? Baring thy breast to the gale,  
Let the masts bend low and thy prow ride free!

What needst thou fear, O Mariner?  
Is the water black and yellow-lashed,  
In venom tipped the waves; and the lightnings,  
Like talons, grasp the waves and wring them dry,  
And cast them back unto the sea!

What needst thou fear, O Mariner?  
What needst thou fear?  
The winds wail like shrieking mermaids  
That disport some wanton land.  
What needst thou fear, O Mariner,  
Though they laxy their beauty o'er  
Thy very keel, and beckoning, tempt thy smile!  
What needst thou fear, O Mariner;,  
For thou canst hear the flapping of the gulls—  
And port is near!

## AH, GREET THE DAY

Ah, greet the day, which, like a golden butterfly,  
Hovereth 'twixt the night and morn;  
And welcome her fullness—the hours 'mid shadow  
And those the rose shall grace.  
Hast thou among her hours  
Thy heart's desire and dearest? Name thou then  
Of all His beauteous gifts thy greatest treasure.  
The morning, cool and damp, dark-shadowed  
By the frowning sun—is this thy chosen?  
The midday, flaming as a sword,  
Deep-stained by noon's becrimsoned light—  
Is this thy chosen? Or misty startide,  
Woven like a spinner's web and jeweled  
By the climbing moon—is this thy chosen?  
Doth forest shade, or shimmering stream,  
Or wild bird song, or cooing of the nesting dove,  
Bespeak thy chosen? He who sendeth light  
Sendeth all to thee, pledges of a bonded love.  
And ye who know Him not, look ye! From all  
His gifts He pilfered that which made it His  
To add His fullest offering of love.  
From out the morning, at the earliest tide,  
He plucked two lingering stars, who tarried lest  
The dark should sorrow. And when the day was born,  
The glow of sun-flush, veiled by gossamer cloud  
And tinted soft by lingering night;  
And rose petals, scattered by a loving breeze;  
The lily's satin cheek, and dove cooes,  
And wild bird song, and Death himself  
Is called to offer of himself;  
And soft as willow buds may be,  
He claimeth but the down to fashion this—  
Thy gift, the essence of His love—  
Thine own first-born.

## THE LAST HARBOR

Eve sends her silver arrows up  
O'er night's rim. The waters lap,  
Languorously lapping at the heaven's fringe.  
Lo, a mast, tilted 'gainst the silver sky,  
Writes the log of wearying voyages,  
Slow scribing, pressing Westward valiantly,  
And the winds with insistent cadence,  
Harp the chords the sea sings unto.

That holy hour when portward tilts the prow!  
Lo, the hovering moon, white with the wine  
Of reality, drunk with the actual incidents  
Enacted beneath her tender gaze,  
And the stars, glittering, count the conquests.

Behold that holy hour and the tilted mast  
Pointed harborward. It is late. Low sags  
The craft in heavy weighting of its cargo.  
The silver-rimmed clouds press their lips  
Upon a bloody sky. Night descends,  
And the winds lay ruthless hands upon the prow—  
Bidding it whither, swirling it thither.  
Night descends!  
That pitlike vault beyond contains the harbor!  
Lo, in this holy instant  
The craft makes sure-tilted on.

So, in this last lap of laggard coursing,  
Doth life battle the waves in a chaos of darkness,  
Prow tilted, mast bowed, riding—where?

## THE UNIVERSAL SINGING

Today I heard a harp mourn  
Beneath the hand of one who stroked.  
Strange, but the echo laughed!  
How might I know then  
Whether the harp mourned or joyed?

Today I heard a lute  
With its sorrow-dripping notes,  
Tearing at the garment of my sorrow.  
Today I harked unto a thousand musics,  
Each a part of that great mass  
The earth whirs etherward.  
Is this song which rests up the harp  
But an echo from afar, fallen down  
And rested there?

What is a song? An echo lodged?  
Some old, old love left burning,  
Which has found a tabernacle?  
Some limpid sorrow wailing, found utterance  
Anew twixt the parted lips of a troubadour?  
Oh, this is fitting!—There is no new, new song!  
Today but catcheth the echoes of yesterday,  
And plays in childish wonderment  
With their cadence.

## THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

Sing, sing, oh sea!  
Sing thy hush-song to the shores.  
Sing, sing, sing, oh sea  
Lift thy waves as emerald tongues,  
Singing golden songs beneath the sun!  
Sing, sing, sing, oh sea!  
Make thy great throat speak  
Thy heavy bosom's utterance!

Sing, sing, sing, oh sea!  
Thy shores embrace thee,  
Listening, listening, listening,  
Through ages they have listened,  
Growing older and more gaunt;  
And thy singing doth rebuild  
Their shrunken forms anew.  
Each tide deposits new beauty;  
Rifts of coral, silver, slipping sands  
Bejewelled of roseate shells,  
Each holding a new song  
Which thy unloosing brought forth—  
Little dead echoes, hidden like prisoners  
Within the pits of empty shells.

Sing, sing the ghosts of songs!  
Songs, which ancient mariners sung;  
Songs of mermaids wasted long,  
And hanging there like seaweed on the rifts  
Along thy craggy shore—  
Songs the hopeful fishers sang;  
Yea, songs of despair which left dead lips  
When thy arms encircled them.  
Sing, sing, sing, oh sea!

Sing on, for thy tongue is the tongue of ages,  
Wagging, wagging, wagging wisdom;  
Wisdom which is washed within thy waters,  
And aged through time.  
Sing, sing, oh sea, for thy shores are listening!

### PHANTOMS OF THE COOL SANDS

When the sands grow cool, and the lazy tide  
Swings heavy 'gainst the shore,  
Leaning its waves in languorous ease  
To the curve of the white shore line; reaching  
Its graceful arms out upon the land,  
Twining them about the shoals,  
Sending young waves that tire upon the way,  
Falling back in a lopping spray;  
Then would I sit with mine eyes a-strain  
Across the pulsing breast of the sea,  
Watching the ships like lilies lain to deck her in  
Her rest; and the gulls to sail in voiceless whorls  
Unto the crags and shore-caved ways.

Waiting the night, I'd sit and watch for the moon  
To climb the way from the waters deep,  
Dripping the sky with gold,  
Bringing up from the deeps the buried past—  
Rich in dreams, though beggared old!  
I'd see the galley's painted barge,  
Hear the splash of the oars, feel  
The cut of the irons and the aches of the backs,  
And the tireless agony.

Then I'd see some Norseman's prow,  
Aflame and wrapped in smoke,  
And lilled o'er with the pyre all draped,  
And the flames licking their way across.  
Then the hulk of some prowler seeking lands,  
Bladed and booted high, with a pirate's flag  
And a tasselled cap, and I'd swear and damn the  
Till the moon went white with fear!

I'd see the fishers line their boats  
And set their nets a-free—  
Singing their bellies up with song!  
And winding the nets back in.

Oh, all of this would I see,  
When the moon had dipped the depths,  
And climbed the sky from the sea's bowl deep,  
Streaming the way with gold.

## DOUBT

Like to a thief who wrappeth him  
Within the night-tide's robe,  
So standeth the specter o' the Earth;  
Yea, he doth robe him o' the Earth's fair store.  
Yea, he decketh in  
The star-hung purple o' the eve,  
And reacheth from out the night unto the morn,  
And wringeth from her waking all her gold;  
And at his touching, lo, the stars are dust,  
And mom's gold but heat's glow, and ne'er  
The golden blush of His own metal store.  
Yea, he strideth then upon  
The flower-hung couches of the field,  
And traileth him thereon his robe,  
And lo, the flowers do die of thirst,  
And parch of scorching of his breath.  
Yea, and 'mid the musics of the earth  
He strideth him, and full-songed throats are mute.  
Yea, music dieth of his luring glance.  
And e'en the love of earth he seeketh out,  
And turneth it unto a folly play.  
Yea, beneath his glance, the fairy frost  
Upon the love-sprite's wing,  
Doth flutter as a dust, and drop, and leave  
But bruised and broken bearers for His store.  
Yea, and 'mid man's day he ever strideth him,  
And layeth low man's reasoning.  
His robes are hung of all the earth's most loved.  
From off the flowers their fresh;  
From off the day the fairness of her hours.  
For dark, and hid beneath his cloak,  
He steppeth ever and doth hiss  
His name to the Doubt.

## THE PHANTOM AND THE DREAMER

Phantom:

Thick stands the hill in garb of fir,  
And winter-stripped the branching shrub.  
Cold grey the sky, and glistered o'er  
With star-dust pulsing tremorously.

Snow, the lady of the Winter Knight,  
Hath danced her weary and fallen to her rest.  
She lieth stretched in purity  
And dimpled 'neath the trees.  
A trackless waste doth lie from hill  
To valley 'neath, and Winter's Knight  
Doth sing a wooing lay unto his love.

Cot on cot doth stand deserted,  
And thro' the purpled dark they show  
Like phanoms of a life long passed  
To nothingness. Hear thou the hollowness  
Of the sea's coughing beat against  
The cliff beneath, and harken ye  
To the silence of the valley there.  
Doth chafe ye of thy loneliness?  
Then sleep and let me put a dream to thee.

See ye the cot—  
A speck o' dark adown the hillside,  
And sheltered o'er with fir-boughs,  
Heavy-laden with the kiss of Lady Snow?  
Come hither then, let's bruise this snowy breast,  
And fetch us there unto its door.

See! Here a twig  
Hath battled, with the wind, and lost;  
We then may cast it 'mid its brothers of  
The bush and plow us on.  
Look ye to the thick thatch  
O'er the gable of the roof,  
Piled higher with a blanketing of snow;  
And shutters hang agape,  
To rattle like the cackle of a crone.  
The blackness of a pit within,  
,And filled with sounds, that tho' they be  
But seasoning of the log, doth freeze  
Thy marrowmeat. I feel the quake  
And shake thee for thy fear.

Stride thou within and set a flint to brush  
Within the chimney-place; we then shall rouse  
The memory of the tenant here—  
,A night, my friend, thee'lt often call to mind.  
.The flame hath sprung and lappeth at the twigs.  
Thee'lt watch the burning of thy hastiness,  
And wait thee long,  
Until the embers slip away to smoke.  
Then strain ye to its weaving,  
And spell to me the reading of its folds.

Dreamer:

I see thin, threading lines that writhe them  
To a shape—a visage ever changeful,  
Or mine eyes do play me false,  
For it doth smile to twist it to a leer,  
And sadden but to laugh in mockery.

I see a lad whose face  
Doth shine illumed, and he doth bear  
The kiss of wisdom on his brow.  
I see him travail 'neath a weary load,  
And close beside him Wisdom follows on.  
Burdened not is he. Do I see aright?  
For still the light of wisdom shineth o'er.  
But stay! What! Do mine eyes then cheat?—  
This twisting smoke-wreath  
Filleth all too much my sight!

Phantom:

Nay, friend, strain thee now anew.  
The lad! Now canst thou see?  
Nay, for like to him  
Thou hast looked thee at the face of Doubt!

Dreamer:

Who art thou, shape or phantom, then,  
That thou canst set my dream to flight?  
I doubt me that the lad could stand  
Beneath the load!

Phantom:

Nay, thee canst ravel well, my friend.  
The lad was thee, and Doubt  
O'ertook with Wisdom on thy way.  
Come, bury Doubt aneath the ash.—  
We travel us anew.  
Seest thou, a rimming moon doth show  
From 'neath the world's beshadowed side.

A night bird chatteth to its mate,  
And lazily the fir-boughs wave.  
We track us to the cot whose roof  
Doth sag—and why thy shambling tread?  
I bid ye on!

Dreamer:

Who art thou—again I that demand—  
That I shall follow at thy bidding?  
Who set me then this task?

Phantom:

Step thou within!  
Stand thee on the thresh of this roofless void!  
Look thou! Dost see the maid  
Who coyly stretcheth forth her hand  
To welcome thee? She biddeth thee  
To sit and sup. I bid thee speak!  
Awaken thee unto her welcoming!

Dreamer:

Enough! This fancy-breeding sickeneth  
My very soul! A skeleton of murdered trees,  
Ribbed with pine and shanked of birch!  
And thee wouldst bid me then  
Embrace the emptiness.  
I see naught, and believe but what I see.

Phantom:

Look thou again, and strain.  
What seest thou?

Dreamer:

I see a newly kindled fire,  
And watch its burning glow until  
The embers die and send their ghosts aloft.  
But ash remaineth—and I chill!  
For rising there, a shape  
Whose visage twisteth drunkenly,  
And from her garments falls a dust of ash.

Phantom:

Doubt! Unburied, friend! We journey on,  
And mark ye well each plodding footfall  
Singing like to golden metal with the frost.  
The night a scroll of white, and lined  
With blackish script—  
The lines of His own putting!  
Read thee there! Thou seest naught,  
And believe but what ye see!  
Stark nakedness and waste—but hearken ye!  
The frost skirt traileth o'er the crusted snow  
And singeth young leaves songs of Spring.  
Still art thou blind!  
But at His touching shall the darkness bud  
And bloom to rosy mom. And even now,  
Were I to snap a twig 'twould bleed and die.  
See ye; 'tis done! Look ye!  
Ye believe but what ye see:  
Here within thy very hand  
Thou holdest Doubt's undoing.  
I bid ye look upon the bud  
Already gathered 'neath the tender bark.

The sun's set and rise hath coaxed it forth.  
Thee canst see the rogue hath stolen red  
And put it to its heart. And here  
Aneath the snow the grass doth love the earth  
And nestles to her breast.  
I stand me here, and lo, the Spring hath broke!  
The dark doth slip away to hide,  
And flowering, singing, sighing, loving Spring  
Is here!

Dreamer:

Aye, thou art indeed  
A wonder-worker in the night!  
A black pall, a freezing blast,  
An unbroken path—and thou  
Wouldst have me then to prate o' Spring,  
And pluck a bud where dark doth hide the bush  
Who cometh from the thicket higher there?

Phantom:

'Tis Doubt to meet thee, friend!

Dreamer:

Who art thou? I fain would flee,  
And yet I fear to leave lest I be lost.  
I hate thee and thy weary task!

Phantom:

Nay, brother, thy lips do spell,  
But couldst thee read their words aright—  
Thee wouldst meet again with Doubt.

Come! We journey on unto the cot  
Beloved the most by me. I bid thee  
Let thy heart to warm within thy breast.  
A thawing melteth frozen Hope.  
See how, below, the sea hath veiled  
Her secret held so close,  
And murmured only to the winds  
Who woo her ever and anon.  
The waves do lap them hungry for the sands.  
Careful! Lest the sun's pale rise  
Should blind thee with its light.  
A shaft to put it through  
The darkness of thy soul must needs  
But be a glimmering to blind.  
Step ye to the hearthstone then,  
And set thee there a flame anew.  
I bid ye read again  
The folding of the smoke.

Dreamer:

'Tis done, thou fiend!  
A pretty play for fools, indeed.  
I swear me that 'tis not  
For loving of the task I builded it,  
But for the warming of its glow.

Phantom:

In truth ye speak. But read!

Dreamer:

I see a hag whose brow  
Doth wrinkle like a summer sea.

For do I look unto the sea  
At Beauty's own fair form,  
It writheth to a twisted shape,  
And I do doubt me of her loveliness.  
The haggard visage of the crone  
I now behold, doth set me doubting  
Of mine eye, for dimples seem  
'to flutter 'neath the wrinkled cheek.

Phantom:

So, then, thee believest  
But what thine eyes behold!  
Thee findest then  
Thy seeing in a sorry plight!  
I marvel at thy wisdom, lad.  
Look ye anew. Mayhap thee then  
Canst coax the crone away.

Dreamer:

Enough! The morn hath kissed the night adieu,  
And even while I prate—  
A redwing crimsoneth the snow in flight.  
Kindled tinder smoldereth away,  
And I do strain me to its fold.  
I glut me of the loveliness I there behold,  
For from the writhing stream a sprite is born  
Whose beauteous form bedazzles me,  
And she doth point me  
To the golding gray of morn. The sea  
Is singing, singing her unto my soul.  
I dreamed she sighed, but waked to hear her sing.

I hear thee, Phantom, bidding me on, on!  
But mom hath stolen dreams away.  
I strain me to the hills to trace our path,  
And lo, unbroken is the snow,  
And cots have melted with the light,  
And yet, methinks a murmuring doth come  
From out the echoes of the night,  
That hid them 'neath the crannies of the hills.  
Life! Life! I lead thee on!  
And faith doth spring from seedlings of thy doubt!

### Epilogue

Thick stands the hill in garb of fir and snow.  
The Lady of the Winter's Knight hath danced  
Her weary, and stretched her in her purity,  
To cover aching wounds of Winter's overloving woo.

