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POEMS

By A R J A V A

With a Foreword by
SRI KRISHNA PREM



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Foreword

I must be now twelve years since Chadwick and I sat together on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, talking far into the night of dreams that lay close to our hearts, dreams that had brought us together as they had brought us both to India. Of his past I knew little save that it included a fellowship at, I think, Trinity College, Cambridge and that a distinguished Cambridge philosopher entertained great hopes from his brilliant abilities in mathematical philosophy of the specifically 'Cambridge' sort. Somewhere between the chinks of his academic career I surmised an initiation into the Kabalistic tradition and there was that in his eyes which showed unmistakably that it was not for the sake of a professorship in a provincial university that he had left his friends at Cambridge and crossed the seven seas.

Once more we met in a university bungalow at Lucknow, a background that I think we both felt to be an utter irrelevance, and then we departed, I to the North and he to the South where he had found his Guru in Sri Aurobindo. There, in the Asram at Pondicherry, he lived for the last ten years, shedding at the feet of his Guru the burden of all that the world counts valuable in order to find the hidden treasure for which most men have no eyes.

Of his life and sadhana there under the name of Arjava it is not for me to speak. That it brought about a profound psychic transformation in his nature is clear from the fact that he, whose language had hitherto been limited to the arid propositions of intellectual philosophy, became a poet, and, with the aid of poetry, entered the inner worlds of which, till then, he had but dreamed.

Traditionalists and those who take a narrow view of sadhana will perhaps wonder what poetry has to do with yoga. The truth is that the reintegration of the psyche that is brought about by sadhana has the effect of releasing unsuspected powers that were lying latent in the heart of the sadhaka, as, indeed, they are in the hearts of all. We read in books of yoga that " by meditating on Her who shines in the Root Lotus with the

lustre of ten million Suns, a man becomes a Lord of Speech and, _____ pure of heart, by his deep and musical words, serves the greatest of the Gods." The truth of such words, nowadays too often assumed to be mere empty praise, is witnessed to by these poems left behind by Arjava when, at what seems to us the early age of forty, the Sovereign Dweller of his heart decided to withdraw to inner worlds.

The mere literary critic will admire the delicate dream-like beauty of these poems, but, unless his insight is more than merely literary, he will go no deeper, for they deal with the mysteries of the inner life and only he who can read their symbols will be able to penetrate to their heart. For Arjava, as is shown in the poem entitled Correspondences, Nature was a shrine in which each form seen in the flickering firelight of the senses was a shadow of realities that lay within, shining in the magical light of the secret Moon which was the Master-Light of all his seeing, the central image of so many of his poems.

In the midst of our personal sadness at his early departure let us remember that this Path is one which leads through many worlds and that, as Sri Krishna said, *neha bhikrama naso'sti*, for him who treads it there can be no loss of effort.

SRI KRISHNA PREM.

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Poems

DREAM INTERLUDE



THE guiding voice with pleading cried :
" For third last test the hour
Now comes, when many have espied
Something of Pixie power."
With glad consent I took my way :
A door was closed behind.
A rocky slope, a twilight grey,
A winding path I find.
It seems to be the furthest bound
Of a pleasure garden wild.
Trees loom above, below, around ;
But here great stones are piled
To harbour plants that tuft and creep
And nestle in their shade.
On near-by path are men who sweep—
My guide is half afraid
Their zealous care may interfere
With what we plan to do.
By upward path we disappear
Out of their rockbound view,
And through the wood expectant press
To where the trees grow thin :
A slender thong hangs motionless,
As waiting to begin
Some magic dance that shall enhance
Slow pulse and vision dull;
It trembles now, though yet in trance,
Impatient of the lull
(As eerie calm, before a storm,
Sets quivering all the air),
I fain would know what subtle form
Has power to make it stir—•

For in slow circles round it goes,
Then faster, wider flies ;
The silent woods no *breeze* disclose,
No being stays our eyes.

But fled are all the shadows and vanished are the trees,
The air's like sleeping crystal unstirred by sound or *breeze*,
The levelled rays from western sun are slanting through the sky,
And hopes are poised and spirits calmed and keener grows the eye !

The ground was rough with tussocks, with heather and jutting rock
On some long deserted hillside ungrazed by herd or flock.
" O see the little fay balloons," I heard the guide exclaim ;
Vision that could not pierce the veil more limpid then became.

Encircling zones, bright diamond clear,
The earth-jarred limbs and sense refresh ;
And mind must weave a quicker mesh
Tuned to this joy-vibrating sphere.

As one new roused from sleep I catch some fitful gleam
Of pearl-hued bobbing globelets, like thistledown, that seem
To float in charmed security, nor groundward sink nor rise.
And faint beneath their filmy fleet are bubbling joyous cries.

" But here are dainty blooms and fairy toys for sale,
Exchanged for deep rich flowers—but not for blossoms pale
Or yellow-hued," declares some unseen guiding power,
While in my hand I find a crimson faded flower.

I stretch my hand toward a fairy woman seen
As if in gipsy guise of sable, brown and green ;
Her raven locks are braided, unshadowed is her face
(Where lurk no lie-bred cruelties and terrors find no place).

And for my earth-bruised offering she renders in exchange
The frail small blooms of Faerie—shell-formed and coloured strange.

My whim turns now toward a globe that sails in air :
" Two flowers are what you give," I learn—and grow aware
Of crushed dark sapphire blossoms, half-withered, that I hold ;
" You give me flower corpses !" she laughs—thus made more bold
I ask her how the fairies keep flowers from growing old.

With quizzing smile, the laughing answer :
One rhythmic step the flower-bud measures,
Another weaves our Pixie pleasures—
And Life's the dancer !

More fixed now becomes the half-familiar sight:
Eyes that draw their peacefulness from tarns on mountain tops ;
And ageless even features, clear brown as autumn copse
Subdued by cleansing flood of keen October light.

And hers the untamed certainty of plough-defying places
Where swift o'er springy turf cloud-shadows run their races ;
There through the flowery months blue butterflies will float,
Mingling with scent of furze, bird song and cricket note.

July 8, 1931.



LIFT THE STONE



BEFORE the chronicles of time began
Or sundering space her canopy unfurled,
The uncreated Over-Thought had plan
Itself to lose—self-offered, form a world.
Smooth as untrodden snow the gleaming Host,
Fraught with all history, ringed by opal pyx,
Shone through eternity rays innermost
On all symbolic forms that intermix
Silence of Heaven with lisping speech. God takes
His very substance that from Beauty came ;
Then with world-urging power He freely breaks
The bread that builds the fabric of His Name.
Seven great realms the fragments make : and we
In meanest dust may touch Divinity.



FINALE comes to thoughtful night's superb

Slow symphony, not meant for mortal ears ;
(These can but sense sea-sighings, listeners' tears,
The whispered undertones of tree and herb,
Plaudits of frog, brief scufflings that disturb.)
From sky-vast score sheet graven by the years
Slowly each jewelled star-note disappears,
Darkened by light which longer will not curb
Long gathering eagerness to limn the red
And golden dado over eastern sea ;
Then—heralding noon's opening far ahead—
Peeps up a crimson tip of peony.

Young day, a well-knit youth, swings up the skies,
Known by soft voice, slow smile and level eyes.

•





THE undiminished moon weaves threefold spell.
A month of phantoms Mars or Mammon serve ;
Yet, falsehood-freed in this true-centred curve,
Of Falsehood's motley empire ring the knell!
Two weeks' unvanquished growth can swiftly quell
Grave's insolence, englobe with living fire
Whatever haunts decay and darkness hire—
Triumphant Life by crescent pictured well!
Eight days ago Sorrow from lonely cell
Cried for completion 'cross the skies : but here
Lover with loved make one unsevered sphere
Of seamless Beauty, joy's clear citadel.
From phantoms freed—and death—might we possess
The life of truth—love's everlastingness !



OUT of a hazy stillness
 Softly the bird notes call :
 " Shatter your tired chillness,
 Stay not within the wall."

 Unicorns play through the morning,
 Phoenix is lord of the noon,
 Centaurs give delicate warning
 Under a huge red moon.

 Unicorn uncreated,
 Time may grow tired—not you !
 For changes of rhythm are dated
 By the clang of your topaz shoe.

 Custom shall never confine you ;
 Tameless the sweep of your horn :
 Nor shall the future define you,
 Song of a world new born !

 Shadowless splendour of heaven—
 Sapphire of endless extent;
 Eldest Day of the Seven :
 Immaculate bird that is sent

 From the high noon descending
 To foster the questing flame
 (For far beyond comprehending
 Shines That from whence you came).

 Fearing no sword that may sever,
 Diamond serene on the height—
 Blissful beyond our endeavour,
 Invisible Day of our night:

 For still from the ruby beacon
 Faintly your rays are shed
 And the ancient fetters weaken,
 And the young god lifts his head—

His ivory shoulders gleaming
Are tinged with the ruby glow,
His eyes of a far sun dreaming
Give aim to a steadfast bow ;

And under the feet of his living
Is the glint of a topaz shoe ;
And fragrant the flame of self-giving
That the phoenix comes to renew.



STRANGE ENCHANTMENT



THROUGH tranced hours the meadowsweet with summer-burdened
plumes

Had lulled the day to drowsiness—only the bee presumes
To ripple through the stillness, as yonder dragonfly
Will kiss the pool to dimples, then zoom toward the sky.

In quiet mid-stream a lily fleet, new-launched by summer glee,
Now slept becalmed beneath the boughs of one lone alder tree ;
While like the youth Narcissus the brooklime on the marge
Peered, blue-eyed, in the mirror framed by water-lily targe.

From further bank rose willowherb and iris torch aglow —
And spearmint, where the waterhen plied softly to and fro :
Till these, with mazy motion of beetles on the stream,
Wove o'er me strange enchantment; I heard as in a dream

The sound of tiny voices
As when a wood rejoices
Upon Midsummer Eve.
Or willow-wren who poises
Low piping pixie noises
That body-fastness cleave :—

(One voice) " Alder tree, alder tree,
June has set in with pageantry,
All that you saw now tell to me
On the brink of your lily lagoon."

(Another) " Clover white, clover red,
Wing with me to the clover bed :
Heries the lark high overhead
Birdhappy hours of June."

(Another) " Filmy the mist on the high mountain tarn
Veiling the sombre hue,
And sedges aglimmer with attercop yarn
Spangled with midsummer dew."

(Another) " Deep lay the valley of moon-bright lake
Lapping an island dim—
Spell which the dipping swallows break
With sunrise on far sea-brim."

With downward plop a water-rat ferried across the stream ;
And I being ferried with it, losing the magic dream,
Felt—landed on the earthward side—still cadenced in the heart
Enticing tunes untrafficked-in by any earthly mart.





THERE came in sight a treasure cove
 With foam-lipped shore;
And with delight my galleon strove
 To reive that ore—
Rathe daffodil and bluebell grove
 From springs of yore,
Gay tormentil whose tresses rove
 On forest floor.
Upon Time's marge prevailing mist
 Of Lethe dew
O'erlies the charge of amber-kissed
 Moments that flew—
The gentian flowers, like skies, untwist
 Soul-piercing blue,
The leafy towers of spring finlist
 Their birdchimes new.
The thoughts that flit through Nature's mind
 As seasons go
Their bodies quit—we do not find
 Their essence so.
Unfading flower, with magic signed,
 Inly bestow,
Bright fairy power who laughed behind
 That moving show.



SONG IN WINTER



gILVER mist of April shower,
Primrose pale and cuckooflower,
Blossoms agleam with a magical power
Rosy and white on the crab-apple tower.

Foxglove red and campion see,
Foamy tuft of elder tree ;
Poised o'er the pool mid the drone of the bee
Kingfisher trance on the willow-root knee.

Twilight blue of ripening sloes ;
Saffron-bright the birch leaf glows ;
Back in his lair let the dormouse doze
Dreaming of cornfields and white hedge-rose.

Spring may peep from winter's edge—
Coltsfoot stars the terrace ledge,
Catkins aswing on the high hazel hedge,
Golden the sun-glint of celandine pledge.



APRICOT bloom we weave on our loom,
And tassels of silk we will spin—
The silver and gold which the sallows unfold,
Or dark red where the cobnuts begin.

From a rainbow vat we draw the cravat
For the drake with his emerald gleam,
And a bridegroom suit for the crested newt
And the tiddlers that joust in the stream.

With satin-cloth white we garnish the height
Of the grim winter hedgegrow bare—
For the stitchwort spray has hidden away
The bones of a by-gone year.

But along the hem ground ivy stem
Invades with a purply-blue,
Dog-violets rove in paler mauve
With hyacinths piercing through.

Of azure shade the clutch is laid
In the neat hedgesparrow's nest,
And the life she rears all unawares
Fulfils Love's agelong quest.

FAR-FADED moon has sought new life in death :

Tier above tier the myriad worshippers
Their vigil keep, and each one burnisheth
To brighter gold his spear-tip, nor incurs
A sloven's name as one whose nature stirs
When Beauty is presented to the sense,
Yet breeds no deep response, no messengers
To bring fresh thoughts in absent love's defence.
From faltering hand you strengthen none shall wrench
The flaming spear of Love's fidelity.
His faithfulness no Lethe draught can dim,
The hungry years will vainly strive to quench
Star-kindled hope within the heart of him
Who holds faigt echoes of your mystery.

New Moon night, July 1931.



THE VALLEY OF THE FLEECE



A WINDLESS eve in a quiet coomb ;
Rock-rose yellow and golden broom.
Sandmartins wheel aloft
Watching day's goblet quaffed
By the priestess, Venus-adorned, rising from eastern tomb.

A dream-laden wind from the sky escorts
The starry ships of the Argonauts.
Sandmartin stirs in the hole ;
Peeps out one guardian troll—
" Will they carry our golden fleece back to the day-break ports ?"





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DANDELION green and gold,—
 Or silver-grey when growing old,—
 Magic stem of coral brown
 Exchanging sunbeam-woven crown
 For foam the moon has drifted down :
 And after
 Children's laughter
 Has puffed the hour
 In fruitful shower,
 No pomp of mournful bell for you is tolled !

II

All the fairies love the Paigle—the sentry of the Spring—
 Crinkled leaf and downy stalk and yellow flowers aswing.

When Summer blows its Bugles, we'll make the Foxgloves ring
 And hunt the happy Harebells that grow among the Ling !

Mid emerald leaf the pale gold dreams of autumn ivy sway,
 Ere silverfrosted Winter wend that star-encrystalled way.



LADYBIRD SONG



RED ladybird, black ladybird,
Ladybird sable and gold,
Lowly you sing, flutter your wing,
And fare to the fete on the wold/

Goldfinches sing ; butterflies cling :
Guests that are plumed or furred-
Timid and bold, beasts manifold,
A harvest-mouse marshals the herd !

Fairy drums rolled, flutings foretold
Favours the pixie-folk fling :
Flown thitherward, each tiny bird
Will hery the midsummer king.

Red ladybird, black ladybird,
Ladybird sable and gold,
Pollen-dust bring in a gossamer sling—
Make haste ere the tickets are sold !



DID you travel the leprechaun way
 — From Leighin village,—
 Forgetting or sheep-dog's bark or horse's neigh
 Or irk of tillage ?

Stiffly the Centaury plant
 And the Stag's Horn Moss
 Attend while the pauseless peewit's and crickets' chant
 A wild scorn toss.

Dodder, by coral twine,
 Will grimly tether
 The smaller whin—gold-bloomed and with soft spine—
 To the bell heather.

When butterflies brood on the sod,
 Or dreaming pass,
 Have they power in their wing-waft to set the blue scabious anod
 With the quaking grass ?

Never was air so still,
 Or a day so blue,
 Yet the whole moor bowed as marshalled chieftains will
 If a king go through.

MOONRISE IN THE NIGHT OF MAYA



ONLY the darkest cloud grows luminous with lightning.
And to end the rain-girt hours the weather-gleam is brightening
Faint margins of the mist-enfolded sky.

Not where a paltering mirage had unfurled
Deceptive palms dwelt they who would transmute
The bars of Babel and the separate grave.

Night-farer blindly groping until the moon-dawn wave
Unearthly wings of dreamlight (how howlet-soft they fly
Across all feigned chasms through Oneness absolute !);
Athwart their leaping wingway no arrowed song is hurled
To mar the loom of Silence that claims each cancelled cry,—
Woven to build the raiment of a world
Where lonely seeking gathers golden fruit.



NEW-RISEN MOON'S ECLIPSE



HARSH like the shorn head high of a gaunt grey-hooded friar
Who fears the beauty and use of sculptured limbs
(Branding the sculptor-archetype a liar),
O moon but lately risen from the foam where the sea-mew skims—
Form that a wan light cassocks, grace that a tonsure dims.

Joy that the leaden curse is rolled away to leave the golden
Tresses of earth-transforming gramarye
Whereby our wildered flesh-fret is enfolden—
O fair as the foam-fashioned goddess that awoke from the wondering
sea,
Love with the earth-shroud lifted, star from the shade set free !

Full moon, March 1932.

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THERE is a motion and a sense
Of permanence .
When the rune of the dome has wildered the gloaming—
Till the last echo of moon-song
wavers dim through the dawn-chant immense.

.Still stars that hint, glint and quiver
In the churning river
Of sea-surge wending shorewards and lending
Earth-life to immortal spheres,
fleeting sparks to the Fire Giver !

Midst myriads a mere transient wave
Borne to one grave,—
Passion or thought of a man its life-league spanning
Ebbs back to ocean of Form,
oncoming souls to enslave.

Mirror-clear went each wave that knew the sky ;
To it drew nigh
The mirrored orbs who spoke, bequeathing their taintless token—
A sigil of mind's transmuting,
a seal of the love-loyal heart's reply.

May 19, 1932.



DOWN the nesh pathway into the wood,
into the pixie dell,
We had passed the turn where an elmtree stood
and a rathe-ripe harvest fell
On the withered fern and the phantom leaves
of yesterautumn's revel ;
Washed by the waves that the windflower breathes
across the glimmering level
Green sea that laves the forbidden shore
in the rune of the white flower-foam,
Was the heart of the dene—and the shimmering floor
decked for the dance of the gnome.

July 13, 1932.



TO THE FOUR NAMES OF THE MOTHER DIVINE



Maheshwari

NOR mote nor world may swerve beyond Thy law,
O Veiled One : but starry incense bore
Rumour of Thee from midnight's ancient hill—
" Tranquil insistence with compassionate will."

Mahasaraswati

Far-avenued between the day and night
Thy lotus breathes perfection from its heart,
Crowning our shadow-dream with crystal light,
Moulding Time's clay to ever-living Art.

Mahakali

Men of the noon-tide, careless of earthly norm,
Shall trace Thy fire-dance down the ways of storm,
Mocking the ramparts of the world's deceit,
Casting their death beneath Thy Living Feet.

Mahalakshmi

Very softly when the day with folded wings
Feels underneath its weight the curved calm
Of mothering earth, the water nuphar sings
Through Thee her moon-enscrolling river-psalm.





HOW came your green translucency
to palimpsest my page,
shadow of dim-wayed alchemy
backthrown from after-age ?
No this-world-print enwalls my cage,
but script of gramarye
upglimmers past your filmy wings
and dips my hodden thought
in some faint moonwashed tide that brings
colours undreamt, unsought!

If all your kind are fosterlings
a phantom gale upcaught
from dragoned meadows of the moon,
your flutter-fans of jade
belong where palaces are hewn
from porcelain, choicely made,
whose silver carp in trance have swayed
through chasms emerald-strewn
divergelessly.... and midnight's rim
of green-veined marble stairs
ascend to where the fireflies limn
a flicker of green tears
before a golden-pillared seat,
dragon-chased with green,
that bears— in silver cage of light—
the hierarch parakeet,
whose sustenance has ever been
the rainbow of the night
where topaz wines with sapphire meet
within the chrysoprase
moon-brimmed bowl of haze
borne by green-silked serving maids
from dim green-vista'd lunar glades.



THE KINGFISHER



UP a mossy creek,
All in a blur the rosy breast
And the blue of water-mirrored, earth-forsaking, dream-swift pinions
on their quest,—
Bird of the rainbow, quilled from the noon-sky, tempest-sudden and by
sunrise blest.

On, over rock, under bough, yet you seek.

O wing me too on, and afar, to the end of your way,
Your fathomless, sunhappy, speed-dizzy, crystalline water-bright way,
Till with eyes rinsed clear by the wind-rush,
And with ears that your strangeness unsealed,
I am one with the prayer of the noon-hush,
" May the wounded Silence be healed."

Sapphire thought swung to time with your wingbeat,
Outwitting dull janitor earth,—
Rare token we lay at Love's feet,
Rose glimmer of trust mid the dearth,—
Sudden astounding hope of the shadow-housed soul,
And answer-flash of the overarching, everduring diamond Spirit Fire,
Whose unborrowed Light is the inexhaustible, all-place-centered goal
For the sunrise bird of ecstasy and sapphire-struck desire.

July 28, 1932.





THE sky of night is but the ebon door,
 star-golden with nails of fire :
 beyond, the unimaginable floor
 is flecked with glory from the kindled pyre
 of gift immortal in the mortal giving
 and frith serene 'cross war,
 wingworthiness and alchemy of living,—
 flooding with trust our gloom-sad corridor.
 The phoenix egg of quintessential light
 Death in the desert place
 vainly encompasses : beyond their night
 loves the archetypal Form of lovers' race
 in Whom the shadow-barriers have vanished
 and prison walls of name
 come not between (for blended incense banished
 their wraith in ashes winnowed by the flame).
 A wan and worn earth sleeps in warless grave ;
 Arabian phoenixland
 fossils unhabited shell—so save
 toil of aspiring will to understand !
 Other the thymy wakefulness that beckoned
 Phaedrus on wingward way—
 child of the Sun whose wakening memories reckoned
 the wing-bright peace of Solar Yesterday.
 Vivid as almandine, world-hallowing feet
 flame from the sunrise lair.
 Uprush of wings matching the paths they beat
 of crystalline blue diamond thoroughfare.
 Tranquil the phoenix-poise of golden crested,
 fleece-white and sorrowless
 head of the undefeated vision who had nested
 where on Time's moments looms the Everlivingness.

October 13, 1932.





[Suggested in part by Yeats' lines :—

" And lingered in the hidden desolate place,

Where the last Phoenix died

And wrapped the flames above his holy head ;"]

HEART of the holy Phoenix, grant my prayer
to be thy hierophant :

then in the desert precincts I prepare
beggarly tokens of Love's regnitude,
high sphered in spirit-lovely adamant,—
dogworthy crumbs of the ambrosial food
lifted in lordly rites by blissful celebrant
amid the joy-thrilled firmaments of being.

From wan and wind-swayed ashes came the victor, phoenix-
renewed ;
so from the dim earth symbol rise up, O Rose of seeing.

Concealing silver calyx of the Rose,
no more you wholly hide
the myriad-shaded mystery that flows
in crimson whorls of splendour round the pure
centrality of drossless gold beside
the nectar wells of wonder and the sure
petal-breathed tang of changeless love time-verified.
Surely this petal-sweetened breeze came flowing
out of the sheer unfathomed vastness to procure
rumour of the Undying Rose from finite clay upgrowing ?

But now through noonlit roadstead swings the sun
in height's tranquillity;

Time's brabble pauses—as a beck may run
into a sky-clear pool, held dreaming-deep ;
Day's minutecourse tangents Eternity
and all unshapely thought is put to sleep.

Veiled in a flicker of wings, from that immensity
on delicate azure pinions calm descending,
he crowns, Prometheuswise, life with resurgent leap,
of a quenchless flamefraught worship,—phoenix-lit fire unending.



MAGNET of all the world's desire,
 Soul of all music, shepherd of starry gyre,
 Gopal, Yasoda's foster-child, the demon-slayer,
 The beauty-hungry hearts to Thee aspire—
 Limber and lovely Lord, Brindavon's fluteplayer.

Blue lotus borne on stem of gold,
 Mace, discus, trumpet did Vasudev behold,
 And Devaki, while wind and rain and levin weltered ;
 Thus were the kinghood and divinity foretold—
 Doom of Mathura's house by Kansa's dungeon sheltered.

Cradled in Vasudeva's arms
 The Peerless One finds haven from those harms
 Of throne-usurping Kansa where the hallowed dream-way,
 Named Yamuna, mirrors the guardian palms
 Of Gokula and spreads to the moon her fleckered gleam-way.

Singing with joy, Yasoda knelt;
 In Nanda's house the Flawless Beauty dwelt.
 The Golden Age is here, the rhythmic waters brimming—
 No more mid arid harshnesses unfelt :
 And hearts have heard the flute-breath of Vaikuntha's hyming.

December 7, 1932.



WILLOW and rowan and alder
at the mountain river side
whose rocks, below their wavering arch,
in gullies of gloom the mossy horsemen ride.
And outpost-isles loom balder
because no shadows hide
their boulders bleached by day's-breadth parch
amid the foamshot silver-chanting glide.

November pads her pillow
with thoughts no bough may keep
after the year's-end Lethe flood
dismemoried all the trees and gave them sleep :
' twixt rowan stems, and willow,
chill starbeams creep ;

through skulls of last year cones that stud
the alder-crest the clams of winter seep.

By yesterfreshet's leavings
the withy wands were dight
half-mast for Winter's oveithrow,—
but yet those buglers golden on the height
entrap the sunlit weavings
of Spring with catkin-light
and set the quivering air aglow
with coloui and bee-song by the honey bight.

The flower-fledged arrow
of the year's course came
into this autumn solitude
and fired the rowan's tinder with its aim.

Light's lovely glories narrow
and sweal in the crimson flame :
Time veered,—the lightless days renewed
graith for the lightward urge no bars can tame.

December 13, 1932.



ALL space is cribbed, confined,
All time a beggar's mite :
There is a bitter rind
No after-depths requite.

