

## OSIRIS

*To Edward Scott*

**T**HE far-stretched glamour and the hot-strung pain  
Are tightly drawn as life grows wide again,  
A murmured sigh shakes the green boughs of spring,  
As wide the gates are flung, grows tense the string.

Awake, Osiris! For the day is born  
Through the wide portals with the vine and corn:  
The mystic Mother spreads her arms as wide  
As the green sea holds the relentless tide.

Oh wake! and give again the old regret,  
Thou that betwixt the breasts of day art set.  
Osiris, O our Chosen, O our King,  
Again from thy bright eyes is born the spring.

Again, O agony! the chord is strung,  
Ah! tightly, tightly, and the stone is flung  
Into the face of life, for all regret  
Is bound within the caster's wide-meshed net.

Fresh from the grave we hail Thee re-arisen;  
The image springeth from the stone-girt prison;  
The Bride brings water, for the pulsing sea  
Is tense with joy that grows to agony.

Regret and vanity and trembling deeps  
Are thine, O heartsick, when Osiris sleeps;  
The temple groweth greater in the dusk,  
And, as he wakes, he bursts anew the husk.

Oh vain, oh vain our striving after thee  
When thou wast drowned beneath the tideless sea:  
Osiris, O Osiris, thou art come,  
Again the trembling planet is thy home.

Light on the sea and shadow on the land,  
A stretch of barren foam, of darkened sand;  
The choir is stilled, the shadows sink to death,  
And veiled is the word that witnesseth.

Osiris wakes! From Isis' lap he springs  
Into the yearning heart of growing things:  
The sun returns; over the secret lake  
Hover bright gods their parching thirst to slake.

Wild wonder of the long-forgotten day!  
The hours are burst in flame, and cast away  
The bridal veil, and forth the seer must fare  
To seek the mystic Maiden everywhere.

Ah! what to him are sudden thought and rime  
Who bears behind his brows the heir of time,  
Whose vision glancing o'er the full-orbed blue  
Sees endless dawns springing ever new?

O brooding sweetness of our Isis' mouth,  
O flood that quenches tongues grown black with  
    drouth,  
The even steps are sure upon the way  
Osiris, blossom-girt, doth tread to-day.

O rhythmic thunder of the earth and sea,  
O flooding haze of golden mystery,  
Veil within veil is cast and cast aside,  
Wonder on wonder shows the Mother-bride. . . . .