

THE DEDICATION

THE BLIND STAR

BY the years that the locust hath eaten,
By the desert behind and before,
By the soul that is baffled and beaten,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the way that leads nowhere in heaven,
By the feet that are bleeding and sore,
By the soul that is sick and bereaven,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the sign that is black and forbidden,
By the word that is uttered no more,
By the root of the world that is hidden,
I give you my songs: I adore.

By the fourfold and manifold blunder,
By the might of the Virginal Whore,
By the light hidden under the thunder,
I give you my songs: I adore.