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THE
DARK
WELL

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**THE
DARK
WELL**



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The spirit travels wide and far,
Her breath is molten diamond ;
The zigzag pathway meets a star
Twinkling in silent depths beyond.

On either side her footfalls lie
What purple glooms of memories
Brooding along an edge of sky
That somewhere meets the light with ease.

Earth-voices dim and pale and pass
At lonely zenith-glooms of prayer
Until One holds a mirrored glass
Builded of circumambient air,

Wherein the reflexes of things
Mate in the depths of truth conjoint
Where souls are flames and dreams are wings
Hovering around a crystal point ;

Outside the coloured pale of sense
They hover round and round and round
Drawing a great circumference
By which the jewelled vast is bound,

Who tells me still that I must wait ?
All heaven about me lies in flower
And I am standing at the gate
Wide-opened on His ivory tower.

What inward lightnings blaze and spire
Into ascending cones which blind ?
Behold, I guard the lonely fire
A-fringing every fleeting wind,

Making it visible awhile
To light the darks of alien
Thoughts which assume, as in a smile,
A splendour yet unknown to men.

I hold love's lantern in the hand
And sentry-wise I dream and wait ;
Gaze in the heart and see me stand
Guarding the quiet ivory gate.

A shadow blushed with secret glows
I move amidst a crowd of those
Who hardly know, and cannot guess
The mysteries that lie unfurled
Within my deeper consciousness
Floated thrice delicately pearled
Above the fringes of the world.

I seldom ever speak a word
Since to my heart it seems absurd
That I should ever speak at all :
And yet, because the lips must speak
Between the dawn and evenfall
I make each word of mine a streak
Revealing some high mountain-peak.

How marvellous the heart hath grown,
Master of Beauty glimpsed alone !
Through many months of solitude
In a still ecstasy withdrawn
Garnering mood on shining mood .
My soul hath passed through hush and gone
Beyond the ever-changing dawn.

Throated with the darkling blue
Of innumerable stars
Trills eternal silence through
Time's dark shadow-built bars.

And I hear it in the deep
Heart that with it sits and sings ;
Heaven is a soaring sleep
Of enchanted fires and wings.

Bend, O sky-drunk spirit, bend
At the shrine of light and shade :
Beauty ever at the end
Is a new beginning made.

Some one told me in my sleep
“ Fool! you know not how to weep”
And these words were uttered half
In a tone which seemed to laugh.

When I counted up the tears
I had shed through bygone years,
Lo, what I had counted up
Was unworthy of your cup!

Molten states of mind
Flowing like a wind
Lightly without stop
O'er a mountain-top.

Then the flesh becomes
Twenty million hums
Of seraphic choirs
Melting into fires ;

And the form is lost,
The dark line is crossed :
All is but one high
Concentrated eye.

Weighted down by daily speech
Lies an inarticulateness
In a manner few may guess,
At a depth that some may reach.

Until through the bitter damp
Of the scooped lonesome darks
The awakened spirit marks
Life's deep blackness with his lamp.

Wrapped in vapourous moods of sleep
Lies the silence, brooding low
On the margin of a glow
Laughing whitely on the deep.

I am gifted with a lonely breath
Which I draw in solitude apart,
Unconcerned with the dim measure of death,
Flowing like a stream above the heart.

Far away, beyond my little self,
Reigns a hush of well-arranged thoughts
On a voiceless level, as on a shelf
Deftly-moulded glimmering honey-pots.

I am brimming inwardly with things
Undiscovered yet by outer sight :
I am flight that soars with folded wings,
I am a dumb hero of the light.

Linger no longer on the dim shore
Of dreams that wheel and vanish in air,
Linger no more, O linger no more
On the verge of the unaware.

The river is flowing crystal and deep,
And the voices of love have dimmed and paled,
And life on the surface is only a sleep
By sombre expectancy veiled.

Waken, O voyager ! where is your oar ?
White-mooded dawn around you flowers ;
Linger no longer on the dim shore
Of lonely unconscious powers.

I wait for nothing now,
Alone I sit and build
Dreams that are old and strange ;
The squirrel on the bough
Is very slowly stilled
To starlight on a range.

That is the way I see :
These eyes take on a sight
Making all solids melt
Into infinity
Washed in a drowsy light
Trembled into a belt.

All that is wild and warm
In nature doth aspire
Suddenly through my mood :
Above dim worlds of form,
Above all breath and fire,
Invisibly I brood.

I stood on vision's darkling ridge
And saw the earth of shadow spin
Like to a mournful tremulous midge
Above the gold-white flower within.

Blinded with centuries of sleep,
Intoxicated with small flight,
It beat its wings along the deep
And troubled the unearthly light,

The light that surges, heaves and rolls,
A wonder-ocean widely foamed
Bearing across the sails of souls
Midge-shadows timed to stars, and homed.

All is unreal . . . Colour dies
Along the margin of the eyes
Leaving behind the memory
Of colour that we cannot see
Kindled in far invisible skies.

The soul is as a womb and gives
A far-off truth to all that lives
Above itself, and slowly draws
Earth-shapes to dark eternal laws
Through flowered and fired fugitives.

All is unreal . . . Music blends
With silence far away, and ends.
The wind blows out the wandering lamp
And leaves the unembodied tramp,
A spirit past the need of friends.

