

Visions

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Heal thou my spirit, Sister of the Sun!
Sore wounded by the tusks of the boar Life,
Hurt by mine own spear in the sacred strife,
From five great gashes see the black blood run!
Mocked in my purple, scourged and spat upon,
Hither I bore my cross — the Hill uprears
Its skull-dome to the storm. They are not tears
That clot upon my cheek, Hilarion!

I gave mine spirit up into thine hands.
Still on that mountain of the Lord there stands
My crucifix. Four suns revolving roll
About my central sphere of radiance —
Oh miracle of thy one golden glance,
And honey of thy kisses in my soul!