

## THE NAME.

SACRED, between the serpent fangs of Pain,  
Ringed by the vortex of the hurricane,  
Lurks the abyss of fate: the gloomy cave,  
Sullen as night, and sleepy as a wave  
When tempest lowers and dare not strike, gapes wide,  
Vomiting pestilence; the deadly bride  
Of death, Despair, grins charnel-wise: the gate  
Of Hope clangs resonant: and starless Fate  
Glowers like a demon brooding over death.  
Monstrous and mute, the slow resurgent breath  
Spreads forth its poison: the pale child at play  
Coughs in his gutter; the hard slave of day  
Groans once and dies: the sickly spouse can feel  
The cold touch kill the unborn child, and steal  
Up to her broken heart: the pale hours hang  
Like death upon the aged: the days clang  
Like prison portals on the folk of day.  
Yet for the children of the night they play  
Like fountains in the moonlight: for the few,  
The sorrowful, sweet faces of the dew,  
The laughter-loving daughters of the dawn,  
Whose moving feet make tremble all the lawn

From Hesper to the break of rose and gold,  
Where Heaven's petals in the East unfold  
The awful flower of morning: for the folk  
Bound in one single patient love, a yoke  
Too light for fairy fingers to have woven,  
Too strong for mere archangels to have cloven  
With adamantine blades from the armoury  
Of the amazing forges of the sea:  
The folk that follow with undaunted mein  
The utmost beauty that their eyes have seen—  
O patient sufferers! yet your storm-scarred brows  
Burn with the star of majesty: your vows  
Have given you the wisdom and the power  
To weld eternities within one hour,  
To bind and braid the North wind's serpent hair,  
And track the East wind to his mighty lair  
Even in the caverns of the womb of dawn;  
To take the South wind and his fire withdrawn  
And clothe him with your kiss; to seize the West  
In his gold palace where the sea-winds rest,  
And hurl him ravening on the breaking foam;  
To find the Spirit in his glimmering home  
And draw his secret from unwilling lips;  
To master earthquake, and the dread eclipse;  
To dominate the red volcanic rage;  
To quench the whirlpool, conquering war to wage  
Against all gods not wholly made as ye,  
O patient, and O marvellous! I see,  
I see before me an archangel stand,  
Whose flaming scimitar, a triple brand,

Quivers before him, whose vast eyebrows bend,  
A million comets : for his locks extend  
A million flashing terrors : on his breast  
He bears a mightier cuirass : for his vest  
All heaven blazes : for his brows a crown  
Roars into the abyss : his mighty frown  
Quells many an universe and many an age—  
Yea, many eternities ! His nostrils rage  
With fire and fury, and his feet are shod  
With all the splendours of the avenging God.  
I see him and I tremble ! But my hand  
Still flings its gesture of supreme command  
Upwards ; my voice still dares to tongue the word  
That hell and chaos and destruction heard  
And ruined, shrieking ! yea, my strong voice rolls,  
That martyr-cry of many slaughtered souls,  
Utterly potent both to bless and ban—  
I, I command thee in the name of Man !  
He trembled then. And far in thunder rolled  
Through countless ages, through the infinite gold  
Beyond existence, grew that master-sound  
Into the rent and agonized profound,  
Till even the Highest heard me : and He said,  
As one who speaks alone among men dead :  
“ Behold, he rules as I the abyss of flame.  
For lo ! he knoweth, and hath said, My Name ! ”