Gaze deep within and you will find
That human breath is but a wind
Blowing across a lightless gap
From mountain-cap to mountain-cap.

Laughter, with all its scarlet stir,
Is but the old interpreter
Of lips that vanish into pale
Dream-hush behind a snow-white veil.

Life is an inn upon the way
Where man must rest a little day,
Before he journeys forth again
Towards higher beauty, higher pain.

Straight as an arrow I am shot
Through purple-quivering air
Towards a distant dreamy dot
On the forehead of last prayer !

And surely I will pierce it through
In one last tremulous hour
When nothing shall remain but blue
High vacancy in flower.

Dreams ! we have lived together
And through all storms prevailed,
Yea ! in the cloudless weather
And when the sun was veiled.

We have not ever altered
Our old decided track
Nor have our footsteps faltered
Even in days grown black.

For we have ever travelled
Upon a steed of light
And easily unravelled
Height after lonely height.

No earthy shadow trammels
Your keen enchanted speeds :
O dreams ! my burning camels !
My goal-enamoured steeds !

Scarlet flower hanging there !
Single redness steeped in prayer !
Round your attitude the air
Blushes into incense-fire ;

Censer filled with leaping wine,
Censer of some far Divine !
Fire blushed along the line
Of heart-pulsings ever higher !

Watching you these eyes take on
A sensation as of dawn
Scarlet-rich and deep-withdrawn
Into the self-dark of the Sire.

I have returned to dreams of old,
I grip the bygone centuries,
The burning plains are molten gold
Which meet the solid sapphire seas.

The drowsy myriad-breasted sails
Ascend like wings and vanish there
Where perilous and drunken gales
Are one with stilly diamond air.

All is a passionate return
Unto the passionless estate :
Behold, how silently I burn
Above tumultuous waves of fate

SEVENTEEN

Harpstrings tingle into wine
On the dim horizon-bend
Quivered to the circling line
Of a cup-rim at the end

Of the feast of time that wins
Memoried dusk from candles blown
And another feast begins
Where the host and guest are one.

Resonances echo wide
Over bare untroubled vasts,
Suddenly on every side
Kindles the white light that lasts

And out-lasts the little feast
Of our hollow human day,
After songs and lamps have ceased
And pale guests have gone away,

What is this eternal urge
Driving me to songs and loves?
Flower O heart! upon the verge
Of the spaces where the doves

Of the stilliest starfires brood,
And where One is drowsing lone
In a giant solitude
Over which no wind has blown.

They have all walked into my breast,
Nurslings of nature, mute or loud,
I seem a parenthood of rest
A-multiplying rose and cloud,

And cleaves the waters into foam
Sobbing along the silent sands,
My heart becomes all nature's home,
I stroke the whole world with my hand.

Sometimes I am at one with things
In such a poignant living way
That all my cells become as wings
Which rise above the fire and clay,

And grow to separate souls that woo
Strange mysteries men cannot guess
And in a molten gold and blue
Of mood become a rich caress.

They have all walked into my heart,
The wave, the wind, the bird, the cloud :
I hold them all in love apart
Above themselves become a crowd.

Give me the lonely roadway
And I will make it sing
Of all heaven become an amethyst
Marriage ring.

I have my songs unnumbered
Milestoning
The silence that is the long roadway
Of what I sing.

I have my dreams unsated
Even though
From fulfilment to fulfilment
Of dreams I go.

Lambently the moods float one by one
Late and soon,
Blushed purpurately by some invisible sun
Wooing a moon.

From where do they come? and where do they go?
None may mark
These winged cloud-seraphs that gleam and glow
Out of the dark.

Lazily in a placid line they sail
Sped by some urge,
Wonder-boats of life behind a veil
On a trembling verge.

Transmuted, the nature of old
Once haunted by shadows grey and chill
Burns like a vision of gold
On the altars of Will.

Exquisitely solemn the heart
Beats to a measure sounded afar,
Each heart-throb happening apart,
Self-rich, is a star.

Memories are as bygone things
Beyond memory burning in space ;
O! what a warm gold aureole rings
The hushed lone face

That is life grown full and reserved
With nothing to waste,
Difficultly gripped and curved
To a sky of unhaste.

Self-mastery is as a feast
Where lamps and musics are increased,
And wines that flow are leaping up
Like growing magic in the cup.

Lonely living self-control
Is the high wedding of the soul,
When cells are bells that calmly chime
The self's eternal mating-time.

Beloved, I am merry-hearted
Being with true music gifted,
The water from the wine has parted
And the pearl from the sand is sifted.

See, my soul is many-sided
Singing, always singing glad, O!
Truth from falsehood is divided,
And the splendour from the shadow.

Glimmers wasted, glories scattered
Have been gripped within and woven :
The grey ball of earth is shattered,
Heaven on some new heaven is cloven.

TWENTY FIVE

Wanderer ! there is an ache in your feet
That never ceases, never tires :
Is it because in your heart silently beat
The brooding and ancient fires ?

They have climbed summits and lonesomely dared
Difficult and winding ways
Moonless and slippery. How calmly you have fared
Through numberless nights and days !