Dustwhirl of galaxies,
As a top, gathers and sleeps
In swift tranquillities
Of time-unwearied deeps.

Error to Eden came,
Drew from Eve's mouth
Sweetness that changed to grame
And lonely drouth
And with rinded hardness
First joined to the tree,—
A symbol of this marred-ness,
Strange hope of things to be.

February II, 1933.



LOVE THE VINDICATOR



NOR sleep nor leave me ; evermore press on
Unswervingly as justice, paramount,
Shadowless, unhasting, undismayed,
Or as in tenderness of twilit skies
Translunar radiance forthglimmering
Starkly from Truth's vigil and far thronging
Of gold-apparelled unappeasable stars.

March 27, 1933.



CHANGELESS ordainer of change,
 Where mutable lights
 Into whiteness and rest
 Are blended on pinnacle heights
 Of the sky-piercing range
 In measureless flights
 Of that stairway unsullied no footfalls of sorrow have pressed.

Formless renewer of forms,
 Who, fetterless, destroying
 Bondage of Name,—
 Uplifter from alloying
 Taints, and shelterer from storms,
 Whose steps have measured earth's enjoying ;
 To thy raised foot thfc earth-delivered came.

Aimless, yet knowing each goal,—
 As unfrontiered Space
 Moves not at all,
 But centres in each place
 One instant effortless control;
 Or as the pity finds Thy face
 When on Thy shrine the tears and bel-leaves fall.

YOUNGLING CRESCENT



THE youngling crescent of the moon,
Joy's signature on Siva's brow,—
All that the silences allow
From the spearswift hurling sound
When the midnight mirrors noon
And the shadow-cliffs resound,—
A slender gleam and silver arc
Of knowledge 'twixt the dark and dark,—
A snake uncoiling from the ground
Unearthly body wisdom-bright,
Evoking from the eld of night
The frozen music of the moon.

Full Moon night, May 1933.





AS tyrant eats the selfhood of his slave,
As captive strikes no root in loneliness,
Must draughtsmanship avoid all figure save
These two,—the centreless circumference,
And that self-weariness of Present whence
Nor silvern hopes nor pure gold memories gave
Access to one, friend-welcome, fetterless ?
High dreams have limned the triptych, scored the stave.

Now stave is set with ampler harmonies ;
Ulysses has resailed from Ithaca,—
To fairest apples of Hesperides,
Beyond our drossed horizons, traveller ;
And Argo's prow is aimed for Colchis Fleece :
Foam-plash of silvet.... courage.. shimmering peace,

June 18, 1933.





Borne on the golden-plumed eagle of Vishnu, or seated within the red lotus.

UNDER the evening storm-lower
 Far in the western sky
 Gold are the wings of the eagle
 Who bringeth Beauty nigh.

Heard we the sedges answer
 The wind in a whispered cry—
 Or a silk robe's fading rustle
 And Her feet passing by ?

Framed in the day-dawn glimmer
 Her fields of lotus lie,—
 In the heart one worship-petal
 Wins God-horizonry.

July 14, 1933-





FRET Truth into false flinders
And rend time moment-meal,
Leave on Love's altar cinders,
—Let no bells peal.

Moider the sage and the wizard,
Be fleering-fain to trace
As A leads on to izzard
So fair to base.

Now in no dernful acre
Is manhood leasing-loath ;
Wealth guards the craven breaker
Of yester-oath.

O moon, draw the waters over
Atlantean fields:
Let some star, some aeon-rover
Be the egg that yields

Singers of truth who mingle
All beauty in one cry,—
A wingway where Love's single
Phoenix shall fly.





MY mind would be as wax or snow
 Smoothly white, silent and aware
 Of a Song unsphered in earth-dim register,
 Of Bliss where peaceward footsteps go.

Waves of desire be still and leave
 A grief-unfurrowed lotus lake,
 Whereon the questful lifting blossoms break
 In worship-banners when the eve

Has limned a trance upon the air,
 A swirl of sunset on the stream,
 An ecstasy of quivering bells that seem
 Born from the heart of Prayer.

August 20, 1933.





AS one who saunters on the seabanks in a wilderness of day
Is dazzled by the sunshot marge and rippling counterchange
Of wavebeams and an eagerhood of quivering wings that range—
Grey on the sky's rim,—white on the foam-pathway,—

Each man is wildered myriadly by oversight and surface tone
Engirdling soul with clamour, by this fragmentary mood,
This patter of Time's marring steps across the solitude
Of Truth's abidingness, Self-Blissful and Alone.

But when eastward-streaming shadows bring the hush of eventide
The wave-lapped sun can wield again his glory of hence-going
And furnish by his lowlihead vast dreams of heaven-knowing—
A golden wave-way to the One where Beauty's archetypes abide.

August 25, 1933.



GOOD-BYE to the beechen girdles,
Then slantwise up the hill—
And a shimmering silence curdles
To notes that spill
Out from a feathered mote
Or a spark
Of the unseen joy, from the throat
Of light-enfettered lark.

Leaving the past to kindle
Springlight, Persephone
Ended winter's dwindle
In Sicily ;
And out of Pluto's tomb
Engendered
For deathless Love a bloom
—Love stays, though flowers are rendered.

How should one flowing stream-head
Reck neither joy nor pain
Unless heaven's gift were dream-led
To light again ?
High on the hillside welling
From sad earth,
—Pure mirror, sky-compelling,
—Soul's nectar of new birth.

October 3, 1933.

TWILIGHT HUSH



A FOREST of shadows gliding fast,
Magnetwise, as drawn on by the sun
For westerly waning sunset-goal—
Zenith past, how eerily they run !

On paths that meander 'cross the sky,
Gleam and bend cloud-centaurs from afar
Moon-bow that is aiming, silver-taut,
Arrows made of silence at a star.

October 19, 1933.



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THE FOREST OF PAN



FROM a vista of stillness hugely hewn
 Beechen pillars looming : on the floor
Trance-light of a summer afternoon
 Ambers Time—and Silence—to the core.

Eternity hovers, creeping through
 Clouds that move too slowly to be kened ;
Infinity sails on wings of blue
 'Thwart a sky unshadowed and unpenned.

The slopes of the Silence-hill are passed ;
 Piping sweeps all sadness from the air:
Dissolvings of fear show naked vast
 Thunderous limbs man-momently-appear.

October 26, 1933.



STANZAS TO APOLLO



SWIFT lord of the golden arrow-flight,
Splendour-limbs we sought as in a dream.
Our closeness to the Uncreated Light,
Wideness-Truth and Purity supreme.

The giants of night are battle-fled,
Noisome clouds are wrested from the slough ;
Immortal flame-glow is about Thy head,
Honey-pale the stillness of Thy brow.

A moment, poise-mirrored, tokens Thee,—
Guise of neck and arching of his wing
Enlimned on the faultless ripple-free
Sheen of light where swanhood is the king.

White shrine near the sacred laurel boughs,
Marble quest of Timelessness adored,
From Night's bitter ocean hastening prow,
Urged to thee, come visionary-oared.

When guardians of cities, wisdom-fast,
Freed the gates of Beauty for the soul,
On vision-splendoured days where Thou had passed
Broke what gale of strangeness from the Whole !

Thy body is a song that never palls,
Singing thoughts Thy sandals on the way;
Across Thy limbs no shadow vesture falls—
Bright beyond thrall'd reckoning of clay.

November 8, 1933.



THE wide sable expanse of infinite skies
From north to south is unfurled by giant hands :
And a new moon is cradled in swaddling bands
Somewhere beyond ; and the winds hush in surprise.

As a flight of grey murmuring birds aswim
On a mere of sky, darkness unharshens ; a shimmer and breath
Phantom the air : a sun reddening from underneath
Bend of the earth minutely forges to the brim.

Very lightly the tree-tops in a summer breeze
Wave their green plumes to the haze-rimmed sapphire sky :
June is ablaze with meandering butterfly
And bright lairs that bewilder the engrossed bees.

The heron's unhurrying nestward flight
Threads through the silence, and his deserted pool
Crimsons to wine___Reremice across the cool
Flicker and spider-weave the shadowy night.

November 20, 1933.





I

ON high trees the silver blooms of light
Mingle with intenser brilliances
Of gold's perfection, blinding to earth-sight.

The ail, like harpstrings, thrilled with fragrances
Changed and renewed at every veering breeze
In shimmer-time with bird-wing radiances.

II

Burdenless the skies that here release
Their dream-glow of ineffable joy-white
Rim of pearl and zenith of sheer peace.

In whose deep heart the fountain's rainbow height
From an undying worship-rapture flows ?
Or whose thoughts hold lagoons and plumage-bright

Flamingoes that no ruffling zephyr blows—
Yet in one swirl their myriad winging leaves
Earth a green stalk, unpetalled like a rose ?

III

A river-song and diamond stream enfold
The dateless battlements that shall achieve
In Time's last sunset walls of living gold.





THIS was the country that I did not know,
The joy that has no shadow-throw,
A lore which worldlings worthless deem,
That love our thrall'd hearts fear to show,
That power no helmed hosts bestow
—Of freedom'd soul the source and stream.

Here was day's imprisoned beam,
The dying sunset's fadeless gleam,
And prayer of all green things that grow ;
This the Spring's eternal theme—
Flowering trees in silver dream
And vision'd globes of goldhood glow.

November 24, 1933.





WHO has not wandered through the woods in Spring
 Where ancient trees renew eternal youth
 And tips of deathless joy the withered brown upfling
 Under the skies of Truth ?

Glimpsed, past the maenad, the satyr, the midsummer flower,
 A pine-wreath that circles brows calm, free from hurt,
 And a greenness of cone-tipped wand and earth-exceeding Power.
 —That thyrsus, ivy-girt ?

In Him are the sun's warmth and the tendrils twined
 Where trust is sweet and friendship has no flaw ;
 He brings peace to cities and greatening to the mind,
 —Dionysus, giver of law.

Born from this earth's aspiring the Unborn Fire
 Scathed and slew, Whom no finite's wounding mars,
 By Whose unimagined glory is raised from her sorrow-pyre
 Thyona among the stars.

November 29, 1933.



HASTENING arrow-fall of hazard flight,
 Poor earthen counterpart of shooting stars ;
Or meanly carved wood-block on the bench
Where no Form-spirit beats against the bars
And leaps no chaos-ending chisel-smite
To cancel Death, Time, Change, Forgetfulness.
These feebly kindled tapers Time must quench
In fickle, slothful, craven years—unless
The undreamable epiphany of Light
Has flashed from other soul's most secret sky
And turned to gold and everliving flame
This tawdry candle of mortality :
Life-giver to unborn gods, heaven-building Might,
Love without form, end, variance, or name.

January 25, 1934.



\ PACED the length of shrouded street
 Desponding, weary of earth :
 " Loathed charnel-dust beneath my feet,
 Prevailer over birth,¹
 I groaned—when, harnessed in his light,
 The Love God loomed upon my sight;
 Eros, or youth—with parted lips
 (Where was now the long eclipse ?)
 And raptured eyes and lily brow
 (The whole earth was singing now)
 And lovely look of joy too deep
 To dream athwart its wonder sleep.

That vision veiled, a larger scope
 Engulphed the sense in swathes of hope.
 No light, but Inner Power of light
 Lifted vast pinions o'er the night
 Fathomless and indigo.
 No form that shifted to and fro ;
 No Presence.—We were present to
 Those shadowy plumes of violet hue,
 That ageless Brow with roses crowned,
 Mysterious Lips that made no sound—
 With Eyes in aeoned darkness furl'd,
 The primal Eros of our world.



AT THE TIME OF THE NEW MOON:
TO ONE WHO IS LOVED



IF at joy's noon you are the sun,
A sapphire-girded flame,
Each veering crescent and half moon
Turns lightward memory's aim
When noon is done.

If one star fills the daybright thought,
The myriad glitter-play
Of evening spreads in a thousand rills
For the delta of dreams that ray
Which you have brought.

If the new moon leave my barren sky
Emptied of thoughts of you,
Behind this bleakening world receive
From a shrine the votive blue
Petals of ecstasy.

February 14, 1934.



NO, do not seal my eyes,
Death, do not come :
Some voice your power denies—
Beat not your drum ;
These victor thoughts arise,
" Amabo, ergo sum."

Here is no love that dies,
Though for aeons dumb ;
Not Lethewards it flies,
Nor do its wings grow numb
But spurn your nether skies :
" Amabo, ergo sum."

February 15, 1934.

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☞



IN the core of this shadowy world
A shadowless place
Where Sorrow's dark wings are unfurled,
Banished Death's trace.

Pinions of sheer delight
Conquer pain;
Self-subsistent Light
Comes again.

Shifting and sunderhood
This cannot mar;
Quenchless, unriven stood
Love's single star.

How manifold disguises
Teemed from the One :
Loanediterancesuffices—
Till the play is done.

February 22, 1934.



ONLY THE FOAM MADE RAINBOWS



ONLY the foam made rainbows
In that cloudless land,
Where no storm or stain shows
Enmities at hand.

Under the blue blue ocean
Sealed in a pearl-white grot
Singers of heart's devotion
Frame song-ways to that spot.

Flowers are not more fragrant
Than the incense of their strain ;
The whispering currents vagrant
Sift their golden grain.

They've a tune of the silver fretting
Of love's first eager dawn,
And a rune of sun's outward setting
In fields of deathless corn

Where each poppy's a flaming token
Of all that the world denies
And a cornflower in sapphire has spoken
Of fathomless skies.

February 27, 1934.



A SONG OF RETURNING



GLIMMER of day beam
Harbingers night's end :
Swiftening of the stream
Looses the bubbles penned
Against their foam-white leap forekenned.

O for a sword
To cleave the murk asunder ;
O for a heart assured
Amidst the torrent's thunder
To balk that Time-race thief of plunder.

Out of a questant morrow
Curlews drifting by
Send eking of sorrow
Across the moorland sky—
And whimbrels pipe strange sevenfold cry.

If there be so much sadness
In the fore-end of the day,
What ort or lag of gladness
Is lapped in noontide's ray ?—
O scan the silver salmon's way.

Doffed was the sea-wont's ill
And the garb of wave-borne good,
Heading upriver still.
Following yonderhood,
Fain of reaching where high hills stood.

If glossed sea-wealth could hold him
In bitter loveless ways,
Some god should dream-enfold him
And echo through his days
That hest he swervelessly obeys.

**Liegedom of Time is ended,
Souls in their freedom love,—
The steep foamfall ascended,
And the last gloomy clough ;
And a joy-vast sky azures above.**

February 27, 1934.



AS A MOONBEAM FLIES



THE silken web of the moon
Is fallen on the sea :
Silence bereaved set free
An old and a new tune.

*Swing slow, swing low,
Gently your pinions lifting.
Swing low, swing slow,
Starlight your pinions sifting.
Swing slow, swing low,
Silent and moonwardly drifting.*

From this moon so nearly full
Gaze upon crescent earth
Sad children of lunar dearth
Fain would pull.

*Swing by, swing nigh,
You are an earthbeam here.
Swing nigh, swing by,
Scatter earthshine from your hair.
Swing by, swing nigh,
On deadness and shadowscape drear.*

Starkly that silver tomb
Eschewed, receding—
Hail to new glories breeding
In earth's womb.

*Swing fast, swing past,
Life's cry through the silence seeping.
Swing past, swing fast,
Songwards and earthwards leaping.
Swing fast, swing past,
No more by death-tide neaping.*

March 2, 1934.



AN IMAGE OF THE PSYCHE



WATER softly swirling
In sea cave,
Shadowlessly furling
Tainture of the grave,
Utterly revealing
The strewn pearl.
And the blue fish wheeling
Waver and curl ;
In their swift bright motion
They glint and feel
The wield and surge of ocean
Moment-meal.

March 3, 1934.





HOW should I smoothe Thy way,
Speed Thy feet,
O sojourner of Day ?—
"Doff deceit."

How shall heart's waters lure
Thee to my shrine ?—
" Be stillness and candle-pure
Vigil thine."

Make this poor fitful flame
Bright as of yore,
Shiningly spell Thy Name
Evermore,

Take, take my moteling gem—
Words fain to greet ;
There is no worth in them
Save at Thy feet.

March 7, 1934.





I HAVE come to the windless place,
To the high rock set
In the midst of the tedious valley
Where the embrangled joys and sorrows race
And will nowise let
Fulfillings and intendment tally.

I have come to the lonely place
Of friends unmet—
One sole resolve upbear me :
" May the rock melt and breathe itself to space
Rather than I forget
The so-long-stiiven-for goal now near me."

March 9, 1934.



THE MASTER-LIGHT



THE silent Deep all strewn with stars
Unswayably withholds
A moon to reap the star-fraught ears
That midnight's acre folds ;

Though a sickle-blade in the harvest hour
Reap all the stars away,
And the gleaner maid of dawn shall leave
The stark bare field of day.

O Siva-moon be swift and raze
Number and name and form,
Leaving the boon of Wideness bright
And Peace beyond all storm.

March 12, 1934.





GIVE me not only gold,
But the use unwasted
Of each grain of splendour
My dazzled eyes behold—
Or be Thy nectar-cup untasted,
O Heavenly Lender.

Cleanse and furnish new
This heart receiving
Till, like a child new-born,
Its day's unshadowed hue
Can no more suffer cloud-rack's reiving,
Sunless, forlorn.

May my thought in some inmost shrine
Be ever deeming
Thee as the Taintless Giver—
In grateful tranced shine,
A soul ensilvered with Thy Gleaming
Like a moonlit river.

March 16, 1934.



"ELEVATION"

(From *Baudelaire*)



HIGH over glen, tarn, pool or chine,
Hills, forest lands, cloud-ways, ocean foam,
Beyond the ethers and the sun's tethered home
And the last sphere-wall set with starry shine,

My spirit skims ; as one who weds the sea
And swims in tune with rhythmic waves of sleep,
He sends a joyous furrow through the deep,—
Vain mesh of words to snare such ecstasy !

Flee far away from fever-sullen places,
O self; be rinsed of taint on heights divine,
And quaff that pure, that quinessential wine
Of clear fire filling the limpid spaces.

Past this wearying bulk of undelight
That cumbers all our mist-enfolded world,
Happy the one who with limber wings unfurled
Voyages to peace and lovely lawns of light;

He who his thoughts, like larks with quivering wings,
At each day's dawn for heavenward flight unpens,
Who soars o'er life and effortlessly kens
The hidden speech of flowers and all dumb things.

March 18, 1934.



JE N'AI PAS OUBLIE

(From *Baudelaire*)

It stays so memory-clear,
White house with the city near,
A little house where peace abides.
Pomona in plaster set,
And a Venus older yet;
Each in a spindly tree-clump hides
Limbs that bear no robe :
And evening-splendoured globe
Of the sun who streams with level light
And—like a living eye
Open in watchful sky—
Regards our long meal's silent flight
Through the window-glass
Which breaks the rays that pass
And strews a sheaf of glittering beam
About the room within
In steady pools akin
To a tall white candle's gleam;
There, lapped in the amber of clear light,
The homely table-linen white,
And dark curtains for the night.

CORRESPONDENCES



(From *Baudelaire*)

NATURE is a shrine where vista'd gloom enhances
Whispering tongues that speak from every column—
Whereto man fares through serried forests solemn
Of symbols that scan him with their intimate glances.

As flight of echoes from a far-off beach
Into a shadowiness profound unite,
Vast as the day's width or as the titaned night,
Are matched sounds, colours, perfumes each to each.

For perfumes are sensed dawn-pure as childhood's flesh,
Softly as oboes, greenly as meadow-shroud,
—And others, vitiate, choicely and richly proud,
Winged with outflowing through the finite's mesh,
As musk, benzoin, incense, ambergris,
That sing the mind's and senses' joy-release.

March 21, 1934.



LA BEAUTE



(From *Baudelaire*)

I AM loveliness infrangible, the dream of adamantine stone,
O mortals, and my bosom where each one is bruised in turn
Inspires the Poet's love to burn
Like matter's dumb mute ecstasy, eternal and alone.

Enthroned in my unfathomed thought under the sky's blue rafter,
—Asphinx with unravaged heart of snow, winged with the swan's white
gift —

I hate distorting shift
Of lineaments and never wry to weeping or to laughter.

The austere poets who see the aspiring coil
Of my composure, which inmost essence takes
From all sublimity of stone,
Give sedentary hours of ceaseless toil;

For I have that which magically musters
These obedient lovers, pure mirroring which makes
All things more beautiful,—
My eyes' deep-gazing, imperishable lustres.

March 23, 1934.



JE TE DONNE CES VERS ..



(From *Baudelaire*)

I GIVE to thee these lines that if my name's prow hail
After auspicious voyage the shores of future clime
And blend with men's thoughts at eve a shadowy dream-chime,
A galliot speeding down the course of a veerless gale,

Thy memory, like the unfixed legends of old time,
May as a dulcimer the listening ears assail
And weary them, and a mystic fellowship prevail
And link to it everlastingly my haughty rhyme,

Being whom all revile, to whom from the chasmed black
To the zenith of light none, save I, throws answer back !
—O thou who, like a shadow which leaves no dint or sign,

With serene look and so light footsteps tread and pass
Across the purblind men who deem thee as malign,
Figure with eyes of jet, angel with forehead of brass.

March 24, 1934.



LE FLAMBEAU VIVANT



(From *Baudelaire*)

THEY cleave their way before me, Eyes of unearthly gleaming
Some adept among Angels did erstwhile magnetise ;
They cleave their way, these godlike brothers I am deeming
My own brothers—diamonds of light beckoning my eyes.

My pledge against grave sinning and all the hidden snares,
They lead my footsteps in the path of Beauty's height;
They are to me as servants ; I am a slave of theirs :
My whole self bears obedience to that torch's living light.

Charm-weaving eyes who shine in lambent mystery,
As sentinel candles in the clinquant glare of day,
Bowed red by the sun, quench not their spired fantasy ;

They are celebrants of Death, you chant the awakening Ray ;
You sing my awakening soul and the in-world splendours kindling,
Star-flames no sun has scope or means or ways of dwindling!

March 27, 1934.



EBBING and waning of joy, the day estranged :
Here, petalled evening droops ;
Below sky-rim the petals have drifted —all is changed

To a dim listless stalk where Twilight stoops
Horizonward ; and then
The black scorpion, Night, lifts claws of loneliness and loops

The zenith and all the sky
(Its venomous blackness is in the life-blood of men).
.... O then, love-armed cry,

Bring with compulsive dream the moon's foreglow
Over the difficult edge
Of being, that eastward-straining hopes may know

Lit pearl of untarrying pledge,—
Counsel, and laughter, and undissembling eyes.
Time-tameless thought shall dredge

Wide welcome for the glimpsed sail of moonrise,
The ship of understanding and conjoined wills,
The keel of trust from far-off friendly skies.

April 2, 1934.

LION DORE' ET RAMPANT



WHAT is the fabric of that flag ?
And with what tincture dyed ?
O fadeless gold within time-slag,
O taint-proof silver tide.

Beyond the frontiers of one life
Those folds are waving still
To gleam down weary leagues of strife,
Flame certitudes of will!

April 5, 1934-



GATEWAY OF THE DAWN



TURN to the inscape of turquoise;
Be one with the unicorn:
And gain with bared feet the shrineway of renewal
Through the pearl-hush of dawn.

Gather blue lotus at moonrise
And with colours unguessed at strew
That sunward path the unicorns are keeping
In the pearl-pale dew;

Matchless their worship and unweaving,
Their arrow-perfect flight
Beyond the last dim barriers of morning,
Unencumbered by the night.

Greet from the quiet gateway
Of that hilltop shrine
The unimaged splendour of new day-birth,—
Heart's unbeleaguered shine !

April 21, 1934-



THE DIVINE SHAKTI



COSMIC, TRANSCENDENT, INDIVIDUAL.

SEND Thy pure cadences, O Mother Divine,
To echo inly through the caves
Of a deepening heart which knows itself for Thine.
Play Thy moon-music on the quiet waves
Of an ocean's wideness in the still soul,
Where tidal waters wait Thy hushed control.

Unsullied wisdom of gold which was thrice refined,
Shine in the clear space of holy noon
On all the upland hollows of the mind ;
May every shadow-harboured thought be strewn
With solar vastness and compelled
To feel all fear and all self-limits quelled.

Men have found Thee in wildness and the sharp-tanged air,
Breathed of green multitudes of earth,
Far from hate's city, orbits of despair,
Alleys of desire or sultry streets of dearth.
Take my offered will and let it be
Fragrant as Thine own, tameless, pure and free.

April 27, 1934-



"I SING OF A DIFFERENT PLACE "



I SING of a different place
Where dreamlight falls
Not through dissevering space
On outward walls,
But cleaves a comelier way
Where falsehood holds no sway
And friendship gains
A truth beyond the puppethood of Time's chains.

Within the moonscape of my dream
The silvery hooves
Of a snow-white unicorn shall gleam,
And as it moves
No harshness clangs upon the air—
But earth-born thoughts remade,
From swathes of sound stripped bare,
Are echoed in moon-purity from cliffs of jade.

There was a very silent pool:
But at midnight's stroke
When moon-rays from the zenith rule,
That mirror woke,
Enframing dream within a dream,
Song within song,
Soul's love behind all mental theme
Or passions' throng.

April 28, 1934.





I WOULD not draw thee to myself,
But I would go to thee
(Beyond known land and bordering delf
And dyke, the unknown sea).

Embodied distance is a mote
In the all-span of Space—
But thou on Mind's expectance wrote
An undeciphered trace.

Thy husk the wandering earth still tows
In her wave-wake sable-hued :
But whose brow felt that wind which blows
Through thy selenitude ?

Thought's anti-earth, hast thou enshrined
All aspects othermost—
Memento nasci of the mind—
Unbeaconed, nameless coast ?

April 29, 1934.





THE power of the desert by water,
 Of icefields by the sun,
 Of heart's dearth by love broken—
 What if the three be one ?