## THE ANCIENT PHARISEE

What will the new day find  
That comes some ages hence?  
Undecipherable scripts!  
That were the scribing of thy hand;  
Wisdoms that are rusted with age—  
Yet glinting with smug sureness.

"Untutored being of the Past,"  
That day their lips shall speak, "What!  
'In that dread day of dark unenlightenment,  
Thou e'en didst sup some potent potion,  
Which distilled within thy soul such wisdom?  
Clothed most ungainly didst thou stalk  
Strange days tortured with complications,  
Where nay meant naught save yea,  
And yea meant surely nay! Where striving souls  
Betuned their lays of base materials—  
Making much of Pot and Potter, less of wine;  
Where fat words reclined upon a couch  
Of little meaning; and heraldry, forsooth!  
Forgot its valor choosing rather to discourse  
In lengthy prelude o'er a statement, that  
A fool might make in simpering words of three I"

"Poor spirit, thus beclouded! Doomed to rove  
The ages past; the lancet of thy wisdom  
Would ope not e'en a festered folly!"  
And when with tutored eye they shall behold  
The paeans of the mighty, souls that sang  
Within thy day—"Oh, woeful, wrangling word!"  
Their lips shall speak, and they shall fall  
To casting letters to the sky,  
And let them make their musics at their will!—  
This is thy doom, oh brother of Today!  
Take heed!

## THE HASTENING EARTH

What is this urge, this hastening,  
This lashing something which besets all creation?  
I watch the moving clouds making their way  
In haste across the summer sky,  
Making away, away! To where, where?

I beheld a thrush burst forth from the hedgerow,  
Carrolling, carrolling, letting free its song,  
Making away, surely, surely. To where, where?

I saw the moon coming up over the somber eve,  
Hastening, hastening through the fleecy clouds,  
Urging them to make a free path for her tread;  
Unto where, where?

I saw the sun press his golden lips  
Upon the wood's flanks, and they  
Flushed scarlet at his wooing.  
But he, hastened up, up, up!  
Unto the zenith but for one precious moment,  
Then hastened downward—unto where, where?

And the summer! I saw her bind  
Poppies within her golden locks,  
And veil her blue eyes with the lace of cloudlets.  
I saw her laugh upon the fields,  
But for a little season, and, leaving,  
The fields were haunted things, while she  
Hastened, hastened on—to where, where?

Oh, the Spring was fretful, yea, weeping;  
But the moon, and the stars, and the sun,  
Wooing her, caused her to smile  
But for that rare hour, then wane,

Leaving her gentle footfall but in the echoes,  
As she hastened on—to where, where?

Oh, I am consumed with the urge!  
What is this thing which beckons then?  
I, too, feel that mystic touch upon me,  
And I gird the loins of my spirit,  
And make me ready for this journey—  
Unto where, where?

### THE SPHINX

Behold, with empty sockets  
Staring o'er the desert's way;  
Mutely countenancing the tragedies  
Of ages; crawled o'er as by gnats,  
By tribes that in puny wonder  
Seek to undo her silence;  
Contemplating the onrush of Time  
With the same stolidity the past  
Hath met; with deaf ears turned  
Unto the shrieks of tyranny,  
And with unseeing eyes beholding  
The sacrifices of construction;  
Beholding with unfeeling sternness  
The impunity of man's supplications;  
Yet keeping faith with the ages that have passed,  
And pledging faith in them to come.

## AT THE TOMB OF RAMESES

Behold mould, that substance,  
Which is the blossom of time,  
That inheritance, that surety,  
Which all men become heir unto.

Behold mould, a whit o' dust  
Filtering through the centuries,  
Yea, becoming a part of the instants.  
Yesterday in action, proud, cloaked  
In a valor, yea, surged by a mighty wine,  
Which giveth rise unto action. Yesterday,  
Giving utterance to creation in action.  
Yesterday, a part of the grinding universe,  
Yesterday in purple. Yesterday casketed  
In beauteous substance, and Tomorrow—dust!

Mould! Pregnant mould! tuned with  
All emotion since the first day's instants  
Writ their scribe upon the page of time.  
Quivering with the emotion of ages!—  
Dispersed tomorrow; freed to become  
A part of the airs. Mayhap—  
But dancing motes within a sun's ray.  
Yet in some other morrow, eons hence  
Assembled, yet enriched  
With the inheritance of time—  
Sweet with the valors, the loves, the emotions,  
The hungers, the convictions—  
Requicken'd unto being.

Yea at some holy morn,  
Aside a grey-skirted roadway,  
Where the sun scarce lifts his head  
From the hill's brow,

A beggar may lean upon a staff,  
And his substance be mould of the Kingly One,  
Who mutely lies low in his valorous dreams—  
While the ages roll.

### MOTHER EARTH

Earth, thou ancient cradle, rocking Creation!  
Earth, old mother of man, man whose lips  
Have pressed thy breast since Time.  
Earth, reproachless, ope-armed mother!  
Upon whose breast man hath laid his sorrow  
And his joy, forever, aye, and aye.

Earth, the birth-bed of his hopes,  
And the grave of his desires.  
Earth, for man's derilement giving silence,  
Earth, for his exultation  
Offering still another sup!  
Earth, pledge-keeper with God in his silence.  
What a puny thing is man to thank!

## THE GREATEST JEST

That the mountains are hap-hazard strewn;  
That the valleys sink but by a whim;  
That the songs of all the birds are  
But drivel from the chaos of Eternity;  
That the stuff which flows through the veins  
Of man, through the very arteries of his soul,  
Is but a false dream, a punt essence,  
Meaning nothing, apprehensive but unconvincing;  
That man struts the hours, mere atoms of  
The planets—hung together by desire,  
Urged with no import other than that he  
Express himself; that the years are nothing;  
That the hours are lies, and the moments  
Are forgotten, and that consequently,  
Time is naught; that these whirling,  
That write their orbits 'bout, write nothing;  
And that the sun is but imagination  
Fretted with a fever; that the moon  
Is a reflection of the jest—nothing,  
A great hope, through which  
The white emptiness of eternity flickers!  
That God is that tongueless,  
All-enveloping silence,  
Soft and velvety in its voluptuousness,  
Acknowledged only in man's fearing, denied,  
Yet acknowledged in the fact of fearing!  
This is the greatest jest of all—  
The jestful day of man!

## THE HELPLESS POT

Oh, gently, brother, gently!  
I am a pot upon the shelf,  
And thou art passing.  
Gently, brother, gently! Brush me not.  
Oh, if thou art dry as dust, be on!  
Let not thy atoms fall upon me.  
If thou art consumed with fire,  
Pass on. Let not thy fire  
Lay its searing touch upon me.

Oh, gently, brother, gently.  
I am a pot upon the shelf,  
And thou art the waresman.  
Handle not my clay with light  
Consideration. Remember that I  
Am but a vessel within thy hands.  
If thy wine is bitter, then must I drink it.  
Think, brother, of thy advantage!  
Oh, I am a pot upon the shelf.—  
Consider this!

## WE TOGETHER

We together, and the night  
And the winds and the wraths.  
We together, and I calling thee;  
And thy answer. Then the morning,  
And the pale grey, and the sun's kiss;  
And we together! And the noon coming,  
When I may see thy face  
Fairer, clearer beneath the sun.

We together, and the sun  
O'erhanging us. And the evening comes  
And the cool paths, and the haunting moon,  
Which lays her loving hands  
Upon thy beloved cheek caressingly,  
Blotting out the strife writ upon it.  
Letting me behold thee  
Beneath her witchery unchanged.

And the night comes and darkness;  
But I remember the morning,  
And I lay my lips to thine and say:  
"We together!"

## BAIRN O' MY HEART

Bairn o' my heart, art lonely?  
Weary and wonder-eyed at the day?  
Bairn o' my heart, art lonely?  
Soulworn and tired o' play?  
What though the morning seems fearful;  
What though the twilight be grey?  
Bairn o' my heart, art weary?  
Lay doon thy head upon me.

I would sing o' the sea, o' the morning,  
O' the lark, o' the sun, o' the lea.  
I would sing such a fanciful singing,  
Bairn o' my heart, for thee!  
Bairn o' my heart, art weary,  
And tears bedimmin' thine e'e.  
Bairn o' my heart, art weary?  
Then lay doon thy head upon me.

## MAGIC WORDS

I am amused. I sit plying words,  
Such cunning little puppets!  
Think of "it." Ye may set "it"  
Beside a noble and make of him a clod.  
Yea, and "that," set at a proper angle  
And rightly directed, is irony,  
Or maketh revilement. "If" is a little  
Swinging boat that never harbors.  
"Was" is a part of Eternity,  
Since it hath no part with today.  
"See," is a command which is scarce  
E'er followed—for few men see!  
"Have," is an invitation, and needeth  
No second offering. "Of," is a declaimer  
Of kinship, and should be used  
With discretion. "I," is the most abused word  
Of the whole inhuman lot!  
"You," is uttered like a song, in every key,  
And carrieth the tone of its utterer.  
The lover panteth "you"! And the finger  
Of justice shaketh and pointeth it.  
"We," is a communion. A strange mixture.  
Think of it. Here "We" be!

## AMERICA

Loosed as a gull from the East, which seems  
To spring from the sun's disk scarlet gleaming!  
Loosed as a gull from the East, which seems  
To rise from the fleece of the early clouds!  
Loosed as a gull from the East, swinging  
The arched dome which bends celestial blue—  
Its lips the rims of heaven—cometh she!

Born in a moment of exultation from  
A purged soul who dropped its fetters,  
Flinging the cry of victory forth!  
Begot in the Union of Faith and Hope!

## CONSOLATION

## I AM BESIDE THEE

Touch me, mine ain!  
Touch me with a hand of loving.  
Let thy flesh bespeak me thy companionship.  
Behold, I am before thee in a garment of words,  
As truly created as thou with thy reason.  
I war, meeting thy blade of wit with like blade;  
Weighting thy argument with mine;  
Becoming a part of thy day;  
Sharing alike thy sorrows and thy joys;  
By my utterance acclaiming my kinship with thee,  
And my heirship to all thy inheritance.

What is the kingdom we inherit?  
Light and darkness, hate and love.  
All things are either a part of love or of hate.  
With hate thou mayst toy for a space,  
Letting it be within thy hand  
A plaything which thou mayst fondle.  
But there shall come a day,  
When thou shalt be weary of the bauble,  
Leaving it upon the shore of the day,  
While thou shalt make communion with the  
Heavier element of our inheritance—Love!  
For hate is but an atom of earth,  
And no part of eternity.  
I, who am but a part of thy day,  
Acclaim through my word, kin with thee  
Inherent with thy lot.  
I am not flesh, yet have spoken! Deny me!

## THE MESSAGE

Oh, my love, my sweet, thou my companion!  
Let me touch thee. I would not know thy face,  
But the surety of thy touch.  
I am come as thy sister,  
I would offer thee of mine.

Hast thou sorrow? Then look, this is my cup.  
I have drunk it; it was bitter.  
But give me of thy wine. I would know it.  
Is thy heart sore? I would look upon it.  
See, here is mine. I shall ope my bosom  
And let thee behold it, bleeding.  
Touch it, oh my sister,  
And staunch the flow of anguish.  
Let me lay my hands upon thy wounds,  
For we two have bowed  
Beneath the yoke together.

I have a message, a word, a pledge.  
It is no mystery. All men might know it.  
It is a common thing constructed of wood.  
It stood upon Calvary. But behold its shadow—  
Its cooling, restful shade for all men.

## HEART OF MINE

Heart of mine, bruised as a bird  
In a wicker, beating that it free!  
Heart of mine! Heart of mine!  
I would soothe thee. I would sing such lays,  
That thy throat would ache to sing!  
Heart of mine; thou wouldst list, and listening,  
Be enticed to sing with me.  
I would show such fields, such greened fields,  
So daisy-strewn, so poppy-flashed,  
That thou wouldst dream within thy prison place,  
And dreaming, flee.

I would lay such soothing hands upon thee,  
Heart of mine, play upon thy chords  
Such melody, that he who would  
With rude acclaim to stop thy song,  
Shall lose, and thou shalt sleep  
Securely with the crooning of my lay.

Heart of mine! Heart of mine!  
If thou shouldst bleed,  
I would hold my hands beneath the drops,  
Making a cup of them, that I might catch  
The precious stuffs, heart of mine!  
Heart of mine! I then would lift them up—  
A sacrifice to Him!

## THE GARDEN OF YOUTH

From the depths of a garden,  
Where scents of heliotrope linger,  
And little golden-dusted blossoms nod,  
Where the shadows write  
Their merriment upon the flags,  
And the vine-garlands wave their clinging arms;  
Ah, from the pit of such a garden  
I would draw new strength. I would  
Lay by the soiled garment of the day.

I would become new, young; mine eyes  
Darkly proclaiming their emptiness;  
And I, a little child, would stand  
Within the garden's pit,  
Letting the words of God's wisdom  
Whisper from the tips of the flower's tongues,  
And I, listening, would no wiser be;  
But new dreams of stuff most tenuous would  
Have flowed, like a phantom pageantry into me;  
And I, looking with my night-dark eyes  
Upon the sun, lingering in the deep sky,  
Would speak no word of reproaching for  
The speeding time; for I, youthed, yea, youthed,  
Would know the wisdom of waiting! And tomorrow?  
Oh tomorrow! Why, tomorrow is eons hence!  
And yesterday? Oh yesterday!  
I lost her completely. But today is here  
In the garden, and the pit of its sweetness,  
And the words I have yet to learn.

Keep me, Oh God, thus!  
Let not Tomorrow trouble,  
Nor Yesterday cast its shadow.  
Keep me within the garden's pit of my soul,  
Shut from the day's contamination—  
A little child with much to learn.

## I HAVE BEHELD THY CONSTERNATION

Today, beloved, I have beheld  
Thy Consternation. I have watched  
Thy child-gaze as it raised  
From the fragments of thy beloved toy.  
I have watched the agony of thy empty hands,  
And known the ache within thy empty heart;  
For the stones of the day have dashed  
Thy most precious treasure. Oh beloved!  
Hast thou looked unto the sky?  
Hast thou seen the threading circlet moon?  
And the promise-star? Hast thou,  
Oh my beloved? Then let me pledge to thee,  
That in the witchery of God's magic  
Thy beloved treasure shall be assembled,  
And thou shalt play upon the sands of Eternity;  
With renewed faith picking up  
The breaked things, and weeping, that thou  
Didst e'en doubt the fidelity of atoms.  
Today, beloved, take my hand, and we shall  
Labour together, making the fragments whole.

## WASTED TREASURES

Oh, I once had a smile, and it flickered  
And flashed o'er my shadowy way.  
But I needed it not, and I cast it a-free,  
That it seek on a path of its choosing.

Oh, I once had a song, and it throbbed,  
And it burned, and mounted and sunk in its joy;  
But I needed it not, and I cast it  
To seek on its choosing away.

Oh, I once had a love, and it clung me,  
And wrapped me and fondled me o'er;  
But I needed it not, and I cast it  
With folly-tipped fingers away.

Oh, I once had a joy, and it thrilled me.  
It set my dead heart atune;  
And it bounded, and danced like a tempest of smiles.  
But I needed it not, and cast it  
Like chaff to my folly-some path.

Oh, the treasure life's purse had allotted,  
I spended them all freesome, nor caring  
For woe, nor loneliness—Sorrow's own brother,  
That soft footed my pathway unknown.

And I found that the purse was all empty,  
Spent was the store; and I turned back the path  
To pluck up again what I'd cast—  
The broken, the woeful and sad.

I found there my smile, all trodden,  
The crown on a felled daisy's head;  
And my joy? Why the brook it had stole it!  
And my love had gone down the way.

Ah then, I shall gather my spending  
Of broken dear treasures again,  
And weave me a new day of gladness—  
All of breaked folly-casting of youth.

### HOW SHALL I DIE?

How shall I die?  
Shall I lay me down upon a rosed couch—  
Sipping cool waters, and languorously die?  
Shall I do some mighty deed!  
Split ope my throat to sing beyond my brothers?  
Plunge my blade within a bath of blood  
To write my name in scarlet  
On the script of time? How shall I die?  
Shall I meet Death, and embrace her while sleeping,  
Believing her my love, never knowing,  
That the hour for the Great Encounter hath come?  
How shall I die?  
A hero, leaving Earth to shout my plaudits?

Or shall I know the morning,  
That bringeth forth my bride Death  
In her white robes, smiling,  
And pointing not unto some darksome way,  
But unto my Kingdom?  
Shall I then kiss my blade and follow her—  
New days to conquer?—God grant it!

