

UT
To Allen Bennett

I

HAIL to the golden One
Seen in the midmost Sun!
Hail to the golden beard and golden lips,
His whole life golden to the finger-tips!
Hail to the golden hair in golden showers
Hiding the eyes like blue blue lotus-flowers!
His name is Ut, for He
Hath risen above all things that be.

II

Ardent and white, the Lord
Whirls forth a strident sword.
Its blade is broader than the great World-Ash;
Its edge is keener than the lightning-flash.
Brighter than all the lights of heaven, it whirls
Out in a chaos of creative curls
And sheathes itself in Me,
Arisen above all things that be.

III

Even as the burning tongue
Of God to God that clung
Dissolved His being to a nameless naught,
Brake all the wings and waves of time and thought,
So in the quivering flame that hurled
Its founts of life to the remotest world
Supreme stood Death, and sware
Destruction to all things that were!

IV

Child, father, warrior,
I worshipped Thee before ;
Friend, bridegroom, now I yield me to the rod.
My God, and very God of very God
As breath, as death, as all, as naught, unknown,
Known, is there not an end, when one alone
Stand I, and thou, and He
Arisen above all things that be ?