Faint and far wind-whispers stirring,
 Far and faint wash of the waves ;
 Inly and near me your presence
 Soundlessly utters and saves.

Then touchless hands may touch you,
 And bodiless vision see,
 And the heart of the heart may know you
 By love set free.

June 2, 1934.



BLUE FLOWERS BY A STREAM



○ WHO or what had called me
That blue-skied day—
Spring's aftermath of magic
And meadowsweet and hay ?
Across moondaisies nodding
In the dream-surge of grass
Time's hasteless mirror fretted
By a swallow's keening pass ?

Certainly between each moment
And its mate was set
The wizard blade of the Timeless
Swordsman no man has met.

Thought at each crevice riven
Sped swirling through,—
A swift stream fringed with brooklime,
It danced to a rhythm of blue.

And like clear starlight flowing
That stream went by
Through the unregarding silence
To a fetterless rim of sky.

June 5, 1934.



J-JEMMED by the sea on the eastward,
By hummocking land on the west
Goes the clear smooth trail of sand-space
Where wayworn feet may rest.

Hemmed by the day and the next day
Hovers one moon-haunted night—
On dayweary eyes droop the salving
Dream-hested petals of light.

For those bruised by arrogant laughter,
Unraptured by glamorous show,
Is there somewhere a shrine of healing
Where truth and friendship grow ?

June 26, 1934.

WHEN the new day dawns and the shadows flee
 Over the western hills,
 Leaving the ground that the glebesman tills
 Timelessly stark and unclew'd of Night's majesty,
 Has Time a fairer robe
 For this ensea'd and rock-ribbed globe
 Than darkness-woven star-cloth and moon-brooch of ecstasy ?

Twilight is a whispering forest closed
 To the cities of the mind :
 The mountain of full day has left behind
 Those lesser levels where the Seer dozed
 In the hazed unsilent air—
 Only the Spirit's peaks can bear
 The solemn rapture of that Calm, that Vastness unopposed.

June 28, 1934.

○ I would find the truthway
That leads to Thee
From the outward shores of silver
To the Ultimate Sea,

O I would hear the fire-speech
That echoes Thee
And pens in flaming ramparts
Each galaxy.

O I would rock the infant
Born with each world—
Feel the fingers of Beauty
On my finger curled.

*July 2, 1934**

THE WHITE AND PERFECT MOON



○ PERFECT moon ; O sky of undimmed glory ;
O earth aswoon with a far wave-murmured story
Winding among your dreams
(Guarded from mercenary sight,
That silver palace built of light,
Those fountains fed from moon-enchanted streams).

Moon-fragrant deep, strew thy petalled hours
Upon our sleep, till touched with subtler powers
Of augury it scries
Within the crystal bowl of night
An inscape of unfettered Light;
Lagoons embrinked with joy ; grief-unshadowed skies.

July 26, 1934.





As we spin towards the Bright,
Trundling to the hem of night,
Earth with bated hours hides
In dark more dreamless and more deep
Her winnowing air and crooning tides
And aeon-built hills of sleep.

Out of darkness what shall come ?
Banished voices of the dumb—
Memories of forgotten splendour—
Sudden gleam of buried might
In the heart where Love the Lender
Mocks with Day the outward Night.

July 26, 1934.



BETWEEN TWO STROKES OF MIDNIGHT



THE flower of silence opens in the sky;

A moon encalmed, a poised and frozen song,
Has gained the zenith where the clouds go by
Unconvoyed by the shadow-shape of wrong.

Half of twelve to usher midnight's chiming ;
Three yoked with three to harbinger new day ;
Between, untimefast silences are climbing
To the hilltop glint where golden Truth Beams play.

Emptied of time, this rift between two beats
Of the hammer, fate, upon mortality,—
This threshing-floor whereon our being meets
The Living One who bears us, henceforth, free.

July 28, 1934.



(Suggested by *Baudelaire's Paysage*)

ACROSS the sea a vision fled
 With fluttering wings ; and overhead
The invisible ultimate Supreme
Above the token towers of dream
In a builder's sleep did countervail
The shadow-pull of earthdom pale.
Then rose with hieratic grace
The massy grandeurs of that place
 That men call Nineveh.

Across the sea a shadow fled
With painter-like precision led
To the unrest of one square inch
North-eastward on the sapphire squinch
Crowning the stillness of a fane
Where timeless echoes seem to gain,
Beyond the brabbling rush of tears
And efforts of forgotten years,
 Their shrine—Byzantium.

Across the sea a whisper fled,
Heard in the seasons' chiming tread
Of nesting birds or falling fruit,
Or heard more surely in the mute
Smoke-rise of rivers in the air
Or where the moon's unbraided hair
Twined with the foam of a waterfall:
And built the fairy palace wall
 In a limpid ether—Baudelaire.

THE FEET OF THE DIVINE MOTHER



○ TO besom a path for the Mother
To a welcoming-place apart,—
Road running, meant for no other,
Straight to the heart.

Be Her light footfall a token
Of a Stillness fraught with Grace;
Keep the truthward prayer unspoken
Her sandals trace.

Not solely Heaven descended
But earth upflowers to God
Eachwhere Her heaven-attended
Silence trod.

September 20, 1934.



WHEN CLOUDS HAVE LEFT THE SKY



LONG deathly silent sky
 Shrill with star-jets that gleam
For the lifeward yearning eye
 Weary of false dream—

A dream that Love the lord
 Long long ago was slain,
When Chaos and leashing's horde
 Began their reign.

Light's welkin, star-befriended,
 Swiftly your banner spread ;
Love's banishment is ended,
 He was not dead.

September 20, 1934.



FROM GOLD AND RED AND BLUE



CALM sky of liquid gold ;
Indigo sea at eventide ;
Tawny red on the desert side
Of the red cliff aeons old.

No breathing thing on the land;
No fleck of foam on ocean's breast;
An aureate sky that had gained its quest
One vast silence spanned.

Before the cradle Time
Was framed or Space was fraught
With uttering sublime
From God's creative Thought,
The *mantra* of this colour chime
Was unreckonably wrought
In all its sorcery of hue
From gold and red and blue.

September 20, 1934.





TO drop through a hole in the sky
Out of Space,
Beyond all distance reckoned by
Our earthly race.

Into forgotten sea
Of backward time
Dive and swirl down unerringly
To a fairer clime,—

Finding some deep sea-cave,
There to abide
Till the last buffet and foam-wan wave
Of Time subside.

September 20, 1934.



LONELINESS



DEEP in a far green forest land
Is the shore of an inland sea :
No grey shingle or gleaming sand
Or wave's white ecstasy.

Only a moon-pale ledge of rock,
Lapped by that sullen waste
Of Limbo-drift where a shadowy flock
Of dream birds spaced.

In the unquiet wideness of their loneliness
Are as that sky-line aimlessly empty of good.

September 20, 1934.



BENEATH THE PALACES OF NOON



TELL- me the rune word of the moon,
A glittering key of sound
Hid far underground
Beneath the palaces of noon.

There, deep below, moon-waters flow
Between the ivory height
Of unsealed solar light
And earthward curdling banks of woe.

Surely the lotus of wisdom may float
One arm's length out of reach
From earth sorrow-beach
Petal-perfect, silverly remote.

September 23, 1934.





A SILVER shimmer and silence
Far out upon the sea :
Silenceward steps of yearning
Inly to Thee,
Mother of tranquil shine.

Soft pearl glimmer in hazing,
Yet moon-revealing, sky:
A hush and a dim heard footfall—
And Grace is nigh,
Mother of innerhood shrine.

Power and immaculate Glory,
Whom outward eyes may greet—
In this hour might the inward quicken,
Cloudlessly meet
Mother and Beauty Divine.

September 24, 1934.





FROM the rim of the world to the zenith
Is a chasm-roof of cloud
(What shape in this gloom-built sepulchre
Is stretched in a shroud ?)

Storm-drift like vampires crowding
All earth kindred note—
But different guises of one Silence
(Is it terror seized their throat ?)

Not one star-ship left floating
And the moon-beacon dowsed :
Shall the Guardians of earth, so sleep-enchanted,
Be ever roused ?

September 26, 1934.





A SKY swept free of cloud ;
 Trees whose true guise of growing
 Stayed, through all tempests blowing,
 Rootfast and uncowed;

Headland of rock that braved
 All through the hurl of winter
 Buffets that rive and splinter
 From sea-might, million-waved.

Drawing near of sun despite
 Serried griefs dim-shrouding,
 Then to silver glory prouiding
 Dawn-sky forestowed with light.

October 12, 1934.





.. **I** FINE, the slang they talk in heaven must be Greek,
Foot-hills of music to fade beneath the peak
Of the unseizable august angelic speech
That earth's joy-scanted tongue may never reach
Nor these din-baffled ears hope once to hear :
Yet,—rending joy's ebb and wintermost of year,—
Incarnate in melody, on wings of power to them
Who guard the sheep on wakeful hills of Bethlehem.





FEATURELESS grey-white cloud
 Wrapping the earth in a shroud,
 Muting the foam-lilt tune
 Of sea-bewitching moon.

Silence sprung from no womb,
 Gathered about with gloom
 And unshape of Not-Being,
 Glimpseless to mortal seeing.

Untransitory Beam
 Behind earth-shapes that seem ;
 Shore to the last dim wave :
 Death's ultimate grave.

October 18, 1934.





CAST off that outward life,
The foe to what must be born ;
Bevel with whittling knife
Wide windows for the dawn.

Break through the subtle net
Of pastward-aimed desire :
High in hope's turret set
The all-renewing fire.

Within a barren world,
Clear spring, a space of trees,—
Could the mirage Wrong unfurled
Be matched with these ?



*Forespeech*

BEFORE the sun goes down
And the dark's waterfall
Swarthily sprinkles quiet
Beyond recall,

Bestow one just true thought
For these words not overlong
(Night knows no countervailing,
Nor any song).

Firedrake

A flinder of old folklore
Tells of a shooting star,
How wishes of a man who spies it
No ill-haps mar.

Since hearing of that legend
Each firedrake that I see
Goes fraught with wishes for your thriving
And supremacy.

O would that through your life's welkin
I like the star could slide,
Twine for each breath and every heart-beat
Joys that abide;

Then to the limbo and ending
I should speed forth content,
An arrow that had not gone wide of target
From bow not vainly bent.

October 30, 1934,



FROM the dip of a lonely valley there straggles up a hill

A ribbon of beckoning lane sheer to the sky-topped sill:

I would I were up at the sky-turn, viewing the farther side—

Grant that one who is greatly loved in the yonderly valley abide !

I climb through the hours of the morning with a dwindling shadow
to drag,

While the steep-up far-off sky-line with the heat haze seems to sag.

Through dim velvet of noon-woven silence trails a tapestried silver
of lark,

Slender as tremulous hopings that handsel the borders of dark.

But O if beyond that sky-line loom a bare tableland

And a graveyard path between blear rocks on either hand,

With no end to its lonely treading but a skull and a tangle of bones—

Stars half seen in a roky sky—bat's empty squeak above mere stones.

October 31, 1934.

(SYMBOLS OF THE INNER VITAL WORLD)

UNDER the amethyst tree
In a cavern of ocean
Pale limbs of the daughters of the sea
Weave their mystical motion.

There was no rumour from the land
Of reef's wave-grapple :
Their leader shed from her right hand
The gleam of a ruby apple.

Each other moon-pale maid
Bore, heaped and mellow,
Pomegranates carved from lunar jade
On topaz salvers yellow.

No date for steps they dance,
For song no dimming ;
Time will reive not their beauty but enhance
Joy's glyph those feet are limning.

November 17, 1934.



AS they wander by the edges of the world
In the uncharted place
By shimmering lagoons and shores impearled
With light from all the moons that ever curled
Thin horns round Space,

They whisper to each other words of boding
From no human lips
Like windle-straws that feel the night wind's goading,
Like the whine when rockets reel and zoom, exploding,
And the star-shower dips.

They weave no shadow pattern with the moon-rays,
They cast no shade
As they stalk across the land of that lagoon-maze :
Though their feet have crossed the sand on certain noondays,
No dints were made.

November 18, 1934.



“THE PROBLEM OF GOOD”



CAN a shadow cast a shadow or an echo give new sound

Or the ebb tide shrink still further or the full moon wax more round ?

Or withered flower droop sadder—

Or madmen rave yet madder

Or earth-hood's evil Powers be more securely crowned ?

If hoof-prints do not show upon the sand,

If axe-doomed tree resist the woodman's hand,

Then may Good Will have hope to do the thing it planned !

But is the stream engendered more lofty than the spring ?

Or could the sling-stone's hurtling have sped from an unnerved sling ?

Or might the songbird's brood

Fly forth if Love eschewed

Vigil and food-finding and life-enlisted wing ?

The arc has broken ends—but they shall meet.

Force has the guise of a god—but with clay feet.

Surely the lark at dawn-break shall Beauty with beauty greet.

November 19, 1934.





I PUT out my hand and you will lead me
Down the secret valley to a shore
Thundered on by foam-spent former ages—
Will the ship with a griffin beak be anchored as before?

Someone loosed the cable of the present,
Hoisted sail and steered the gleaming prow
Through green-watered island-covered ocean—
Landed on the coast—and cut the golden bough.

Clear translucent leaves of golden glamour
Wreath the cloudy topaz of the fruit:
What rune-encircled knife could safely sever
From night's familiar grove that strangely dawning shoot ?

November 20, 1934.





THE moon is a hollow gong. O let it beat
The indiscerptible union of day and morrow,
The chimes of midnight that from each other borrow—
Toll three, count six, and three not yet complete.

The moon is a hollow gong and it shall greet
Snake-charming of Breath from Dust and Joy from Sorrow :
Earth's wax shall yet the print of heaven borrow—
Once three, now six, and three for the futures mete.

The moon is a hollow gong that must complete
The swiftening rush from a day to a fairer morrow
That reaches Joy on stepping-stones of Sorrow—
Slow three, swift six, three more-unimaged-fleet.

November 21, 1934.





[Suggested in part by two lines in W. B. Yeats' poem

THE WITHERING OF THE BOUGHS—

*" I know of the sleepy country, where swans fly round
Coupled with golden chains, and sing as they fly"*

THROUGHOUT the silver reaches of the dawn

Gentle and happy with a flush of rose

All the high loyalties their hearts had sworn

And armoured Time could never quell nor any grave might close

Rose up and broke in foam-fresh of morning sky :

Thus Brightness spoke and heard dim earth reply—

" There is a clearness more silver than the dew,

Within the questing thought it builds a fane ;

The clear-lit hope untrammelled hearts pursue

Cries in its living colours from behind the faint-washed bow of rain.

Stained with this light from beyond the world I strive

For the hate-unburdened race .. fearless .. and alive/'

Swift flows the endless river pearled with singing

In the far unshadowed land where wisdom starts;

Through the undefeated sky two white swans winging

Linked with the golden chain no envious corrosion parts.

Heart-held mirror shows the silver dream :

Singing, the tranquil river flows .. white pinions gleam.

November 22, 1934.



“WHITE-COMBING WAVES FROM A CLOUDLESS OCEAN”



*" That God has laid His fingers on the sky,
That from those fingers glittering summer runs
Upon the dancer by the dreamless wave"*

[Lines in W. B. Yeats' " THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF FAERYLAND."]



WHITE-COMBING waves from a cloudless ocean
Fall on a fairy shore :
Faint rhythm of their unshadowed motion
Beats evermore
A sorrowless dream, drugged by their magical potion,
Within Time's core.

Marble-white in the summer's glory,
Foam-toss from sea to land:
Mating their dance to a wordless story,
Joy-silent band
Of the ones whose locks can never be hoary
Pass like flame on the sand.

November 24, 1934.





MEN call you far. You are not far enough.
For the beggar earth your alms of holy love
Drop through the consecrated night—consumineg fir.

Deafness has mouths belying you as dumb.
From some Deep beyond the deep your rhythms come
Of Titan fingers waking Truth's implacable lyre.

The craven flee from the calm light of your eyes ;
Drunken with darkness, how should they surmise
Intrepid loveliness no haste, no weakness mars ?

Bemusing the dim roof of vaulted space
Consentient clouds of golden incense trace
High homage of His Beauty from the enraptured stars.

November 28, 1934.



SWIFTLY come and swiftly pass
Through the shadows on the grass
Joyful bands and faery glee
Over the rainbow-flowered lea.
Bright their eyes and bright their hair ;
Song-bright voices free from care.
Scarfed with webs of golden glow :
Sweet are the silver horns they blow.
All the summer-laden day
Bathes their birdswift meadow-play
In a more translucid ray
Than spills from cloudless noon of May ;
For the fair strand through which they range
Lies far across the foam of change.

Invocation

BRIGHT world across the foaming sea of change,
Pine-odorous peak and all the purple range
Of hills where the ever-living gay ones dwell,
To sleep-hushed ear some tale of splendour tell.

November 30, 1934.



[Based on the occult teaching about the Elements, that Air reconciles the disharmony between Fire and Water —just as, physically, vapour is engendered by the contact of heat with moisture.]

NIGHT with mustered star-flares harries
 Moisture and dark :
 Lo, lightless earth with sun-flame marries
 When bids the lark.

Night her load of star-tears carried—
 A sacrificial dew.
 Was not silver mist with the bright gold married
 When the dawn-winds blew ?

Did the thrusts of air the star-spears parry
 Spring from Night's lip ?
 O let not Morning's whiteness tarry—
 Sail-bright ship.

December 6, 1934.

"WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS IN A DIM CASCADE"



*" Because, to him who ponders well,
My rhymes more than their rhyming tell
Of things discovered in the deep,
Where only body's laid asleep. "*

[Lines from *To IRELAND IN THE COMING TIMES*, by W.B. Yeats.]

WHEN twilight falls in a dim cascade
Over the eastern bars,
And vapour-woven tent of shade
Makes earth forget the stars,
The Bringers of the hidden sleep
From inworld of star-lotus deep
Are burthened with a heavy cry;
They mourn and half forget to fly.

But when star-dignities exult
Through twilight-softened air,
The Borderers of sleep consult
With violet-shadowed hair
Waving across the evening's cool
Pellucid-watered lotus pool.
And night is stirred by tremulous wings
To dream of unimagined things,

December 7, 1934.



VISION OF THE LETHE-DRINKER



IN a garden that had fallen out of Time
The pristine lily grew
Beside a stream; and roses in their prime,
Braziers of ruby, had embalmed the air
Through which no wing of darkening sorrow flew,—
But humming-birds, dream-hovering everywhere,
Had fled the tear-wet rainbow bough of Time,

December 8, 1934.



THE SEEKING AND THE SOUGHT



I SAW the moving flood of crystal sweep
Over translucent gold,
Aureate boulders, topaz jut and peep
Where argent Silence rolled.

I saw the tall flamingoes waiting there;
And the stream held, mirror-wise,
Dream-tokens, unspotted by shadow or care,—
A strangeness, a timeless prize.

I felt the hushed sublimity of noon
In that flashing silver dew—
Insurgent sun's at-one-ness with the moon—
As in Time glimpsed the Timeless through.

December 13, 1934.



FROM FAERY CITY WALL



WIDE ways of gold across the sea
Westward, at evenfall,
Still lead to the strand whence echoes flee
As the Danaan bugles call

Faint and soft and honey sweet
From faery city wall
That golden clamour bids our feet
Where the Danaan bugles call.

At moonrise we'll list for the fabulous oars
On the dark waves' rise and fall,
And they'll ferry us to the magical shores
Whence the Danaan bugles call.

December 14, 1934.



[A RENDERING OF XAVIER DE MAGALLON'S
LINES, IN "l'Ombre" ON HIS SON, A FLYING
OFFICER WHO WAS KILLED IN THE WARJ ❧

LOVELY dawns return not of long ago:

Fair were the two striplings—yourself and day
Who together rose to the quickened sun ;
Then the sun and you in the echoing air
Redolent, purified with dew, together
Linked your ways like comrades, sleep left behind.

I unlatch my window as in days gone by,
Letting in pellucid dawn-litanies;
Cerement drops from newly-arisen day ;
Morning reappears on the sad hill-tops—
Dark is he, now dragging uncompanioned steps.



ACROSS TRIUMPHANT ACRES OF THE NIGHT

ACROSS triumphant acres of the night
Slow-swung pinions of the unborn dream
To the hidden daybreak pursue primeval flight.

Chartless unfrontiered aeons of the dark,
On their lonely silence breaks no morning theme,—
Our dreams have held the Promethean spark.

But half descried, the dawn-lit peaks of joy,—
There, living hues shall blend in a rainbow stream,
And there no sundering thought can enter or destroy.

January 8, 1935.





THE cloudless sky has burnished all the hours :
Across the hours the figured Afternoon
Has passed, and in her wake the sultry flowers
Of nenuphars have drowsed on the lagoon.

Day's clamorous tide has ebbed far out along
The golden shining sands of western sky ;
Moments of quiet are threaded on a song—
Softer than thistledown the sylphs go by.

January 10, 1935.



SURGING softly on the pebbles of the brim
To that ocean-swaying under the quiet moon,
Wave-syllables quicken enchantments dim
Through this long hour of midnight's nether-noon.

Far forgotten now the heaviness of day,
The unreal shadows and all things that die ;
Immortal prescience on the pearl-white way
Where the moon's magic drips down from the sky.

Vision fails and hearing gropes to seize no more
Foam silver-shining, dream-notes of the wave :
The hushed soul mirrored, echoed, gained the shore
Of Light self-offered, of taintless Love that gave.

January 14, ' 1935.





CEASELESS was the seeking,
Golden was the light,
Sullen was the bleaking
Of encircling Night.

Reason's sigil sealing
All things from great to least :
No man to tyrant kneeling ;
No proud usurping priest.

Friendship's bond uniting
Cities of Man set free ;
Beauty from soul's inviting
Earthly dungeon's key !

January 17, 1935.



OVERMIND-WORLD OF THE GODS



IF all the stars were grapes that I might pluck
We'd fill that goblet where no shadows twine,
Not with sublunar fitfulness of wine,
But with the golden ichor of the Blest,—
That nectar which Tyndarian brethren suck,
Castor and Pollux, whose comrade feet have pressed
High paths too hard for wavering mortal zest
Where no vows dwindle nor mutual loves decline.
Still grant, O Shining Ones, our lives may bear
The cup of unflawed light, soul harmony,
Pellucid diamond that spreads no shade ;
There let the Wine of deathless gold appear,
Distilled as themes of lovely music fade
To a hush dew-drenched with immortality.

February 17, 1935.



INVOCATION TO SUPERMIND



○ **HEIGHT** beyond the stature of the mind,
O width outreaching finite heart's embrace,
Poised puissance on the limits of the world,
Enlighten us ; we would no more be blind.
We seek ourselves behind each comely face,
And bind the myriad detail sense-unfurled
To one bright spear-point, and therewith we trace
Swift utterance which no thought-fetters bind.
Shining lance, far above rifted woe,
Reveal to earth the ending of thy quest;
When thou to the Holy Logos shall be pressed,
The Hidden Love behind all universe
Sends ruby fire and ever-living flow,—
And night is fading, dreams of self disperse.

February 21, 1935.



~~THESSALONIANS~~ And withered stems precede
 The earth-redemption, the return of light:
 Orphean fragments,—like offering,—still bleed,
 Shed over forest dene or upland height.
 Four elements on inmost altar ranged
 In equal balance, body of Orpheus slain ;
 By a fifth, his death to Incorruption changed,—
 Soul's quintessential Light within the fane.
 One paten with five sides I contemplate,
 Foreseeing far-off lives ; thereon we heap
 Actions and struggles and the thoughts we keep
 For future pyres, betokening mastery.
 " How should unnumbered acts be rendered great?"—
 " Only if offered up to Love's Winged Victory/"

February 21, 1935.



THE RHYTHM OF SILENCE



THE moon that metes the dark time
With hushful hours
And drowns in a tide of shimmering peace
The tallest towers,
Sweeps with swift surge of loveliness
Far other lands;
And no feet heavy with sorrow press
Those dreadless sands.

Sentinel trees are fringing
A far-off shore—
O stillness of the boughs that trace
On a mossy floor
An ageless pattern of white moon-rays
That shift and cross,
A glyph of beauty and of love-filled days
Taintless, with no dross.

April 17, 1935.





○ I would voyage among the nearer stars
With those winged horses and their spirit cars
That leave a luminous dust of glittering thought
Amid the fabulous deserts of the Nought.
Empty vast is all that starlit room ;
But when the winged commotion enters there,
New light's undesolation threads the gloom
Like comet's sunward tread with burnished hair.

May 4, 1935.





O DRAW some divination from the stars
To shape anew the wryness and misgrowth
Of worlds where light is scathed or ill-fare mars
The heart by dimness and the deed by sloth.
To gaze and gaze upon the fire-strewn sky
Until the hush of heaven loom within,
Where the unshadowed splendours fill the eye
And world-renewing harmonies begin.

You stars who span with strength long leagues of space,
Blessed beyond the confines of our thought,
Surely you guard the palace sages sought,
Gold-shining sentries of Truth's dwelling-place.
Emptied of shadow, we would be as you,—
Gold untarnished,—girt vigil of the True.

May 12, 1935,





THE inward shining of the star
Is lovelier far;
The infurled glitter of the moon
Is a silver noon
Of living radiance and calm majesty.

On coral strands of ecstasy
Untroubled spray
Weaves rainbow garlands from the foam
Of waves that comb
In melody of that song-quivering Day,

May 14, 1935.





SWIFTLY the moment goes,
O, who can stay it ?
All that Love's debtor owes—•
And but dreams to pay it.

Had I a sapphire pen
And page of argent,
What tittle known to men
Write on its margent ?

May speed outdare Love's wing
Or web of song entrap him ?
He recks no words we sing—
Silence, and truth, enlap him.