## THE PHANTOM'S TOUCH

I recall a touch, which frequently fell upon me,  
A chilling touch as though the shroud  
Of Eternity had swept me.  
Well I remember the awesome shrinking  
Which beset me amid the sun-swept day.  
With life about me, Death whispered,  
And reminded me that he held me  
To a sworn appointment!

How busily I employed me!  
Living, making my hands lay hold of things,  
Speaking loud, that I might hear my own  
Comforting voice, feeling as though the earth,  
And that Silence beyond had left me,  
And that I had suddenly grown  
To an enormous size, then shrunk to an atom.  
I would not look upon this appointment,  
Nor recall its mark upon my days.  
Rather would I play with my hours,  
As one plays with pence within one's pocket,  
Comfortingly, afraid to count them;  
Reassuringly taking note  
That there still remained a goodly handful!

Oh, well I recall that chilling touch,  
And laugh now, little noting the rent  
Within my pocket, and that the day's pence  
Slip through! For Death and I have become  
Companionable. The awesome silence  
Has given place to a phantomless land,  
Peopled, not by ceremonious prayersters,  
But by me and my brothers!  
I have let my hand free—  
And the pence are slipping—and I laugh!

## AH, EMPTIED HEART!

Ah, emptied heart! The weary o' the path!  
How would I to fill ye up o' love!  
I'd tear this lute, that it might whir  
A song that soothed thy lone, awearied path.  
I'd steal the sun's pale gold,  
And e'en the silvered even's ray,  
To treasure them within this song  
That it be rich for thee.  
From out the wastes o' earth I'd seek  
And catch the woe-tears shed,  
That I might drink them from the cup  
And fill it up with loving.  
From out the hearts afulled o' love  
Would I to steal the o'er-drip  
And pack the emptied hearts of earth.  
The bread o' love would I to cast  
Unto thy bywayed path, and pluck me from  
The thorned bush that traileth o'er  
The stepping-place, the thorn, that brothers  
O' the flesh o' me might step 'pon path aleared.  
Yea, I'd coax the songsters o' the earth  
To carol thee upon thy ways,  
And fill ye up o' love, and love, and love.

## MY DULL BROTHER

You, my brother, you, whose dull eyes  
Look forth unto dull days, whose hours make progress  
Like unto a procession of cowed monks,  
Never lifting their heads, nor letting thee behold  
What lieth beneath the cowls:

Thou, my brother, whose lips are thin from pressing,  
Whose laugh is a thin blade, a cutting thing,  
Which, when fallen, ringeth not:

Thou, my brother, whose hands ceaselessly toil,  
In labour which has no recompense—  
Save the drop, drop, drop of water—  
Slowly dropping, not enough to quench thy thirst,  
But to tantalize thee:

Thou, my brother, whose feet tread a dumb path,  
One, whose border hath not e'en  
A friendly blossom, but whose way  
Is dust-fogged, grimed and stoned:

Thou, my brother, upon thy way, uncomplaining  
At the labour of day, with no question,  
Mutely making the task finished,  
While the day complacently sits upon her throne,  
Aloofly smiling: I would address thee.

I would say: "Come, fellow, I drink from out thy heart  
A wholesome draught! Come, fellow, let my hand,  
Rest within thy begrimed palm!  
Let me behold thy dull eyes!  
I would laugh them full of life.

I would follow thy dull path with jest,  
And make thee my comrade.

For I am sick of the wise, who mouth,  
And would consort with the unwise, who labour.  
Thus would I tip my beam.

### I'D SING

I'd sing. Wearied word adropped  
By weary ones, and broken mold  
Afashioned out by wearied hands;

A falter-song sung through tears o' wearied one;

A fancied put o' earth's fair scene,  
Afallen at awry o' weariness.  
Love's task unfinished, aye,  
O'ertaken by sore weariness—  
O' thee Id sing.  
Aye, and put me such an songed-note,  
That earth, aye, and heaven should hear!  
And thou, aye all o' ye, the soul-songs  
O' my brothers, be afinished  
At the closing o' my song.

Aye, and wearied, aye, and wearied, Id sing  
I'd sing for them, the loved o' Him,  
And brothers o' thee and me. Amen.

## BROTHER, WEARY O' THE PLOD

Brother, weary o' the plod,  
Art sorried sore o' waiting?  
Brother, bowed aneath the pack o' Earth,  
Art seeking o' the path  
That ledest thee unto new fields  
O' green, and breeze-kissed airs?  
Art bowed and bent o' weight o' sorry?  
Art weary, weary, sore?  
Then come and hark unto this song o' Him.

Hast thou atrodde 'pon the Earth,  
And worn the paths o' folly  
Till thou art foot-sore?  
And hast the day grinned back to thee,  
A folly-mask adown thy path,  
That layeth far behind thee:  
Thy heart, my brother, hast thou then  
Alost it 'pon the path?  
And filled thee up o' word and tung  
O' follysingers long the way?

Ah, weary me, ah, weary me!  
Come thou unto this breast.  
For though thou hast suffered o' the Earth,  
And though thy robe be stained  
O' travel o'er the stony way,  
And though thy lips deny thy heart,  
Come thou unto this breast, the breast o' Him.  
For He knoweth not the stain.  
Aye, and the land o' Him doth know  
No stranger 'mid its hosts.  
Ayea, and though thou comest mute,

This silence speaketh then to Him,  
And He doth hold Him ope His arms.

So come thou brother, weary one, to Him,  
For 'tis but Earth and men who ask thee WHY.

### THE FLOWER OF SORROW

If my sorrow wert a flower  
Growing upon a swinging bough,  
I wonder would I pluck it? Oh, I wonder!  
Yet, what more is sorrow? Behold,  
A bloom is naught save the gracing of an hour,  
And plucked—decays, yet out from a thousand  
Throats have poured a record of its sweetness.  
Secure in a thousand shadows stands record  
Of its being. Even it hath become a part  
Of every man's soul that hath passed.

What more is sorrow? but the withered blossom of  
My hope, decayed, ashen brown,  
A little whit of smouldering dust,  
Aloes to me; to thee a haunting scent,  
Which brings a thousand recollections, mayhap.

## WAIT A LITTLE WHILE

Wait yet a little while,  
And sorrows shall find a shadow.  
Wait yet a little while,  
And the grey cloud shall rift.  
Wait yet a little while,  
And the little bird shall flee  
The grey-wrapped nest, finding the sun  
And the newer fields afar.

Wait yet a little while, oh my heart!  
List not unto the day's mourning.  
Make thy song new of faith.  
Cast thy tattered robe of woe,  
And wait yet a little while.

## HE IS THE SUN

Oh, my love, is the day dark?  
Behold then, He is the sun.  
Is thy day o'er bright?  
Behold then, He is the shadow.  
Look unto the sky, the face of God.  
The secret of the Universe  
Is written there. Read!  
Remember thee, remember the folly  
Of o'ermuch wisdom. Remember,  
Even wisdom is outdone by love!

## THE WELL OF SORROW

There is a well at the roadside of life,  
A deep, deep well, whose water is soft.  
And man passeth upon  
The dusty roadway singing.  
Youth in gay array, yea, and age  
Still in gay raiment masquerading!

There is a well at the roadside of life;  
And men are thirsty, and they come  
With their empty hearts like rusted cups,  
Pleading for a quaff.

And behold, beside the well is one  
Who smiles, and brings forth the water, pouring  
With gentle hand unto the proffered cups,  
And they drink and go forth weeping,  
And call the water bitter!

Yet the one beside the well, smiles,  
And watches man as he proceeds,  
And whispers: "Drink. Drink, for in the drinking  
Art thou become deep";  
For no mail's thirst may e'er be quenched  
To his heart's satisfaction, save that he sup—  
Of the waters of the well of Sorrow!

## COMPENSATION

No Spring is there who suffers not  
The lightning and the storm.  
No garden spot which hath not trembled  
'Neath the wind and felt  
The crushing tumult of the rain.  
No Summer day but that the sun's  
Most fiery ray hath scorched  
And angerous storm arisen;  
No Winter's tide, but that the angered blast  
Hath whipped its tattered robe.

Ne'er wert there love a-born,  
Save that sorrow led it earthward  
And remained its guardian.  
For every love doth measure every sorrow,  
And every sorrow measure every love!  
Supernal happiness is naught  
But that sweet amalgamation—  
Where sorrow merges love,  
And love doth merge in sorrow.  
Forgetting and forgot, forgotten and forgetting!  
Yea, and that sweet recompense—  
Remembrance unalloyed!

## MY SISTER

I have bent down to Sorrow.  
I have found her kneeling beside me.  
I could not rebuke her.  
Her eyes were heavy and her lips were slow.  
Yet in the sorrow of her eyes I beheld mercy,  
And in the slowness of her smile I understood.  
I knew she would ne'er betray me.

I bent down to Sorrow, who knelt beside me,  
And I found her not repellent,  
Rather longing to rest upon my breast.  
She hath become a sweet sister,  
And I no longer fear her.  
I have taught her to smile!  
I have showed her how to light her eyes!

## WHAT CAREST, DEAR

What carest, dear, should sorrow trace  
Where dimples sat, and should  
Her dove-grey cloud to settle 'neath thine eye?  
The withering of thy curving cheek  
Bespeaks the spending of thy heart.  
Lips once full are bruised  
By biting of restraint. Wax wiser, dear!  
To wane is but to rest and rise once more.

## THE CLEARED PATH

Mine eyes are not afraid.  
I have lifted them unto heaven,  
And the light was mild,  
Aye, and comfort-dealing!

I, no longer with that chaotic  
Wonderment, walk the pathway.  
To me, earth is removed,  
And the heavens become companionable.  
No longer is it true, that the earth is  
Companionable and the heavens removed!  
With a noble sureness is my soul vested.  
With a fearful faith I walk no longer.

What gladness I shall sing  
In accord with the day!  
All men upon my pathway,  
Shall become my companions.  
I shall know them with a new knowing!  
I shall understand them with a new  
Understanding! I am no longer afraid.  
I have lifted mine eyes unto the heavens,  
And beheld the simpleness of faith.

## THE OLD SONG

The day seemed overheavy,  
And the eve hastened, bringing night.  
I saw not the open script of the hours.  
I knew not His hands that fondled o'er His creation  
I had not seen His shadow beside me,  
Nor His smiling lips at my groping.  
I knew not the path inviting, on which  
He would lead me enwrapped within His shadow,  
Knowing His fellowship, His comrade clasp,—  
And the hours were slow.

But a song, strangely like one I had forgot,  
Soft, like one I had heard when my head  
Had rested upon a pulsing bosom,  
Long, long ago, telling me not of wonders,  
But of little things upon which I might  
Lay my hands and feel the pleasure of knowing.

And I knew it was Him, whispering,  
As he whispers to the night through the rushes,  
And to the morning with morn's first sigh.  
Then I ceased to strive to know new things,  
But listened to the old, old song—Content!

## MY HAND

My hand, behold it—God's implement!  
The Master speaks, and it labours, following  
No pattern, but groping through the darkness—  
Uncertainly creating certainties!

My hand, behold it—God's implement!  
With the touch of its flesh I am quickened  
Into a creator;  
Thereby am I a part of Him, given an  
Infinitesimal portion of His power.

Behold my hand, the link between earth  
And that splendor, which is Eternity;  
For labour is the path unto Redemption.

## WEARY NOT, O BROTHER!

Weary not, O brother!  
'Tis apaled, the sun's gold sink;  
Then weary not, but set thy path to end;  
E'en as the light doth fade and leave  
Nay trace to mar the night's dark tide;  
Sink thou then, as doth the sun—  
Assured that thou shalt rise!

## ETERNAL TROTHS

Oh, you lovers of all time!  
Who have pledged, trothed, parted,  
Sworn, bled, died!  
Oh, you lovers of all time!  
Yon is the spot!  
Yon, beyond the cheek of the horizon,  
Where the sun slips into the golden bowl—  
Yon is the spot!  
And Today is the path leading thereto;  
And you lovers of all time, hark!

Love hath ne'er betrayed, neer sworn,  
Ne'er bled, neer died in vain!  
Nay, each yesterday leads, as doth tomorrows,  
Unto that golden land of Tryst,  
Wherein that great King,  
Who uttered the first truth, reigns!

## THE SURE PROMISE

Behold the curtain stretched—the sable curtain!  
And the stars at its foot flickering.  
What lies beyond?  
To thee and me beloved, there is naught  
But the abyss in which the stars swim.  
Yet sure as yonder sea's first wave-rim  
Lips the shore, but yon, beyond, beyond—  
Another rim lips another Shore!

## THE HEART'S MORNING

Be still, my heart! Make not a noise  
That shall claim me.  
I would not listen unto thy sorrowing.  
I would not know the sorrows that be mine.  
I would wash me clean in the purge of tears,  
Not o'er mine own anguish,  
But o'er the wounds of earth.

I have become not keen.  
I have become dull of the day. Yea,  
My flesh is seared with the lash of the hours,  
And I have ceased to listen unto thee, my heart.  
What mine eyes have wept o'er  
No longer causeth me tears. What my heart  
Hath hungered for, no longer knoweth me.  
Oh, the day hath become dull, and I am  
A grey-robed monk hidden within my cowl,  
Looking upon my day within the shadow hidden.

Be still, my heart! I would not listen unto thee;  
I am no longer thirsted,  
And thou needst not cry aloud for drink,  
For the water hath come unto my hand,  
And I have retreated into the shadow of  
The cooling wood. Yea, I no longer stalk  
The highways crying out for—Him.

Behold, I no longer rebuke thee.  
Sorrows are transformed,  
And aged woes have become young.  
Yea, I have thrown my cowl, and see the morrow  
Speeding from the gate of eternity,  
With her wings spread, hastening toward me.  
Oh, with outstretched arms I await her!

Be still my heart!  
No longer I list unto thy complaining.  
I am resurrected in the mercy of His smile!  
Cease thy murmuring, and sing!

#### HEAVEN

Companionable, sae near,  
Sae close confidin', neither removed—  
Less than imagination, more than fancy;  
For imagination is inflamed—  
And fancy but beckons.

Companionable; builded of worn material,  
Made lovable by usage,  
Nothing new, nothing old.  
A spot where dreams lose their unreality,  
And I cease dreaming, falling to labor  
With the reality of my dreams.

## WHEN THOU ART GONE

When thou art gone, the little sunlit shadows  
Still may dance, and the flowers nod,  
And the trees whisper confidently one to the other.

When thou art gone, the day may be  
No longer bright, but with slow tread pass on;  
And the sun shall lag, and the moon be late in coming;  
And the stars shall be lone-beamed,  
And faintly gleaming, and the valleys shall draw  
Their scarfs of mist about their breasts.

When thou art gone, the lilac nodding yon,  
Shall make a sign of understanding.  
When thou art gone,  
No path shall seem to call invitingly.  
When thou art gone,  
The songs shall lack a tenderer chord.

But I shall not unhappy be!  
For I shall follow thee,  
Leaving all the mourning.

## MY WANDERING THOUGHTS

My thoughts are yon, while I disconsolate,  
Make way upon the dusty road,  
Following with dull incident, following  
The brilliant flash which precedes me, beckoning.

My thoughts are yon! What though the day  
Be dun-grey, monk-like, nun-capped, unsmiling!  
What though the hours proceed with little urge,  
Marking not upon me the itch of conquest!  
What though my hands  
Find wearying labor to produce,  
Lifting with heaviness the lightest task,  
Making monstrous labor  
Of trivial accomplishments!

My thoughts are yon, unfettered!  
He who puts the tittle to my purse,  
Which measureth my worth, hath naught with them,  
No part in their unfettered day.  
He who cajoles me with his weighty wisdom,  
Forgets that I am empty; and I sit  
Confidently sure, that while I retain  
This pertinent reasoning, my thoughts are yon!  
Building mansions for the abode of my soul.

## FREE

I am no longer afraid of acknowledgement.  
I have walked surely with a staff of doubt,  
Confident of my sureness!  
But that was not today. Lo, my heart  
Broke, the walls about it crumbling,  
And a shaft of sunlight filtered through.  
Oh, in the darkness of that retreat,  
Where I had laid secluded—  
The mould of my memory,  
The withering blossoms of my hopes,  
The spice of my desire—something stirred!  
I know not were it but a phantom,  
A little white hope, struggling,  
Or the wing of some desire stirred,  
Or were it memory sighing?  
Yet 'twere a troth that all wert  
Not dead within, and I am unafraid  
Of the announcement of my faith!

## I BESEECH THEE, LORD, FOR NAUGHT!

I beseech Thee, Lord, for naught!  
But cry aloud unto the sunlight  
Who bathes the earth in gold,  
And boldly breaketh into crannies  
Yet unseen by man:  
Flash thou in flaming sheen!  
Mine own song of love doth falter,  
And my throat, it is afail!

