

Often a single shaft of light escapes
The grey low fall, and goes along the vale,
And grows, and heals, and gives life to the pale
Earth, till all thick trees and hilly shapes
Are sun-splendid; and even the breath that brings
High-vaulting blue and cloud-flecks pearly white
Moves but calm eddies in a flood of light,
And stirs the secret gloss on quivering wings.

So Truth is seen; - a dark imprisoned ray,
That wakes the slumbering crystal in a pool;
Then throned upon the bosom of infinite Day,
Intent, alone, immeasurable, cool
Like a tall peak with marble face, as low
To kiss the windless heavens with naked snow.

Dedicated to

R.T. & M.T.

April 3, 1914