May 14, 1935.





A WHITE and alabaster colonnade,
Lit by cressets deftly laid
Column-high and in each nook
Which the bats by night forsook.
Ranged and ranked in double rows
Plinth by plinth the long file goes
From forgotten aeons dead
To the unpublished days ahead.
—All the thought-filled moods of man
Down those flickering mindways ran.

May 15, 1935-





A SETTING star,
 A rising sun,
 Or zenithing of moon
 May leave a scar
 When they are done
 Unsoothed by the wave-soft croon.

By day and night
 The lilting sea
 Sings of a rhythmic whole ;
 Yet come delight
 And misery
 To vex and revex the soul.

Behind the curve
 Of yondermost
 Sea-line or mountain rim,
 With tautened nerve
 The new spear-host
 Glamour the dawnlight dim.

May 15, 1935-



SPLENDOUR in the penury of night;
All this everlastingness of light;
A dole of leaven hid within the meal;
The vivid disarray that woodlands feel
As trim dead Winter steals away
On the first warm springful day.
All outward heaviness of Death
Made nought by one sweet cowslip's breath,—
Though love be the glint of a cowslip-flame
That on the heels of winter came,
No time can from these ears drive out
Its golden-clamoured fairy shout,
No swathing custom reave these eyes
Of that sun-miracled surprise
When on an elfin ridge of earth
They saw Love's fire-bloom spring to birth.

May 24, 1935



WHEREi shall I come back to you ?
Will the forlorn seaway shoal
Under earth-bright zenith blue ?
There, unlonely, gain my goal ?

Or impassive spirit-clime
Sanctuary what earth denied,—
All the treasure-seeking time
End there as I gain your side ?

Eitherhow may flames of peace
Beaconwise bewray your heart,
So suffuse this unrelease,
So retouch my fading chart.

Lonely depths long travelled through,
But the seaway starts to shoal,—
All my being drawn to you,
Fair name and spacehood of my goal.

May 25, 1935.



IF setting suns were quenched for aye,
 Or gales could blow the stars away,
 Then scant unmindfulness of you
 Could prove my living thought untrue.

As soon the bee forget the hive
 At heathward flight or blossom-dive,
 As one his nectar-load not guide
 Again to your imagined side.

May compass needle turn awry
 Or flame no longer scale the sky,
 Ere gratefulnesses cease to wend,—
 Mine their heartway, you their end.

May 29, 1935.

IN THAT DIM PAGODA HIGH



SILVER bee on brooch of jade
In this ebon casket laid,
What taper fingers thrust you there,
Put on the lid and turned with care
The bronzen key as if afraid ?

Though dream-poised by neck as bright
As a lily built of light,
Where his proud lips flashing red
Kissed so very Time was bled
Of scathful ichor, tarry flight;

Live those moments through again-
Nimble joy with unthrift pain—,
Let the lingering shadows lie
In that dim pagoda high,
Where caged cicadas chaunt their strain.

June 5, 1935.





SHADOW-SILENT is the sky:

Teeming earth, a muted cry
Sends but whispers down the breeze.

Shadow-pinioned glide the hours ;
Slumber-freighted lie the flowers ;
Silent listeners are the trees.

Star-engirt the heaven's pole ;
Horned moon seeks westward goal;
Day's quaffed winecup holds but lees.

Surging thoughts have ebbed away ;
Passions wane ; and spirit sway,
Girt with Silence, out-tops these.

June 7, 1935.



MEMORY OF APRIL



THERE are shadows on the pathway in the wood
And a tracery of greenness overhead ;
In ecstasy the glistening cherry stood—
Her petal-hidden boughs with April sunspray wed.

Joy-burnished is the air ; the autumn sod
With green flame of Dog's Mercury is lit—
What raptured airdrift from the torch of God
By the slow splendour of the Spring hath lighted it ?

Juneg, 1935.





EARTH is wounded
With deep gash
Filled with the briny flow
Of narrow seas and wide seas
Whose anguished billows dim the ash
That heaven's breezes charged with glow.

Earth is sunken
In the main of air,
Whose storm breakers thunder
Through her soul in frenzied
Moods of anger or despair—
And lightning blades her strength asunder.

But ever guarded
By this living globe
In the unpierced tenuity
Of rapt ionosphere
Is the untroubled Beauty, the seamless robe
Woven on wide-loomed Eternity.

June 10, 1935.



FULL-OPENED FLOWER



○ **THOU** white undazzling splendour,
Quiescent moon,
Renew thy sway upon our life-tides ;
Let it be soon.

O thou white silence of the night skies,
Bestow thy peace ;
Wind thy cold flame on every thought-way,
Give heart's release.

Through rhythmic cycles of thy spring
What culminant hour
Blooms now when shadows drop defeated,
Full-opened flower !

Full Moon, June 16, 1935.



PAINT the music of the starworld,
Sing the hues
Of thunder fret and birds a-herrying ;
All that accuse
Our darkening ears, our eyes' hush-burying
Show now unfurled.

Timid clamour-pomps we see
Whose mingled sound
Leave naked yet the limbs of earthly faring:
While all around
The undraped silences go Selfward, wearing
Form's ecstasy.

July 1, 1935.



THINE be the winds of devotion,
Thine be the stars of flame,—
Their whisper to echo that Music,
Their outline to girdle the Name.

The world is a shadowy motion,—
The dream at the back of a dream,
With days that faint echo the Footstep,
And fields that wan-mirror the Gleam.

Token re-mirrored in token,
Sign that had echoed a sign,—
Might our senses be net of the Hunter,
Our thought-ways a fishing line.

So with not one word spoken,
So with nor ever a look
To Beauty we're borne by the Hunter,
To the soothfast shore by the hook.

July 7, 1935.





WHEN I darken my lamp in the twilight
Till farness is shed through the house—
A viewless flicker of ghost-flame
In the stead of the flame that I dowse—

There are fitfully hearkened voices
Floating through gulfs of air
With the golden cry of a harpstring
And a bicker of lintwhite hair.

O honey-sweet was the music
With dancers lithe and gay
In the realms of the woven half light
And the harvested joys of day.

July II, 1935-



THREE- fairies went aleaping
 Adown the glades of May ;
 They found a field mouse keeping
 A woodland holiday.

Quoth they, " Where is your burrow ?
 Our gifts we would bestow."
 Quoth he, " In yonder furrow
 Where the yellow thistles grow."

" Here's one puff ball for filling
 With the grey sow-thistle down,
 And a gossamer gramarye shilling
 Stamped with Titania's crown ;

And we give you the wing of a cricket
 To winnow your store of grain."
 —Then they hastened away to their thicket
 And he never could find them again.

But always the wing would sever
 The dross of earth from the gold.
 And always ere winter weather
 He would delve away from the cold,

And snug on the pixie pillow
 Be wafted and swayed in the air—
 Or ferry across the billow
 With a shilling to pay his fare.

July 12, 193S-

EAST OF THE RISING SUN



BUT I would go far out to the east of the rising sun

Where morning's dove-grey mists from emptiness are spun
And Silence hears its echo and Night in a looking-glass
Sees the unlit shadows of Dayhood stealthily come to pass.

Bright were the colours of earthdawn, emptily gay and bright:
But my lips ever craved for the goblet brimmed with the lack of light.
Nesh and green were the woodways, rhythm-curved at the beck of Time:
Bound for the stirless axle, up the time-quelling steep I would climb.

September 19, 1935.





STAR-ISLANDS in wide welkin lake,
A continent of moon,
The firestones with their shimmery wake
Through deeps of anti-noon.

Soothlight—true being's underwork—
With a welter of Nothing between,—
May Light prevail where shadows lurk
Of empty, lonely teen.

Then utter argosies of Light
Across the Unshape sea,
Refashion worlds arrayed with Sight
At speech of ' Let Love Be.'

October 9, 1935.





GREEN gathering of summer-mantled trees
Against a hush of turquoise-torpid sky,
And underfoot pale cow-wheat,—yellow rattle,—
A tall-stemmed toadflax, more yellow than the twain,
Trim whorled with leaves of smoothly glaucous hue.
A footway skirts the flanges of each bole
And roughens with the jut and twist of root
And darkly wanders through embodied shade
As it might lead to unimagined core,
Stripped self, essential Form of woodlandness.

October 27, 1935.



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MOHANA



(A MIDNIGHT RAGA)

HEAR the moon ring Sorrow's knell
(Listen to her silver bell),
Through the mind and through the heart
Sound like sword-blade shadows part.

Dark's misdeeming put to flight,
What espy by songcraft light ?
Prester's realm, or the uncharted lea—
Pentexoire and Femenye ?

Swift as arrow cleaves to goal
Music flings from pole to pole—
Earth from aeon-depth of trance
Silvered forth to utterance.

December 26, 1935.



PRECARIOUS boat that brought me to this strand
Shall feed flame-pinnacles from stem to stern,
Till not one rib my backward glance can find—
Down to the very keelson they shall burn.

Now to the unreal sea-line I would no more yearn ;
Fain to touch with feet an unimaginable land....
The gates of false glamour have closed behind ;
There is no return.

December 28, 1935.

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OVERCAST NIGHT IN JUNE



WHERE had all the starlight flown ?
Or who had held the moon
From waxing on, when Spring had gone,
To silver the flowers of June ?

Over the beech-crowned chalky hill
Zenithed a baldachin
Of silken hush and ebon crush
Where columns of cloud begin.

Every sky-mark of the night
Was blotted utterly ;
And darkness flowed where stars had glowed—
Thought's land o'errun by sea.

January 16, 1936.



SWIFTLY THE MORNING POURS----



SWIFTLY the morning pours
Over far sea ;
Future's extremity
Finds the dream doors.

Sudden as thunderclap,
Gold of sun's rim
Bridges with daybreak hymn
The witless gap.

January 19, 1936.



A CLOUDY DAWN



GREY skies : the limb of ocean olive-green ;
While wind-blown plumes of coco-palm are seen
In silhouette against the sea and sky.
The jet-black birds weave with their raucous cry
Intricate patterns through the sunless air.
Through smouldering shroud grown momentarily more clear,
A phantom sun makes gestures to appear.

January 20, 1936.



INVOCATION TO SILVER AND TO GOLD



THE hush of silver and the song of gold,
Enwound upon the midnight's axle, sway
The tideless heart, where centuries untold
Are fashioned to the swiftness of a day.

A silent dancer on the moving wave
Goes ankleted with silver of the night:
A rose-crowned singer of a sky-borne stave
Climbs goldenly the summit of delight;

Far poised upon the mountain-top of noon,
Thou signet felt by Form-enshrining mood,—
Or, deep-indrawn, beneath some midnight moon
A dream-dance weaved by silver solitude.

February 6, 1936.



A MOORLAND STREAM



THE Royal Fern with swaying plume,
The ravelled tumult of a brook,
Three dragonflies that dart and zoom,
And the red-loaden rowan's crook.

A dipping scud of yellowness
Bewrays a wagtail nestward flown :
At waterbrink two grey flies press
Gauzy wings to buff-grey stone.

Against the clearness of the sky
A buzzard looms in wheeling flight ;
And water-mosses wavering lie
In the nether clearness flecked with white.

All changing, yet so ghostly still—
Could fragments one Quintessence frame ?
All vistas One Unvista'd fill ?
All spoken names one Silence name ?

February 9, 1936.



THE FIVEFOLD FLAME



FIVE candles burning steadily
Hard by that austere altar of the heart,
Foursquare, with lines that wry
Not leftward nor to right
(Nor spendthrift Life nor sophistries of Art
Could wrench it from the worship of the Light).

The Light has entered in its substance and
Framed, shaped, wrought it to Perfection's day
In those dark wrappings of the Dernful Land ;
Beleaguered there by fitful gusts' desiring,
Set amid futilities of mortal clay,
It waits the Light, with fivefold flame aspiring.

February 12, 1936.



TO MOTHER



COME on the wings of sleep
Grave or with a smile,
Come ere the hushed tide neap
Or tangling thoughts beguile.

On this dark spirit-main
Rise as a full-orbed moon,
Transform the murk of pain
To a fleckless silver boon.

Or through dream-heavy air
On sandals of sound draw nigh
Till echoes waking there
Spring forth in thrilled reply.

Out from a planet's gloom
All aspects call to Thee,—
Life in our stirless tomb,
Light on our darkened sea.

February 13, 1936.



THE GOD OF VICTORY



SUBTLE beyond all gauging,
Sudden as lightning blade,
Unflawed by earthly aging,
The Woundless, the Undismayed

Back in the world's beginning
Wielded a three-pronged spear.
Unpierced by Falsehood's dinning,
Unswayed by soundless Fear.

Nor Maya-spell's devising
Nor seemings that divide
Dishevelled the assizing
Of the Wakeful Myriad-Eyed ;

But many an eye-filled feather
Gathered in battle-dress
Betokened there together
Serene one-pointedness.

February 15, 1936.





○ THOSE unburied dead
By whom the first word is said,
And the last,—and all between :
Comes now a spectral power,
In their most arrogant hour,
Dreaming to life the thing that might have been ?

So may they, girt with pride,
As a doomed iceberg ride
On this great sea of lewth :
In their own falsehood penned
Utterly meet their end,
Probed mockingly by Spring-warm waves of truth.

They hated comely things,
Misprized the love that brings
Beauty and Strength and Calm.
Love gave the New Race light:
Singly they dight
His breast with myrtle and his brow with palm.

February 18, 1936.



UNANIMOUS TRADITION



SOME pointilliste had left this canvas called "The Stars"
Half-finished, in his dilettante way,—
"And why this planet skit
Devolving-ape-infest?"—
Their pointillistic mind-stuff lit,
Sage minds co-deem "Pure jest."

February 18, 1936.





COME down the level ways
Of nightly dark,
Though Thou bring not all Thy rays,
But one dim spark.

But one dim spark suffice
The tindery heart
And all Fire's might entice
And not depart.

And not depart but keep
That fiery mesh,
Spun from the Sovran Deep
For this poor flesh :

For this poor flesh who yet
Would change divine,
Be sundered from all fret,
Be wholly Thine;

Be wholly Thine and glow
With limitless Light,
Born from Thy Thought to grow
Truth-meeting sight.

February 19, 1936.





WHEN Heavenly Powers are loosed upon the earth,
 When high Perfections take corporeal birth
 Then the least flashings of their Speed divine
 Seem winged with light from blades in battle-shine,—
 Such rutilant onset through Night's phalanx tore,
 The Dark has foundered and returns no more,

February 20. 1936.



THE ENDLESS VOYAGE



"SHIP,—What is your name ? Where do you sail ?"

" The vessel Beauty, over foam-waste pale
Of future time proud moving, such am I."

" Some gale of magic wafting ever by
These tall masts and crimson canvas-surge,
Through rhythmic leagues of Art this dreamprow urge ?"

" Under Eternity, that changeless dome,
Across wave-fret of centuries I roam :
Yet in times halcyon of some Golden Age
The hours held my likeness in their glassy page.

February 20, 1936.



MYRIADS of purple grapes,
Rain falling, the ancientness of trees
— Giant boles with bushy branches crowned.
How soon the sad soil gapes ;
And of wine but bitter lees
Remain—and of the boles, dun peaty ground.

But somewhere nectar flows
Of the unmixed joy ; immortal springs
The Shadowless River by the fadeless groves.
There, life's rhythm goes
On feet untiring ; fearless wings
Speed unveering to their haven loves.

February 22, 1936.

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I DREAMT I fell through silver wave
 To the gold sand below
And gazed upon an emerald cave
 Where green-lit swordfish go.

With sea-den yawning shadowy
 And swordfish sailing slow,
The emerald thoughts fare drowsily,
 Greenly the moments flow.

No future's threatening wry-light,
 No glooms of bygone shame
Fretted the verdurous twilight
 Of a dawn that nowise came.

February 24, 1936.





ONT wings of faith mount up
Toward the solar fire,
By dint of eagle feathers
And wings that shall not tire.

Dreadless the wings of soaring,
Steadfast the eyes that gaze
Ever upon that brightness
Of truth-begotten rays.

Earth no more is master;
Shadows have lost their sway :
O arrow-flight unswerving,
Far on truth-freedomed way!

February 26, 1936.





WHAT will spring up from the beating of the pulse
And strange things wrought within the hollow skull,
Sea's quivering onset which dead rocks repulse
And the unanswered clamour of the gull ?

One Life within the winding sheet of lives,
Some warmth of thought in embers of a world,
Beauty kept out by selves, lusts, hates and shives,
A lone quest through unheeding ages whirled.

February 27, 1936.



I LAY upon a hill-slope in the sun
And barely had his dipping trend begun :
Surely the daytide hours were rife with room
Before Night's axe could hurl him to his doom ;
These Maytime clouds far-roaming would have played
Before the East upthreatened with chill shade.

Time, like a drift of airborne foam,
Crept on slow wings above dusk's aerodrome,
The pilot moment loth to end his flight
With grossening sweep from airy leagues of light.

Beyond the blur where sky's blue brushed the downs
Din's motor-ways, and pylons, link the towns,
New griding sorrow slays the joyous hush
That broods upon these banks of wanton lush
Grass, gold of buttercup, white magic of may
Mile after winding mile of waterway,
Whose summit lies along these quiet hills,
Whose burnished peace only sky-silence fills.

February 29, 1936.



SOLITARY breath of silent dream,
You show the lonely breakers on a shore ;
Untrodden are the hueless sands that gleam ;
Never that foam-waste brooked a splash of oar.

A narrow spit runs far into the sea :
The empty sea calls to an emptier land.
No throng of birds to shake the air with glee ;
Naught stirs beneath upon the strew of sand.

To landward, hillocks thinly set with trees
(Vacancy garbed with listless leaf and bough),
—Their blooms lie idle, tenantless of bees,
Hearing no motion but the sea-wind's changeless sough.

March 2, 1936.





DARK pine trees soughing by the lakeside,
A steel-grey sky above,
A tilted slope of hills upended—
Too steep for Love.

Around dark mirror of the waters
Gauntly the high hills frown,
Framing a harsh bleak sky reflected
Where all loves drown.

No mellow fruit finds room afforded
Nor any golden wheat ;
Sour, shallow, rock-swayed roods betoken
Love's defeat.

Here soul—if any soul be prisoned—
Were phoenix, not paired dove :
Sole-Seen its image—found no other
Shape to love.

March 3, 1936.





HIGH up in beds of air
The grey cloud-oysters keep
Those gems of sunray-snare
And rainbow-sleep—

Pearl-pale, yet fain to flush
With sunset's lingering hue,
Ere on Time the Eternal Hush
Shed grace of dew.

So let the light-brimmed heart
Sing with refracted ray
The unutterable art
Of heaven-fraught Day.

March 4, 1936.



NEWLY woken day
 Build the unbroken light,
 Sweep far far away
 Sullenness of night.

Tumult of gold descending,
 Thou diapason bright,
 All our Darkness rending
 With melody of Sight.

Ever the ampler Dream-day
 Spreading calm wings of flight
 Wafted through widening gleam-way
 On the peaks of the world will alight.

March 6, 1936.





WHETHER by glare of tropic noon,
Or under the sprinkled stars,
Or when the high hush of the moon
Splinters the waves with silver gars,

Or while the first hours flush the foam
Or the sun sets in a wash of gold,
Swift-glimpsed by seafowl as they roam
What new leaf lurks whom waves enfold ?

This was the strangeness of that day—
The shrunken tides lay bare
Sharp ridge where goes withstood the sway
Of waves, where feet of wildfowl fare.

March 7, 1936.





NOW all nearer things are vanished ;
Wonted shapes leave empty air :
Thankfully I find me banished
From the worldly thoroughfare.

Garishness the moon-thrill plunders :
Hosting billows glide to shore—
Waves that break in phantom thunders,
Sands which feel no footprint-score.

Drowsy pinions whitely winging
Smoulder dimly past the strand,
Visionary trance-light bringing
From some strange remoter land.

Past the " me " and past the " other "
Let the questant farer speed,
Wilder grow the foamway smother,
More weird the moon-script he must read.

March 8, 1936.





[A descriptive title that has come into use for the matriarchal people of Neolithic times whose barrows are still preserved on chalk downs in England and elsewhere].

TAKE the road that runs across the downland,
 Leave the water meadows of the vale ;
 Death the Reaper there may make him merry,
 Here no greeds of weapon-dint assail.

Though yon pliant earth obey the yeoman
 And this soil heap bare two inch of height,
 Hark the barrows reared by dreadless races :
 " Trust and fair dealing deigned not to fight."

March 10, 1936.



PERFUME too faint to stir the chords of dream—,
 The sough of tiny waves from pearl-grey sea—,
 Lustres of day, as pollen stains a bee,
 Curdle the air to an opaline shadow-shot gleam.

Then, every furthest fibre being at rest,—
 The gates of inner hearing opened wide,—
 Bars of clear music through grey stillness glide,
 Raising a rhythm-sun, re-goldening the west.

Glamour of Schubert, ring after golden ring
 Widen—and the heart with them—to far other clime,
 A sovran Beauty no more at odds with Time,
 And the being's adoring that will gain bright plumage, puissant wing.

March n, 1936.





WIDE- ocean, quivering of wings,
The first star-glow in a quiet sky
Bequeathed by sun to planetary kings
And waywodes of an untold galaxy,—
Orts and similitudes of Love
Whose calm is wider than all sea:
To trace that joy would wings throb fast enough ?
Could star-tossed thought attain His mystery ?

March 13, 1936.





INTO the clear sky
Where no moon grows,
Like smoke wends up the cry
Of earthly woes.

Up through the shrouded bars
Where the stream forslows
Shine forth imprisoned stars
Of heaven's repose.

Round hidden point of rest
Loveliness goes,
Swirling hues will end our quest,
Regain The Rose.

March 15, 1936.



THE SEA AT NIGHTFALL



BEHIND the verge of western hills
The sun has sunk,
Rivers of light to niggard rills
Have shrunk.
Beyond the melancholy sea
Of separate lives
Loom shores which Love still holds in fee
(Nor strives
With intermittent promptings of the heart
To build song's Whole from each disfavouring part).

March 17, 1936.



“THESE LAUGHING CUPS OF SPIRIT-GOLD” ❧

TREAD lightly over the crocus flame •
That flares from the floor of March ;
Gay gold from the solemn winter came,
And frith from the war-bow arch.

Hither the bee and the butterfly
To the goblets of the sun
Wing swift and sip and joyward hie
And every shadow shun.

What alchemy from winter's mould
Has framed this miracle,
These laughing cups of spirit-gold
Sundream, springbeam full ?

March 18, 1936.



THE EVER-INSISTENT



TAKE up your pen, O Man,
Write on the book of earth :
" Beginningless I ran
On through increasing worth.

There was a page of wonder,
Then many empty of joy,—
The castings-up of plunder,
Of skills that I misemploy

Beyond the smoking cities,
The callous pomps of war,
Still troubling were the ditties
Of the better days before—

How hate was still nurtured by love,
And the lies were the shadows of truth :
Where were Death save there live things enough,
What were Eld uningrafted on youth ?

Those towers that ring Perfection
No vista leaves untraced,
And by each new rejection
Toward them still I faced.

For the flame-crests of perfect living
On the watch-towers of Time ever burned
—Still they drew all the heart's deepest giving,
And the Thought in our thoughts thither yearned."

March 20, 1936.



(Translated from *Malherbe*).

MUST be thy grief, Duperrier, unending,
Or what the sad mind enfold,
The uttered thoughts a father's love is sending,
Be a tale that is never told ?

By our mortal lot thy daughter tombward driven—
Is such exceeding pain
A labyrinth from whence thy thoughts grief-riven
Find not their way again ?

I, being most mindful of her girlhood's charm,
To assuage thy sufferings
Have tried not, like a friend who'd cause thee harm,
To gauge them but slight things.

Seen in a world which to fairest shapes is giving
Still the most heavy of dooms,
A rose, hers was the roses' span of living
Which one brief morn consumes.

Death shows a harshness no other sway imposes :
Vain to implore her ears,
For these the cruel goddess straightway closes
And leaves us to our tears.

The cottager whose roof the wheat-straw yielded
Her stern decree awaits ;
And from her power not even kings are shielded
By the watch at their palace gates.

Impatient murmurs, or embittered turning
Against her, deem not best;
Save willing the thing God wills, no other learning
Shall bring us to our rest.

March 21, 1936.





ONE by one the earth-lights fail
And the shores sink down behind:
The prow leaps on with a freshening gale
Over the course assigned.

I strain my eyes but cannot see
The lofty coasts ahead,
But still behold waves' sapphire glee
And the sky with ocean wed,

And lily-white foam on blue sea foil
And the sail by breezes bent....
And sunsets like volcanoes boil,
And the star host pitch their tent.

Now anger stirs the uprisen moon,
For she argently strikes the waves
And lures the prow with a silver tune
To sky-rim goals or graves.

March 23, 1936.



THE SECRET ORCHARDS



BEHIND the never-pausing outward show
Of hungers, angriness, despair,
The secret orchards keep their amber glow ;
From glittering branches stream on the limpid air
A thousand intermingled hues
Of the myriad fruits which never lose
The star-like radiances of prayer,
The strong abundant sap of life,
The melodies set free with onset of the *breeze* :
And like a cloud with aspiration rife
Ascends the odorous balsam from that shimmering realm of trees.

March 25, 1936.



RED LOTUS



(Sri Aurobindo's *Consciousness*)

THAT living Lotus, petal by petal unfolding,
Which through the mists of this *avidya* looms,
Vicegerent of the Sun, nowise withholding
The light we lack in *Mayas* nether glooms.

When spirit-sense to the last high peak gyring
Finds all Thy mountain-bud aflame with rose—
Touched by the eager hues of Dawn's aspiring—
What raptured Silence watches Thee unclose!

Then the vast span of those Truth-petals reaching
To the utmost arc of Being's finitude
With vibrant answer to dark's wan beseeching
Transforms a world, from Thy grave beauty hued.