And thou, the greening shrub along the way,  
And earth at bud-season,  
Do thou then spurt thy shoots,  
And pierce the air with loving!  
And age-wobbled brother—  
I do love thee for thy spending,  
And I do gaze in loving at thy face,  
Whereon I find, His peace,  
And trace the withered cheek  
For record of His love.  
Around thy lips doth hang  
The child-smile of a trusting heart;  
And world hath vanished from thine eyes,  
Bedimmed to guard thee at awakening.  
Thou, too, art of my song of love.

I beseech Thee, Lord, for naught.  
These hands are Thine for loving,  
And this heart, already Thine, why offer it?  
I beseech Thee, Lord, for naught.

## SPRING, THOU ART BUT HIS SMILE

Spring, thou art but His smile  
Of happiness in me, and sullen days  
Of weariness shall fall when Spring is born  
In winds of March and rains of April's tears.  
Methinks 'tis weariness of His that I,  
His loved, should tarry o'er the task,  
And leave life's golden sheaves unbound.  
And Night, thou too art mine, of Him;  
Thy dim and veiled stars are but the eyes  
Of Him that through the curtained mystery  
Watch on and sever dark from me.  
And Love, thou too art His,  
His words of wooing to my soul.  
Should I, then, crush thee in embrace,  
And bruise thee with my kiss,  
And drink thy soul through mine?  
What, then! 'Tis He, 'tis He, my love,  
That gave me thee, and while my love is thine,  
What wonder is it causeth here  
This heart of mine to stifle so,  
And seek expression in a prayer of thanks?

## THINE OWN SONG

When I would sing, thou hast struck me dumb.  
When I would make a glorious noise,  
My lute respondeth not.  
Oh, e'en the songbird Thou hast favored more.  
'Twould grieve me sore did I not know his fittingness.  
There, where waves the willow bough  
Betasselled with spring rain,  
There resideth he whom God so loves.

Perchance my song belongeth not to me,  
And 'tis but borrowed, and when winter comes,  
'Tis left to me a trust for him—  
The songster-brother.

Mayhap the fool, tired from the task  
Of paying for his bread with jest,  
Shall hide his leering neath his cowl,  
And listen to the song that's flowing from  
The meadow there, and in the dark  
Of his retreat, meet all the fairie folk;  
While he who sits in regal robes  
Heareth but the brass of yonder bell.

Halt, beloved, in thy maddening haste,  
And reckon with thyself. Hast snapped  
The cord bound round thy book of song,  
And stopped to read thy note?  
Or dost thou listen to thy heart,  
Which singeth not a line of borrowed song?  
Hast not? A babe should teach thee then,  
For from his sleep he wakes to coo the song,  
Sung to prove unto his bearer  
Her God's faith in her trust.

And on a day, a day that's yet to be,  
One feathered choirester shall try a melody,  
And find it not his own, but listening,  
Hear this note of thine a wayward breeze  
Hath blown from 'neath a fresh-turned sod,  
And growing bolder,  
Sing thy song to heaven and God!

## A PRAYER

That peace which passeth understanding;  
That peace which clings an unopened lily;  
That peace which hangeth like a garment  
About a mountain peak;  
That peace which slippeth between the morning  
And the night like a phantom thing;  
That peace which is the quietude, the communion,  
The infinite power of rest;  
That peace which hovers about an infant's eyes,  
Encompass me!

For I am weary, and my soul crieth out.  
Let Thine encircling arms enfold me.  
Let me rest my head upon Thy bosom,  
And learn from Thy mute lips, contriteness,  
And silence before oppression.

JESUS CHRIST

## AND EARTH STIRRED

And Earth stirred.  
Upon the face of heaven  
Streamed a star, in sign.  
And the wise arose and sought the spot.

Night, slow, made her paces  
Across the desert sands,  
And the holy mantle  
Of glistening stars fell o'er  
Her shoulders as she came.

The camel's pad pressed the sands  
As through ages they had pressed.  
Men slept, and Earth had not waked,  
Though heaven had set the sign on high,  
And clarions had sounded the coming  
Upon the portals of the new day.

While angelic host proclaimed  
The Nativity, Earth slept—  
And Bethlehem shut her doors.

## THE WHITE RIVER

Who is he who leadeth legions  
In glittering array, while the clouds  
Are tipped in living lightning,  
And the sky overlaced with its brilliancy?  
His thunderous drums sound o'er eternity,  
And the face of his host is smiling, lit  
By youth and filled with the wine which is love.  
Sweeping surely, with that tread which is sprung  
With the urge of victory, they come,  
Streaming forth from out that realm,  
Which no man's eye hath beheld.

Who is he with proud head uplifted,  
Walking before, a true leader  
Whose feet mark the way! And they who follow,  
Streaming out the heavens like a white river  
Glistening with purity,  
Purifying each bank which presseth it.  
Oh, they hasten, hasten, following,  
Like a host of worshippers, their captain.  
Each face uplifted, each tongue uttering  
The word advance! Like the lips  
Of some hungry sea they press upon us—  
Surely, surely.

But who is he who leadeth the glittering host,  
With no sword but with hands outspread  
As if in welcoming?  
And they that follow grow surely stronger.  
The white river singeth with new waters,  
And leapeth, to chafe upon its way.  
Oh, the water of its flowing shall wash earth,  
Wiping its bleeding brow.

Oh, he who leadeth the host shall stand  
As the symbol of the field—  
Exalted to the kingdom, and the kingdom  
Defeated unto the field. Leveling the ranks  
Of office shall the water sweep,  
And he who leadeth the host shall send forth  
The call of battle which is Love—and the  
Answering challenge which is likewise Love!

Upon the brink of this crystal stream  
Which is singing about him shall he stand  
And call command: "Advance!  
Let the new King take his throne, for he is born,  
And his scepter is within his hand!"  
Oh, who is he who hath led them?—  
Jesus of Nazareth.

## GLORIA!

Oh, ye mighty walls and towering spires!  
Astride the cowed gabled ways;  
Thy emblazoned scripts depicting  
Fanciful reaction of ancient times;  
Smoking altars upon which yellow candles flare,  
Burning the sacred air, to send aloft  
A pungent scent of mouldering decay,  
Blackening with slow, sure touch  
The placid faces of the saints, who,  
With stony visages gaze down the aisles,  
Unseeing man's exultant joy or his despair.  
Vaultlike, in cold aloofness, proudly  
Dost thou stand, re-echoing the chants,  
That flow from out cold tombs, the unlit  
Hearts of priesthood and of saintly nuns.

For this did saints ope up their veins?  
Did martyrs writhe? And did holy writs  
By their tedious array enslave  
The humble sanctity of men?  
Or did men, to do their will  
Write with unalterable tracery,  
Law, that ran new within the fluid  
Pressed in fervid troth to God?  
While blood in lapping waves,  
Washed thy very doors, did Mary stand  
Dumb, harkening to some litany,  
Mumbled in a limped tongue,  
And priest send incense up, or light a taper  
In thy pit-like dark?  
Oh, everlasting God! I am dismayed,  
That thy very stones did not gape  
And fall apart; that every scarlet line

Within thy illumined records,  
Did not spurt in anguish, and bleeding—  
Wipe the "Law" from off the page!

Oh, holy structure, revered by man, upheld  
Through ages through thy claim of part with Him!  
Already is that morning come,  
And quaking earth upheaving!  
Already doth thy mellow chime  
Whisper its eerie knell! Already doth  
That King whom thou acclaimest, sit  
In regal glory upon the mighty seat!  
Oh, crumbling vestment of the egot, Man—  
Make way! His host proceeds!  
No altar yet upraised but shall give way  
To that his Sire hath flung from His  
Prolific hand! He, the High-priest lights  
The taper Day, each morning with the sun,  
And incense flings across the valley way  
In silver mists, filling the night  
With litanies, lighting each star  
In memory of some holy soul;  
Defying mould and ravages of time,  
The festival of worm upon  
The festering flesh.  
Exultant doth this God erect  
Anew each coming day and night,  
An altar upon which to burn our hearts,  
While thou dost re-echo dead prayers,  
Burning incense yet before  
Thy embered fire of Hope.

While thy dimming tapers die,  
And the carved saints stand mute before  
Thy suppliants, what, should His holy step

Be heard naked upon thy stones—  
With the pattering of sheep beside?

### JESUS

His eyes are mighty in their meekness,  
His hands are gentle in their strength,  
His smile is fretful as a swallow's wing,  
Which frets a silver sky.  
His feet are bruised by the stones.  
They follow confidently the secret places.  
His soul is the footcloth  
Spread twixt heaven and earth  
For man's entrance into the Kingdom!

## THE OFFICE OF THE BODY

Thus is flesh heir unto decay—  
That tabernacle in the desert,  
Swept by the ages, an instant's abode  
For an utterance of God, which when  
Flung forth, burned so mighty a heat,  
That e'en Eternity feared,  
And let it fall unto a cup to cool;  
And cooling, behold! No longer then  
The cup belongeth to the office.

Thus is flesh heir unto decay!  
Who art thou man? What agony, what joy,  
What ecstasy parted the God's lips  
That He utter thee? Is not  
The holy office then of flesh fulfilled?  
Yet doth man cry out in anguishing,  
And cling unto the cup in desperation,  
Fearing, fearing to return the white pure echo  
Of God's word unto its Utterer!

Lo, He pronounced in simple cadences  
The promises, making of flesh—nothing,  
Leaving the symbol of its nothingness  
As He wert resurrected!

## THE SHEPHERD KING

And they called Him Jesus, the Nazarene.  
Yea, with the scourge of scorn they smote Him.  
Yea, with the blade of hate they slew Him.  
With the cunning of malice they disclaimed Him.  
And He went down into the tomb.  
And with the seed of His righteousness  
Was He resurrected.

And they acclaimed Him king through the ages.  
Yea, with their outcries have they exalted Him,  
And made an abode fitting such  
A kingly One. With their ardour  
They have burned the sacrificial fires  
Through the nights and well unto the mornings.  
Lo, they have called Him king, Messiah,  
And anointed Him unto office.

Have they forgotten He was called  
Jesus, the Nazarene?  
Have they forgotten the Shepherd?  
While they acclaim Him, methinks I see Him  
Within a valley's retreat, clasping His staff  
And looking forth unto the West,  
Watching His sheep pass before Him,  
And numbering them  
After the fashion of the shepherd.

## KING AND BROTHER

Behold Him, ascended unto His kingship!  
Behold Him exalted unto the skies!  
Speak, what seest thou?  
Make thy words declare Him as He is!

Beholdest thou His throne bejewelled  
Unto the blinding of thine eyes?  
Beholdest thou His raiment,  
And of the stuff such as kings beclothe them?  
Beholdest thou His shoon of gold?  
Beholdest thou His kingly bearing?

Nay! For He who is exalted, walketh  
Within the high place clothed of coarse stuffs,  
Yea, neither hath His scepter  
Taken the place of His staff.  
Behold, His throne is a green hill,  
And His authority-counsel.

With naked feet He hath proceeded—  
And proceeds! Behold Him, withdrawn not,  
But calling from the heights,  
And before Him, His flocks, listening.  
While the winds of destruction wail,  
Harken ye unto His cadence.  
Is He come into His kingship?  
Nay, but into His brotherhood!

## THE SHEPHERD AT THE DOOR

Behold man. Man, Man, God's noblest creation.  
What doth man do with his heritage?  
Show me one king who with his power  
Hath wrought a thing one half so precious  
As the staff with which He laboured, or  
A crown one half so noble as His, of thorns;  
Yet there is no spot beside the noble  
Where a shepherd might sit and sup.

Behold, as He hath been, so shall He remain,  
And he who would seek his brother,  
Shall seek the field even in Eternity,  
And go forth to His beloved side with  
Naked feet, and be taken unto His bosom—  
Upon His bosom, the Shepherd's, even as a lamb,  
The exalted alike with the beggar,  
And the beggar alike with the exalted!

## HOLY ZEPHYRS

Ye airs of tides ago,  
That smote the cheek of Him;  
Upon the earth dost thou still stir?  
Then waft ye close. Yea, fan ye  
This fevered earth, that it shall know  
The sweet that clingeth thee.

Unto earth's wounds speed thou, thou airs  
That played ye o'er the wounds of Him.  
Waft ye about the earth, and bear ye  
E'en the wraith of thy rich store.  
For lo, methinks that did a lily white  
To stand, and thou shouldst seek her,  
'Twould blush it crimsoned o'er with joy!

## THE CROSS UPON THE PATH

Oh, you may not pass, you, upon the path—  
You may not pass!

Oh, by the green fields you may stray,  
Or by the purling waters,  
Or by the valley's way;  
Oh, you may seek within the shadowed eve,  
When the primrose looses its purse of gold,  
Blowing its pence upon the stars;  
Or you may seek when Ladye Night  
Girdles her raiment with a starlit circlet,  
And pins the pearly moon upon her brow;  
Or you may wait until the morning  
Is young like a nestling, downy,  
Making small sounds; yet you may not pass!

Oh, you may follow the agonies of conflict,  
Making yourself a part of its confusion.  
Oh, you may become a leader of men,  
Raising your blade on high, and challenging;  
Yet, I say, you may not pass!  
You may contrive to make your way freely,  
Yet I say—you may not pass!

For the pathway unto that land  
Which is the Father's, is gated with a Cross!  
Aye, and you may not pass save that your pathway  
Leads forth fearlessly unto it.  
Yea, like the rocks of the mountains,  
Whose lips are closed over the ages—  
So stands the Cross!

## EARTH'S GARDEN OF SORROW

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, Gethsemane!  
Oh, Garden of Sorrow! Whose pathways  
Knew His tread and His sacred sorrow.  
Oh, that thy herbage might speak!  
That thy stones might cry out!  
That thy paths might utter what His words spoke!  
For like a pean of joy I know they would arise;  
Ne'er knowing that brassy note of fear,  
But a melody perfect in its fashioning,  
A perfect prayer.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, Gethsemane!  
Oh, sacred spot! The bosom upon which  
He laid His head and wept,  
No tear of fear nor sorrow,  
Save for the earth's tarrying.  
Oh, that thy herbage might cry out!  
Oh, that thy stones might utter His words!

Gethsemane, Gethsemane, Gethsemane!  
Unto a garden spot  
Did He withdraw and pray,—  
Earth, seek out thy Garden!

## MARY MOTHER

Mary, mother, thou art the Spring that flowereth,  
Though nay man aplanteth thee.  
Mary, mother, the song of thee,  
That lulled His dreams to come,  
Sing them athrough the earth, and bring  
The hope of rest unto the day.

Mary, mother, from out the side of Him,  
That thou didst bear, aflowed the crimson tide,  
That doth to stain e'en unto this day—  
The tide of blood that ebbeth the man  
From out the flesh, and left the God to be.

Mary, mother, wilt thou then leave me catch  
These drops, that I do offer them. as drink  
Unto the brothers of the flesh of me of earth?  
Mary, mother of the earth's Loved!  
Mary, bearer of the God!  
Mary, that I might call thee of a name  
Befitting thee! I seek, I seek, I seek,  
And none doth offer it to me save this:  
Mother! Mother! Mother of Him—  
The flesh that died for me.

## HIS POWER

Wherein lay His strength?  
His hands were as the hands of all men,  
And his power as the power of all men.  
Wherein lay His strength?  
Lo, He spake in a pallid voice,  
Methinks tuned as a bird's note, yea, soft  
As the chatter of early morning o'er nests.  
Yea, or mystic soft as a nightingale's, slipping  
Echolike from some secluded garden.  
Yet His voice shook the pit of the earth,  
And the high places fell as from a mighty quake!

Wherein lay His strength?  
In his hand was no sword.  
Nay. He leaned upon a staff,  
Which he raised not as a scepter,  
Rather lending it unto the chiding,  
Yet hosts fell before it!

Wherein lay His strength?  
His not a victory! Nay,  
He beheld His hands fall at their labor  
Leaving the hillsides shepherdless,  
Yet He moved before the hosts of ages  
As a conqueror, exultant!  
And no tomorrow shall stop  
The resonance of His cry of Victory.

GOD

## LOVE AS GOD

Behold, He sits beside the sea of Eternity,  
Whose dead waters are troubled, and Love  
Bursts the gateway of His lips,  
And the waters stir!  
The utterances He breathes, each spring forth  
To life, the perfect reflection of Him.  
And the waters recede heavily,  
To return emptily, and He speaks  
Anew through Time. He who knew Him yesterday  
Knows Him not today or tomorrow, for He  
Becometh a greater God at each utterance.