Wanderer ! there is a vestal purity in all
Your movements deep and strange :
Unchangingly the measure in your footfall
Measures time and change.

There is a tree of emerald
Growing out of the dark
Laden with moon-rich fruits
That lamplike mark

Silent air lone-garnering
Shimmers and odours which
Become embodied through man's moods
To images ripe and rich.

Millions of singers have come and gone
And yet I dare to sing ;
It is not the singer that matters at all,
The song is the thing !

The souls of singers must surely bloom
Upon the verge of time,
Again and again, though the lips may change
With changing time.

Mists may gather around a name,
And the flame of song may dim,
But it is enough that singers come
To time-work Him.

To time-work Him who works the stars
So palpitant and white !
God ! I am grateful to you because
I'm one singer of light.

Winds blow, clouds fleet,
Skies are still ;
There is a noon-bare beat
Around you lonely hill.

I am that hill who stand
Centring a plain
Golden-fired, a grand
Shadow-graph of pain.

In every line and curve
I, as it were,
A deep necessity serve
Of the plain that is bare.

My heart is silent, all the words
That once danced on these lips
Grow full of a hush as of birds
When twilight drips

Over the breathless boughs
And over the silver-quivering pool :
My heart has become a drowse
Golden-pale and cool.

Nobody enters the door
Of my heart that is open wide
Upon the Love that ever more
Muses within me, eyed

Like a twilight star beaming above
The little fires of pain,
Of longing, and of love
That is loved in vain.

I am alone. All that I see
Is God immutably expressed
Through this huge solitude of me
Enskied in ancient rest.

Trees are my tongues that will not speak
Revealing the high secret which
Is rooted on a mountain-peak
Within, that gloweth rich.

Bend down, O sky! and slowly curve
Over the beauty I preserve.

Blue distance lies
Between the skies
And these eyes.

And yet I scale
Both rich and pale
Hues that veil

Air a-beamed,
Glinted, gleamed,
Concave-dreamed.

Like a note
See me float
To remote

Realms that shine
Like to wine
Of hyaline.

Distance arcs
Space and marks
Outer darks.

But I climb
Blue, sublime
Timeless time.

Speak not any more to me
If your vision cannot see
The intense white soul I bear
Glistening like morning air.

Do not crave my friendship if
You stand not upon the cliff
Of my thinking, mute and high
That is now at one with sky.

Come not near me if your hand
Cannot touch and understand
That these hands of mine are but
Hands in which glow-fate is shut.

THIRTY THREE

Give me an hour of inward peace
And I can work the full release
Of songs that carry in their words
The impulse of far bodiless birds.

I have a corner in the soul
That holds the wide world in control
And draws from images a bright
And wonder-laden life of light.

My eyes are grapes which swiftly burst
Upon the universe in thirst
And quench the lips that linger there
Where solid nature woos the air.

Give me a little floated hour
And I can gather love and power
Out of whose substance I can mould
World upon world of faery gold.

I am each pair of scarlet lips,
I am each breath, each mind,
I am the fleet of sailing ships
And the beauty left behind.

I am the magical wide rim
Of heavens that assume
The exquisite hushed light of Him
Under a veil of gloom.

There is bright breathing everywhere
Which makes the whole world live,
And eternity in ardent prayer
On the mouth of the fugitive.

Identity is knowledge, and
The quivering twilight star
Appears along an edge of land,
Love's white-shed tear afar.

Everywhere the musics wheel
Fire-like, and the holy psalm
Of star-myriads make appeal
To my depths of listening calm.

There is but a naked height
Of vibration piercing through
Dark extremes of light in light
Farly fringed with limpid blue.

All is ringed with reverie,
Deeps are dancing on the line
That divides myself from me
And the earth from the Divine.

Beauty has no use for use,
But exists alone, apart
In a deep eternal truce
With the inviolate heart.

Fires wander, odours swim
On the verge of idle power
Which proclaims the depths of Him
Blown to a darkling flower.

Beauty comes into her own
Suddenly unveiled to youth :
She is wondrously alone,
Rich with a self-pure truth.

Fire-pale the pulse doth throb and seem
Hint of pure prophecies that climb
Slowly fulfilled from dream to dream
Through changing challenges of time.

For it is certain that we tread
Ascendingly from steep to steep,
All heaven circling round the head
Announcing kingships dark and deep.

Beyond each little guess that grooves
Life and outcastes it from the flame,
The Light in each one dwells and moves
Unshackled by a form and name.

Noonday with its silver glare,
Noontide with its cloudy foam
Floating on a sea of air
That forgets to roam.

Wide across the vast I see
Mine own spirit floated high,
Jewelled immortality
Edged by lonely sky.

Music has renounced its claim,
Hushed are wave and wind and lyre :
I am silence mixed with flame,
Reticence with fire.

Heart ! we have found the level
Of dream unhurrying and slow,
Like to a lake that nothing can dishevel
For no winds blow.

The height on which we linger
The lone day long
Makes me outgrow myself as singer
Into song,

And song outgrow its singing
Into a lull :
The sea remains . . . cancelled is the brief winging
Of the gull.

Dream-ache and spirit-loneliness
Upon the shining silence press
And set vibrations, winged and white,
Birdlike athwart a lake of light.

Millions of silver birds and gold
With plumage fashioned out of cold
And elemental fire, seem
To stir all heaven into dream.