O puissant heart amidst whose raptured shrining
A nameless Love is garbed in Name's disguise,
Last metronome to mortal things assigning
A fadeless rhythm wrung from Dawn's echoing skies.

March 29, 1936,



COME nearer ; do not tarry ;
Quickly pass
The odorous gates of twilight
And the dew-drenched grass.
Bring the mazer moonlight-filled—
All dreams dissolve
Therein : and with the moon-dance
Let slow steps revolve.
Then by this conjuration
Unlinked from Time,
As from a hilltop vantage
Be witness of world mime.

March 30, 1936.

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○ FLOWER-CROWNED figure with wide wings
On us bestow
The insight for the hidden juice of things
Where fragrant nectars flow.

Being of ether radiances
And white star-glow,
Singer of the First Morning's cadences
As of last petal throw,

Bring now the chaplets of the forenoon,
Let richly blow
Trumpets whose unison foreshows a boon
More than the sun's gold owe.

April 3, 1936.



THEY CAME



THEY came—the woodland water
Was lightly shadowed
By the gauzy tumult of their wings.
Then tiny shrillings and such little laughs
As hardly shook or stirred the air-built web
Of attercops upon the bramble thorn.
It was some distillation from the autumn,
When the unhavened windings of hearts' loneliness
Are trembling on the verge of bodiment
In those white-mist-drenched mornings
Where the gossamer is dew-silvered
Among still mushrooms on the upland field.

April 5, 1936.



“COULD TIME'S ADVANCING LEAVE
BUT SLENDER SCREEN ” 0



COULD Time's advancing leave but slender screen
Before I sit beside you, hear you speak,
How swift these gloomy skies would be swept clean,
How deft a motion gained by wheels that creak !
In dreams your voice is known, with hated end
Of solitary waking to an unshared light,—
Most bitter mirage that will never blend
With nearness deemed, the certainties of sight.

Days come. . are worthless pebbles thrown aside
By one who searches on the shelving years
For that sole diamond who shall glint and guide
Because the continuing beauty that it bears
Is living light, a gratefulness, a pride
When tallied minds have wiped out stale arrears.

April 6, 1936.



AT SIX OF THE CLOCK
WHEN EVENING COMES



AT six of the clock when evening comes
Up the dale, down the dale echo the drums ;
Flutings are heard from the depths of the vale,
Bugle note's silver and fairie fife wail.

And a flicker of elves with sandals of gold
Are thridding with laughter the shadowing wold
Till scarves are aw whirl—on their filmy gauze,
Mothlike, a moon-trance stillness pours.

April 8, 1936.



FOR THOSE BRIGHT FIELDS



OUT beyond the watchtowers of the morning
Silence waits
Where that gnarled old thorn tree blossoms whitely
And guards the gates

Gramarye has founded here her frontier ;
White and green
Is the jade-built wall where foam-bright-blossomed
Trees are seen.

Emerald-acred sward so safe enfolding,
The ramparts run
Lordlily amid the laneway cleaving
Shade from sun.

There the sky is never fierce or sullen ;
Blueness wields
Sway of tearless dancing-tide and singing
For those bright fields.

April 9, 1936.





OUT of the opening blossom
Spirit flame
Brandish thy fiery arrow,
Innerly aim.

Bent be the bow with thy straining
Taut the string:
Heartward the arrowy speedings
Blithely sing.

Enter the innermost chamber,
O fireborn dart,
Till thy rhythming love and thy beauty
Thrill through the heart.

April 16, 1936.



FROM THE DUSKY BORDERLANDS
OF SLEEP



FROM the dusky borderlands of sleep
I'd come, not empty handed,
But bearing strangely banded
Odorous blooms whose vague recesses keep
Echoes wheeling round—
The faint imprisoned sound
From soft-velvet-beating wings that sweep
In pale moth-flight across the glimmering deep.

Dream-fragrances and patternings of trance
Where the rich-jewelled pinions gravely dance
In that unhastening flight
Into the dim delight
Woven out of the gloom
Upon the starry loom
Of Night.

April 18, 1936.



“ LET THE WHITE LIGHT DESCEND ”



DESCEND, O whitely radiant,
Unclouded shine :
Be uttered thoughts Thy temple-garth,
Hearts' hush Thy shrine.

Wind with Thy unsullied light
The topmost hills,
Nor yet forbear till luminous peace
Each valley fills.

A fragrance and a dawn-fresh splendour
On newest bough
From ancient tree of world's aspiring
Blossoms, is Thou.

A troubled and uncertain darkness
Enwraps the sea,
Till the silver silence of the moon-song
Pronounces Thee.

April 20, 1936.



A SULTRY NIGHT



THE stars are swallowed up by dark,
No night birds call—
Not yet the flickering thunder-spark,
The heavy raindrop-fall.

Far, far away coolness and breeze
Delight and soothe,
Whose phantom memories here tease
Limbs too weak to move.

April 24, 1936.



DREAM-STEADY dot of welkin light,
Serenest star,
Pale dewdrop on the hills of night
No after-drougths may mar.

Thou gazest on pure truth of things,
Intrepid star,
And spreadest spirit-laden wings
Where all bright pinions are.

The shafts of Death go wide their mark,
Unvanquished star,
Still shining through our mortal dark,
Woundless, without scar.

O ranger with unshackled limbs,
O unpent star,
Thy puissant joy no sorrow dims,
No shades of wanhope bar.

Be foretaste of some richer time.
Prophetic star,
Hold, harbinger a fairer clime
Lapped in some future far.

April 28, 1936.

LET THEN THE CONE-SHAPED HOOD THAT SHADOWS EARTH



LET then the cone-shaped hood that shadows earth
And sometimes sweeps across the glittering moon
Be but the wrapping that is rent at birth—
My newborn eyes shall only see the noon.

Seek not the lower valleys and the wild
Foothills where fragrant pasture for the ewes
Is lush and tender : be the eagle's child
And the straight pathway to the sunpeak choose,

Till Silence there be moulded to a Face
Marred with no timeprints of mortality,
And the four winds be rhythms of pure space
That gale through wideness to Infinity.

Serene above the antlike crawl of days,
Height's eagle gains the rapture of the One ;
Feet on last outpost of dead sands and clays,
His living eyes hold commune with the sun.

May 2, 1936,



IN THE DIN OF DEAF WHEELS REVOLVING 卐

FAR from lean-acred living
Death's empire grows,
Nor his liegemen made poorer by giving, --
Pity not those.

Beyond the mount of striving
Calm's valley flows,
And her dwellers compete not in thriving --
Pity not those.

In the din of deaf wheels revolving
Confusion stows
Earthmen ; nor find they absolving :
Then pity those.

May 14, 1936.





NEW country lies before me,
The old is far away ;
New voices whiles implore me
That I turn toward their Day.

Toward their Day I'm turning—
No other goal will guide—,
To Its faint glimmer yearning
I climb the valley side.

Up valley side I clamber ;
The mists are wearing thin ;
In ecstasy of amber
The sunrise pomps begin.

The pomps begin, and glory
Of purple and ruby gold
Are frontispiece to story
The far-glimpsed Hours enfold.

May 15, 1936.



ONE look beyond the prison-walls,
 Dreamsong unseized by ears of flesh—
And this all future Time enthalls,
And spins round Space a starry mesh.
This touch the Everliving send
Endures beyond the wreck of world ;
Sped from the bow no mortals bend,
This arrow-truth on Maya hurled.
O kiss from lips of spirit-flame,
Embrace of limbs so dazzling fair,
Gesture that out of Brightness came
And spilt a fragrance on the air—
 Seal with a loveliness of dream
 Time-gleanings of your deathless theme.

May 16, 1936.

HAVE any seen the lotus dawn
Far out on the ravelled sea,
Whole, with no flaming petal torn
By winds of futurity ?

On marshes glimpsed in living cirque
Flamingoes of new light,
Before day's mounting din shall irk
And drive them off in flight ?

Or guessed in brightness fugitive
Hints of far other Sun
Whose ruby-fingered rays will live
When dream and flesh are one ?

May 17, 1936.



“SCIENCE IS THE OPIATE OF THE PEOPLE” ❧

INFINITE Silence became the finite Voice
And forged the flaming limits of the world
A vast and empty fane ; and there upswirled
The glittering motes whose ever-shifting poise
Deluded men miscall the stagnant Law
Of an unchanging Heaven, the ever-furled
Fixed title-deeds of Wealth—of graspers hurled
Beyond return whenever spring days thaw
The feudal frost of Privilege and Greed !
The spring is here, the Dream becomes the Deed,
The uttering Voice congeals to future time
With changing rhythm, wax and wane of speed
Or weight of sound : what Demiurge has need
Of niggard Sameness phrased in monorhyme ?

June, 6, 1936.





WHEN Night is rolled away from eastward ocean
And Dawn's translucent sky is very calm,
And waves of trance have nigh forgot their motion
In mirror poise of day dawn cclour-psalm,

O then to be the bird so whitely gleaming
Out out into the orient of rose,
When through dissolving wisps of shadow-seeming
To merge within Light's vastitude he goes.

June 8, 1936.





ALL the sky is rife with stars ;
 Daylight's ebb'd and come to naught
 Nethering moon with tilted gars,
 One gold horn on earth-rim caught.

Silence thins the teeming space,
 High hush treads the huddled earth :
 Deep they delved the grave of place,
 Echoed stillness into birth,

Bade the white-gold lunar fire
 Rend the gloom of nether air,
 Quell each clamour of desire,
 Drench with Light the shadow lair.

June 29, 1936.





WHAT is the analyst of pain,
Destroyer of desire,
Assessor for this earthen gain
That clouds the spirit-fire ?

Within the sanctuary divine,
Below the depth of sleep,
Unimaged effortless design
Those aeoned watches keep.

Unwearied by the fret of years,
Most passionless they wait:
They claim the world-new hope that nears—
The Builders born to limit Fate.

August 14, 1936.



“ OPEN the masque with music/
 Summer said,
 " My sceptre is wild iris,
 June roses crown my head ;
 I wend through the Early Purples
 And Ragged Robin red :
 And a dim white moth-smoke flutters
 At evening where I tread."

Lissom the day with dancing
 When Summer throws
 Larksong like spears of silver,
 Or cushat's green repose,
 Or cuckoo's bell-like question,
 Or the storm of song that goes
 Up to the blue-hush zenith
 From myriad-thronged hedgerows.

August 15, 1936.



THE FOAM-BRIGHT SILENCE OF THAT LAND

WHITE as moon upon the desert sand,
Petal-pure from taint of finitude,
On sward untrod by Time strange lilies stand,
Lift gars of limpid bloom with galaxies bedewed.

Those plains of wideness nor dream nor thought have spanned;
Nor breaks one whisper of mortality
Upon the foam-bright silence of that land,—
That moment's rapture held from what joy-frenzied sea ?

August 17, 1936.



GIVER AND FORGIVER



SHALL slow oblivion, only, quell the past
And hurl with unconcern both good and ill
To sightless Limbo—lust and godlike will
To indecipherable ruin cast ?
Then each new time too well must match the last;
The frame of days with former bane refill ;
The hands that clutch at good be empty still—
No haven found—tired feet held quagmire-fast.
How shall the new thing greatly come to pass ?
How piling debts yield zero for their sum ?
From dream-inchoate hope could harvest come—
Ablaze with forms divine, be mind set free—
And soul's bright gold shine through the perished brass ?
Giver and forgiver, how—save through Thee ?

August 20, 1936.



IF OF THOSE FEET



IF of those feet my eyes might catch one gleam
 (Her footstep bears the silver note of dawn)
—White-dove-attended, who but She was borne
Cythera-ward, in foam-kissed car of dream ?

Grant this bowed head to feel Her passing hem
(Whose faring stars with blossom all the Spring),
Such termless joy the unglimpsed feet shall bring—
How name the flower, if this be but the stem ?

August 26, 1936.





THERE is a harbinger divine
Behind the whirlwind wrack
Whose eyes with utter calmness shine,
Whose feet will shrink not back.

To rally the defeated ranks
Of Truth-upholders, he
Sans praise or guerdon, fame or thanks
Has blazed futurity,—

Sublime, indifferent, aloof
Or one or million sways,
And ponders not on whose behoof
The outcome lucre pays.

Though most may die in battle's thick
Serene from following
Truth-arbiter where all was trick
And greed wrought everything,

Some few shall breathe the untainted air,
Watch in a world made new
The clouds of false contriving tear
And gold of Sun spill through.

August 27, 1936.





WIDE with that last oblivion of self
The vague fantastic cloudscape slowly dies
Melting to grey monotony of dream,
Changing to windless empery of skies
Where nothing is immured or isolate;
But oneness evens all—
So mighty or so small
Be they soever, yet must equalize,
Ringed by the overshadowing Infinities.

August 29, 1936.



SWIFT stream of the mountains;
 Tumbling foam,
 Rocks jutting out of the tumult,
 Rushes and ling and loam.

But mist closes over the mountains ;
 That keen air is gone :
 Memory's backwash in Time held it—
 Time that goes plundering on.

October 2, 1936.



" CRUMBLD TO SHAFT AND LEAVES "



LUMINOUS is the void where nothing feels
The anti-self pushed back by growth within,
The blade of Light unsheathed from scabbard-skin
While thunder's answer from the Noon-Height peals.

Starved of a birthright, hell-creation heaves
In utmost darkness, lowest depth of fall:
Of trillions of atoms, each forgets the All
(Fair fronded bough crumbled to shaft and leaves).

How gain the puissant rhythm that would bind
These drooping shreds back to the unpierced Whole,
Quicken the dying sparks with that Flame Soul—
Make One no sterile void, nor Light-Source blind ?

October 3, 1936.



THE LAST SYLLABLE



HUSHED hearkening for the footfalls of the Sun
Before the dawn-note nears ;
Peering down ways Eternity may run
On infant feet of years ;
Surmise of gladness beyond the further hills,
Of proud-swung peals unheard :
Earth saved by the last syllable that fills
The time-span of the Word.

October 4, 1936.





THIS water-lily, like a moon,
 Slowly came to full—
A focussed light, a colour swoon,
 Remote, inerrable.

Leaving water, wed with air,
 Becrowned with pearls of dew—
Nothing mis-shapen wanders there,
 No evil pierces through.

Ere din of sacrilege pluck sway,
 Or empery of Night,
The dreamlike petals every way
 Muster their quiet light.

October 5, 1936.



ALIEN TO THIS SHAME



FIRE-TRAIL of the comets and meteors
Through spaces of the mind—
Gesture swift dimming, brief expostulation
Leaving cold dust behind.

Hopes with moth-wings swarmed and perished,
Foolish and gleam-betrayed :
Where is the glamour of that false miming,
Of those mock-truths that fade ?

Hands lifted, that cast no shadow,
By the soul alien to this shame,
Outstretching to the lonely and translunar
Incorruptible flame.

October 6, 1936.



A KNIGHT WITH KNITTED
BROWS RODE SLOWLY



ON a white horse a knight with knitted brows
Rode slowly down the leafy glades of Time :
¹¹ The Alchemy of Latmos and the sleeping spouse
Of Her, transmuting lovely to sublime—
Enskied Endymion who by sheer excess
Of mortal harmony outgrew his fears
Of finite's death and sadness—enskied no less
Than that fair Queen in music-maddened spheres."

October 7, 1936.





THE moon is older than the sea it sways,
 And One more vast than shadow-game It plays,
 And all suns gathered are a glow-worm to the blaze
 Of the Fiery Essence of the world.

As gulph lies deeper than the learner's line,
 As Truth breathes fairer than its paltry sign,
 All lesser than the Whole shall taste proud noon's decline
 And be within Pralaya furled.

Octobers, 1936.



MUSIC'S GRAVE



WITHIN this dawning vacancy of Death
How sightly are the lips of gaping skulls,
How comely are the ribs that draw no breath—
Significates of utterance the Eyeless shade annuls.

Assembled here, a tuneless orchestra,
With hand a sheaf of bones and head sans cheek,
None that had wielded sound this Silence mar
In music's grave, and passion-splendoured voice can no more speak.

October 8, 1936.



THE INHOSPITABLE



THE ship weighs anchor, voyages here and there ;
The Port beyond the last port it shall seek
Is harbourless, inhospitable, bare.

The Nameless Name no finite tongue can speak,
The Single with which nothing can compare,
The All-Wealth which the mind makes poor and bleak,—
Through that last pellucid Ether the eyes most blankly stare.

October 9, 1936.





BEFORE a grey-white bank of mist,
Shaped like a prison's wall,
The guardians as of yore resist,
Their fortress cannot fall.

Across a blurred dissolving mist
White pinnacles are seen,—
Then shall the Future re-enlist
The beauties that have been,

And bring a white supremacy
Of moon, a golden sun,
Processional star majesty
To cities half begun ?

October 9, 1936.



WHO, within that amber light
 Ecstasied beyond despair,
 Would forsake those leagues of sight,
 Drop through gloom-tormented air ?

He distinguishes no longer
 Ill that triumphs, Right that fails
 Here where Vileness makes men stronger,
 Falsehood grossens, truth-light pales.

Bring no tales of woe to bind him
 Back to earth-wayed mire ;
 Only burnished Song can find him
 On gay wings that will not tire.

October 10, 1936.

NIGHT was closing on the traveller
When he came
To the empty eerie courtyard
With no name.
Loud he called ; no echo answered ;
Nothing stirred :
But a crescent moon swung wanly,
White as curd.
When he flashed his single sword-blade
Through the gloom,
None resisted—till he frantic,
Filled with doom,
Hurled his weapon through the gloaming,
Took no aim ;
Saw his likenesses around him
Do the same :
Viewed a thousand swordless figures
Like his own—
Then first knew in that cold starlight
Hell, alone.

October 11, 1936.

WHITE SIGNIFICANCE



SUDDENLY within a globe of dew
The universe made manifest a white
Significance of effortlessly new
To-morrows in one marble-gleaming height.

It rose with flawless and with unpierced flank
Two hundred cubits from the level ground :
And near its plinth the grass had grown less rank,
And brighter sunrays seemed to glitter round.

O happy feet which gain that silken sward ;
Most happy lips that send their waves of song
To cleave the golden hush and blithely ford
All moats of doom that part the comrades in that throng.

October 12, 1936.





BRAZIERS of aromatic fire,
Balsams and odorous leaves
And myrrh and costly gums
Breathe forth blue wisps of gyre,
Proffer what Height receives,
Await what answer comes ;

Until the silence-hearted prayer
Of blueness offers up
Commingling and release:
Quivering expectant air
Within the sky-rimmed cup
Borders the Vast, the Peace.

October 13, 1936.





WHEN Night has opened her ten thousand eyes
 And earth has muted those entangled cries,
 Might such a silence on this heart descend ;
 Might inmost eyes awaken, day-trance end.

Cloud-darkened sky or vapours dank from earth
 Bedim the growing vision, mar the worth
 Of fairer reckoning. Enhance this will—
 Make mind's own zenith clear—all swirls of passion still.

October 14, 1936.





WITHIN the white encircling sea
Brief green inhabitations stand,—
White messenger of things to be
And shuddering pulse of living land.

The foam is dank upon the strand,
While parrots scream from tree to tree,—
Green flash of Time-beleaguered band,
Pale foregleam of Eternity.

October 15, 1936.





IF to spread these wings and sail
 Were given to me,
Would this compass much avail ?
 If sailorly
Flight steered due East or North or South
 Or, deathward, West
Held grimly on, how quench this drouth
 At the Wells of Rest
Which live beyond our mortal world
Changeless, not by moons impearled,
And know not intermittent sun,—
Or aught grave-ended, womb-begun,—
Or gaps of Foul for Fair to fill,
On twain-poised scales for ' Good ' and ' Ill'?

Athirst for Rest, one—wings unbound—
By viewless ways those waters found.

October 17, 1936.



FADING STARS AND EMBERS OF THE MOON

IN that cold ether of the dawn
Where all is mute
A peacock saunters on a lawn
And in salute
To fading stars and embers of the moon
Wide-spreads a glittering tail; and soon
The sea below is mirroring his hues,
Swift birds in songlight echo back the news
More burnished glories on the sea's rim lie,
A vast red sun is heaved into the sky.

October 19, 1936.



UNVEERING LIGHT



ACROSS unmoving lake
A mirror theme
Of swans with white wing-arches take
Their endless dream.

Poise-perfect is the set
Of lunar-bright
Pinions of trance where silence met
Unveering light.

October 21, 1936.





DAYLIGHT wilts upon her stalk ;
 Grey wings of evening sweep
Over the fields and garden walk
 And brooks where fishes leap.

Through level reaches of the air
 Aflicker with bats' wings
The stars are trooping from their lair—
 Each one his banner brings,

And stands to guard his wonted place
 With glittering flag unfurled.
..... So Dark unveils Its ancient face,
 The liegelord of the world,

October 23, 1936.



UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS



WE upon the mountain tops
The snow lies dreamily ;
What phantom farmer wins his crops ?—
What ploughshare scores the sky ?

White misty horses draw the plough ;
And hands impalpable
Keep furrow true—while starry bough
Strews fruit ineffable.

October 23, 1936.



LESS BITTER WATERS



NEW skies will drape the zenith tent,
New singings diift on the day ;
On rapt ears opes that continent,
On fadeless eyes this ray.

Less bitter waters flow through Time
To mock the lonely's lip ;
All troubling things will grow sublime
As bread of comradeship.

October 26, 1936.





AAGAINST the high unclambered
 Most lonely peaks of snow
 Hurl arrows swift and ambered
 From the sun's bow,

 Till furthest West is gleaming
 And ghosts of shadows flee ;
 The shine of Day is reaming
 From sea to sea.



IN THIS FAINT WINDLESS AIR



I'N this faint windless air
And dream-suspense
No foaming hound can scare
Clouds' indolence ;
No thunder barks defiance
Or rattles chains;
No cyclone seeks alliance
With hurtling rains
To speed like Gengis Khan
Or Tamburlaine,
Levelling palace and barn
In their conquered plain.

October 27, 1936.





WHEN night has risen and foamed to stars
Out of the sable pot
Rimmed by horizon mysteries
And floored with our finite lot,

Then as one rising through the dark air,
Clinging to the ground no more,
I would utterly lose this finite bubblehood
Of self and earthly lore

And pass to the high serene ethers,
Bursting through finite name,
To meet, to mingle, be made one with
The unborn Silver Flame.

October 28, 1936.



HIGH in the middle air
The vultures hang.
Here earth draws back its lip,
With sandy gums laid bare
And naked fang....
Swiftly three vultures dip.

Cloudless and steely-blue
The merciless sky
Grudges one timid gust
Of pity to break through.
Here only fly
Primeval greed and lust.

October 31, 1936,

THE FLOWER OF LIGHT



THIS whiteness has no withering :
When petals fall,
Miraculous swan's-down through the air,
A hundred petals build the crowning flower
Still, nor all
Dissevering gusts can make that stateliness less fair.

The bee can settle in its heart of light—
O winged soul;
But we with fettered feet and soiled with clay
Gaze through bewildered tears
At that quintessenced goal,
Craving one prized petal-touch may light on our dismay.

November i, 1936.



SO SLEEP THE STRONG



ROCK-HEWN cavern with a hundred mouths,
Pillars of stubborn rock, long aisles between,
Stillness and winnowed beauty from Time's threshing floor,—
Down those long vistas what new things are seen ?

So sleep the strong and keep their guarded peace,
Whilst gracious dreams from aisles of future Time
Lean past the bars of Being, whisper their secret word,
Yearn to be made rock____Inlapidate Sublime.

November 6, 1936.



AT THE CLOSE OF NIGHT



WE with starry shine
The air beneath the sky,
Windless and still,
Awaits what summoning voice
From caves of earth,
From furthest verges of the sea
Where the silken hangings of dawn
Cover the mystic gate through which the Sun shall pass ?
The gazelles of darkness run swift towards the West;
Their shadowy feet flicker over ground bright with dew ;
And a little wind of the morning lifts the leaves and fronds of the forest.

November 8, 1936.



BEYOND THE VALLEY-SPAN



BEYOND one valley-span
Range upon range
Of ever more vast and lofty hills
Raise the august silences of snow
Far up into the dome of blueness,
The height-and-width horizon-enfolding benediction of the sky.

November 12, 1936.





S'MILING, with gracious mien,
Usha comes
(Eastward cloud-banners lean—
And sea-wave drums),

Treading Her twilight path
To summits of day
(All of night's aftermath
Fades fast away).

Winning Light's victory
Her sun-kissed feet
Beckon unceasingly
(The sea-drums beat),

Gleam to the earth-bound
Through spaces of mind,
Token a Freedom found
No shadows bind.

November 13, 1936.



FROM THE LIGHTED WAY TO
THE SELF-SUBSISTENT LIGHT



NOW the upward flight
Of the wide-winged eagle-headed being
Breaks through the last thin layer
Of rack and dimness,
And pinions spirit-ward
Through wide fields of sun-drenched ether
Passing from the lighted way
To the Self-Subsistent Light,—
Immortal Flame of knowledge that is perfect love,
Heart's unflickering glow made one with shadowless Sight.

November 17, 1936.



SMOKE ASCENDING



WE is the smoke ascending
From the pyre,
Many the fires re-wending
To the One fire.

Smoke, be my charioteer's
Resurgent team
Shod with conquered fears,
Quitting this dream,

Leaping along the lightway
Of wideness joy,
Braving the golden heightway
No harms annoy,

Straining to reach the raybeams
Of the supreme Star,
Till all this fettering clay seems
Unutterably far.

November 18, 1936.



THE GREYNESS AND THE QUIET



A GREEN-GRAY twilit hush in the ageless forest,
After the immense canopy of boughs
Has strained all glare and vivid colours from the sunlight.
Plinths of tree and stems of giant creeper rise up
from the floor of dimness
To the full height of these grey spaces
In a cathedral calm.
A plashy thud of some hard-rinded fruit
Ripples naomently the tapestries of hush.