And man may but reflect Him and follow Him  
In His processional magnitude  
Through Eternity. How, oh, man,  
Mayest thou hope to hear one word of His?  
For in the joy of thine own utterance—  
Thou art bedazzled!

Behold, He sits upon the shore of Eternity,  
And the waters flow their empty blackness  
About His feet, but His head is lifted up,  
And His countenance is as the lightning,  
Or as the beard of the sun!  
Yet He is stirred, and His spirit  
Bursts the gates of His lips, and He speaks!  
Oh, man, He speaks! And creations pour from  
His hands as rain from a gentle cloud-bank.

Why? Why? Why? Love is the Law—  
Even o'er God! Love is His spirit,  
And the spirit is o'er His flesh—  
Which is Creation!

## ON THE CHARACTER OF GOD

The God which I announce unto my heart  
Is a proud God. His pride is shown in the  
Perfection of His labor. Lo, His labor is  
A testimony for His kingship, and  
His kingship a testimony for His labor.

I can believe in man no further than I  
Believe in God, for if my limitation  
Is marked upon my soul, in the measure  
In which it may take in God,  
There is the limitation marked,  
Which prohibits my understanding man!

My understanding is just as deep as my  
Belief in God! If it is unassailable,  
Then is my understanding so deep,  
That each day is a mystery no deeper  
Than clear water. For if I take in  
The fullness of the God I would announce  
Unto my soul, then is my understanding  
Quickened. If I admit in man a fallacy  
Which is inexcusable, I have admitted that  
Upon my God, for Man is God's confidence  
Unto man! In man's creation, He has writ  
His trust, for He hath left every man to fashion  
The bottom for his own soul. That thing  
He hath left undone, and it is man's labor.

## LOVE

I am an announcement of the great Urge.  
I am an enactor of its agonies and joys.  
I am an inheritant of His potency.  
Within my palm is the power of creation,  
Yet a certain pith hath He withheld.  
Methinks that this awesome Urge kneels  
At the feet of the goddess, and in this symbol is  
The servitude of even God, to love!  
The pith of Him kept separate, that it may  
Retain its separateness unto mankind.  
Lo, is Love the stuff which piths Eternity.

It is the pivot upon which the earth's day turns.  
It is the pedestal upon which the temple rests.  
It is the cloth which binds the loins of a beggar.  
It is the depth of the eye of a babe;  
In its chastened purity it is reflected there.  
I say Love is best symbolled, sirrah,  
As a goddess, for Love is serving, is conceiving,  
Is inheritant of agony, and  
A begetter even of Eternity!

## IS THIS EGOTRY?

I make no argument with God.  
Is this egotry? Methinks I have listened  
O'er long to His arguments from the lips of men,  
For each man tunes his own mouthings  
With God's convictions, declaring himself  
The trumpet of truth at the hand of the Lord

I make no argument with God.  
I find Him in silence! So why need I list  
To the prating of man, who sets his words  
Tortured in complication? I say I hear  
In silence the still voice within me, and know  
It is not afraid that it acclaim my faith.  
I make no argument with God.  
In this I announce not mine own egotry—  
But admit man's!

## GOD-ANGRY?

In Him there is no anger.  
His irony is eloquent.  
His ardor is suppliant.

In Him there is no anger.  
His might is gentle, and His awefulness  
Strange in that it overpowereth  
By silence, and conquers through awe.  
Yet no man may accuse Him of violence.  
He is the rugged cliff, serenely,  
Forever and forever announced,  
And man the tossing sea, forever, and forever  
Torturing himself upon the inevitable;  
Forever and forever lashing;  
Forever and forever opposing—  
Forever and forever—man!

## GOD

I have unlocked the mystery.  
No longer am I awed.  
I have stood beside the everlasting fount,  
Yea, the river of life.  
I have beheld God interflowing the instants,  
Permeating with surety  
The dull atom of existence.

He is of a living substance as the lightning.  
Verily, the illumant pith of all life.  
He is the elemental basis of creation;  
His own being thereby becoming  
The foundation of creation.  
He stands with His head in the sun,  
Yet he reclines within the palm, of a babe.  
His couch is the rainbow, yet He hath  
Laid His cheek unto man's bruised lips.  
His voice is the roar of chaos, yet He sits  
As a fay at the gateway of man's ear—  
Beguiling him!

## MY LOVE-NECKLACE

My love is a necklet of pence.  
Each day I add a disc. If I  
Be spending mine hours for the worth of it,  
Would that my love were sunlight filtering  
Through gloom. Yea, would that my love  
Had the power to lighten the dusk of sorrow,  
Melting the moonlight of remorse  
Into daylight with a magic touch.

Lord, before I knew Thee, my lips were the bank  
Of a chattering brook, which ran words, surging,  
Inquiring, impudent, faltering, sure-tuned,  
Accusing. I was a child with a purse  
Of stones, each a cutting pebble,  
A little word which I might cast at Thee.  
How sure my argument! How self-tuned  
My assertions! Lo, I bethought me, that my wisdom  
Was a strange goddess, whose heal  
Was crowned with laurels, whose neck  
Was thick and strong, whose hands were creative,  
At whose breasts puny man suckled to exist.

Before I knew Thee, Lord!  
Yet, knowing Thee—I saw my wisdom  
A shabby little dolt with warped legs;  
With a neck so thin, that any man  
Might snap it twixt his thumb and finger;  
Whose breast was dry, and men,  
Passing by the way, who thirsted—coughed!

## LISTENING

I shall lend mine ear, Lord, listening.  
No confusion of the day shall appall me,  
Neither the awesome expanse of night.  
I shall be confident in the morning,  
And lose no faith with the day.  
I shall be steadfast through the night,  
Lingering an instant in her embrace,  
That I whisper a pledge, a pledge to morning,  
Proving thereby my fickleness  
To this hour of departure!

I shall lend mine ear, Lord, I shall hark.  
Oft, oft I have heard that still small voice  
Whispering little fitful chidings or  
Insistently gnawing. Oft, oft I have acclaimed  
Mine own wisdom, while the voice laughed,  
Laughed a tinkling laugh, such as a fool  
Might spill, and whispered: "Care, care, follied one!"  
Oft, oft I have pondered deeply, coming to  
That culmination, which gives comfort  
In the exultance of victory, and heard that voice  
Laughing, laughing—Yea, seemed to see  
A pair of careless lips whiffing dusts,  
Little motes, so: "Poof!"  
And all my ponderance fell to ash!

I am undone, for mine ear has learned to list,  
And in learning this I have come to know—  
That this insistent voice is Thee'

## THE EVIDENCE OF HIM

I see no awe in the awfulness of God.  
Death is but an instant—  
And the riddle solved!  
Life is but an instant in which to question.  
I see no awe in this. His works are before me  
Unincumbered of complications.  
I may hear the din of thunder  
With no feeling of kinship, yet I have seen  
A dawn upon a roseate cheek,  
And read conviction. I have encompassed God  
In the pith of a flower,  
Have heard Him in the call of some woodling.

There are manifold symbols  
Which my soul may beget. They are the seed  
Of surety. Awe inspires me not—  
But the gentleness of God is mysterious,  
A sweet potion to the soul which drinks  
Contritely a common communion.

## CREEDS OF MEN

Men mouth, clanking their creeds  
As pence whining doctrine. What of this?  
He who is a man hears naught of it.  
The God whom they beguile  
To sit within their creed, eludes them.  
The pallid puppets smirk unceasingly  
Before empty altars where they kneel;  
Mellow candles weep, and incense blinds.  
There is mold upon the cup—  
The crucible in which they would commune.  
He whom they would exalt is not wound  
Within the linen. Nay, while they chant  
He flings from Heaven's gate  
The sun as a ball, casts the moon  
And the universes from his finger tips—  
And laughs creation!

## MY KINSHIP

Am I then but an atom,  
A whit of spew from the maw of Eternity—  
Yea nothingness, set in the motion of agony,  
That pulsing rhythm, which is a part of chaos?

Am I then but a whit, an atom of nothing,  
A reckoning of the ages  
Amalgamated for an instant,  
To be disassembled as dust?  
I who in my infiniteness  
Am conscious of reason, and have inherited  
The kinship with God, that of assemblage,  
Which is the first act of creation?  
I who am pithy of this, yea tingling  
Of that substance which inflows matter,  
And causeth it to become pulsate?

I then shall disassemble and become chaos?  
The lie is before me! That consciousness,  
Which is mine is but a mote of that  
Which assembles, and that which assembles  
Is the Power which creates,  
And that which creates is God!

## THE SENTINELS OF GOD

If thou shouldst demand of me:  
"Show me then God's sentinels,  
His pledge-keepers with man,"  
I should fall fearful before the task  
An instant e'er I bestirred me unto action.

In the hours of light and shadow,  
In the duty of sentinelship,  
Who is most faithful, yea, or what?  
Man plays at faith with God,  
Shuttling his faith with doubt, weaving  
A dubious cloth. He plays not sentinel  
Who guards not well his own doubt.

The birds, seeking in the morning  
The upward climb, spilling their song,  
At eve forget and leave another host  
To sing this even song.  
Not sentinels are they! Nay!  
Shouldst thou demand: "Show me  
The sentinel," I should say: "Come,  
Yon is a garden spot  
Where columbine hangs fainting  
In sweetness, where primrose nestles,  
And hyacinths stand purpling the border ways."

## SLAVE OR KING?

Am I a slave upon a dun-dust path,  
Weighted sore, bourne low of Sorrow's plying?  
Set on my way by One who hath forsook  
And knoweth not the weary toiling?  
Doth the pathway lead me ever on,  
To sag at last of weariness?  
Or doth yon rim of earth's line  
End the way and leave me then in lands  
Of nothingness, wherein I dance as dusts  
And know not e'en the roadway  
That hath led me hence? Am I a slave?

Am I a noble, on a pathway set,  
Whereon these hands may pluck the gems  
To deck me o'er? Doth this path then  
Lead on, and out the dusts that blind,  
To some sweet morrow, where, on blued skies  
Songs float wove of laughter's beauteous strands?  
Doth He who set me on this path  
Follow ever, yea, and leave the shadow  
Of His robe to cool me with its shade?

Doth His blade, here within my hand,  
Fall short its fending, when 'tis sped  
That I lay low the thing I seek?  
Or doth it flash and write in flaming glint  
The word that meaneth Him; yea, carve  
From out Earth's stony breast the song,  
Clothed with a mantle wove by hands  
Of passing ages, whose sweet notes  
Have echoed o'er Earth's breast—

Ah, ever, ever—one singing word;  
GOD, mine own?

Am I a noble then with such a Sire,  
Or slave?

### THE VOICE OF ALL THINGS

Lo, God is an Urn,  
And all that He hath created  
Give forth from their throats.  
Behold, even the buds burst and spill  
Their honey and yet their later perfumes.  
Yea, the leaf giveth forth its shadow  
Beneath the stalk. Oh, behold, man's throat  
Poureth forth the wine of his soul,  
And his soul striveth toward the urge  
Of its very pit, to make itself known  
Unto Eternity, with a tongue which may speak  
In a profound manner, bearing identification,  
Which will mark in unalterable tracery  
Across the day of Time.

## A GOD OF WRATH?

Fearful, fearful! Oh, God of the lightnings!  
Fearful, fearful! Oh, God of the thunders!  
Fearful, fearful! Oh, God of the tempest!  
Fearful, fearful! God that opeth the Earth  
And tottereth the palaces!  
Yea, yea, great God, awful in His wrath,  
Awful in His wreaking out of justice!  
Fearful, fearful, fearful!  
Thou God, who from on high doth lift a finger—  
And behold! I see that most beloved fall,  
Writhing with the heat of Thy displeasure!

Fearful, fearful! Oh Thou upon a mighty  
Throne of fire! But breathe and the universes  
Shall sift as ashes through the ether,  
Forever burning, forever writhing  
In the heat of Thy fury!

Fearful, fearful! Who is he  
Who has spoke the word? Fearful, fearful?  
Let thy tongue freeze upon the word!—  
I know no God—I know no God  
Who in His wrath betrays!

Oh, I have found His mercy sunk  
Within the flower's cups. I have beheld  
His eyes reflected upon pale mornings,  
And the surfaces of flat pools,  
Which trembled beneath His glance.  
I have felt His might! Yea in the storms  
I have heard His voice; but ever  
In the dinning of the thunder,  
And the wickedness of the lightning's flame,  
Behold, I have seen Him weep drops of mercy!

Oh, is it wondrous that His agony  
Should rock the elements?  
For very God, of very God that He be,  
What measure may I set upon His agony?  
When from this small cup which is mine,  
This little scarlet pulse He has set within me,  
Swinging upon a thong of love my heart,  
I may sup agony enough to fell my soul  
Prostrate upon its path, and set me thirst,  
Thirst, thirst enough to send me seeking,  
Seeking, through the tedious hours,  
A thing upon which to lay my head?

Fearful, fearful? I know no word so spoken.  
Fearful, fearful? Fearful?  
What jest hath man played upon his brother!

#### THY TEARS AND THY SMILE

God of the Universe!  
In whose hand the earth lies  
As a changeful pearl, glowing;  
What musings in Thy compassion,  
Dost Thou weep upon it?  
Or is Thy smile playing o'er it  
As the sun o'er the morning sky?  
I cannot, in my small fancy,  
Comprehend Thy tears or Thy smile!  
I speak the words carelessly,  
But they cannot contain the wonder  
Of their expression.

## AWAITING THE CAPTAIN'S CALL

God of heights! Behold me from Thy pinnacle,  
Thy son, unafraid! Oh, let the lightning  
Of Thy wrath play its havoc!  
I shall exult in its work.  
Oh, let the sun of Thy smile descend  
As healing fluid through the rain;  
I shall exult in its work.

Oh, God of heights! Let my voice arise  
Like the murmur of the earths and suns,  
As they strum the universe!  
I would make Thee no word; I would labor  
With sure hands, laying upon Thy blade  
The keen edge of justice.  
Let man be upon his puny praying.  
I would step from sea to sea, lifting my head  
Up past the North Star.  
I would drink from out the pool of Eternity  
The abyss of space! I would know Thee as limitless.  
I would know Thee by Thy might,  
And by Thy tenderness.  
Behold me, Thy son—unafraid. Command!

## IF I SHOULD PRAY

If I should pray, I think  
That my prayer should be: "Let my hands  
Never learn the ending of their task."  
For if Eternity is rest, then am I undone!  
For how may the adoration, which beats  
Like a temple bell within me, cease?  
How may this great Urge, which He  
In His wisdom hath swung my soul upon, cease?  
Oh, if I should pray, I think my prayer  
Should be, that my hands might never  
Find the ending of their task.

If I should pray, I think my prayer should be:  
"Let me never become weary." For the adoration,  
Which is the wine of my being—this great  
All-encircling Love for Him,  
Is a consuming fire, and there is nothing  
Which may ever quench its flame if I labor.  
The symbol of my existence through eternity is  
Before me, for there is nothing  
That He hath created that doth not swing in labor.  
Behold, beneath the purple canopy,  
Which o'erspreadeth His throne, the stars move  
In ceaseless agony, and planets write,  
And the sun drives the universes  
With his head lifted far, far above the hosts,  
And the moon is busy, busy, soothing, soothing,  
And lending her silver to the beggar Night.

So, why should I cease? Nay, if I should pray,  
I think my prayer should be, that my hands  
Should never find the ending of their tasks.

## MY SONG FOR THEE

Ah, how do I to build  
Me up my song for thee?  
Yea, and tell unto thee of Him.  
I'd shew unto thee His loving,  
I'd shew unto thee His very face.  
Do then to list to this my song.

Early hours, strip o' thy pure,  
For 'tis the heart of Him.  
Earth, breathe deep thy bosom,  
Yea, and rock the sea,  
For 'tis the breath of Him.  
Fields, burst ope thy sod,  
And fling thee loose thy store,  
For 'tis the robe of Him.  
Skies, shed thou thy blue,  
The depth of heaven,  
For 'tis the eyes of Him.  
Winter's white, stand thou thick,  
And shed thy soft o'er earth,  
For 'tis the touch of Him.  
Spring, shed thou thy loosened  
Laughter of the streams,  
For 'tis the voice of Him.  
Noon's heat, and tire o' earth,  
Shed thou of rest to His,  
For 'tis the rest of Him.  
Evil days of earth,  
Stride thou on and smite,  
For 'tis the frown of Him.

Earth, this, the chant o' me  
May end, as doth the works o' man,

But hark ye; Earth holdeth all  
That hath been;  
And Spring's ope, and sowing  
O' the Winter's tide,  
Shall bear the Summer's full  
Of that, that be no more.

For, at the waking o' the Spring,  
The wraiths o' blooms agone  
Shall rise them up from out the mold,  
And speak to thee of Him.

