

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΒ

DUST-DEVILS

In the wind of the mind arises the turbulence²¹
called I.

It breaks ; down shower the barren thoughts.
All life is choked.

This desert is the Abyss wherein is the Uni-
verse. The Stars are but thistles in that
waste.

Yet this desert is but one spot accursed in a
world of bliss.

Now and again Travellers cross the desert ;
they come from the Great Sea, and to the
Great Sea they go.

As they go they spill water ; one day they will
irrigate the desert, till it flower.

See ! five footprints of a Camel ! V. V. V. V. V.