The greyness and the quiet are over all, a many-
fathomed covering of ocean mystery.
That turbulence of harsh atomic being,
Those hard and garish colours of the upper day
Are no more ;
And only a faint dissolving line, a bubble's membrane holds
Frontiers of existence and not-being.

November 19, 1936.





BELLS with tongues of brass
Measure the hours that pass,
 In a lofty tower swinging.
Worms beneath the grass
Make skulls like polished glass
 (Brief flowers that Time is flinging).

Stars will cool to ash,
Palaces topple and crash—
 Time's sword all unions ending....
The Woundless takes no gash :
Vain waves of Maya dash
 On sheer cliffs of Truth ascending.

November 20, 1936.





THE bleak hills of separation rise
Between the one spot greatly longed for
And the not longed for, bitterly present fact.
Absence and hereness and to-day,
The lifeless monstrous mound of this, this ' actual,'
Untermine, infructuous existence ;
While there, like rareness sought in pilgrimage for healing,
The separation overcome,
The influence that makes oasis not a desert,
The so long hoped for, deeply craved, and ever more
unbelievable journeys' end.

November 21, 1936.





THROUGH a white-grey dawn the waves come rolling
Almost with no sound ;
Pale and phosphorescent gleam from streaks of foam
On a far-stretching waste of waters.
Like faltering steps of a young child,
Trickles and drifts of air are felt-
There is neither calm nor steady breeze,
While tentative light glimmers in vague skies :
The teeming star-blossoms dispetal one by one ;
Night is everywhere momentarily withering into day.

November 23, 1936.



THOSE are too fierce, they mock my fading prime :
 Rubies of passion—and amethyst desire—
 Emerald unwithering, a bitter gibe of Time,—
 Shall these be my attire ?

Bring them no longer, and let no diamond flash
 In locks that my Catullus cannot see ;
 His sapphire eyes mere unimploring ash :
 Take sapphires far from me.

But set a few pale opals in my hair
 To entwine the autumn rays with watery flame,
 Or hueless jade, idle as moon's despair,
 Heedless to joy or shame.

November 24, 1936.

THE AGED QUEEN HELEN CROSSES THE COURTYARD



*(Thespeakers are PENELEUS, one of the former suitors of HELEN, and
NELIDES and METHYMNAEUS)*

- M.** I saw the Queen two sundowns back
File with her shadow in the evening light
That filled the outer courtyard."
- P.** " She filed with more than that, Methymnaeus ;
With half-dissolving memories of Troy,
Converging whispers of far-off renown,
A shadowy splendour that her ruined frame
Lets faintly through.¹¹
- N.** " But she is lame, dim-sighted,
And half oblivious of this changing show."
- M.** " She is not very sad or very gay."
- P.** " But when she speaks, a brooding hush will come
And gaiety and sadness seem alike."
- M.** " So many singers breathe her name in song,
Her beauty is the shrine of endless dream."
- P.** " Music and myth and shaped loveliness
Have so prevailed and wrought upon her being,
Her body's death will be a faint, far-off,
Most legendary thing."
- N.** " She is but creaking bones and shrivelled hair
And soon these will be ashes on the ground."
- P.** " The ground transmuted to a shining floor
For dream-high tower with bright walls of song,
Where gleam the trophies taken in wars with Time."

November 25, 1936.



WHITE with wandering snowflakes
 All the air is gay,
 And this the soldiers' row breaks
 And sends the guns away.

Look at the glittering bubble
 Or sheets of shining rain
 When April o'erleaps trouble
 And Spring has outstripped pain.

Peer at a flicker of lightning,
 Hearken to thunder's game ;
 Forget the war-noose tightening,
 Paint out the Warlord's name.

Only the narrowing liehood,
 Unworthiest fear and greed
 Sanction the vampire spyhood,
 Send the cannon their feed.

Wideness of sky as banner
 And Earth as the motherland,—
 Hurtle Good Sense as a spanner
 At the war which " the City " planned.

November 26, 1936.



WHEN the long tresses of the dusk will drop
And sinuously sweep through languid air,
A lone star lingers by the cedar-top—
The one gem throbbing in your glamorous hair.

An outstretched hand is filled with darkening space ;
It finds no warm and myrtle-twined hair
That shades the lilied roundure of your face
And binds Arabian odours on the air.

" Bequeath in dream the pallor of her face
And that rich darkness,—redolent of myrrh,—
Which is for one proud jewel a trysting-place :
O Potnia Nux, a dole of dream confer.

One boon conferred, I will forego each flame
Of all thy stars, to wait in moonless air—
Seal thou my ears with rapture of that name,
Shadow my eyes with that dim odorous hair/'

November 27, 1936.



THE SHADOW OF SILENCE



(Dedication : " To Laelia ")

THE amber-golden moon at summer's ending
Guerdoned our pathway by the surgeful sea ;
With lighted sand your wayfaring was blending
Shade mystery.

Upon a stream rose-red with sundroop's blazing
Idly we scattered rose-leaves, white with red :
And in white cohorts came, while we were gazing,
Stars overhead.

So pale a green of Spring on forest towers....
Dew falling from fluttered wings of songbirds....
Dark hair glistered with the orchard-petal showers....
How vain these words.

November 29, 1936.



EMERALD water, snow-white foam,
And running waves—
Fathoms down the mermaids comb
Sun-gold hair in sombre caves.

Above, the wrestling water-surge,
Loud breakers' fall....
All cries in nether hush immerge,
And echo-dumb the caverned wall.

Din is drowned in depths of green :
O'er shadowy lawn
Drifting gape-mouth fish are seen,
A fingery crab, a phantom prawn.

December 3, 1936.

WITH JADE-WHITE-PETALS



FOR the moon-pale feet of Laelia the still night sheddeth dew,
Or at noon in the white-rose garden—domed with a trance of blue—
Blossoms with jade-white petals before her feet are shed
And fall from the dreaming rose-trees, with never a leaf of red.

The foam-pale hands of Laelia that weave my web of dream,—
How they pluck white water-lilies afloat on a languid stream,
And how from the strings of a zither they slowly waken a strain
Lustrously pale as the starlight when the air has been washed by the rain.

In a moth-like silence I gather blooms of the night for her brow ;
As in a shrine men proffer trophies with prayer and vow,
I would weave a crown of whiteness, a glimmer in the dream-charged air,
And raise it in suppliant hands to the dim darkness of her hair.

Your name is fading music upon my worship's mouth ;
It spills in languorous fragrance from lilies of the South ;
It is the odorous night-flower wherewith your locks are bound,—
Or the moon-pale soul of roses caught in a mesh of sound.

December 5, 1936.



THAT FOUNTAIN-SONG OF REDNESS HALF HIDDEN IN REPOSE



WHEN the grey dusk has laid upon our eyes
Not so much weight as lingers in swan's-down
That drifts before the faintest whim of air,
And the flittering bat on a noiseless errand plies,
And in the grass the glow-worm lights a Lilliput town,
O with what pale white gesture her left hand smooths her hair.

But half the stars have gained their wonted place
In the high windless vaulture of the sky,
Nor hath the night bedewed the crimson rose,
Heavy with passionate odour, fain of her face
That leans in the dim and the dark hour over the hueless cry
Of that fountain-song of redness, half hidden in repose.

December 7, 1936.



HOUR OF MOTH-FARE



SHE walked within the hush of fading half-light,
Silence was round her like a crystal globe,
She crossed the terraced lawns at the hour of moth-fare ;
And moth-white over the dimness gleamed her robe.

Day was far-stricken in hours and minutes,
And the grey aftermath grew into dark,
While out of soft skies of a June vigil
Empyreal light sifted spark after golden spark.

December 9, 1936.



LOVELY the lily's rays
For the pure of soul,
White silence of their days,
And whispered goal.

And the golden apples hang
Blown by the breeze,
Their gainers loosed from pang,—
Hesperides !

Yet neither the white nor the gold
I lief would sing,
Though the harvest of truth they hold
And the white peace bring.

Eros with burning plumes—
No other prize—
On Thy altar rewards and dooms
I sacrifice.

Rose-crowned, inscrutable
Thy faint smile wins
High deeds from a world so full
Of cluttered sins.

Eldest of gods, I pray
Thy alchemy :
Golden my dross ; and slay
Mortality.

Calm eyes empty of strife,
Of vileness' sway;
No withering mars Thy life,
No dawn is grey.

December 17, 1936.



ABSOLVED, MADE WHOLE BY THAT BEAUTY



BEAUTIES are allwhere fading ;
Rain-misted the April blue :
O star within a bubble,
O rose in a drop of dew !

Endlessly filled is the graveyard ;
All our living is centred by lack :
Every string of the lute will be broken,
And the lamp will fast wane into black.

There are gods in the living ether
And they feast on the nectar of joy :
Star-crowned is their life, with no dimming ;
And their roses no shadows destroy.

Absolved, made whole by that Beauty
I would pour the senses' wine,
Offer truth in their glittering temple
And love in their crimson shrine,

And be twined in the Love God's garland
Never to dim or fade—
As a star in the truth-crowned godhead,
As a rose on His altar laid.

December 18, 1936.



FOR FEET OF A MOTH-PALENESS



THERE, in the grey twilight, on the verge of the magical wood
Turn, Laelia, and question the gathering shade
With the eyes of inwardness : not the mind had understood
Nor those eyes with the long lashes, of dust and mournful ashes made.

Then face once more the mossed path glimmering far into the dim
Onwardness of Daywane ; and over the waves
Of shadowiness we two, as birds entranced, swim
And a faint mazed shoreline follow till we enter midnight's hollow
caves.

Here stand the adamantine pillars all alone,
Ringed with the opal walls, and here milk-white
Jade floor for feet of a moth-paleness and an empty throne——
Whereon the slow moon rises and casts in new disguises Light.

December 19, 1936.



THE last blue wisp of earthsky
Is overpast,
And every thwarting tie
Away is cast.
Trackless and unplumbed
The dazzling way;
Heart failed and thinking numbed
At spring of Day
Far wider than the heart's conceiving,—
Richer than the thought's receiving,—
Too lustrous-hued for prayer's believing,—
Outsoaring scope of Timeshaft's cleaving,—
More calm than Death, the tumult-reiving.

January 6, 1937.



WHAT BURNING FRUIT IS
BENDING THAT FAR BOUGH



WHAT burning fruit is bending that far bough
Vista'd athwart the littleness of earth ?
There is no place for ease and joyance now ;
Our reaping-hook is mocked by sheaves of dearth.

Rinded with flame and aureoled with fear,
The fruit of deity is ripening fast.
Whose hands are pure to touch and find no sear ?
Shall deathless fruit through mortal lips be passed ?

January 6, 1937.



MOUSIKE



(*On hearing Mrs. Fullop Miller.*)

THE air grows one with a voice ;
Some magical sway
Has utterly changed the paltry hour
To a strangeness which is yet our one true home.
The calyx of the song no longer laps
The slowly opening silence that is Light.
Now the silence is a calm blue sky :
The song has become three dazzling doves
Of whiteness, and they wing with a lovely motion
Of a rapture unmingled and unmarred.
O harmony of incorruptible form
Stay further—in the hourglass every sand-grain
Is of gold—Time's metronome
Is changed to the subtlest weaving
Of the Life Dance and the Hymn of Love.

February 24, 1937.



THE MOTHER OF TIME



OUT of an infinite ocean
Time arose ;
By his shore with a thunderous motion
That Splendour flows.

Here is one shell of Its bringing,
Cast on the beach ;
Hold it and hark to the singing,—•
Eternity speech.

Flotsam and jetsam of Onehood
Unbaffled and free,
Spurring Time to remember his sonhood,
His mother—the Sea.

February 26, 1937.



THE HIGH-FLASHING FOUNTAINS OF SONG



*[Dedicated to MADAME MILLER of Vienna. Written immediately after hearing
her sing some songs of MOZART, CHOPIN and others.]*

SUBDUED the light at the gray evenhush,
As the shadowy helmets of night's vague host
Make dim the East and the North and the South.
Spendthrift day keeps but a dwindling heap of gold
Low on the westward margins of the sky.
Spirit with wings of light and darkness
Sail through the fast-closing gates of the West
And bear me out of the world ;
The world that is frozen music (but the performers were faulty).
Haply the high-flashing fountains of song
Play still in Supernal Eden
And the air is a diamond undimmed by Time's misadventures.
The unchanging light of the One, enmeshed in the murmuring spray,
Builds all the colours of the soul.
And the speechless telling of mysteries
Leaves them in the song-hidden heart of Light.

February 27, 1937.



TIME is a wilderness and Fancy sets
Her mirage, far or near, to mock our dreams.
Behold the desert marge the mind forgets,
The waving fronds of palm, the gliding streams.
The scented air, uncanopied by cloud,
Is thick with unimaginable themes.
A groundswell paves the silence ; this the loud
Wingbeats of Splendour trouble with golden gleams.



THE air, that heaps no colour on the sun
But speeds the naked messengers of light
In that same hue with which they had begun
Their God-revealing travel to our sight,
Earns not a truer praise for modesty
Than the cool poise and reticence of soul
Guarding your boyhood (as a sapling tree,
Though gruff gales bend, yet keeps its essence whole),

Now that you pause on the green watershed,
The winding dales of childhood at your back
And all tomorrows spread beneath your feet,
These eyes would probe the misty plains ahead,
These lips would pray, " Whatever foes you'll meet,
Your swift clean courage foil their dark attack."

July 27, 1937-

TO BOBBY WHEN HE SAID "THANK YOU "
FOR SOME VERSES SENT TO HIM



THE desert strangeness drank the river dry
And left no meaning in its vacant bed
But boulders stranded—word-heaps such as I
Perforce did utter, fumbling past the dead
And brittle husk of words for things alive.
You spoke of " Thanks," but were not in my debt;
You said I " gave you——," though 'tis I must strive
To burnish gems with which your gift is set.
I cannot count these gems ; appraise their worth :
Or knap the silken threads of gratitude
That link me to you though the width of earth
Were put between us. Soon as is unclew'd
The ball of Time's untellable extent,
So soon should I forget the wealth you'd sent.

July 29, 1937.



TO BOBBY IN THINKING
ABOUT HIS FUTURE



A DIAMOND cuts and is not cut again,
The antelope is swifter than its foes,
And all your boyhood's puissance free of stain
To the trim fibre of a true man grows.
For tenscore years the tortoise lives and thrives ;
Be yours that wholeness and that strength of aim.
Spring left a tang of freshness in the hives ;
On your life's honey shall God breathe the same.

Up out of new-tangled greed and olden fear
The unmarred pinions of your spirit soar
And pierce to the golden height where sun-peaks rear
Their beauty's dreaming and their song-built lore—
Sole on their crest abide God-rhythmed power,
Joy that's unshadowed, Love's triumphant flower.

August 1, 1937.



TO BOBBY AFTER DESCRIBING
THE MOTION OF A SNAKE



I HAVE seen snakes with sinuous bodies move—
Their beauty's worship loomed up through a glass
Of cold inhuman fear. Gathering love
From such fine throng of friends, your moments pass
To leave a swift companionable stir
Of kindred pulse, a calmness and a cloud
As the keen breath of Sweet Gale, Broom and Fir
On hills where the plovers wheel and cry aloud.

I felt the shadow of this Beauty fall
Troubling the heart with gratefulness, and awe,
And straining hope, and deepest shame for all
Past deeds unshapely. Hallowed be Her law :
So I your litheness and your limbs most fleet
See with bowed head and with unsandalled feet.

August 6, 1937.



TO BOBBY, ON CATCHING SIGHT OF A LIZARD
IN THE ROOM HE HAD LATELY LEFT



A LIZARD at his ease walks on the floor
As if he sensed some quietness in the room
You quitted this half hour : since through that door
Only your body went; as fireflies loom
And circle, when the sun has dowsed his flame,
In scattered gleams like tinklings of a bell,
So with soft wing your mood's own quiet came
And the heart of stillness answered, " All is well."

" Go then, thou wing-borne Figure of his mood,
And may thy feathery wafting fan his eyes
And, o'er his lips, may shadowy pinions brush
Building him dreams of music from their hush ;
So all in tune his body shall arise,
Still linked with joy even in solitude."

Augusts, 1937.



TO BOBBY BATHING FROM THE PIER WITH A GROUP OF FRIENDS



TIME with winged sandals hastens on his way
Then let the Morning's soft stealth of you :—
But the eyes of Night, now rinsed with dew
Hold dearer hoard, out of the scope of day.
The brief bright noontide of a moment dims
To evening, the last after-image fades,
When, low to East, across deleting shades
A moonrise shapes anew those dazzling limbs.

How came the rhythm'd rapture of the sea
As power within such stalwart limbs that cleave
The yielding waters ? How, athwart their heave,
White arm outstretched, fingers shapely and long ?
Then the firm stroke follows : how ripplingly
Goes dance of the thews in a back supple and strong.

August, II 1937.



TO BOBBY, WISHING HIM
CONTINUED HAPPINESS



CONSPIRE with Fate for mingling of our stars
To empty all thine horoscope of ill,
Respect every planet ray that mars,
Transmute the lead of lust to the gold of will.
Well of the millstone of revolving days
Shall crumb thy husks of sorrow down to naught;
But if some unbleached bitter husk yet stays,
To my foredestined portion be it brought:
Though many days I eat such bitter bread,
It shall taste sweetly as the hours we spanned
In fellowed work or play—viewing instead
Of poison's Dark, loaves matching in hue thy hand.

Joy, keep his hazel hair from grizzling years,
Forend from happy eyes the seal of tears.

August 16, 1937.



TO BOBBY, A RETROSPECT AND FORECAST 卐

GREEN fields of promise have been marred by hail,
And half-grown fruit nipped by an icy breeze :
But here, far from the insolence of these,
Quieted their thunder-crash, their hurtling gale.
Cradled by Spring, a smooth plot fenced apart
Proffers foot-welcome to a sower's tread ;
How may it foster most dear leaves that spread,
Firm roots that delve from light grain held in the heart ?

Hearken the sower. His footsteps are your own.
Mine the smoothed ground where the hushed grains abide.
Nor yours nor mine the seed—a heavenly loan,
It finds mysterious growth, is multiplied,
Goldens to glories earth had never known :
And, in all this, be Friendship glorified.

August 18, 1937.





WITH shanks of shadow tailing off its flight
The heron, Day, wings far into the west:
As days before that one by one alight
Beyond our shadow-shine, seeking a nest
In the vague heronry of backward Time.
With slow and peaceful wingstrokes Day departs :
Far off the sun-birth and the upward climb
Of Light that now has settled in our hearts.

Some circles have wide radius and some
In a small distance can be traced complete :
But over each alike the tracings come
Back to the opening mark. Even so we meet
(If Light must answer Light) two, three days hence, —
Or years perforce,—checked by no strangering fence.

August 20, 1937.



TO BOBBY, A FORESTALLING
OF SEPARATION IN SPACE



ON thy smooth brow what laurels shall descend
For life's enhancing to the Perfect Way ?
In the silver road may our linked footsteps blend
What width soever have sundered feet of clay.
When leagues of air have stilled thy voice to rest,
When balks of earth uprear between and veil
The gesture of thy welcome, swift the test
That souls have scope upon far other scale.
The music of thy speaking then shall weave
Its rhythm through my faring on the road :
Nor in the past thy welcomes shall be found,
But made a victor's beacon they shall cleave
Through the false shadow and begleam the ground ;
Nor one goal gained but thanks to thee be owed.

August 22, 1937.



TO BOBBY, ON THINKING OF HIS MIRROR 卐

HOW strange that in a mirror's confined space
The strength and freshness of the morning nears
Those times when, as you lean to view your face,
Brown eye and brown eye each on its fellow peers.

Hold, mirror, guard that comeliness of him :
The delicate mould of lip,—the steady eye,—
A crest of smooth brown hair,—and fairness trim
Shading to tan where deeper freckles dye.

And all this Brightness but shadow of a soul
Enshrined in hues no lips of earth could name.
What mirror then could hold the high repose
Of framing that sweet poise, that sure control ?
Be cleansed, O heart, from dross, to build him those
Hues of himself in hushed, love-splendoured flame.

August 24, 1937-



TO BOBBY, ON ENCOUNTERING A LINE
IN SHELLEY'S "REVOLT OF ISLAM"
(CANTO VIII, STANZA XXII)

§

OFFSPRING of Earth shall somewhere pierce the Night,
Somewhen these boughs will gleam with petalled stars,
Healed be the gaping dark to woundless Light
And rid the face of Youth of threat of scars.

There was, ere wings of Life were joined to Earth,
Ere seeds of hope were sown within her tomb,
Irreparable Age—no other birth,
Undying Death—a gloom within a gloom.

I, like that Earth in lack of life, alone
Might ever thread a dim unlustred way,
Lacking your smile of welcome, joy of mind,
And all the clean bright flame of you : who else am blind
Now see the page you light, hear Shelley say :—
" The past is Death's, the future is thine own/"

September 4, 1937.

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TO BOBBY



ON READING OF "AN AESTHETICAL APPENDIX TO THE
VISHNU PURANA WHEREIN IT IS LAID DOWN THAT A
GOOD PICTURE CAN BE USED FOR THE FULFILMENT
OF ONE'S DUTY (DHARMA) AND THE ATTAINMENT OF
LIBERATION (MOKSHA).... FOR THE COMPANIONSHIP
OF AN OBJECT THAT SPEAKS BEAUTIFULLY IN ANY
OF THE ACCENTS OF BEAUTY..WILL RELEASE THE
INDIVIDUAL .. FROM THE BONDAGE OF UGLINESS INTO
THE FREEDOM OF BEAUTY IN FEELING, THOUGHT
AND ACTION."

THE ancient writings found a picture holds
Transmuting power and frees forth out of clay
Some finer Flame that, earth returning, moulds
The gross desires and conquers them for Day.
Thus doth cleansed air and loveliness of Light
Surround the shape imagination sets
In the shrined syllables of puissant Sight,—
A shape that high desire decrees, begets ;
And fair foretelling of your strength to be,
And gracious lines that write of boyhood's name
With your repose and energy of will:
Naked and free from flaw, a steady flame,
—O unpolluted feet, stronger than ill,
—Bright hands that bring our immortality.

September 9, 1937.



TO BOBBY, ASLEEP AFTER A STRENUOUS MATCH



LIKE some bright arrow from the bending bow
Of Valour's day, the light has sped beneath
The parapet of earth. Now shadows flow
Over the wake of turmoil. I would lief
Be as their salve for wearied eyes, to latch
Those eyelids softly for his quiet sleep :
Valiant and twofold the part played in that match,—
Light feet of a boy, a man in thew and sweep.

There is such quiet rhythm for his night,
And deep slow breathing for a wide expanse
Of an athlete's chest, fair, true-moulded in might.
Stars of eternal youth in yonder sky
Unseal his ears to a hush-blight eloquence,
Spread through his limbs a dream felicity.

September 12, 1937.



TO BOBBY, AFTER HE HAD PROMISED A SNAPSHOT OF HIMSELF



WROUGHT by pencil or by unthinking lens,
A picture guards too well its midmost theme
Of puissant soul enclayed. Nor shall the pens
Of writers skilled in verse capture their dream
In any cage of words, even though they face
With bodily eye their dream's embodiment;
For eyes of flesh *dazzle* to mark the place
Where Truth's own light with rueful dust is blent.

Whether your body's form or shadowy trace
Of it be gazed upon, this heart will haste
To lift toward Light's abode its groping prayer ;
" Undying Beauty Who gleams upon the waste
Of our mortality, pierce us, enlase
Our clamorous night with Thy still thoroughfare."

September 16, 1937.



TO BOBBY : ON THE IDEA OF HIS PICTURE
SET UP IN SOME SHRINE OF WORSHIP



IF on your living features I may gaze,
I'll find each moment fresh similitude,
Some shifting from a boy's to manhood's ways,
Or rippling from a grave to sportive mood.
Yet on a pictured surface there is fixed
A flashing contact with Eternity,
The single point where Time the Pilgrim mixed
Dim toilsome path and trend of sanctity.

And greatly so when your fair nature prints
Vigour and generous love and quiet repose
(Much else unseizable the likeness hints
To eyes not callous and a heart not blind).
.... Tapers of aspiration marless rose,
Fronting those features in a fane of mind.

September 18, 1937.



TO BOBBY



ON HIS SCORING THE GREATER PART OF THE POINTS
THAT BROUGHT VICTORY IN A MATCH WHERE HE
WAS THE YOUNGEST PLAYER

FRESH and feathery fronds lifted by the palm.
Flags that flutter ; and the cool breeze blowing along
Gay music. All the western sky is calm
With hint of day-wane. Calm the faces strong
Of marching youth—white shorts and vest, red sash,
Bare legs and arms : the music they obey
Sways to and fro their limbs ; and now they dash
To form some dozen pyramids that stay
For one still minute—and render back the line
Of marching youths who exit as they came.
And then two captains hold the ground, assign
Their team-mates to each place : a whistle blows ;
Flashed like a meteor's head, the ball's in game,
And a surge of runners follow where it goes.



BOBBY



AS BEING UNFAILINGLY PRESENT IN THE MEMORY,
IS COMPARED WITH THE FIVE ELEMENTS

○ YOUTH of youth, with Morning on thy lips
And eyes which have the quietude of Love,
Hovering ever, yet most when evening dips
All things in gold and the first stars gleam above,

Thine is the cleansing purity of fire,
The living thought of unconfined air ;
Thy heart a mirror's pool unblent with mire ;
And rhythms of earth have made thy body fair.

A myriad roses mingle into one
Pellucid drop, to live within its breath :
All lovely tones that back to silence run
And muster beauty in the wane of death
Converge within the cadence of thy speech,
Like moonbeam-ravelled waves upon the beach.