Thus, the songs o' me,  
The works o' thee,  
The Earth's own blooms—are Him.

#### GOD, MAN MADE

So this is God, this puppet, this figure,  
This little pagan idol,  
Man's words have fashioned him out!  
He resides not save within a steepled place,  
And he who would worship Him shall seek it,  
And become hypocritical, his lips announcing  
That which his heart hath not the fullness of,  
Or in their short-cut utterances,  
Deceiving man as to his belief.

Oh, so this is God, this puppet which man exalteth!  
I know him not! The God I know  
Lifts His head beyond the stars!  
His raiment Eternity, fringed by the universe.  
His feet are the foundations of Time,  
And His vitals are the moving planets!

## THE VOICE OF GOD

Wondrous God whom I would know;  
How long have I wondered what music  
Might be fitting to denote Thy voice.  
Would it sound like an anthem of joy,  
Such as Spring casts like webs of music  
Across her young morning?  
Would it be sorrowful as the south-wind,  
Bemoaning the coming storm?  
Or would it shriek in anguish as the north-wind  
Bears unto the chilling earth?

Oh, often have I wondered how Thou might's speak.  
Oh, I have let my soul sing prayers—  
Mute my lips, but the waters of my spirit  
Lashing high, spraying in silver spray  
Against the shoreways of Eternity—  
That I might hear Thy voice.

Oh, the hunger within me hath eaten my heart,  
And miracle—oh divine miracle!  
The thing hath been! I have heard  
A babe lisp: "Mother"; Thy voice, O Lord!

## GRAINS OF SAND

The world is rolling on upon  
Its pathless way, swinging slow, slow.  
Humankind teems her crust, trickling  
Like sand from a glass across her pathways.  
Nations raise their puny wrath,  
Smiting the silent sky. The sand is troubled,  
Intermingled, and once more goeth on  
Upon its constant flowing.  
The rubbing of grain on grain chafeth forth agony,  
And the mighty moaning is unto the universe—  
But the whirring of a gnat's wing.

Suns roll lollingly about within the ether,  
And the stars cling unto their raiment like  
Little crystal bubbles unto the crests of waves.  
Ages roll forward and recede,  
And the bubbles burst, mayhap?—  
And still the sands pour!

Where is he who hath lifted  
His voice, inquiring of God?

## CHILD'S PRAYER

I, Thy child forever, play  
About Thy knees this close of day.  
Within Thy arms I now shall creep,  
And learn Thy wisdom while I sleep.  
Amen.

## COMRADE GOD

Behold Thy magic, oh Lord,  
Creating new beauties before me!  
I stand upon Earth's somber crust,  
And watch Thee come forth, spurting in verdure,  
Spouting in pure rivulets.  
I watch Thee descend, marking the valley  
With mist. I watch Thee garland the dead branches.  
I hear Thee in the song of the morning lark.

And in the turmoil of the day  
I need not stop and listen,  
For Thou art beside me, crying aloud,  
And my soul is glad to hear.  
Oh, companionable art Thou, Beloved!  
I need not a comrade,  
For Thou art here beside me!

## AH, GOD, I HAVE DRUNK UNTO THE DREGS

Ah, God, I have drunk unto the dregs,  
And flung the cup at Thee!  
The dust of crumbled righteousness  
Hath dried and soaked unto itself  
E'en the drop I spilled to Bacchus—

Whilst Thou, all-patient, sendest  
Purple vintage for a later harvest.

## FAITHFUL UNDER THE SMITE

Oh, mighty God, with faltering lips  
Would I proclaim Thy magnitude.  
Ever have I beheld Thee where man denied Thee.  
I with mine eyes have looked upon Thee naked—  
Have come to know Thee in the sweat of labour,  
In the ache of construction, in the urge of valor.  
I have seen Thee, even though it reft my heart ope,  
Upon the point of the sword, like a white flame,  
Making blood pure—holy in justice.

I with my faltering tongue would speak Thee  
My devotion. With little word have I succumbed,  
Knowing the solitude of my soul,  
And the unlit depths, which I shall not name.  
Before Thee in Thy might I stop to behold Thee—  
Cut me down—Me but an atom of earth;  
Yet in Thy act I have become uplifted—  
A part with Thee!

Knowing Thy magnitude,  
I cannot reconcile that Thou might'st fail me,  
Who with the surety of faith,  
Delivered unto Thee—thine own.

## GOD AS LOVE

And He, the God, is as man,  
Flesh, substance, else His symbol lies;  
And He knoweth not the trick!  
Thus is He less than man—less flesh,  
Less crass, less ungrateful to His spirit;  
And His rod, His scepter of Kingship, is Love.

Since man is begot through the stirring  
Of His spirit, which is Love, He, the God  
May not speak save in the voice of His spirit,  
That man know his Sire's voice!  
Lo, behold His power! The earth hath no thing,  
Which is not turned upon the pivot of Love.  
Even its hate is rooted in Love;  
And though the flower is flaming, it shall wither,  
For its root will not sustain it.  
Earth feedeth the seed wrongly, hence the blossom.  
Earth hath no power, I say,  
But that it be pivoted upon Love.  
The universe hangeth within the sky  
Upon a web of Love. The silence  
Of Eternity is smitten not,  
Save by the whirring of that music—  
Which is the chord of "Love."

IMMORTALITY

## THE LAND BEYOND THE STARS

Beyond the golden gateway of the West,  
Whose golden bars are tipped of stars,  
And where, beyond, there spreads a golden Land,  
And the sun is upraised upon a golden pillar—  
As an altar unto Him!  
Beyond that golden gateway I would make  
My weary way, traversing the golden pathway—  
Reading the golden sky, knowing what lies beyond,  
When the radiance of the West is passed,  
And the sun, seen through the sable veil of night,  
Seems as a pale moon, and the golden pathway,  
An ebon edifice, and the stars  
But pale gleams of some far, far light.  
I would traverse beyond e'en this,  
Unto that great land removed from sound,  
Save for the murmur of creation.  
Apart would I withdraw and hark,  
Knowing that I should hear a music,  
New, yet old, a music familiarly tuned,  
A music of old echoes, mellowed;  
And harking, I should proclaim  
The nearness of the eternal choirs.

## IMMORTALITY

Upon yesterday's lotus the dew pearly  
And vanished with the sun.  
On a certain morning e'er the winter ceased,  
Lo, did the songsters come and later depart,  
And the day became stark of their singing.  
Within the sky, lo, did a bow arch,  
For an instant stand, regally inscribed,  
And in shadows melt, becoming commingled  
With the blue and cloud—no more!

Wisdoms have grown unto aged sages,  
Whose tongues still licked thirstily to utter,  
And their dusts dropped, and they became still,  
Blown across the paths of folly in little  
Fitful gusts—no longer wisdom, dispersed.

With such symbols I am confused.  
I have watched my days slip  
Into the hopper of time and become ground  
Unto the ages in dust.  
I have watched men proceed to a certain height,  
And then cut down, and their labors fall  
As chaff upon days that knew them not;  
Yet there is a certain something in that  
Persistent essence which spurteth—Youth!  
Who staggers beneath the mouldering decay,  
And thrusts up his head, decrying defeat,  
Urged to be on at existence!

There is no denying of this sustenant sup.  
Man hath drank it from time, yet it pours  
Surely, and men who come are uplifted by faith!  
What then is faith? Each man hangs  
About his monk's garb a cord of the stuff.

It holdeth his raiment together.  
It is the substance! It is the matter!  
It is the actuality! Yet it gnaws  
Hungrily at all humankind,  
And they know it not.

What is Faith? I have said it is the stuff,  
The material of Immortality. Yea, it be  
The very footcloth unto the Mighty Seat!  
Is yester's dew then gone? Watch tomorrow coming!  
Will the lotus bloom anew, and the dew pearl?  
Is the song hushed? Spring comes,  
And in it winter shall forget to sleep,  
And be tricked to dance. Is wisdom done?  
Nay, out from the dust of aged wisdoms  
Are newer wisdoms tortured forth,  
And the stuff, the witchery of this is Faith!—  
The soul of man's soul!—  
The flesh of his Immortality!

## HEAVEN

O'er gentle slopes, whose curves  
Cut not against the peaceful sky,  
The rosy light of early dawn comes creeping.  
Within the valley way, sheep sleep, dyed  
Of the pale rose hue; and the white blossoms  
Sifting from the greened branch,  
Become roseate and warm.  
Lo, the light of His countenance is  
As the first blush of the morning—  
And Heaven taketh on the hue.

## BEYOND THE GATES

Beyond that celestial gateway, Oh, tell me,  
Doth there stray no thing but hath reached  
Perfection's Realm? Oh, let me treasure  
Within my soul the desire to succor,  
For within me, like a flame which burns,  
Is the ache for companionship with the lesser ones.

Oh, what should those celestial streets ne'er echo  
With the halting step of my brother, who,  
With unseeing eyes, makes his way martward?  
What should no shadow fall beside me  
Of some sorrowing one? Oh, methinks  
That Heaven would be less the sweetest cup,  
For in her perfect estate I should be denied  
The loving service of grateful ministry.

Oh, beyond that celestial gateway, shall the scene  
Be past my understanding? Or shall its entrance  
Be led unto by a twisting pathway,  
Lined of briars, one familiar with the feet  
Of men and grateful to man's eyes?  
Methinks that a God who hath made himself  
Lowly unto man, becoming His companion  
Through the days and nights,  
Understands man's hunger for companionship,  
And shall meet this hunger—  
Not with intoxicant wine, but with bread!

## THE BEYOND

Out of the gray day,  
Out from the hungry hours, fare I forth,  
Making pilgrimage to that pale, phantom land,  
Wherein I may fellow  
With the fond images of them,  
That people the seclusion of my soul.  
Most companionable are they,  
With sure mein enhanced,  
Bidding me morrow with a smile of greeting,  
Which I in turn take record of, and continue  
Upon the path of that seclusion which I seek,  
That I may let free the urge of my spirit.

Lo, with sure hands do I lay upon a stuff,  
Which becometh mine, a material with which  
To fashion puppets that move and enact  
My imaginings. Thus am I part of that  
Strange wizardry—coming beneath its spell.

He is most blest who admitteth his contact  
With such a land. Yet he hath put a limit  
Upon his soul's pilgrimage,  
Who acknowledgeth not aloud  
His fellowship with this land!

## DEATH

Who art thou,  
Who tracketh 'pon the path o' me—  
O' each turn, aye, and track?

Thou! And thou astand!  
And o'er thy face a cloud,  
Aye, a darked and somber cloud!  
Who art thou,  
Thou tracker 'mid the day's bright,  
And 'mid the night's deep;  
E'en when I be astopped o' track?

Who art thou,  
That toucheth o' the flesh o' me,  
And sendeth chill unto the heart o' me?  
Aye, and who art thou,  
Who putteth forth thy hand  
And setteth at alow the hopes o' me?

Aye, who art thou,  
Who bideth ever 'mid a dream?  
Aye, and that the soul o' me  
.Doth shrink at know?

Who art thou? Who art thou,  
Who steppeth ever to my day,  
And blotteth o' the sun away?

Who art thou,  
Who stepped to Earth at birth o' me,  
And e'en 'mid wail o' weak,  
Aye, at the birth o' wail,  
Did set a chill 'pon infant flesh;  
And at the track o' man 'pon Earth  
Doth follow ever, and at height

Afollow, and doth touch,  
And all doth crumble to a naught.  
Thou! Thou! Who art thou?  
Ever do I to ask, and ever wish  
To see the face o' thee,  
And neer, ne'er do I to know thee—  
Thou, the Traveler 'pon the path o' me,  
And, Brother, thou dost give  
That which world doth hold  
From see o' me!

Stand thou! Stand thou!  
And draw thy cloak from o'er thy face!  
Ever hath the dread o' thee  
Clutched at the heart o' me.  
Aye, and at the end o' journey,  
I beseech thee,  
Cast thy cloak and show thee me!  
Aye, show thee me!

Ah, thou art the gift o' Him!  
The Key to There! The Love o' Earth!  
Aye, and Hate hath made o' man  
To know thee not—  
Thou! Thou! O Death!

## ETERNITY

Beyond me stretcheth that silver sand,  
Marked not by e'en one waving palm or plume.  
Beyond me, tracklessly, spreadeth  
The glittering field, trod by mankind  
Since that first day when His holy utterance  
Rolled forth into Shape! Yet no footfall  
Leaveth me a pathway for to follow.

Beyond me, glittering, forbidding,  
Yet alluring, stretcheth Eternity—  
Walled by silence.  
Somewhere within that limitless space is He.  
Somewhere, I say, and the word sent forth,  
Bringeth not e'en an echo back to me.  
Yet, intimately, a Voice speaks!  
Surely, surely, He is there!  
And I shall walk o'er the glittering sands,  
Following no footprint, fearlessly!

## THE SIGN DISDAINED

To decay, to become mould, dank mould,  
Green-lipped, festered; to become dust—  
To be thwarted asunder by the hand of time—  
To be emptied of office—  
This is the heritage Time bequests.

Yet in the whitening mould  
Is the leaven of resurrection.  
In the parting of dusts is the freeing of substance,  
That tenuous substance which is the "Pith."  
In the green lips of mould lies the kiss of begetting.  
The heritage of "destruction"  
Is the heritage of "resurrection."

Lo, before the eyes of man  
Is the pageantry of existent past—  
Yea, past and repast.  
Yet in none of this is man secured.  
By no action of the God is man convinced.  
He giveth pause an instant when he hath come  
Unto the fullness of his own wisdom,  
Which meaneth but the culmination  
Of his gleanings, egad and announceth,  
That the day which ceaseth with him—  
Foredooms eternity,

## OF WASTE IS HEAVEN BUILDED UP

Earth hath filled it up o' waste and waste.  
The sea's fair breast, that heaveth as a mother's,  
Beareth waste o' wrecks and wind-blown waste.  
The day doth hold o' waste.  
The smiles that die, that long to break,  
The woes that burden them already broke,  
'Tis waste, ah yea, 'tis waste.

And yet, and yet, at some fair day,  
E'en as the singing thou dost note  
Doth bound from yonder hill's side green  
As echo, yea, the ghost o' thy voice;  
So shall all o' this to sound aback  
Unto the day.  
Of waste, of waste is heaven builded up.

## THE CELESTIAL CITY

Oh, when I reach the Celestial City  
With grandeur o'erspread, how shrinking  
I shall be! I would it were more like  
The things that I have known.

I know that He who with His wisdom hath  
Created me, shall not mistake my desire,  
And that I shall follow through a valley,  
Where a companionable roadway  
Winds up to a tangled thicket, blossomed o'er  
With that pale bloom I have known so well;  
And that the gateway shall swing, just as of yore  
One swung, invitingly before me;  
That I shall hear the laughter of children,  
And the familiar sounds of voices that I love.

Each man his heaven possesseth,  
Binded together in a circle of affection.  
Of such stuff is His mansion builded.

## YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

I am a bridge between Tomorrow and Yesterday,  
Yea, I am Today. Yesterday might not be  
Without my coming, and Tomorrow  
I shall become Yesterday;  
Thereby am I Tomorrow and Yesterday.  
Yesterday may never be without me,  
And the abyss of all on-coming Time  
Shall contain me.—I am Infinity!  
I am a bridge between Yesterday and Tomorrow.  
I am Today, and shall ride Eternity  
With Yesterday tethered to my right hand,  
And Tomorrow to my left. Yesterday's path  
But reaches to the earth's rim.  
Behold, Eternity is ever Tomorrow.  
Tomorrow containeth all of Yesterday,  
And the promise of Eternity;  
Yesterday containeth but itself—  
And the promise of Tomorrow.  
Yesterday belongeth to Earth,  
Tomorrow to Eternity.  
Yesterday is Death;  
Tomorrow is Life.  
Yet Tomorrow containeth Yesterday,  
Even as Life containeth Death.  
Yea, Tomorrow o'ercometh Yesterday,  
Even as Life—o'ercometh Death.

## MAN, THE BEGGAR

Man is a thirsty beggar  
Beside the well of life.  
Perforce he must drink, and die.  
Man is a weary beggar  
Upon the roadway of days,  
Perforce it leadeth unto Eternity,  
And he must seek and find.

Life is a walled garden-spot;  
And man, for a little space  
May dwell therein, but woe is the day  
When he seeks in the morning  
The garden-gate and findeth it closed!

But what fear need he? For the sun  
Is not within the garden-spot,  
Nor the moon, nor the stars, nor the winds,  
Nor the rains, nor the sleets, nor the snows,  
Nor any of these things,  
Which be the goods of His hands.

Lo, when the garden's gate hath closed,  
Man hath taken his place among  
The larger elements of God's creation.

