

## THE QUEST.

APART, immutable, unseen,  
Being, before itself had been,  
Became. Like dew a triple queen  
    Shone as the void uncovered :  
The silence of deep height was drawn  
A veil across the silver dawn  
    On holy wings that hovered.

The music of three thoughts became  
The beauty, that is one white flame,  
The justice that surpasses shame,  
    The victory, the splendour,  
The sacred fountain that is whirled  
From depths beyond that older world  
    A new world to engender.

The kingdom is extended. Night  
Dwells, and I contemplate the sight  
That is not seeing, but the light  
    That secretly is kindled,  
Though oft time its most holy fire  
    Lacks oil, whene'er my own Desire  
Before desire has dwindled.

I see the thin web binding me  
With thirteen cords of unity  
Toward the calm centre of the sea.

(O thou supernal mother!)

The triple light my path divides  
To twain and fifty sudden sides  
Each perfect as each other.

Now backwards, inwards still my mind  
Must track the intangible and blind,  
And seeking, shall securely find  
Hidden in secret places  
Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,  
New life for many mystic lives,  
And strange new forms and faces.

My mind still searches, and attains  
By many days and many pains  
To That which Is and Was and reigns  
Shadowed in four and ten,  
And loses self in sacred lands,  
And cries and quickens, and understands  
Beyond the first Amen.

## THE NEOPHYTE.

**T**O-NIGHT I tread the unsubstantial way  
That looms before me, as the thundering night  
Falls on the ocean: I must stop, and pray  
One little prayer, and then—what bitter fight  
Flames at the end beyond the darkling goal?  
These are my passions that my feet must tread;  
This is my sword, the fervour of my soul;  
This is my Will, the crown upon my head.  
For see! the darkness beckons: I have gone,  
Before this terrible hour, towards the gloom,  
Braved the wild dragon, called the tiger on  
With whirling cries of pride, sought out the tomb  
Where lurking vampires batted, and my steel  
Has wrought its splendour through the gates of death.  
My courage did not falter: now I feel  
My heart beat wave-wise, and my throat catch breath  
As if I choked; some horror creeps between  
The spirit of my will and its desire,  
Some just reluctance to the Great Unseen  
That coils its nameless terrors, and its dire  
Fear round my heart; a devil cold as ice  
Breathes somewhere, for I feel his shudder take

My veins : some deadlier asp or cockatrice  
Slimes in my senses : I am half awake,  
Half automatic, as I move along  
Wrapped in a cloud of blackness deep as hell,  
Hearing afar some half-forgotten song  
As of disruption ; yet strange glories dwell  
Above my head, as if a sword of light,  
Rayed of the very Dawn, would strike within  
The limitations of this deadly night  
That folds me for the sign of death and sin—  
O Light! descend! My feet move vaguely on  
In this amazing darkness, in the gloom  
That I can touch with trembling sense. There shone  
Once, in my misty memory, in the womb  
Of some unformulated thought, the flame  
And smoke of mighty pillars ; yet my mind  
Is clouded with the horror of this same  
Path of the wise men : for my soul is blind  
Yet : and the foemen I have never feared  
I could not see (if such should cross the way),  
And therefore I am strange : my soul is seared  
With desolation of the blinding day  
I have come out from : yes, that fearful light  
Was not the Sun : my life has been the death,  
This death may be the life : my spirit sight  
Knows that at last, at least. My doubtful breath  
Is breathing in a nobler air ; I know,  
I know it in my soul, despite of this,  
The clinging darkness of the Long Ago,  
Cruel as death, and closer than a kiss,

This horror of great darkness. I am come  
Into this darkness to attain the light :  
To gain my voice I make myself as dumb :  
That I may see I close my outer sight :  
So, I am here. My brows are bent in prayer ;  
I kneel already in the Gates of Dawn ;  
And I am come, albeit unaware,  
To the deep sanctuary : my hope is drawn  
From wells profounder than the very sea.  
Yea, I am come, where least I guessed it so,  
Into the very Presence of the Three  
That Are beyond all Gods. And now I know  
What spiritual Light is drawing me  
Up to its stooping splendour. In my soul  
I feel the Spring, the all-devouring Dawn,  
Rush with my Rising. There, beyond the goal,  
The Veil is rent !

Yes: let the veil be drawn.

“THE ROSE AND THE CROSS.”

OUT of the seething cauldron of my woes,  
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung;  
Where charmed music gathered from my tongue,  
And where I chained strange archipelagoes  
Of fallen stars; where fiery passion flows  
A curious bitumen; where among  
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung  
Of perfect love: thence grew the Mystic Rose.

Its myriad petals of divided light;  
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald;  
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight  
I lifted up my heart to God and called:  
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire?  
And lo! there shaped itself the Cross of Fire!