September 21, 1937.



ON READING IN A LETTER FROM ENGLAND
THE WORDS, "DO TELL ME WHO 'BOBBIE'
IS? IS HE ANY REAL BOY ?" ❧ ❧ ❧

WHEN thought is nigh asleep at wane of day
 These words come wheeling round again unhid
—Disastrous answer hath uprisen to say :—
" He is as real as dream in slumber hid ;
His brightness never took the dusty way
Of waking life : his limbs unburthened
By all this dour dependency of clay
Live in Light's deathless dawn unblemished."

Beyond the foam-fringe of the twilight sea
On rainbow-coralled isle he surely dwells,
A prince among swift lords of Faerie
Who race upon wide sands of tireless glee,
Or lure sun-splendoured birds with laughing spells
And twine their amaranth wreaths of ecstasy.



TO BOBBY-SEEN IN SUNLIGHT WITH BARE
SHOULDERS, AND REMEMBERED AS IF ONE
OF THE LORDLY ONES MET IN A DREAM
VISIT TO FAERIE ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

THE grille of the terrace was golden
And palings of gold were there ;
He moved—by these eyes beholden—
The fairest among the fair.

His speech held the music of laughter,
His eyes were the stars of eve,
Dreadless of dark hereafter
Or of aught the dead hours bequeath.

In a dazzle of ivory brightness
Shoulder and arm lay bare :
O how to his dream-beck whiteness
One waking hue compare ?

How touch, with his lithe enjoying
Of the ripples of sun and breeze,
Grave-dust and earthen cloying
And the wry wine's bitter lees ?

October 18, 1937.



TO BOBBY, ON HEARING THAT HE WAS TO BE CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



AS those who fare in crowded ways are stopped
And feel the hurrying throng most hindersome,
My eager thoughts that fain as words would come
Are held from their goal, by silence are o'ertopped.

Still keep thy own dear trust in my intent,
O captain of that team and of my heart;
It is no want of love, but lack of art
That tarries payment for the wealth you've lent.

And who shall gauge the kingdom's-worth you bring ?
What sum would tell the joys that are your gift ?
I'll not presume that I could half repay
The shrouds of light that clothe your splendoured clay,
The motions of clear joy which flashing lift
Up to the Source of Light unsullied wing.

November 24, 1937.



MAGIC

(To BOBBY)



THERE is no need of painted books
Or coloured tales of fairy lore ;
What stars are shut in your bright looks,
What magic walks upon the floor
When your fair feet have passed the door ?
Are you a sun-god in his prime
To lure the Spring across the sky ?
—How can this be the wonted clime
Of heartless earth's inconstancy ?

There is a vow upon my lips
Not to forget you or to change
The passionate liking that so grips
My heart or by misthought derange
The not-by-earth-attuned lute
Of our companionship. We pass
Minutes the high gods shall transmute
To gold in my remembering glass
Of heart and mind. And whither now
Has vanished all that bitter world
That never shows a candid brow
Or flags of soul in eye unfurled ?
There is an atmosphere of trust,
A way of peace where travellers meet:
Until there guided by your feet
I deemed that all of life was dust,
I had not known it was so sweet.





WHO would live in the hut of twilight
Under the cliff of Dark,
Or watch the veering from grey to white
And the first day-kindling spark ?

When the sky is rife with rumour of dawn
And the red wine is spilt in the East,
The night is a raiment that earth has outworn—
And stint is o'erleapen and Truth is increased.

March 31, 1937.



WEAVING THEIR TRANCE-WHITE MEASURE *

THE banners of silence are drifting
On the soundless winds of the world :
And the dint of day is lifting ;
With dream are the wont-ways pearled.

With a lilt of feathery silence
The dream-steps of Laelia glide
Into the heart of the gloom-stead
Washed by a shadowy tide

Where the waves of the darkening moment
Beat time to a drowsy tune,
Weaving their trance-white measure
Under the moon.

May 23, 1937-





FAR and far is the turquoise sea
Where under a sapphire sky
Only the dream-drenched travellers be :
And the wings of brightness fly.

Odorous forests are swaying there
And the winds are a perfumed sigh--
Balsam and frankincense and myrrh—
Where the wings of healing fly.

Only for joy the young deer run
Or in glades of greenness lie ;
On their fallow flanks is a spilth of sun :
And the wings of Morning fly.

September 20, 1937.



TWO SONGS FROM THE MOON



The Shadowy Lake

MY heart, come away to the waters of slumber
Overbrimming their shadowy lake,
Where over the wavelets fly birds without number
(And hardly their wings are awake).

The air is entranced by the nenuphars blooming,
Is drowsily fragrant and still ;
While through the grey shadows their whiteness is looming,
A targe for the Moon Archer's skill.

Voyage to Limbo

I leapt aboard the fleeing boat
To sail beyond the world—
Pan's deft fingers, a shrilling oat
Fooled not the sails unfurled.

The waves have lost the rhythm of time
And all the food is gone :
There come no seasons to this clime,
Nor set of sun nor dawn.

I doubt mine eyes will ever see
The sane and finite shore—
The hockey stick is in the tree,
And the bell is in the ore.

October 20, 1937.





WRITE for the bill of lading
 " Square root of minus one,"
 Dream to a shore whose shading
 Is brighter than our sun,
 Die beyond all aiding
 From syringe or gland of ape,
 —And fare far off from fading
 In some alien star-fraught shape.

What was the earth but ashes
 Dropped from the furnace bars,
 From the flame-like Song which lashes
 Tops that are gyring stars ?

O hearts that are empty of giving,
 Lips that lie famished for song,
 How you hiddenly hunger for living
 And dream to the starborn throng.

December 15, 1937.



WHITE BIRD



WHITHER, O bird all white, with ever increasing speed
Do you skim like an arrow of morning the Burdenless Archer decreed
On its track to the infinite target as a Thought ever fain of the Deed ?

Bright though the track of the morning, huge though the target loom,
Perfect the Thought of the Thinker, yet may prevail the gloom ?
Dark be the quenching of daytide ? Arrow-tips rust in the tomb ?

O running of Light in the Silence,
O silvery morning star,
May the Dawn be the wordless answer
Of a beauty no loss can mar.

December 30, 1937.



ECHOING VASTNESS



FROM that height above the aeons
Who down-peers ?
Where is the bourne of spacedness,
The peak unclad with years ?

Up to the naked summit,
Where no leaf falls
Of smiles, hours, months and all brief sadness,
What echoing Vastness calls ?

Mirage of sound in the dumbness ?
A mingled speech
Woven from dream for a tribe's atoning ?
Or a God within our reach ?

January 2, 1938.



VISTAS OF FADELESS LIGHT



BIRD upon the golden bough
All the Spring long,
A deathless rainbow vow :
High heaven is built of song ;
What but a song art thou ?

O timeless tree, O termless hour,
Thy petals of love are gleaming
And from the perfect bower
Circle their rhythmic streaming,—
Golden their perfumed shower.

Song shape who whispereth Love's caress
In vistas of fadeless light.
Joy's everlastingness
Dizzies thy hymn with might,
Quenching the No with Yes.

January 5, 1938.





SPLENDOUR beyond conceiving
wave against wave
of swirling light uprear their sinuous crests
and are thrust forward in a seething foam
of melody
within the listening coves
and over the untrod sandways
of the heart.

January 7, 1938.





. **A**BOVE the flaccid yellow leaves
 The new grass grows ;
 And emeralds cover that too beaten track
 Long winter froze.

 Again the thought clouds race upon the sky
 Of tranquil blue ;
 And everywhere the joys of nesting birds
 Come welling through.

 Beyond the last horizons of despair
 A dream has laced
 The grey aloneness and the empty groves
 Of ashen waste.





SOFTLY over the shadow-bound
Rays of gold
Quiver and meet in a perfect round
Of bliss untold.

Wideness has entered the heart
Allunknown—
No tooth of bitter smart
Shall rasp the bone ;
Here live the deed of quiet,
The spoken hush,
Nor fear make wanton riot
Nor blindness rush.

Where harmony alights,
A phoenix blaze,
And neither wrath-rent nights
Nor listless days
Can reave from winged delight
The free of soul,
Or turn their eagle flight
To creep of mole.

February 2, 1938.



APPEAL TO THE ELEMENTS



○ LIFE too gracious for this common day
 (Saving the four lives linked with unlonely joy),
With a dawn shining still my dreams employ,
Piercing the haze of self with thy far-flung ray.

O not on earth I guested with that boy,
No bodily eye had viewed the sister's play
O voice of Richard charmed these ears of clay
Or fleshly fingers gathered up his toy.

Ye fourfold Daemons guard the happy brood
(Be they of sober daylight or of sleep) :
Too separate Earth, let not thy dust obtrude,
Marring and dividing—let them not weep
Or sweat with desolating fear—nor heap
Hate's fires—and lying air may they elude.

February 4, 1938.





A HUNDRED forms would pass the languid eye ;
 Each one its proper load of hue would bear.
 Singly the world-changing instant sauntered by,
 Was Richard's hair.

Thousands of glances throng my sight in vain,
 Holding such harvest as an unreaped book :
 I see nowhence a sapphire with no stain
 In Richard's look.

Idly the singing sands of life I heard ;
 Not they could make the selfless self rejoice.
 A flawless promise of new heaven stirred
 In Richard's voice.

February 5, 1938.



TO RICHARD



SUDDEN enemies of joy
 (As thieves may run
Through undergrowth—or clouds destroy
 The blaze of sun)
Enter the chambers of delight
 To reive and rend
Those memories of golden light
 Which Love will send.

O Richard, be they far from you.
 May your blue eyes
Be gladdened with moon-silvered dew
 And gold sunrise ;
May rhythm of stars enthrall your mind
 So that your lips
Sing of their strength : no Scylla find
 Your songbuilt ships.

March 13, 1938.



THOUGH I must name the red rose and the star
And, penned behind their grating, view afar
Your living and befriending, I must hate
This cage of words to which there is no gate,—
The Silence-Wideness and the spoken bar.

O rutilant atlas and one dim word's mark ;
O regnant perfume in a blinding dark,
A wordless fragrance from the Immortal Rose
Whose incense ever from the finite goes
To fill the unfurled sails of sunset's bark.

Still shine, O symbol of unmasked replies ;
Some Power has quickened in those endless skies
All the veiled Beauty to one aching star
Whose crystal shining cloudy words will mar :
The bourneless Beauty breeds no love that dies.

February 6, 1938.



THE SINGLE PRAYER



ON tiptoe dimly I now take my way
Through the sweet-scented forests of a world
I cannot claim, in which I have no say,
—From which even now I may in thought be hurled.

I will not break one twig lest sap should bleed,
Nor brush the leaves that quiver and shrink and fold ;
Not one dream-petal from the future deed
By my dream-roving shall be earthward rolled.

I'd step too lightly for the sleeping dew
To feel an alien presence and depart.
—Grant that the dawn-clear joy may tremble through,
Limn the soft-splendoured wideness of his heart.

February 13, 1938.



EXCELLING THE TITAN



FLASHING above self-will and Titan's murk,
All is free ;
No smoky clangour from Hephaestus' work
Spawns " I " and " me."
No alien light goes pulsing through the air ;
The air and light are one.
Ripples of thought leap from the songloom where
Apollo's fingers run.

February 13, 1938.



A GRIEFLESS MOVING AND UNTROUBLED STAR



SOME bridges span although they hold apart:
Through gulf 'twixt earth and sun, from shore to shore
The wavering plumes of light made eager start—
Time's load lay on those wings whose Fate they bore.

No bridge be woven out from soul to soul;
In utmost freedom may he thrive afar,—
Ungripped by alien words that seek control,
A griefless moving and untroubled star.

And may no dimness of mortality
Delay the chosen wings of his delight,
When others think of him and inly see
The joy they wish him wend forth through the night.

February 14, 1938.



THE BUILDER OF ETERNITY



WHERE are the shadow-builders of old time ?
No strength they found to hold out in the days
Of battering Eld : they fawned upon each clime ;
Their fickleness forswears, their paltering betrays.

From Love the flexile will, the stubborn swerve,
—Dream archetype remaking evermore
The life within, evoking, curve on curve,
Firm towers beneath whose feet the withered eras pour.

February 16, 1938.





SHATTER the manacles of self
And set Love free,
To leave no threat of dyke or delf
'Tween thou and me.
And make the orts and shreds of Night,
If Night must be,
A nothing, through that single light
I find in thee.
As in the aftermath of storm
Great calm we see,
My ways reflect the zenith Form,
Becalmed by thee.
No hope to forge, through grateful gifts,
Equality:
I'd be the Gratefulness that lifts
The spring to thee—
One with the grey dawn's laugh that staves
The dark from thee—
Or surge with the golden-trance-lit waves
Of a sunset sea.

February 17, 1938.





NO, these are rags of the departing Night;
They speak no more the truth of I and thee ;
They'll come as phantoms of their vanished might,
And as false dreams at the edge of knowing flee.
When I am nothing, that the rays of dawn
May pass unhindered on their flight to thee,
And when all merged in silences that yawn
Before the echoing cliffs of birdcall, we
Shall dream no more the differing adverse thing,
But now look forth upon the crested sea
Foam-white in clear dawn, and hear the tall wave fling
The sovran music of that victory.

February 20, 1938.





. C.U.S.T.O.M may hold from me your words ;
 It cannot check
 Your living kindness or my wish-borne birds
 That no dooms wreck.

Of you unwitting, sleep is a mock of sand
 No clear dream lights ;
 I'll fashion like to you, with sleepless hand,
 My days and nights.

A bridge no more, earth's but a prison wall
 That keeps you far ?
 O may those thresholds where your footsteps fall
 Be void of mar.

February 24, 1938.



UNSATISFYING WORDS-AND AN ENGLISH
WOOD WITH BLUEBELLS ❧ ❧ ❧

SINGE all the coins are forged, how can I pay
The meaning? which I owe that unforeseen
Generous forbearing, and most quiet play
And half smile comprehending what has been ?
Because my best is yours, how might I give
One token to you from the harvest field
You count as mine though blade and ear but live
In the golden light which your self-comings yield 7

O all too meagre what I would devise—
The net of words is flung and brings no gain :
As well make tally of untarnished skies,
Or clutch the shadowy silences that grew
Among the hazel stems in a sheen of blue
And drowned all memory of stablished Bane.

March 2, 1938.



THE JOURNEY



OVER the moat of unknowing,
Out of the gloom and glare,
Far from all fond bestowing
And from hatred's stony stare.

Such a mountainous island is looming,
All calm from shore to peak :
Far beneath is the Time-frothed booming ;
Here on high will the throned Love speak.

March 4, 1938.



TILL I HAVE COME



THE raft of hope will cross the lonely day,
No ship, no shore in view.
But sails of dream shall thrust me far away
Till I have come to you.
Trance, and a whispered wandering of waves
Over the level sand ;
Most quiet tones my own deep hunger craves
Are spoken near at hand.
What if the light be shadowy and dim ?
—I see your face once more ;
Set free of sorrow, endure the dissolving rim
Of the imperishable shore.

March 9, 1938.



THE SHIP



LOW-WATER-MARK of words is flooded past
Because the spring tide of the mind is there :
The ship of understanding veils her mast
With sail slow filling in the moonlit air.

My feet are on her boards ; it is no dream ;
Her captain's glance is given and reassures
My wavering ; beneath the zenithed gleam
Of that high moon I knew his eyes were yours.

March II, 1938.





CRY out against the slough of hindering years,
The importunity of oozy hours,—
Their Stygian marsh of stagnancy and fears,—
Those dreary banks' unscented hueless flowers.

I know another climate where you dwell,
Enwalled with crystal air forever young
... Whose words like apple-blossoms gently fell,
But print no scar, leave no remorseful tongue.

Winged calm of hours gliding so softly on,—
The shaped intention of each lovely thing,—
Cast but a wavering image where you shone,
O drop one feather from your dreamshot wing.

March II, 1938.



‘'...HAVE LIGHTED FOOLS THE WAY TO....'" ❀

IF days were arches leading down to you,
If nights were portals opening one by one
On some far meeting with the shape of you,
O bounteous earth, no askings more ; for I have done.

Yet even niggard earth can sunder less,
Should worse befall: your words my heart obeys ;
The dust of that fools' pathway I could bless
For a dream untroubled by the stars' indifferent gaze.

March 13, 1938.



ASSIGNATION



DRAWING too quietly, the woven nets of sleep
Had borne me far and far from shores of day
Unwitting, till over the grey surge of a shipless deep
A reef-girt island lifted plumes of spray.

Born from the womb of trance, my shadowy feet alight
Beneath pale dunes that drift within a dream :
And Silence was taking shape in a robe of drowsy white,
And level brows beneath the dark hair gleam.

March 14, 1938.





A TABLELAND with painful moving shapes
Is cleft in two by this ravine which gapes,
Miasma'd with the leasing of its swamp,—
With crown and sword and phantom feudal pomp.
It is an unroofed sewer, open grave,
And source of vile mythologies that rave
About the need for this dividing curse
And Social Duty to make badness worse.
But now the earth can bear the load no more ;
And stirs and groans in sleep from shore to shore.
When shall the Planetary Sleeper wake,
And shatter lies, and cry " For Beauty's sake "?

March 16, 1938.



A COPPICS OF FIELD MAPLE AND SPANISH CHESTNUT



SHAFTS of light pour through the small young leaves
Of Spanish Chestnut with long twisted grooves
In every plinth ; a mireway trod by hooves
Of kine meanders ; a gang from the hive bereaves
Green-yellow maple flowers of sweet drops
And of their fine lootworthy dust. Beyond
Are slumbering fields that dream of autumn crops,
And a willow-bordered newt-rife pond.

March 18, 1938.



A STONE AGE SITE ON THE DOWNS



THIN shallow soil upon a flank of down,
All rife with flint-stones, yields a niggard breast
To living crops. Upon the windy crest
Some wizened larch trees dot a Stone Age town :
Unfriendly ground with short sheep-nibbled grass
(O stabbing symbol of the Stone Age heart
That sours the time we live in); clouds but pass
And fling indifferent shadows and depart.
What dream distils in song from larks who thrill the sky...
Past savagery overthrown___new Love that will not die ?

March 19, 1938.





GREEN holm ; the rushy margin of a brook—
 A brimming trance-forgetfulness of Time,
 A burnished flow. Strewn petals of brooklime
 Lay on the stream. A wandering zephyr shook
 To dimples all that ecstasy of glass
 Communing with the sky. The meadow-sweet
 Waved like a fragrant foam amid the grass
 And vague dim whirr of wing or insect's feet.

March 25, 1938.



A SNATCH OF FAIRY SONG



FEATHER-LIGHT as motes in air
Pass and repass
Winged ones who with glow-worms share
The nightly grass.

Wings of iridescent hue
Cross the moon.
Momently their fifes renew
A rindle tune.

April 6, 1938.



WHITE as the foam of the fountain
The bowl of milk-white jade
Circled the plashing water
That had fled from haunts of shade.

Winter lies deep in the earth-womb,
Spring is the leaping up,
High is the summery plume-sway :
Bideth the dregs of the cup.

Night had the shadowy cavern,
Dawn knew the joy of the spray,
Noon sate on summits of grandeur :
What of the ending of day ?

Ever White Silence runneth,
Circling our flicker of speech ;
Not there can come hues of waning,
Nor any birth-cry reach.

April 7, 1938.





DISTANCE and a blue-grey fringe
Of jagged hills—
A staple whereon high clouds hinge
And flood the ghylls
With peat-brown and foam-dappled rush
Of mountain beck,
Whose mid-stream water-wagtails brush
Nor halt nor check
Their undulous hurrying flight until
They near the nest
Where hungry young with opened bill
Make shrill behest.
On a dreary height the curlews call
Through empty air ;
The round-winged plovers circle and fall
By a peat-moss lair.

April 8, 1938.





WISDOM was a beggar maid
Who brought a beechen bowl;
The fool bestowed much wealth he'd made—
No shred nor ort of soul.

Wisdom came upon a town
Older than Nineveh,
To find the folk fast pulling down
Her throne, simplicity.

Then priests a complex temple god
In their vain image cast :
But She still walked the ways unshod,
Contemned and overpassed.

" Go gaze upon our lofty shrine,"
They jeered at Her and yelled :
One headlong rout of rushing swine
Was all that She beheld,

April 12, 1938.





A SPHERED immensity of red
That holds emblazoned in its heart of peace
The black upjutting line of western hill.
Hills of tranquillity steeped in the setting sun ;
Ground transmuted in that drench of gold :
A hallowed air whose substance is of light
And calm and wideness and release of soul.
For now the blossom opens from the bud :
Surely the seed of the sun has sprouted from the tomb,
That all traditionary clods are lit with knowing ?

April 14, 1938.



ONE VACANT NIGHT



WAKEN to the silent moon
Under an empty sky ;
The flood of sun-dawn cometh soon,
And moon will dim and stars will die.

Now earth has got no speaking voice
And sky's bereft of thought,
And no things grieve, no things rejoice,
While none are sold and none are bought.

The barrenness of silver light
Is old beyond our dream ;
All being is one vacant night ;
There is but that—and clouds that seem.

April 20, 1938.



THE LIGHT WHICH INTO DARKNESS CAME 卐

WITHIN the folded wings of Night
 Away beyond the stars,
Beyond all sorrow and delight
Or this that aids or that that mars,

The Sentinel of sworded flame
 Upbeareth evermore
The Light which into Darkness came
And hath no cleft nor any flaw.

April 21, 1938.





RICHLY laden waggons go
Over a starlit plain.
Between dry banks no waters flow ;
They will not flow again.

Wax-white bones of camel and horse
Forespeak the journey's end ;
No dew relents the watercourse,
No cloud that lightnings rend.

The waggons touch the rot of Time,
The verdigris of Space ;
There are no mountains more to climb,
No steep descents to face.

And all the load has end in dust,
And every axle bends ;
The horses' hooves are shod with rust:
And even chaos ends.

April 26, 1938.



O NIGHT so thick with darkness,
 How can there be
 Even one poor heart-beat voyaging
 To him from me ?
 O stars who thread the dimness
 With joy serene,
 And glimmer above each dwelling
 Where he has been,
 Now gather thoughts of gladness,
 Slide through his sleep
 To the last dream-depths of slumber
 That he may steep
 Mind, heart and will in joyance
 And, waking, tell
 With a gleam in his eye and a smiling
 " That his dream went well.⁰
 But I in the vacant heavens
 See one half moon,
 Emblem of all things missing
 From our life-tune ;
 Yet if Gunvant's voice were speaking
 That dear-loved sound,
 All my days were a singing rapture,—
 The full moon's round.

May 6, 1938.





○ WILL he answer what my hand hath writ—
And not my hand alone,
That's guided by no subtleties of wit,
But by some heart that is not all of stone ?

Then will his mind forget with months and years,
Beset with a throng of friends ?
Will he impute no river-deep of tears,
But such a love as in short season ends ?

Yet will this soul renounce him should he leave ?
Not while its frame endures—
A love which chimes its bells at morn and eve
No chiding word or hush indifferent cures.

May 7, 1938.



FRIEND WISHES
TO DREAM OF HIM



SMILING and golden-hearted,
 Gunvant came
With a width of sturdy shoulder
 And well-knit frame.
I gazed upon friendly eyes,
 Upon dark brown hair,
And the sunshine became more golden,
 More rich the air.

He has carried that wealth by his going
 To a dim far place ;
Never hand has the joy of his handshake,
 Never eye of his face.
And I would that this tindery heart
 From the flints of sorrow
Should capture a dream-spark of Gunvant
 For memory's morrow.

May 8, 1938.



THE MIRROR-LAKE WITHIN THE HEART

(To GUNVANT)

IF words were told till even with the waves
That we viewed hastening, shadow-soft, to shore,
They'd leave unbuilt the bridge our spirit craves
And doom us ever sundered as before.
Though we should thrust our Babel tower nigh heaven,
Unwearied—like those waves—pile phrase on phrase,
For our dull dough of world we'd find no leaven
Nor live within the blessedness we praise.

Then rather should our idle speech be still;
One utmost Silence that hath never erred
Let all our being hearken, far apart
From anxious thought and misportraying word ;
Such bliss of oneness and harmonious will
Beams from the unruffled lake of Rhythm's heart.

November 2, 1937.





IT is not true
That friendship is a common bloom to pluck at will.
If I knew
Within what valley or wood, or on what plain or hill,
Such blossom grew
I should be free—that flower would pluck me from all ill.

May 18, 1938.



THOUGH it was dark on the earth side,
It was Light above, below,—
A geyser of truth from the darkness,
Out of heaven a torrent-flow.

Though the rocks were hard and barren
And their hate was the watershed,
There's a grove where the leaves are thornless
And each bloom is a perfumed red.

Boles of strength with that whisper of blessing—
Not one atom is lonely there—
The achieve and the goal of oneness
Through the leagues of flame-bright air.

October n, 1938.





○ SPEAR of Love that great archangel wielded,
O ship of Peace with that white sail unfurling,
Speed, weapon-truth ; be Wrong no more beshielded :
Glide on, O ship, through Time's all-hungry swirling.

October 11, 1938.



STARS are fading
one by one,
yet within
there is a first dim twilight
from a spirit-sun.

In that pearl-grey gloaming
stern shadows disappear ;
still-half-whispered light is doming
graith and gear.

Cover me with silence,
frail sky that yearns for bliss,
send seeing born of hunger
for the silver kiss
from the lotus dawning
of yet-to-be sunrise
and for the amber lightening
as day-truth fills the eyes,

October 25, 1938.



NO SELF-WILL SCARS THE LAND



HOW this atomic self
Could comprehend
Seamless and singing wealth
The high stars lend ?

Phantasmal guardians yield
What sworded flame,
That mortal feet to field
Of Eden came ?

Night fell: on far lagoon
Silverly wan
Rays from a limpid moon
Shafted and shone.