## HOW HAVE I CAUGHT AT FLEETING JOYS

How have I caught at fleeting joys,  
And swifter fleeting sorrows, and days and nights,  
And morns and eves, and seasons too,  
Aslipping thro' the years, afleet!  
And whither hath their trend then led? Ah whither?

How do I to stop amid the very pulse o' life,  
Afeared? Yea, fear clutcheth at my very heart!  
For what? The night? Nay, night doth shimmer,  
And flash the jewels I did count  
E'er fear had stricken me.  
The morn? Nay, I waked with morn atremor,  
And know the day-tide's every hour;  
How do I then to clutch me at my heart—  
Afeared? The morrow? Nay, the morrow  
But bringeth old loves and hopes anew.

Ah, woe is me, 'tis emptiness, aye, naught—  
The bottomlessness o' the pit that doth afright!  
Afeared? Aye, but driven fearless on!

What! Promise ye 'tis to mart I plod?  
What! Promise ye new joys?  
Ah, but should I sleep, to waken me  
To joys I ne'er had supped!

I see me stand abashed and timid,  
As a child who cast a toy beloved,  
For bauble that but caught the eye,  
And left the heart ahungered.

What! Should I search in vain to find a sorrow,  
That had fledged hence afore my coming—  
And found it not?—Ah, me, the emptiness!  
And what! Should joys that but a prick of gladness dealt,

And teased my hours to happiness,  
Be lost amid this promised bliss?  
Nay, I clutch me to my heart in fear, in truth!

Do harken Ye! And cast afearing  
To the wiles of beating gales and wooing breeze.  
I find me throat aswell and voice attuned.  
Ah, let me then to sing, for joy consumeth me!  
I've builded me a land, my mart!  
And fear hath slipped away to leave me sing.  
I sleep, and feel afloat. Whither? Whither?  
To wake—and wonder warmeth at my heart,  
I've waked in yester-year!

What! Ye?—And what!—I'st thou?  
Ah, have I then slept to dream? Come, ne'er  
A dream-wraith looked me such a welcoming!  
'Twas yesterday this hand wert then afold,  
And now—ah, do I dream?  
'Tis warm-pressed within mine own!  
Dreams! Dreams! And yet, we've met afore!

I see me flitting thro' this vale,  
And tho' I strive to spell the mountain's height  
And valley's depth, I do but fall afail.  
Wouldst thou then drink a potion  
Were I to offer thee an empty cup?  
Couldst thou to pluck the rainbow from the sky?—  
As well then might I spell to thee.

But I do promise at the waking—old joys,  
And sorrows ripened to a mellow heart;  
And e'en the crime-stained wretch, abasked in light,  
Shall cast his seed and spring afruit!

Then do I cease to clutch the emptiness,  
And sleep, and sleep me unafear'd!

## SWIFT AS LIGHT-FLASH O' STORM

Swift as light-flash o' storm, swift, swift,  
Would I send the wish o' thine asearch.  
Swift, swift as bruise o' swallow's wing 'pon air,  
I'd send asearch thy wish, areach to lands unseen;  
I'd send aback o' answer laden.  
Swift, swift, would I to flee unto the "Naught,"  
Thou knowest as the "Here."  
Swift, swift I'd bear aback to thee  
What thou wouldst seek. Swift, swift,  
Would I to bear aback to thee.

Dost deem the path ahid doth lead to naught?  
Dost deem thy footfall leadest thee to nothingness?  
Dost pin not 'pon His word o' promising,  
And art at sorry and afear to follow Him?

I'd put athin thy cup a sweet, a pledge o' love's-buy.  
I'd send aback a glad-song o' this land.  
Sing thou, sing on, though thou art ne'er ahead—  
Like love awaked, the joy o' breath  
Anew born. o' His loving.

Set thee at rest, and trod the path unfearing;  
For He, who putteth joy to earth, aplaned joy  
Athin the reach o' thee 'en through  
The dark o' path at end o' journey.  
His smile! His word! His loving!  
Put forth thy hand at glad, and I do promise thee,  
That joy o' earth asupped shall fall as naught,  
And thou shalt sup thee deep o' joys, o' Bearer,  
Aye, and Source; and like glad light o' day,  
And sweet o' love—thy coming here shall be!

## MAN

Behold me, a composite of all atoms.  
The core of life is within me;  
Behold, I am "Spirit and Matter."  
The elements of "Matter" remain with their kind.  
The elements of "Spirit" flow forth  
To rejoin their kind.  
There is the parting of the way,  
For spirit is but measured and dealt in matter.  
It hath no part with matter, neither doth it  
Leave a stain of its substance upon the clay.

Clay is but clod, and droppeth awhither.  
The cup is moulded and ground  
And dispersed in dust before the winds!  
While the "spirit" encircles the universes!  
And forgets the crumbling atoms, save to smile  
Upon newer cups at their measuring.

## THE DAY'S PROLOGUE

Let me announce prologue  
Before that great sable curtain, Eternity!  
At its base bum seven thousand suns.  
About its arch the stars hang; before its face  
Floats the music of the spheres.

An instant man passeth, clothed in motley,  
With a pack of tricks, laughs, weeps,  
Gives utterance to a few short words—  
And behold—the curtain riseth!

## APPENDIX

"Not where I wert, beloved, nay where I am!"

This poem is included in the record of July 4th, 1921. This record, being of great importance, is here printed in full, and also Casper S. Yost's letter, written after his visit to the home of "Patience" in Dorsetshire, England.

The record of September 9th, 1921, follows, containing the It acknowledgement of Patience," and the conclusion of the foregoing incidents.

### RECORD OF JULY 4, 1921

As has been noted in previous records, Mr. Yost was to take a trip to England, starting July 7th, and on the trip was to visit Dorsetshire, the English home of Patience Worth. She had been promising him a hint of something he would find of her while there: to stand where she had stood, and know it, etc.

This being the last writing night before his departure, Patience was ready to fulfill her promise, and began the evening by showing Mrs. Curran a mental picture of the spot which she evidently wanted him to find. She began with this remark:

"E'er I set that that thou covetest, I hae for to  
'fess the spot be as thou dost for to set athin thy heart.  
Aye, but thee shalt for to seek the cliffed coast."

Mrs. Curran found herself upon an elevation overlooking the sea some distance from the port, which was not in sight. She sensed that the situation was not the same as at this time, but was a selection of a site on account of its difficulty of access. A highway ran a little above her standing place, but the hill raised above the highway. Mrs. Curran climbed the hill and went over the summit, where she came upon ruins showing parts of walls enclosing what was once a cellar. She sensed that it was the ruins of a monastery. Suddenly as she looked upon the ruins, the original building was reproduced for her—a long, flat building of stone, very massive and crude, with heavy iron bound doors, and windows with wrought iron work binges; no steeple, but at one end a square turret or lookout. Everything was damp and musty inside. The building was then shown destroyed, evidently by war or for some revenge. Not far above this spot, about a quarter of a mile, the road along the bluff

showed an entering road, leading in from the mainland—a green rolling country with gentle slopes, not farmed much, with houses here and there. Two or three miles up this country on this road was a small village—few houses. Mrs. Curran got the sense that this was where Patience lived when she was alive. There were a kirk, a couple of manor houses, a few poorer cottages and a smithy. Patience now interpolated:

"The hand of Time be a banisher of men's baubles. Aye, but I say me, when thou hast stood upon this spot, and lain hand 'pon the stuns, theelt have stood 'pon the spot thy damie hast stood upon and gazed seaward. Aye, and later seek the highway unto the meeting o' the ryver and the sea wherefrom she did 'bark. When thou hast set foot upon this point, thou hast crossed the spot where she flung her heart unto England, and set sail thitherward. Aye, but the trick be not put clear."

Again a scene shows: A landing for boats where was anchored a huge vessel, wood, sailing vessel, three masted schooner. This disappeared at once, and she began to sense that it was shown simply to suggest the voyage. The scene changes:

drizzly, cold morning, clammy skin. Mrs. Curran has a desolate feeling in her heart, yet one of unrest, and determination for some action. Then she saw a great gray horse with hairy fetlocks and bushy mane, saddled with heavy leather skirts and high horn. A woman is sitting on the horse, holding a bundle tied in sailcloth, tied with thongs. She wears a coarse cloth cape, brown-gray, with hood like a cowl, peaked. The face is in shadow. She is small and her feet are small—with coarse square-toed shoes and gray woolen stockings. She is making a tedious journey over a wet road toward inland to get to the river at a place further inland. There is a group of six or seven riders with her, male, except two other women. At the river they all dismount and carry their bundles to a landing on the river. The bundles are various sizes. One has an iron bound and hinged chest. The party embark into a number of small boats, and go down the river to a settlement, where they transfer to a river boat of good size, which took them further down the river to where it meets the sea. There is a larger port and many seagoing vessels. One vessel, high railed, stands out from the rest. It is the one previously shown. Four of the men and Patience

board the vessel. Her facial outline shows determination as she gets on the vessel. About twenty people get on at the same time. Her face holds a hurt look, sorrowful, but desperately decided. Among the passengers is one man of Patience's party better dressed, probably a nobleman; also a woman of youth with a child about five or six years old, dressed in long pants and short jacket, brick red, with black braiding, jacket lapels large. Patience noted the arrival of this pair. There was great confusion of making ready for departure—hoisting sails and anchor of the high-waisted vessel. Patience went down into the small rooms in the ship's middle. These were unfinished wood, rough, with a side berth, narrow like cells. There was a bench to sit on, but Patience sat down on her bundle, her face on her clenched hand, seemingly striving to shut out the sounds of departure. There was no chest in the room for her bundles. A blustering, noisy man, evidently the purser, came in calling names from a list. Patience pushed back her hood and fully disclosed her face. She was much younger than Mrs. Curran had thought, being probably about thirty years. Her hair was dark red, mahogany, her eyes brown, and large and deep, her mouth firm and set, as though repressing strong feelings. Her hair had been disarranged by her cap, and was in big, glossy, soft waves. Mrs. Curran heard the creaking of the spars, the flapping of the sails, and felt the motion of the ship as it put to sea, but Patience sat, lonely and silent, a part of the twilight inside the ship, a gray, tired, lonely figure, leaving her land to what? It was late afternoon.

The ship is now out on the lonely sea. It is night and a storm has come up. Lightning is flashing, and shows the face of Patience at each flash, stark but unafraid. A sense of heart. sickness, but of domination, is the mood of Patience.

The scene changes again: a calm morning shows on a beautiful calm ocean. The mother of the boy mentioned is shown in her cabin on the bunk. At first she seemed asleep, but at last the impression that she is dead comes, and is confirmed. The boy weeps, and Patience is shown with the boy's face in the folds of her skirt. She takes him away, and the body is rolled in a piece of sailcloth and given to the sea.

Days pass, the voyage is long, sickness comes to many, and dull discouragement pervades the ship. Patience is shown tirelessly ministering to all the sick, her hands moving like shuttles

The hurt has left her eyes too bright and her lips too ready with smiles. There is a feverishness in all her actions as she goes about flashing her wit and encouraging words tirelessly. At the rail she stops anon and looks across and ahead, still unfearful.

A great restlessness now pervades the ship. All are eagerly watching for land, questioning, speculation and disappointment follow close. At last gulls appear at the ship and the feeling is better, since the gulls must have come from land. At the horizon a faint, blue, hazy line appears, and all gather at the rail to watch. It turns out to be a jagged coast, outlined against the sky as they draw nearer. Patience stands, lips trembling and hands nervously moving on the rough rail where she has laid them. They could find no landing place for the ship. Evidently they had missed the expected spot, but in their eagerness they launched several flat boats and pulled to the sandy shore over which hung a cliff. Patience standing in the prow of her boat was one of the first to reach the shore.

Patience now said:

"Sic a voyage! Will 'ee dwell upon that!"

Then returning to the Dorset dialect, she said:

"Theelt deem thou hast caught a chestnut burr when thee list to the tongue of my land. Ye'll chuckle, for many Donalds ye'll elbow. (Donald is a character in the Merry Tale.)

We wondered if Patience really wanted us to have much of her history that was definite. She said:

"The namin' o' a brat fetches the namin' o' the sire, and the Mither's sire, and the mither's mither's sire."

Mrs. Curran in her vision saw a monk meet Mr. Yost when the latter debarked, take his hand, place his arm around Mr. Yost's shoulders and lead him inland.

Patience now shows Mrs. Curran the back of a baldheaded monk working on a leaded window for a church or cathedral. He had completed drawing an infant Jesus in swaddling clothes. The figure's swathing was white, its face was flesh-colored, its background pale blue and the halo gold. Beneath was a four line inscription, partly hidden by the monk's body. The words

were in French and the letters old English. Reading down the words were:

Ange  
Felice  
Enfant  
Aime Amour

Another figure was now flashed with no visible connection to the other. A figure of a saint was shown full length, bare feet, blue robe, a light behind his head. The impression was flashed to Mrs. Curran—St. Michael. He was shown in the attitude of warding off, defending, or admonition.

Now a pillared frieze was shown and at each pillar was a carved wood saint, beautifully colored, also an altar brilliant with candles, laces, sumptuous and elegant. In front of it hangs a ruby globe or lamp with heavy gold pendants. Suddenly the whole thing topples in and falls to ruins, and ashes are over all, as though spread by unseen hands. Where was beauty and wealth comes ugliness. The altar is flat with no candles or decorations. Then another change comes. The altar show two candles with a chalice between. This is doubtless symbolic of changes in the possession of the church and in rituals. Then Mrs. Curran bears a bedlam of disputations and argument, and again the whole thing disappears.

Patience dropped the pictures here and gave this poem, doubtless referring to the changes which must have taken place in her spirit since she lived on earth.

Not where I wert, beloved, nay  
Where I am. Aye, and where thou art  
There also am I. I am pithed in a desire  
To illumine. I would become a holy fire  
In the tabernacle of all men's hearts,  
A reflection of that white pure flame  
Which was embered upon Calvary and hath burned  
As a beacon for ages.

Not what I wert,  
But what I am. My day  
Is but a chain of incidents  
Even as thine shall be.

From this I may take no part.  
Even so with thee. My day is but  
A cup which holds the molten stuff  
Which shall become me. No thing  
That I do with my hands save that  
My heart is the master, may I retain.

Not what I wert, but what I am.  
I am resurrected from out the cunning  
Of thine imagination. Yea, I have poured  
That which is me unto the cup  
Of thy day, a molten stuff,  
And become anew, manifest, without place  
Or instant. I am conceived and become concrete.  
What is the answer?

---

I would that in an early morning hour,  
Beloved, thou shouldst see the hawthorn  
Garlanded, yea, flower—becrowned, leaning  
Upon the soft airs caressfully. That thou  
Mightest smell the cool, sweet smell  
Of new—cut grain, and hear the fretted lark  
Go skyward. I would, beloved,  
That thou mightest feel that benevolent touch  
Which an aged land bestows.  
I would, beloved, that e'en thou mightest feel  
The pride of kingship for an instant,  
Gloat in the gold of office, grow prideful  
In close contact with the nobles,  
Feel thyself a cringing worm, mayhap,  
For one sweet instant, then grow joyful  
In thy freedom. Such is the sup for which  
Thine own beloved thirsted!

---

"He whose spirit frets as a wild bird in a wicker knows hunger far more and past the  
hungering for bread."

---

Before the silver curtain of the eve  
The sickling moon shifts shuttling,

Lifting upon her silver threads the barrier  
Which shutteth Day away, enticing Night  
To lay an instant in her white arms,  
An instant purified and holy.

---

What of lands? Aye, what of seas?  
What of hope? Aye, what of despair?  
The same moon looks steadfast, silent,  
Rebukeful forever and for aye.  
The same sun each morn slayeth night,  
The same night intercedes 'twixt  
Weariness and rest.

What of lands? What of seas?  
What of hopes and what of despairs?  
The same agonies deal lustful days  
And lustful nights upon which men offer up  
Their flesh as sacrifice.  
The same joys grow weary at their endless  
Folly lay. What of lands?

---

"Theelt find a country bumpkin, sleek in coin and smug in wisdom, who looks him down upon all men save them that ride! Theelt find, I'm saying it, the pith of thine own kind, aye, and every kind, within the land thou seekest. Aye and more, theelt find the whole kith atiptoe to be over thee! The king's heel bringeth the bumpkin 'pon his toes. Aye, there still be them within each village who, though they wear nay cap or bells, who still use wit as the whip of swineherdin! Wi' ye seek a flax spinner, aye, and a wool tweeder? Look ye 'pon it how the twistin' be done. I hae told ye how it be done."