Deep in the being I remain
And watch them floating through a rain
Of emanations, swift yet slow,
Imagery of breaths' a-glow.

FORTY ONE

What hush hath settled down in me ?
What miracle of truth unguessed ?
It seems as though eternity
Had flowered forever in the breast.
I am at rest.

Am I not stilled, beyond a doubt,
Has not my being found release ?
Somebody has been working out
Beauty through agonies that cease.
I am at peace.

Freed from the chains of living
I would live alone and apart,
With a deep and divine forgiving
Of all heaven in the heart ;
The forgiveness of the being
In its god-intensity :
O! for such perfect freeing,
I would that I were free.

Music floats and flowers
On the stilly evening air,—
It has uncanny powers
To work on the unaware :
I listen and feel me slowly
Dissolve to an inner state
Of a silence that is holy,
Lonely and uncreate.

There is no day, no morrow
In a certain depth of the soul
Where beyond all time and sorrow
All men have reached the goal ;
One selfsame destination .
Awaits all men afar :
Heaven is a blue oblation
To stars become one star.

Silver-blushed gold of eventide,
A host of wind-blown palms
Waving against the huge horizon-certitude
Of gathered calms.

There are birds wandering still
And the wind is blowing sharp :
I sit, the whole being dedicated to the evening
Like to a harp.

A part of me slipping behind
The veils of timed clay
Listens to the stars which are the being's notes
Heard far away.

Spirit ! when I look around me
I clearly realise
How the time of earth has bound me
Heart and eyes.

I would silently inherit
Your immeasurable height :
Woo this body into spirit,
Power of light !

Is it not marvellous
That immeasurableness
Holds dot upon dot in its embrace,
Guess upon guess ?

Why should infinity
Condescend at all
To be coloured by the dawn,
Noon and evenfall ?

And yet, it is each dot
That concentratedly
Defines the inner meaning sealed
In infinity.

The years roll by
In a curve of sweep
Along the heart's
Unchanging deep.

One by one
They are come and gone
But the timeless soul
Goes on and on,

Like a voiceless light
That slowly engraves
The ocean's calm
On wandering waves.

The yellow days
And the dark blue nights
Are only the glimpses
Of unseen heights

Catching the glow
Of an inward blush
That is dark with excess
Of its own fire-hush.

The years roll by
And foam on the fringe
Of life that catches
Tinge upon tinge.

Many a moon,
And many a sun :
The years are many,
The soul is one.

No earthly norm or shibboleth
Would I in life or mood express :
My breath leaps forth to meet your breath,
Exquisite Everlastingness !

See ! I have made a fane of me
At which I kindle to your name
Pale incense wreaths of memory
That pass, and leave the living flame.

Even from wandering beauty freed
I dream within and cease to roam :
My soul hath ever been decreed
To be alone without a home,

Stilled at the centre, where the feel
Of busy life is known to dim
Into the image of a wheel
Distantly rolling towards Him,

A chariot-wheel immense, and timed
To some far measure heard in sleep :
Still at the centre, I have climbed,
Wheel-wise, the dark and lonely steep.

FORTY EIGHT

Unfathomable is the spirit's law
That bends all nature to its naked will
And fills all human pain with heavenly awe
Until it is a star
In lone self-realisation burning there
Above the crooked hill
Of fate that stands against the spirit's sapphire air.

A diamond-breasted eagle soaring high
Above the darkling worlds of sin and hate,
All heaven concentrated in its eye
Fixed wide and lone and far
Gripping the universe in ruby claws
That tear the darkness, deep and full and late,
Into rich chasms of dawn-painted pause.

Life is a very ancient feast,
A feast of many lamps
Which shall be shared only by lonely
Travellers and tramps,

Only those who have but empty hands
And whose feet know not rest,
But whose eyes are richer than scarlet flowers
And hearts full of quest.

For they shall be calm witnesses
Of far enchanted sights,
True masters of crowded loneliness
Caressing depths and heights.

And they shall tread long ways and come
To this old old feast of lamps,
These uncrowned kingly guests, these lone
Travellers and tramps.

There is a sudden door
Opened wide above :
Life looks for love no more
Since life itself grows love.

And all that once appeared
Difficult to hold
Becomes warm and endeared,
The copper earth, gold.

Somebody opens wide
Doors unopened yet :
Worlds and beings inside
The deep heart have met.

Soul, we are not concerned
Whether it be light or gloam,
Whether trees are still in bloom
Or the ravens still roam ;
We have returned
To our old forgotten home,
We share one silent room.

Let millions of small lights
Twinkle and flare on the deep,
And the musics die in space :
But we are full of sleep,
A sleep that wakens the heights
Where life forgets to weep
And we come face to face.

Comrade on the way !
What is there to say
Except that we have known
What it is to be alone ?

Together we have sped
Through white dawns and red,
Through blue eves and black
On a straight long track.

In the regions mute
We twain have played one flute
And in the silent soul
Sought one far goal.

For each one is a tramp
When once he finds the lamp,
When once he finds the reed
Through which the song is freed.

But until then he must
Wander from dust to dust
And surely come at last
Face to face with the vast.