Dim waves to flank of sand
Dream their caress ;
No self-will scars the land
Of tenderness.

October 31, 1938.



....THAT LIGHT-WASHED SKY IS NEAR



IN this hush might float away
Dust and dross,
Ascent be won from weight of clay,
From pain and loss.

Light the incense tapers here ;
Bow the head :
Dream that light-washed sky is near,
Self's barrier dead.

Dawn-poise is on east, north, and west:
Exultant south
Holds calm within a glowing breast,
On lovekissed mouth.

November 3, 1938.





SEVEN lights set in the sky ;
 Search, search them out;
Drink from a Golden Chalice
 That puts an end to drought.

The infinite stairway spirals
 From midnight's heavy dun
Shadows, beyond the dawn's rim
 To noon-enthroned sun.

Speeding through clear bright aether
 Go feet that cast no shade ;
Though the footsoles throng on the gleam-path
 No phantom of sound is made.

I would tread on the aether's truthway
 With a footsole empty of weight,
And soundlessly fare through that starworld
 To the living Solar Gate.

November 7, 1938.



DIFFERENT THOUGHT



IF with a lidless eye
Someone surveyed
Palm trees that grew so high
And cast no shade,

—Those kites that wheel above
Landful of foe,
Their sky as empty of love
As the steelscape below,—

Would he not question why
Earth's paradise
Is lorded by men who lie
And feed on lies ?

Beyond, in a different thought
The groves are still;
Words sweet; they sought
Peace of His Will.

November 15, 1938.



" BURNING BLADE " OR " ETERNITIES TO BE "

THEN out of the jewelled sheathing-case,
Silver-laced by moon-ray on the sea,
A swordsman with grief-untroubled face
Wrests the blade " ETERNITIES TO BE."

The cincture of starry shadow-tide
Rives atwain—the dawn-rise is at hand ;
The swordsman unsheaths his golden pride ;
" BURNING BLADE " is sun-glimpsed on the land.



INVOCATION OF THE DIVINE MOTHER



FOR HER EMERALD OF LIFE

Shakti of God that moves upon the waters,
Greatness and wideness of Spirit everlasting,
From senses, mind and heart, from a myriad moods and quarters
Enter with Thy puissances, transmuting and recasting.

FOR HER TOPAZ OF TRUTH-EXISTENCE

Wisdom of God, silent above Time-sources,
Transcendent peak all creature-ken outvasting,
Bring to heaven's roadsteads earth by devious courses,
Calm, ordinant as lodestone though all ways are overcasting.

FOR HER AMETHYST OF THE POWER OF BEAUTY

Beauty, star-enrobing, a strangeling here
From eldest aeons fraught with overthrow
Of shadowhood, because Thy worshippers draw near,
Once gaze—and then forswear all ease until they know.

FOR HER RUBY OF REALISATION

Joyhood, earth-englobing, God-victory,
In the east Thy dawn-rose banners faintly show ;
Aidant to Love, the spear-hosts sweep from Eternity,
Till Time is heaven-conquered and the dateless bugles blow.



THE GOLDEN ARC

A VERSE PLAY IN FOUR SCENES

Characters in order of appearance

NAOMI	. A young girl
THE SAGE	. A man advanced in years, but firmly poised and not bent or limping in gait
ABEL	. A youth
THE SIBYL	. A woman advanced in years, but with an ageless face
MARA	. An old woman
CAIN	. An oldish man, seeming prematurely aged.
SPEAKERS OF THE EPILOGUE	} . Either men, or women with resonant lowpitched voices, or both men and women together

LUNAR YOUTH

PLACE—Open country with a few trees. To right, a pool with water-lily leaves. To left, a simple cabin with an open door from which some light comes during the earlier portion of the scene. Naomi is swinging on a low-sweeping bough near the centre of the stage.

Deep lay the valley of moonbright lake
Lapping an island dim—
Spell which the dipping swallows break
With sunrise on far sea-brim.

The night-to-open moon upheaves the east
like some white-globed Spring flower peeping out
through chinks of black-loamed night. And after dawn
the sleeping nenuphars lift up from the pool
in a white whisper, as if elusive moonrays
had lent the speech of immortality
to earthly flowers.

NAOMI— Tell me the meaning of their speech.

SAGE—

Not here ;

the strings of silver stretch to far horizons
and there is fastened the tip of a golden arc
which the strong bliss of gods alone can wield.
But when the shaft of loveliness is launched,
its arrowed silver sings great disarray
amid the dumpish chimes of tribal wont.

(A pause. The lighted cabin door grows dark. At the back the light
from a rising moon is brightening.)

The beauty of your eyes grows richer now.

NAOMI— My soul goes out through them in search of glory—

SAGE— Which having found, you may transmute the sullen
years of earth to a snatch of such moon-rhythm
as will enweave its music in the wooing
some youth may bring you ; so for a moon-day
like the nenuphars tomorrow shall set blooming
your lives shall twine about a magic silence
from whence exhilarent song of world's remaking
can take its birth : if by your strength you sing it,
the angry tribal fear shall be withstood.
Supernal courage bends the golden arc.
.... Let the dim flame wed with tribal dark.

(The Sage goes out RIGHT. NAOMI turns her head, watching him go out,
so that her eyes light upon the pool, which the moons rays have now reached)

Now the moon's rays have lighted
on the dark pool and leaves of nenuphar.
.. Silver.... Far horizons.... These are not
as things we touch and use and wear away.

SCENE II

SOLAR YOUTH

TIME—*Forenoon in midsummer.*

PLACE—*A grassy open space. To Left a clump of bushes hides from sight a small river running diagonally to the further distance on Right. At the extreme Right near the front (of the stage) there is a grassy mound. Abel strides in from Right, shaking drops of water from his hands.*

ABEL— That water from the spring is the best I know ;
not brackish like the well. (Sits down) And old folk say
that if a young mai[^] stoops just at the noon hour
at summer's height to cup within his hand
cool water, he sees within mid pool a face
upturned to his for not so long a while
as the swallow's wing dimples a meadow stream ;
and those are eyes that will look kindly on him
when first he woos : and if he win that girl
for wedded wife, the high gods will not brook
the worst of human ills to baffle him.

(Gets up) They talk that way.

(Walking LEFT) I'd sooner see the salmon
leap the low waterfall. But if they bruise
their bodies in their frantic rush to breed
at the stream's head, where scarce their scales gain cover
from midday sun, what drives them into pain ?

(THE SIBYL, *entering RIGHT, overhears the three last lines.*)

SIBYL— Stemming the darkward flow of tribal wont,
all human kin, in blindness, seek to find
some trace of their heart's dream.

(ABEL sits down LEFT CENTRE on a low mound or rock near THE SIBYL)

ABEL— What dream ?

SIBYL— Upon the parapet of their high tower
the gods of Morning set a crystal vase
filled with the nectar of Supernal Love.
Then Fate was veiled behind a happy chance,
spilling the liquid ruby of the vase
which, havened in mortal hearts, made such bright dream
as earth-folk call first love, belittling it
because its child-small hands may wax and quell
the bestial oldenness of herded ill.

(THE SIBYL walks swiftly across the stage and goes out.)

ABEL— Last night I was in dream on that high tower,
Brilliant with gems of fire and living light;
but then I woke and my two eyes were aching.

*(He rubs his eyes, walks a short distance to RIGHT and stretches himself
upon the ground, head resting against the foot of the mound.)*

The hum of insects¹ wings, her tales of dream
and my thronged memories leave me amazed,
bewilder me to sleep.

(He falls asleep. THE SIBYL re-enters.)

SIBYL— So now through noonlit roadstead swings the sun
In height's tranquillity ;
Time's brabble pauses—as a beck may run
Into a sky-clear pool, held dreaming-deep.
Day's minutecourse tangents Eternity
And all unshapely thought is put to sleep.

[Perhaps the stage will be darkened by degrees as he falls asleep. After complete darkness for a moment the light will suddenly return as bright or possibly even brighter than before, revealing THE SIBYL (conceived as entering his dream-consciousness) already motionless on the stage.]

SCENE HI.

MOONSET

TIME—*After midnight.*

PLACE—*A fiat stretch of rock at the water's edge, with sand or pebbles at the very front of the stage. The background shows a sea over which a setting moon still hangs. Far back on the Left is a long-abandoned boat, now only a skeleton with bare ribs sticking up. To Right and near the front of the stage, a sand dune with sparse withered-looking grass. Mara is seen standing a little to the left of midstage, facing Right.*

MARA—(*chanting as if in loud complaint*)

Wisdom is not yet. The moon is ripe for setting.
Grief is all I die with—for this earth's forgetting.
I have plucked the water-lilies, and they wither :
There are no lilies on the seadoom surging hither.

SAGE—(*entering from RIGHT*)

What is your search ?

MARA—There is none left to me.

SAGE—Whence is the music which has built this world
of secret moon and far-off silver sea,
with opal foam a child's length from our feet ?

MARA—It seems to make some song whose tune I had
—I never knew the words.

SAGE—As words make dark
the light love's music brings. Cast now your thought
to when your wooer gained a smile from you.

MARA—It comes as if entangled with the moon's light
in a drift of opal foam. The song's own tune
I helped unwittingly to build.

SAGE—

You hold

the clue to all that's lovely in the world.

(THE SAGE walks slowly out.)

MARA— Then I may follow beauty.

And as the calm moon's radiance I would sink

beneath the westward striving and unrest

of the salt sea. Frail beauty whispers there.

Here the cracked rocks remind me of the bones

within ; and dune-grass mocks my shrivelled hair.

(a short pause)

I stand upon the edge of used-up things,

and gaze upon far symboling of Love

whose music summons me beyond the world.

(falls dead)

SCENE IV

SUNSET

TIME—*Early evening.*

PLACE—*A stony desert. To Right a stunted low-growing shrub or cactus. On the Left piled up rocks leave an entrance to a cave. The background consists of low undulating sand hills, above which the sky is flooded with the red light of sunset. Cain enters from Right, slowly and with a limp.*

CAIN— How arid is the laughter I must show
when I meet goatherds on the desert fringe.
There is not herbage here for twenty goats
in half a day. I'm rid of laughter now ;
and time these rocks were rid of me.

SIBYL—(*entering RIGHT*)

What fare ?

CAIN— I knew the answer once.

SIBYL—

And now you plan—

CAIN— Yes, to be quit of plans. We cannot draw
circles that truly meet and leave no wound
where they, once young, grow old.

SIBYL—

But love's elixir
is proved, or held, or sought to give such aid.

(THE SIBYL *walks rather swiftly out. The sun is now setting and flooding the ground with a crimson light.*)

CAIN— Proved., sought., aid. This ruby pool
of failing light is all that's left of day.
And ruby means—not strife alone,
but lips that cancel hurt by symbol-kiss,
and every beacon of each dreamward way
that seeks its centre in the heart.

(*a pause*)

Now all-day-gathered wisdom slides from Time
whose dome grows dark.

(A longer pause. There is now left only a streak of crimson low down in the sky.)

I knew a tower-top once in that Spring morning
—dreamt to the ultimate source of living dream.

(a short pause)

My eyes are aching ; in this rock-cumbered cave
I will find sleep. Waterless.. I do not think
my mortal eyes will wake again.

(slowly enters cave on LEFT)

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

SPEAKER OR SPEAKERS

(from LEFT side of stage)

Sometime beyond the woven wearied
Lures and downfalling
The golden arc shall shoot from silver bowstring
Its arrowy music, calling,
Calling forth old earth-beholden memories
Of where-the-gods-wone story
Till men's feet light on gems that are life-giving
And eyes grow rich with glory.

SPEAKER OR SPEAKERS

(from RIGHT side of stage)

No memories can die if love-begotten
Nor dim their flame :
These to men's hearts were spilled in a ruby cadence
And from high ramparts came.
The godlike forms in that perpetual dawning
Laid the nectar down which yields
The wisdom of love; a benign chance shed it darkward
Like dew on stubborn fields.

ALL THE SPEAKERS

The hidden dream shall be a touchstone proving
Worth and unworth,
And be the last alembic in the gloomtide
Distilling hopes to birth.
Somewhen the sullen Sorrow shall be pierced,
That arrow-song be heard,
The Name Unknown be spelt,—each love devising
One letter of the Word.

FINIS

THE SEVENFOLD VISION

VISION I

Six Symbolic Figures enter in the order Seven, Four, The Limit of Number, the Giver of Blessing, Three, Five. The six Figures having ranged themselves in a semicircle towards the back of the stage, The Number Six enters to take up a position at the centre of the semi-circle or slightly in advance of the other Figures.

VOICE— " O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

THE NUMBER

SIX- A stable-cave, the dark solstice of the year
Enclosed the birthcry. Hastewise another cave
Four walled, wherein was never man yet laid,
Awaits the prey of Darkness. So involved
In shadow's shadow, the clear creative Light
Tapered to heedless clod, no conscious trace
Of heavenly fellowship aglimmer there.

VOICE— " Hallowed be thy name/
Oneness and bliss and knowledge, God's own being—
That was the sacrificial bread His hands
Took, brake, gave, and therewith formed
Such myriad splendours in a living world
Maimed and one half laid waste by will's revolt.

VOICE— " I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until
that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's
kingdom."

Sadly the vultures gather and the hooded crow
Lours, curdles to coal-black wing the flap of doom.
Surely no scent remains with hillside flowers
In this too menacing air. And all around
Have pressed the sullen and the mocking and the sad.

VOICE— " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

VISION II .

Enter slowly in succession The Limit of Number, The Number Six, The Number Five. Each takes up a position near the front of the stage, The Limit of Number and The Number Five on either side of, and half turned towards, The Number Six.

VOICE— " Thy Kingdom come."

THE NUMBER

FIVE— A tower of thieves was taken and destroyed.
The youngest of them, generous at heart,
Cruel but from heedlessness and high excess
Of passion, reckless of odds or bitter death,—
That youth was justly doomed by social law.
A falcon dear to God, a mettlesome boy
Singing exultant in the heart of God.
For God is Joy, and Rulership, and Power,
And Life Abundant and the Tune of Time.

VOICE— " And they were astonished at his doctrine : for his word was with power."

But some have said, 'O, all is miracle/
And others, ' that the word Creation spoke
Shall not retract, deceive, prevaricate/
We live in the Sixth Day of Genesis ;
The onward flowing washes round our feet;
The winding music hovers on new theme—
Which theme distorting tongue and brain will dub
As miracle. And yet our noblest men
Sweeten and purify the air, selfless
In service of that Temple of their Science
We are unworthy of; for they disclose
The Thing That Is—and not the things men dream.
Most dear to God the bravest and most free,
Who will not suck the myrrh and vinegar
Of comfortable words they have not earned,
But—being near God—can see all bleak, and smile.

VOICE— " Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

VISION III

The Number Three entres alone.

VOICE— " Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth/'

THE NUMBER

THREE— Sunrise may come tomorrow on olive groves,
But there is One who shall not look again
On earthly sun or moon. His inward eye
Is fixed on some mysterious crescent's ray—
An orb whose waxing is His Father's Will.

VOICE— " Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his right-
eousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."
There, there, within, the Kingdom would unfold
The shape of splendour and the taintless hue.
Leaven, or mustard seed, or crops of corn,
Each one He saw by not-of-this-world Light.
He gauged the poised run of living things,
The delicate rhythm of a lily bud,
And taught how joy comes leaping through unbid
If that inward Spirit-Moon be gazed upon.
By inward rhythm of that waxing moon
His Power could heal the sick, allay the pangs
Of thirst or hunger or wound. But not for Him
Is any balm while His heroic strength
Wrestles with earthly wrong, while with stern heel
He bruises the dragon's head. Unfaltering
He proffers all at the white and silvered shrine.

VOICE— "1 thirst."

VISION IV

At the centre of the back stage is a Tabernacle, with the entrance closed by doors or a curtain. Two or three steps lead up to the entrance from the stage floor. Unseen within the Tabernacle stands The Giver of Blessing. At the front of the stage on the extreme Right stands the Learner, gazing at the Tabernacle.

VOICE- " If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone ? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion ?"

THE GIVER OF BLESSING (*unseen within the Tabernacle*)
The stones and scorpions are the worldly lore ;
The wise-with-this-world's-wisdom grow like them :
There is another seeking and a different food.

VOICE— " Seek and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

The Tabernacle opens and each of the doors may show on the side now made visible the device of three ears of corn. THE GIVER OF BLESSING speaks from the top of the flight of steps just outside the entrance :—

The earth gives harvest from its virgin womb :
The heart of man is hungry and adores,
The ear of man is wistful for the sound
Of Truth Incarnate ; outstretching empty hands
He craves the boon of wisdom gathered up
From earth re-purified. Vast discipline
That puts the brush within the painter's grasp
And thrusts out all divided aim, till he
Finds Colour work with him its perfect will.
Can less be needed when the aim is more ?
Assembled in the Hall of Mysteries
The purified have entered in the womb
Of AH-Unknowingness ; their fingers feel

Annihilation's speartip that is crowned
With zero and the void ; unwondering eyes
Bestare unhue, unshape, unanything ;
And ears of sleep hark numbly to the nought.

VOICE— " When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons
of God shouted for joy."

The newly born. And a world reborn with him.
The morning stars are singing still together :
His quickened life, akin to them, is one
With every gleaming colour, self-entire
Of rainbow, flower newly budded, flashing foam.
From interfusion with all other life
He grows to Truth ; and Truth shall set him free.

VOICE— " This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even
as I have loved you."

Truth timeless, Love endless, Beauty incorruptible,
Where are the empty husks of this world's lore ?
The Prodigal has found his way to home ;
The child of earth, by dint of his long toil
Has now become the Learner, feels the calm
Of far-off heavens, mirrors of the Truth.

*The Learner moves towards the Tabernacle and stands at the foot
of the flight of steps with his hands stretched forwards and upwards towards
The Giver of Blessing in a gesture of recognition and homage.*

VOICE— " Woman, behold thy son ! Behold, thy mother !"

VISION V

VOICE— " And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors."

THE NUMBER

NINE—The prayer that stubborn lips will not pronounce,
Must lips Divine be tortured to recite ?
And if one robber will not come near Christ,
Must Christ gain to him through far Night of hell ?
Darkness too deep for any plumbing line,
Beyond our wisdom and our sympathy,
Dread sphinx of Fate, cold ultimate of Time.
Not even blossoms of most deathly black
Are visible. No bird, no shadowy bat
Can stir with wing this heavy-hanging air.
All sound must die into this loneliness,
This anti-work,—reversal of the plan
That was the living energy of God,
Signed with His seal, the All-Compassionate.

VOICE— " My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me ?"

VISION VI

VOICE— " Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

THE NUMBER

FOUR— The answer to all anguish, the goal of seeking
Soon to be uttered by the lips Divine.
Now is Truth's pilgrim at the altar step
Bereft of all that harnessed him to ill
Saving his own self-will; he can no more
By the Grace-guided human power ; he feels
The flaming Love that mounts beyond the world.
He is the arrow fitted to the bow
Of flashing hue, and by his self-oblation
The bow is bent, the shaft of leaping fire
Burns through the middle air, is lost to view
In vista'd zeniths of the Formless Goal.
There, in subsistent calm, the Light of Lights
Is all in all. No lures can touch the will
That is no longer mortal but divine.

VOICE— " And bring us not into temptation."

The anodyne, the gall and vinegar
Long since rejected by the lips of Him
Who shall in this still hour on Calvary
Make known the secret at the core of love.

VOICE— " Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

VISION VII

VOICE— " It is finished"

The Symbolic Figures enter in the order Six, Five, Three, The Giver of Blessing, The Limit of Number, Four, Seven. The entering Figures pass behind a seven-sided plinth having one side parallel to and nearest to the back of the stage, while the later Figures station themselves at the nearer sides of the plinth, so that finally the Figures are ranged each near one of the seven sides, three being to the right and three being to the left of the Giver of Blessing (who should be seen at a greater height than the others, as if standing two or three steps above them on a stailway.)

THE NUMBER

SEVEN—O now the Veil is rent, and all is Light.

From Love's last wound withdraws the uplifted spear,
And the full tale of Five is set upon
Perfection's Form ; so with lone power of Five
That Kingdom is brought near ; so the spear's wound
Breaches the wall of heaven, and Life descends
Kindling tomb-dust of earth to holy clay
And the New Adam newly wrought from it
Is life abundant, light of shining gold
So lit with power that earthly suns grow dark.

VOICE— " Deliver us from evil."

" For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he
shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though
after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my
flesh shall I see God."

As motion runs too fleet to catch the eye,
All the six days that held creative power
Are blent in one supreme white resting-place
Of Love's completeness ; the All-Beautiful
Speaks but the word that lies between high cliffs

Of sound as yet unheard by the ear of men,
Where in a pool without a whispered breeze
Aeons of stillness mirror God to God.

THE GIVER OF

BLESSING—The moving sinews have been cut from strife.

Forgiveness has been uttered sevenfold.

Now self is slain, whose form is Death, and Life

Is made One Everlasting.

FINIS

NOTES

BY THE AUTHOR

TOPAZ AND SAPPHIRE AND RUBY

[Page 7]

The golden yellow of Topaz=The principle behind manifested Life.

The blue of Sapphire=Light (in the sense of the awakening into activity of the limitless Divine Consciousness: as in Gen. I. 3-5, "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. .. And there was evening and there was morning one day.").

The Ruby represents, in our terrestrial existence, what is fully achieved in a super-terrestrial Love which—unlimited and undimmed by the conditions of earthly existence—is symbolised by the spotless purity and dazzling glory of Diamond.

The late "Alan Leo," an English astrologer, writes as follows of 'The Sign of the Archer/ Sagittarius':—

"This is pictorially represented by a man who is half horse (spiritual consciousness evolving out of and utilising and controlling our animal nature) shooting an arrow from his bow—'an arrow shot into the unknown' (the symbol of rebirth and the beginning of a new and higher life). This sign suggests the passage of consciousness from one state to another. Its most distinguishing characteristic, perhaps, is its love of sport and travel, having the attribute of *sympathy*. In its best interpretation, the activities of this sign are directed towards a higher state of existence, in which *aspiration* and *devotion* are the keynotes. Aries is the architect, the pioneer, Leo the organiser, the vitaliser, Sagittarius the builder, the executant. ... The third decanate of Sagittarius rising awakens the best half of the dual sign Sagittarius, and quickens the intuitive and inspirational nature of the sign. It increases the love nature of the sign and makes the native very demonstrative and ardent in affection,....and readily expressing his sympathetic, sensitive and kind-hearted nature/'

MOONRISE IN THE NIGHT OF MAYA

[Page 19]

- L. 2 When the sky has been overcast with continued rain, the first sign of the weather clearing is usually seen just above the horizon—countryfolk call this silvery light the *weather-gleam*.
- L. 8 An owl is called a howlet (pronounced "hullet") in north-country dialect.

MAHALAKSHMI

[Page 35]

Traditional attributes of Mahalakshmi, the bestower of wealth—or, in the further and more profound interpretation which Sri Aurobindo has given:—

"The goddess of the supreme love and delight.. vivid and sweet and wonderful with her deep secret of beauty and harmony and fine rhythm, her intricate and subtle opulence, her compelling attraction and captivating grace. Ascetic bareness and harshness are not pleasing to her nor the suppression of the heart's deeper emotions and the rigid repression of the soul's and the life's parts of beauty. For it is through love and beauty that she lays on men the yoke of the Divine."

("The Mother" pp. 49 and 64).

FUNDER	—splinter, small fragment.
-MEAL	—as in piece-, inch-, limbmeal.
MOIDER	—confuse.
IZZARD	—Z.
DERNFUL	—solitary.
FLEER	—deride, sneer.
LEASING	—falsehood, lying.

VITA SUB SPECIE AMORIS

[Page 50]

The title—" Life (viewed under) the form of Love "—is a Latin phrase used by the philosopher McTaggart. The refrain—" I shall (continue to) love, therefore I have (real and permanent) existence "—is a variation upon Descartes ' philosophical argument " Cogito ergo sum "—" I think, therefore I exist."

A SONG OF RETURNING

[Page 53]

AN EKING	—a thing added.
HEST	—command, injunction, precept.
To GLOSS	—to give a specious appearance to.
CLOUGH (pron. " kluf ")	—ravine,
LIEGE	—entitled to receive allegiance.
AN ORT	—a fragment or scrap left over.
A LAG	—a thing left.

GATEWAY OF THE DAWN

[Page 69]

The pearl is a symbol of purity ; the turquoise is a symbol of purity in the vital: the unicorn is a symbol of purity and of faithfulness to an ideal purpose.

SELENE

[Page 72]

The Moon in Greek is called Selene.

A *delfis* a drain or ditch on the land side of a sea-embankment or *dyke*.

The Latin phrase *Memento nasci* conveys a reminder that (new) birth must come—a phrase in common use being *Memento mori*, lit. " remember thou to die."

BLUE FLOWERS BY A STREAM

[Page 74]

Brooklime is a streamside plant with small bright blue flowers, *Meadowsweet* has plume-like clusters of cream-white fragrant flowers, and the *Moondaisy* is a single chrysanthemum with a flower having a yellow centre encircled by white rays.

CANAL SUMMIT

[Page 160]

The " summit " of a canal is the stretch (often going on for miles through lonely uplands) between the last of the ascending and the first of the descending locks.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

[Page 167]

A descriptive title that has come into use for the matriarchal people of Neolithic times whose burrows are still preserved on chalk downs in England and elsewhere.

THE HIDDEN ROSE

[Page 170]

FORSLOW—" delay/" as in " Forslow no longer " (Shakespeare).

LESBIA TO HER GIRL SLAVE

[Page 241]

Catullus is reported to have been of Celtic stock, so his eyes may perhaps have been blue.

TO LAELIA

[Page 244]

POTNIA Nux—Greek words meaning " Goddess Night."



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