

A Riddle

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How came it that you veiled your naked splendor
 In flesh so amber rich, so amber rare,
 Hilarion? For aethyr, fire, and air,
No grosser elements, in sage surrender
Woven, conspired to clothe thee, lithe and tender,
 Supple and passionate, a web of air
 Through which the essential glory flames so fair
That — O, my soul, thou canst not comprehend her!

Was it that only so this soul might pass
Beyond its bonds? That in the wizard's glass
 Creation, it might learn to look upon
The face of its creator, eye to eye,
— For he that gazeth upon God shall die —
 I see thee, and I live, Hilarion!