Mystery afar !
All your changing folds
Gathered up and held
By a brooch of star,
How your silence moulds,
Marvellously spelled
In all nature nude,
Delicately belled
Vanishing eve-golds
And blue solitude. .

I have watched your ways
All my life and known
Miracles of you
Working through my days ;
Dumbnesses of stone,
Dimnesses of dew
Hover giant-wise,
And each tender hue
Is an undertone
Of all-seeing Eyes.

Mystery entire
Of the being and mind !
Mystery supreme !
Shadow mixed with fire !
You have left behind
Dream on fading dream,
And yet ever fresh
With new powers you seem,
Contraries combined,
Spirit one with flesh !

When I look at you O pink
Oleander on the tree,
In my deepest heart I think
That you are one flame in me.

And, indeed, you are, sweet flower !
My eternity that breaks
Into hour on flowing hour,
Into colour slowly aches,

Aches and flowers and dies again
Leaving but a memoried mark :
Beauty born out of my pain !
Touch of colour in my dark !

Whistle no more through the crevices
Of dark-browed crags and jut
Deathily out upon the naked silence
Where mysteries are shut.

O wind of the world who blow and wander
Hither and thither, seeking refuge where
The silvers of storm-moons crash and shiver,
Refrain, for you will not find it there.

Over the edge of the deep and dreamy abyss
Fold your wings and rest,
O wild, wide-winged, wandering wind invited
By the dark blue sky as guest.

Twilights have gathered in
And the stars come out like words :
Gradually begin
The after-musics of birds ;

These after-musics are rife
With a deeper fuller note
Than the little musics of life
Born out of harp or throat.

Yea, they are drowsy and deep
And scatter no more abroad :
For after music comes sleep
And sleep is the music of God.

The crescent is swung like a cradle
Yonder in space,
I hear an Infant's crying
But I cannot see its face.

○ what a mystical depth of night
And ○ what a magical gloom !
What parenthoods of dark are these,
○ Silence of space ! ○ Womb ?

Colours meet and mate
And quietly dwell,—
Eternity's own bridal state
In a shell.

Voicelessly they blend
Unseen, unknown,
Evening's own colourful end
In a stone.

Colour brings me news
Of the hidden One
In whom all hues
Are quenched and done.

Suddenly all sound
Vanishes in space,
I am crystal-bound
As in a case.

As a butterfly
White-glow-spelled
In a globe of sky
My soul is held.

Centre, sudden-stilled,
Deep inside,
Solitary-willed,
Sparkle-eyed.

Suddenly all noise
Grows a vision, nude
In a stainless poise,
Fraught with solitude.

Passionlessly, we tread a passionless sky,
My silent soul and I,
Who have, as through a miracle, outgrown
The need for kindly friends ;
We have put on all heaven like a dress,
And now all shadow ends,
While loneliness which was so very alone
Forgets itself in deeper loneliness.

The suns which difficultly climb the air
Are sandals that we wear
Lightly and goldenly, and travel straight
Towards the far-set goal ;
Each miracle of rainbow is as a frill
Encircling us, my soul !
Ah where is there reality in fate
When once we learn the marvel of the will ?

Bird behind the bars !
Do you miss the stars ?
Or does the starry blue
 Miss you ?

Soul behind the years !
In your cage of tears !
Some One in the blue
 Calls you.

It is the birthday of the Soul,
Undiscovered suns and moons
Are dangling in upper air
Like miracled festoons.

Clouds are going in procession,
Elephants carven in dusk,
Crescent on crescent of ivory gleams,
Tusk upon viewless tusk.

In the deserts, without moving
Camels that seem so still
Are part of the solitary procession,
Hill upon naked hill.

Rose-majesties of sundawns, and amber
Hush of eves, and night amethysts,
All these are being borne as secret gifts
Under embroidered cloths of mists.

Time, who is robed in the moods of men
Is leading, through pathways dim,
His host of hours which are only
The flaming seraphim.

Behind the light-caparisoned elephants of shadow,
Behind the shadow-saddled sheen,
I follow quietly, very quietly,
One of the procession, unseen.

SIXTY THREE

Life is a mystery
Tangled, dark and deep :
Man tries to solve it
Half-awake, half-asleep.

Under a shroud of death
Life, in a hood
Of sad and dim and pitiful dreams,
Walks in solitude.

Nobody shall ever guess
Life, until he knows
That death itself is only a part
Of its rich repose.

I have flung myself down on the naked beach
Of time, in silence, to count each
Wave of the sea beyond my reach.
I do not care, I ask not why,
I am content that the ocean is nigh
And that overhead is the calm blue sky.

I have crossed the shadow-bridge
Of earth, and now I stand
Alone upon the lambent ridge
With the sun in my hand
Trembling like a golden midge.

Friends have vanished one by one
Into bodiless fires
That are livingly begun
On the other side of desires
Where each soul burneth like a sun.

All my longings have grown mute
In an excess of calm ;
I hold life like a ruddy fruit
Upon my glowing palm,
While pain I have plucked flower and root.

O what a growing sense of height
Keeps haunting me all day
Rising to purples, all the night,
Of kingships far away
That I foresee with deeper sight.

Lo, I have garnered, year by year,
The truth behind the veil,
Each orb in heaven is but a tear
I shed from eyelids pale
In states when I become a seer.