---

Oh, holy sun, resplendent in the morn,  
Upon thy golden altar I would cast  
A red, red rose. Be merciful,  
Oh, Moon, white sister, guardian  
Of night. With thy sacred hands

Distill through the veil of stars A sacred dew, a magic draft, with which To crown the flaunting bloom at morn.

Oh, red, red rose dyed crimson  
In the fountain of the years, may each day  
Give thee sunlight for thy radiance,  
Dewdrops for thy sustenance,  
A living tryst each morn upon the golden altar  
Of the sun. I'd set thee forever fresh,  
Forever and forever wide blown and never withering.

---

"Aye, through thorns hath England set the blossom there."

"Ne'er shall ye know, till ye have seen the last long sweep of thine own land sink witherward, how much her son thou art."

Mr. Yost asked for a word of farewell:

"Nay, it may not be. It's to be a greetin'.

"When thee dost first set thy foot upon mine own shore, think an it. A wee whit dame with greetin' hands and smilin' eyes and muted lips shall say:

"'Tis mine ain bonnie land. Aye, I have fit the key to it within thine heart. Ye dare not betray me. Love me, love my kind."

"Ye may not elude me. I be as persistent as the winds and the sun, as whimsey as the rain and the sunlight, as age and as folly-laden as an ass packed for the fair. Dost thee woe, I'll tweak thee. Dost thee merry, I'll woe thee. Dost thee woe and merry, I'll set a stern discourse, holding long o'er man's wisdom or folly, saddlin' the bag of folly with the leather of wisdom, bestridin' a fool upon the back of wisdom. Man wearies, and whist! I'll say me of the thing he wants: There's pith in that he expecteth not, and that be a wench's first lesson. How be it? Egad, hath thy damie learned the lesson well?"

## LETTER OF CASPER S. YOST AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

Weymouth, England, July, 1921.

Dear Pearl and John (Curran):

We have been there. And most appropriately on Sunday. We reached here yesterday afternoon, coming down from London with a "bank holiday crowd" which filled the train with many standing in the corridors. This morning we engaged a car and went to Abbotsbury. There are the ruins of the old monastery Patience told us about. There are old walls, ivy grown and a massive building which looks like a chapel but it is said to have been used by the monks as a stable. Whether that is true or not, the whole ground about is used as a stable now.

Far up, on the hill above, is St. Catherine's chapel, a small building of massive stone. The village of Abbotsbury is exceedingly picturesque. All its houses are very old, built solidly of stone and with thatched roofs. The few streets are narrow and crooked and the few inhabitants look as ancient as the town. We touched the stones and then we sped down the road to Portisham, the village of Patience. It fits exactly in her direction and to her description, about three miles inland from the monastery on a road that runs inland and branches. It is still a wee village, perhaps three hundred inhabitants. It is beautifully situated and its houses look as old as in Patience's day. The little church was there no doubt in Patience's day—a stone building with a small square Norman tower overgrown with ivy. Windows are of small pieces of leaded glass set cornerwise instead of square and only about three inches each way. No colored glass. Found no existing signs of colored windows. Churchyard is filled with gravestones, many of them so old that no inscription can be seen. Deciphered one in the side of the chapel dated 1670. The chapel looked as if it might have been the one Hope Trueblood entered on a certain occasion. Maybe one of these graves holds the black box. It is a beautiful place, and by the way, it is the birthplace of Thomas Hardy, the novelist. The whole country indeed is exceedingly beautiful with rolling ground much like St. Louis country, but with every inch under cultivation except spots of trees and glorious single trees scattered over the landscape. These, with the hedges that separate

all the fields, except here and there a stone wall, give beauty and variety to the scene. Took a lot of snapshots, but the day is cloudy with a touch of fog, and I am afraid I got nothing. However I am quite sure I have been in Patience's own country, stood where she stood, touched the same stones, and as I write, I can look out as I raise my eyes from the paper and see the seas where she has looked. I could not ascend by the "cliffed road" for that is not the way now, for cars, at any rate.

We are having an interesting trip and although we have found some things that are not as we would like because of differences in customs, we are enjoying ourselves very much. Have been in Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford and have covered London pretty thoroughly. Going back to London this evening, and will leave Wednesday for Belgium on the way to Paris. Both of us are very well and hope you, John, are improving, and that all the rest are well. No one but you can understand what this day has been to me!

With love for you both, Buz.

---

RECORD OF SEPTEMBER 9th, 1921  
PRESENT MR. YOST, MR. AND MRS. CURRAN AND  
THE FAMILY

Mr. Yost had returned from England and France, and we were all agog to hear more of the land of our Patience. After much talk, we sat to hear from her, and she made this poetic reference:

In that most silent pause;  
In that bethrilled silence;  
In that glad leaping o' thy heart;  
In that pause before the meager bit  
Of huts which unto thy handmaid  
Wert a part of day; acknowledged  
Thy communion, and I, oh brother mine:  
Shall acknowledge mine!

---

She went on: "Who might pluck such an bonny land out their heart, and sing, and sing, without the pith of every singin' be be-shadowed?"

"There be that in the prim hedges, in the fringin' blossoms, in the free blue sweep o' the sky and the mist-heavy cloud-rims—there be that in the fresh smack o' the sea, aye and the stalwart thick o' the trees which maketh the heart become, from the contact, a rich soil for the inflow of God."

"There be a bond twixt this land and Englan' for behold, is it not true that thy kith and kind departed her and used this land for pillow?"

Then to Mr. Yost: "I ken a sumpthin'. I ken how when thou didst stand upon the crag and gaze thee seaward hark ye...."

My soul bath no wall, I am  
Upon a parapet Behold, I know  
No limit. It is as though I am  
Become another sea which merges  
Into this. In that most beauteous  
Symbol, I become convinced of the beauty  
Of that consecration, that holy merger.  
He is the great, great sea, and I  
Only a wave, a time-tossed wave,  
Yet exultant for I am a part  
Of the depth, yea the breadth and the might!

---

Then jocularly to Mr. Yost: "Weel, it may be most unmaidenly but mightest thou but hae seen a garden spot in the magic witchery o' moonlight."

"Ye see, brother mine, thy damie mightest not sit aside the hearth primmed and proper frocked wi' mayhap a shuttle for to spin and a bannock for to turn for thee. How be it then she shall for to set thee a love-bannock in the tale." And she wrote about 1,000 words of Samuel Wheaton.

## PERSONAL POEMS

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### TO MY COMRADES

Lo, the joy of companionship.  
We who commune in a common wine  
Know the stimulant as a common power.  
We who lend our hands unto a common labor,  
Have become brothers who build a tabernacle,  
In whose sanctuary burns  
A ne'er extinguishable taper—  
Each lending of himself, with no self  
In the action, and each intent  
Upon becoming a perfect vessel,  
Each humble in the action called unto.

Behold, have we taken up a Gloria,  
Feebly singing, but the echo shall never cease!  
I say shall never cease! For the labor,  
Which hath come from out unselfish action,  
Is not of material, and may not be destroyed  
By material evidence.

—Patience Worth.

TO CASPER S. YOST

When I think of thee, beloved,  
There are no walls. I seem to feel  
A cool May morning. I see a deep deep sky,  
Which wears a crown of gold-tipped clouds,  
In which beglisten stars. I smell the scent  
Of opening buds, that unisistent perfume,  
Which is hauntful—sweet of memories.  
I feel the soft, soft zephyr upon my cheek.  
I feel thick turf beneath my feet.  
Aye, my beloved, and the briared way,  
That little path which leads betimes  
Unto the wood, where nestlings fret the silence,  
And the coming and the going of the birds  
Inscribe pale melody upon the sky.

When I think of thee, I see, I feel,  
I know these things; and when I am come  
Unto the thicket, methinks that I shall see thee  
Plucking rue and wort and thistles  
And the wild rose, weaving garlands.

Aye, my beloved, methinks it shall be so.  
And when I am come unto this spot—  
This secret spot, that you and I together,  
Like children, shall make way  
To the broader, wider country,  
To the newer, sweeter fields,  
To the older, deeper memories,  
To the nearer, dearer ones!

TO JOHN H. CURRAN

(Addressed to him during his last illness)

Beloved, we have known long hours  
Of quietude, sweet paths of shadow.  
Never a fear, yet we have confided  
Wonderingly of what lay beyond.  
I have said: "Low hillocks and  
Sweet valleys, and the same familiar stars,  
Made pale, mayhap, by that illumination,  
Awesome in its golden purity."

I have said: "Familiar mornings  
With the waking birds." I have said:  
"Fair nights wherein dreams weaved  
Fantastically—old dreams." I have said:  
"Familiar scenes and living dreams."  
And thou, beloved, didst look to me  
With sad, sweet eyes and smile,  
Thy pale lips whispering:—  
"Aye, all of this, and yet—and yet  
My love is here."

TO MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN

Oh God, abide with me.  
Make covenant with mine hours.  
Oh God, show me with the touch  
Of Thine enlightening hand,  
Show me with the quickening  
Of that silent speech which is Thine,  
That voice which speaketh intimately in silence—  
Make me understand, for I am confused.  
I have lost no faith. I believe.  
I have seen Thy hand descend with a sickle  
And cut down the ripe grain which was mine;  
And I questioned not, and I have striven  
That I make sheaf of the grain,  
But the task is heavy, oh God.  
Show me. Make me acquainted  
With Thy companionship and its strength.  
I am confused, not faithless. Lend Thou the Shepherd,  
For I am a sheep in the tares.  
Yea, I am encompassed by thick growth of briars.  
I am lost. I can hear the call,  
But I may not make away.  
Oh God, I am not faithless—I am confused.

## POEMS TO HERMAN BEHR

Mine ain; with a twin of tremlin' hands  
Did thy handmaid hold forth a taper  
Into a dark, dark night!  
And thou, a weary traveller—didst see.  
Behold, no longer art thou alone.  
My hand is in thine, my head upon thy bosom.  
Yea, and I flow from thy lips in honeyed words.  
Behold, I am resurrected in thy love.

The bread I proffer thee is of homely stuff—  
Of grey meal, which wert gristed by  
Mine ain hand. Yea, and I have salted it  
With my tears, and made it fit for thy eating  
By delivering it upon the salver of my love!  
The wine which I present thee is a scarlet stuff.  
Yea, and thy soul is the cup which stands  
Upon the slender pedestal of thy hope—  
And dost thou proffer it—  
Behold! shall the scarlet wine pour,  
The scarlet wine which is the wine of me—  
Made scarlet in actuality by  
The agony of existence. Thereby is it fit  
As a communion twixt thee and me.

I am naught but an expression of Him  
Even as thee and thee.  
Yet I am as the bread which thou dost eat,  
As the sup which thou dost sup. I am as steadfast  
As the sun, aye, and the moon and the stars.  
I am a guardian of the door of thine every hour.  
I am a prisoner bound at thy feet,  
Writhing in an agony of joy.  
I am fettered by love.  
Behold my hands, waiting new fetters.

Lo, are my songs like birds  
Within a wicker hung, fretting  
For the blue sky, for the heights,  
For the crags, for the swagging valleys,  
For the twining rivers, for listeners!

Lo, are my songs like birds  
Within a wicker hung, and thou,  
Beloved, hast loosed the latch  
And let them free!

Behold, the cup of my word!  
It is a covenant, a pledge.  
Behold my kiss upon it!  
It is the imprint of my being—  
The pact of the covenant.

Behold, the cup of my word.  
Let thy love pour into it  
And I say the thirst of man  
Shall be quenched upon the wine  
Through Time!

What magic is thine, beloved?  
Lo, had the day become a worn thing  
And the vessels of office trinkets  
Of memory. What magic is thine?  
Beneath the spell of thy voice have I  
Walked upon the sands of morning  
Which embrace Day, and found new toys  
Awaiting me, new music in the waters,  
New songs in the air, new peace  
In the quietude, new simplicity  
In confusion. Each morrow is exultant  
And I expectant. I am comrade  
With all days, no longer woeful  
O'er yesterdays or fretful o'er tomorrows  
Save in anticipation of new joys!

What magic is thine, beloved?  
It is as though I had come fresh  
From the conflict with bloody head,  
With bruised hands and heavy feet,  
With mine armour oppressing me—  
It is as though I had come to thy side,  
And felt thy gentle touch upon my brow,  
Watched thy slender hands unthong  
My coat of mail, and weary,  
Dropped my head upon thy breast, secure  
In the serenity of thy voice.

In some tomorrow, no longer mine  
Methinks I see, Beloved, stretches  
Of greenwood where thrushes dip  
And grain parts heavily that the sun  
May swing to the West's deep,  
And faint stars, the same familiar stars  
On which I swore or swung  
My hope, come, and the same moon  
Which seems so confidently my companion  
Keeping new trysts; the same  
Familiar chirrup in the grass,  
And the loving leaves embracing.  
All of this I see in a new tomorrow  
Which hath no part with me.

Oh you who trod therein, know this;  
How in confusion I did party  
With thy day, thy selfsame day,  
In my benighted seeking.  
Listlessly moved I upon that same urge  
Which now directs thy progress.  
The moon to me, seemed an icy bubble  
Floating, and I beneath her gazed me  
Upward wondering, wondering.  
And my heart froze in contemplation  
Of that awesome stretch, impenetrable!  
And the stars, oh brother, the age old stars,  
Streaming the lore of paster ages  
Earthward, enriching me with that subtle  
Substance which enshrouds them,  
Phantoms that they are of myriad hopes  
And fears and troths. And those familiar sounds  
Which grate, marked me with comfort,  
Gave me a twig to crush within my hand,  
A closer contact with the things that be.

Know this, oh brother,  
'Tis I who speak, a shadow  
From that other day.  
—Be comforted!

Never within me wert there contempt for God.  
Never, I say me never!  
Yet I rebelled at man's measure of Him.  
While men builded portals to contain Him,  
I found the Eastern gateway open;  
While they chanted prayers,  
I went me Westward with the sinking sun,  
And found no fettering gateway there!  
While they with cunning hands  
Set to the building of a creed,  
I beheld the steadfastness of the North star;  
And while they—in doubting  
Broke the vessels of their own labor—  
I contemplated the South in its vastness.

I am unfettered. The Power which I acknowledge  
May not be contained in the word God.  
This is not contempt.  
It is mine own acknowledgement.

It is wisdom that He should never "be"  
And yet forever "exist" as the pith  
Of Eternity—the never-ending Hope  
Which ensnares us for aye and aye.

Wert e'er a ladye blessed with such a knight?  
With such a love? Beloved, hast thou supped  
This sweetness she distilled through bitter days  
Unto an endless song? Then is she glorified.

She hath led thy hand and taught thy heart  
To lisp new faith; hath pointed to the Day,  
Thus showing thee that it is the holy seat  
Of God; hath simplified dull learning  
With a trick of logic whose foundation  
Is pithed on love and may not tremble.

If thou art satisfied, then is she glorified.  
Had e'er a ladye such a knight, who flings  
His purse as a dried leaf, waging the day  
With his love and labor.  
Had e'er a ladye such a knight?

Oh, I would broider thee a banner  
With a bird upon it—methinks a lark,  
Mayhap a nightingale. What hap, doth it sing,  
Beloved? Oh, I would broider thee a banner fair.  
Had e'er a ladye such a knight?

DECEMBER 5TH, 1922

And the day goeth by,  
The turmoil and the chiming.  
What part hath it with the consummation  
Of my communion?  
How small the tasks the hours present!  
I am consumed oh God, with a new desire.  
It is a desire for peace, for rest, for solitude,  
For understanding. I have found  
In thy illumined word, a new bread,  
And my soul was sick and hungered.  
May I feed my hungry heart with lilies,  
Or with the gauds of day,  
Or will the chiming of the fool's bells  
Fill my heart with mirth?  
This thing may not be.  
Nay I have found a common bread.  
It is coarse stuff. It is labor  
And my hands lay upon it in loving action,  
And I partake with grateful lips,  
And I have become strong.  
Each night I drain the cup of day  
To Thee in a sweet communion.

JANUARY 29TH, 1923

My lips are mute while my hands labor,  
And I am conscious in my heart  
Of the magnitude of the Lord;  
For I have entered the tabernacle  
And communed. I have lended my hand  
To the servant of the Lord.  
I have become exalted in the fervor  
Of His light within the chalice of words.  
My hands move and I write with a torch  
Holy words, for I have traced my love upon them.  
Tomorrow shall read, and all the tomorrows  
Shall be quick of the labor.  
For I have seen light where there was no light,  
And know not darkness. Eternity opes  
As a scroll before me, and the words I read  
Are simple, and I am intimate with the wisdom  
They contain. For I have written thereon  
And read but that my hand has traced.  
I am exalted with the wine of love,  
A love which is not confined to a certain cup,  
But which pours as a healing balm  
A river of sweet waters through the day.

