

THE CHURCH

(FOR A PICTURE)

To Oscar Levy

THERE is a tremor in the broken word,
The dark is luminous with demon-wings;
Yell upon clamorous yell insistent springs
From tortured angels to their doom hot-spurred,
From their wide fane from darkness disinterred,
Whose atmosphere is blinding sweat that clings
About the weary brows of priests and kings,
Turning to blood when'er their hearts are stirred.

O artist, vain thy dream! no more shall rise
From out this blackness life, till life be passed
Below the Kingdom: turn away thine eyes
Lest madness and despair should grip thee. Fast
And pray and sleep and watch; no thought may
come
From this vision; for this night is dumb.