Grey-blue shadows cross the grave
Through the eve continually,
Life is but a flowing wave
That contains the hidden sea.

Just a last bird's silver trill
And its echo is the moon,
Then the world is deep and still
And each spirit is a swoon ;

Yea, each soul is as a sleep
Melted into wakening moods
Of the immeasurable deep
Where the dark Eternal broods.

Green-grey shadows cross the grave
As old memories, the mind,
Human breath is nothing, save
An eternal moon-swept wind.

Rain-mist on a stream,
The hues forget to play
Sky-melodies of gleam ;
Beyond, above the grey
A virgin moon of dream
Looks down and goes her way.

Changing vapours roll
There, in the valleys deep
Where twilight bears a bowl
Brimming with nether sleep,
The naked moon of soul
Goes climbing up the steep.

Clouds are misty flowers
Floating athwart the spheres,
And watered by dim hours
Unburdened of their tears ;
A burning moon of powers
Moves, cleaving through the years.

I stand upon a ridge
Of inwardness, where pale moons glow ;
From there I see a bridge
Over which strange hollow shadows come and go.

Shadows moving slow
Against a giant moth-hush named the sky ;
Waves of an empty woe,
Helpless vibrations of some unknown cry.

They are passing by,
Fate's dusky hostages who hardly know
Why they come, and why
Or where, towards what destiny, they go.

Ocean! I margin thee, a shadowless interminable
beach,
The souls of men go treading over me beyond
their own dim preconceived reach.

Unruffled rolls the tide of thine exceeding grace
and whispers deep,
Secrets of depths unfathomable-wide, thy conscious
measures strike against my sleep.

No voyage-stir, no gale, no voices in excitement
calling more,
No change of weather in the sky, no sail, upon the
rhythmic waters, and—no shore!

Circles of flame and molten sweeps
Of shadows brimmed with inward blaze ;
Throughout creation's waking sleeps
Eternity and dreams of days.

Bright yellow are the climbing glows,
The zeniths blushed to rubied rounds
Of some self-garnered high repose
Reflecting diamond profounds.

A gaudy carnival begins
In every atom born of space :
How like a lonely lustre spins
This drunken moment of thy grace

When everything through me absorbs
An ecstasy time may not plumb,
And everywhere invisible orbs
Are kindled at thy feast to come.

SEVENTY ONE

Whistle no more on the other side
Of the listening orchard wall,
But come, O come into the wide
Silence of even-fall

My bird of the starry throat !

The fruits are imageries of drowse
Grown ripe under inner rays
And O, the heavenward stretching boughs :
Come, bird of departed days !

For the moony mists are a-float.

The earth's grey bosom hath held its breath
And the sky with rapture is rife,
And the instant now is like unto death
In love with eternal life,

Bird of high dreams remote !

Anchored in a sea of rest
The boat of shadow seems
A picture of fulfilled quest
At the other end of dreams.

Above a fire-cloud gathers high
In self-resplendence hung :
It seems as though the watching sky
Spoke some prophetic tongue.

Not the least breath of air a-stirred
Moves through the magic blush
While time goes by, an ocean-bird,
The very soul of hush.

They have arranged themselves in rows,
Fires which were once a-whirl,
O what a winged wide repose
Of amethyst and pearl!

Frail mountain lovers, clouds of eve,
Bordered with seraph hues
Tremble under a giant heave
Of music-mated dews.

All is a miracled suspense
Of flames and winds become
A harmony, in whose intense
Vibration time grows dumb.

Nature resolves into a dot :
Its blue infinities
Of sky become a bridal spot
On brows of timeless ease.

A giant vacancy, forgives
The memory of flux,
And from the loveliness that lives
Upon the surface, plucks

A fruit of essence hanging far
On loughs of melting peace,
Against a heaven where every star
In a self-trance doth cease.

And naught remains but huge repose,
A vibrant static whirl
Of living unembodied glows
Fleece-amethyst and pearl.

True beauty need not prove
Itself, except through pure simplicities ;
Beloved, I have seen it breathe and move
Like to a cloud of life over the seas

Of ruffled hours, its lonely tide expressed
But through a heaveless heave of perfect rest.

The lights are lit beyond,
The haven is a dream of ebon-gold
Sprung into sight under a magic wand
Of beauty that is ever new, though old,

Across the depths of liquid light afloat
I move, the bodiless memory of a boat.

Worm crawling over a stone !
Holy image frail yet free,
Pale streak of some far monotone
Of forgotten memory.

While I watch you slowly stir
Over the grey dim stone, I seem
To recognise you, traveller
Of lost eternal dream !

My swift vision, through you slowed
To a weak strange tread, begins to reach
The selfsame point at the end of the road
We take, each conscious of each.

What are those pale white herons doing
On the other side of my dream ?
Their eyes are fixed on a point in the horizon
A huge time-emptiness which, it would seem,
Some one is using to create a gleam.

The orbs are veiled in mists that slowly moving
Reveal intense fire-eyeballs hung
Beneath effulgent lids which droop a-drowsing
In a wide trance wherein strange tongue on tongue
Of prophet visions glide from vast outflung.

Under the multitudinous silence heaving
Of skies that evade the sight,
Delicate-plumed shadowy creatures linger
Along the margined nothingness of light
Carven half of day and half of night.

