

BETWEEN THE SPHERES.

Still warm from the earth, the whirling earth, I sing;  
Widely-expanded, in ether I wander in awe;  
Drops of light, dazzling, around me I fling  
As I turn. I am near the hidden heart of the Law.

The passing from Earth, to Earth, my home, seems  
ah!  
So far in the darkness: scarce know I nor that I  
dwelt  
Below, with fevered brow, in that whirling star.  
I watch it—an emerald stone in the sun's wide belt.

And lips touch my hair—strange lips, unhuman and  
soft:  
I am among the ones I knew . . . I would sleep  
. . . I would sleep.  
No pain I know . . . now . . . but I feel  
that oft  
I could laugh and laugh . . . and then I cannot  
. . . I weep.

I have forgotten . . . I am afraid . . . A voice  
calls to me from the wide.  
. . . I cannot stir . . . What is it I fear?  
. . . The sphere widens: here is one I know.  
He takes me forth gently . . . I am by his side.  
Together we will seek . . . It is over . . .  
let us go.