I am waiting, waiting
On the verge of death
For the life that breathes a golden
Death.

I can almost tremble
Under the pure weight
Of this release that hath outcasted
Fate.

Close upon my bosom
Set your ear and lo !
You will hear a deeply singing
Glow.

Hours are birds a-flying
Out across the deep,
And outer life becomes a hollow
Sleep.

I have nothing, nothing
Now to do with vain
Hopes and longings, motherhoods of
Pain.

I am waiting, waiting
For what, none may guess.
I ask " Have you come ? " Light answers
" Yes ! "

SEVENTY EIGHT

Quenched at last of drouth
Himself a drunken wave
He sits at the grey mouth
Of the unknown cave ;

The suns set not there
Nor do moons climb
For the Master of air
Has withdrawn time.

Throbless, dark-ensphered
Is the cave wherein
Space grows weird
And pale and thin.

Nobody's footfall
Enters it again :
Not one bird's call
Nor the noise of rain.

Golden hush doth drape
His body and limb :
Rhythms taking shape
Dance through him.

Shadowily they move, the mobled hours
Trailing a garment-hem
Of essences drawn from the naked flowers
Of human breath ; I gaze on them
And let them pass.

My thoughts go out and march in shrouded rows
Of humming silver-gold before mine eyes ;
Bodiless images of deep repose
Sandalled in moons, pale-drawn from other skies
Caught in His glass.

Moods go treading lonesome ways,
Muffled bells are tinkling where
Vacancy doth woo delays
Of dim star-unmarried air.

Naught of shadow may intrude
With its trembling hues on this
High unpeopled solitude
Breathing of strange ambergris.

Kindled altars float above
The blind worshippers who bend
While their worship veils thy love,
Leaves thee stranger in the end.

The voyagers have awakened
And the voyage long deferred
 Begins ;
A bird sails over the waters,
And a moon that speeds and spins
 Sails over the bird.

The winds are breaths a-blowing
From the depths of bosomed space
 Above ; .
My soul sails over the ocean
Urged inwardly by the love
 Of a secret Face.

Horizon raceth horizon
While the orbs are sounded like bells
 Of dream :
God is a vibrant Nothing
Intoxicate with supreme
 Trance-parallels.

Straight lines are wooing circles
That lonelily skyward reel,
All is a sudden imagery
Of the road and the wheel.

Earth will not rest until
Its rondure measures all space ;
O charioteer of eternal ways !
Reveal thy face.

What reticence holds and saves
The rolling rhythms in me?
See how I master the waves
And challenge the sea.

The sun is as pale as the moon
And the moon is fired like the sun :
The burning eyes of the visionary
And the ocean-pearls are one.

By the slow aid
Of my soul's expansion
See, I have built yon noontday cloud
Into a mansion

Mighty and proud,
Floated through lonely
Hollows of azure where my soul dwells
With you only.

Round it blooms
A yellow-ray-garden
Where a vigilant silence of blinding silver
Is the sole warden.

The whirled wide rings
Of planet on planet
In their speed of drunken splendour
Fire and fan it.

The eternal girth
Has made its centre
In each inch of that gardened hollow
Where none may enter.

Except you and I
Who are as one tidal
Heave of the floated spaces, bloomed ocean
Sky-wooded, grown bridal.

I saw time
From the heart of a tree,
It seemed a slow
Eternity.

I felt time
From the depths of a stone,
It seemed a swimming
Sea without tone.

I saw time
From the breast of a fly,
It was only a carnival
Floating by.

EIGHTY SIX

Evening is an old grey woman
Walking on strange blue ways
Bearing upon her aged back the sombre sack
Of faded days.

Where is she going? Slowly, slowly
Out of her dream-shod tread
Under her naked drowsy feet I sense the sweet
Music of red

Breaking like to an urgent rose-hush
Along the verge of dim
Self-forgetfulness and sleep, the cyclic-deep
Fire-ache of Him.

Fixed in my heaven is the sun,
Space has become a shining blank.
The boat is tied, the voyage done,
My helmsman sleeps upon the bank.

The river is a mirrored breath
Blue with a depth that seems to sing
Of life who throws the stone of death
Into it stirring ring on ring.

A golden fire melting through
The river seems to wake in it
The highborn spirit of the blue
Arrival of the Infinite.

Now on the homeward way
A great light comes to me,
There is hardly more to say
And hardly more to see.

For in that light abides
Thy shoreless ocean-form
In whom our souls are tides
Estranged from brooding storm.

So deep, so very deep
Becomes the heart that lo!
All life becomes the sleep
Of an awakened glow.

That beam of light that breaks
Between the boughs and seems
A golden-laddered mood
Within the deep heart wakes
A climbing host of dreams
Seeking their starrthood.

Upon the branches rest
Birds that are winged repose
Which dews of twilight gem :
And hidden in my breast
Is the god-nectarous rose
Whose shadow falls on them.

The soft grey eventide
Floats from a vast nowhere
To some nowhere as vast :
My inner hush is dyed
With evening-coloured air
By mirrored aeons glassed.

Within thee I remain
With no more darks to cross :
I count each loss as gain,
Each gain as loss.

Be the way smooth or rough,
My lonely travel's done :
For me it is enough
That my feet and the goal are one.

And now the knowledge ripes,
Fire is the tongue of clay :
The tiger's flaming stripes
Converse with me to-day.

The mystery which seemed
Unsolvable and hard
Is touched and known and dreamed
By some unpublished bard,

Whose songs are very plain,
Whose depths are crystal-clear :
The vision dawns again
Upon the lonely seer.

All creatures on their tracks
Are the Light's moving darks :
Behold upon their backs
Dim-barred colour-marks.

The self-imprisoned One
Fulfils the sentence yet,
Behind the blinding sun
That captive we forget.

A shadow veiled in shade
He serves His sentence out,
Behind the prisons made
By us of greed and doubt

Without complaint, alack !
Prisoned from age to age :
The stripes upon His back,
The dim bars of His cage !

And now the knowledge ripes,
Vanish the warder-stars :
Behold, the tiger-stripes,
Observe the zebra-bars !

Drums
Are throbbing through the air ;
The naked yet flame-garmented Aware
Comes.

Grieve
No more. From sorrow waken !
Be certain that of you old death has taken
Leave.

Be
Certain that your soul's star
Has risen never to set, and that you are
Free.

Pipes
Sound His coming in this hour :
Into a fruit love that was but a flower
Ripes.

NINETY THREE

Every drop of rain or dew
Is to me a liquid eye
Delicately coming through
From a greyly-lidded sky.

Flowering earth is what it sees,
Clay in colour, what it knows.
What previsioned centuries
Through a drop creates the rose.

Falling dew and falling rain,
Prophet-hearted, silver-slow ;
What high intellect or brain
Can divine the truths they know ?

Every drop of rain or dew
Is to me a liquid gaze
That already sights the blue
Of the earth in blossomed blaze.

The colour of the sky is grave,
And full of new-born mystery ;
Suddenly I have become a wave
Bearing the ocean's mystery.

Measures unheard by me before
Resound in space full-throated now ;
Dwindles the outline of the shore
Bodiless sails are floated now.

Winghood is heaving on the verge
Of placid seas which heave no more.
He hath surpassed creation's urge,
He breaks to dawn and eve no more !

Do you think it is a little thing
To the universe when a delicate pair
Of birdlegs grip the bough and swing
Stirring rhythms in air?

Do you in the deepest heart believe
That it is of little consequence
When a blind bat wanders through the eve
Like a darkly-wandering sense?

Can the giant universe avoid
The widening circles of a thought,
One centre of Him which has enjoyed
Thrilled matings with the naught?

When any two things meet
Whether in sea or in air,
Surely, Beloved ! our feet
Travel-worn, rest there.

All is a movement towards
The final mating of light ;
We meet in blooms and birds,
In fixity . . . flight.

Not one moon may seek
The ever-distant sun,
Without our souls to speak
Space and cycles, sweet One !

The boughs are no more tortured
With winds that ruffle time,
Fruit-warmth starts in my orchard,
See how the gold fruits climb !

Lanterns lit at the vestal
Shrine of a vision chaste,
And the whole air is a festal
Feeling of inner taste

There comes the being slowly
To pluck the fruits of light ;
That form is such a holy
Excessive flame of white !

The glow that it sheds makes duller
The shining fruits on the bough,
How suddenly mad colour
Hath taken the hueless vow.

Breathe slowly, the air is rife
With an intense white breath
That is waiting to start new life
In the sleeping vales of death.

Eagles have fallen asleep
And their wide gold wings are furled
Each in a dream of the deep
Becomes a tranquil world.

The haste and the hurry of things
Are swiftly passing by :
At last the wandering wings
Are lured no more by the sky.

The coloured hush is like to speech
Holding a background of white hush ;
Life is a boat whereby I reach
Towards some last horizon-flush
Which deepens in a while
Slowly, very slowly,
Into a myriad smile
Of god-fires holy.

Each thought becomes a steady oar
Cleaving the waters full and large,
My voyage done from shore to shore
I seek the far invisible marge
Of heaven that is boundless,
And spaces without verge,
Since into wide and soundless
Circles of truth I merge.

I have outsailed the boundary line
Of light and shadow blended pale,
The rolling waters change to wine
Around my glowing tranquil sail ;
I have no other choice
Left to me than to measure
The silence with my voice
Gifted with singing leisure.

*Deep dark well, remain
Tranquil and grow richer
Through Tranquillity
I will come again
With my singing pitcher
In humility,
And around its dipping
Feel the circles slipping
Into heavens which listen
Where He sits to listen.*

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ERRATA

FOR :

READ :

TWENTY NINE—Stanza 1, line 4 :

“ Around you lonely hill ”

“ Around yon lonely hill ”

FIFTY SIX—Stanza, 1, line 2 :

“ Of dark-browed crags and jut ”

“ Of dark-browed crags that jut ”

EIGHTY THREE—Stanza 1, line 2 :

“ That lonelily skyward reel ”

“ That lonely skyward reel ”

NINETY FIVE—Stanza 1, line 4 :

“ Bearing the ocean’s mystery ”

“ Bearing the ocean’s history ”

LAST POEM—Line 9 :

“ Into heavens which listen ”

“ Into heavens which glisten ”

