

A SONG OF STARS.

*Of the Secret of Life and its Incommunicability. The  
Unknown Word of the Stars that would be the Key of Life.  
Life lives as Stars die ; and is hence Immortal.*

A SONG OF STARS.



he little moons of evening  
Are framed in pine, are sapphire-set ;  
The little winds awake and sing  
Slow songs of violet.  
Green earth contracts while pale moons grow,  
Softly and slow.

Each moon for our delight has heard  
Songs of swift stars, awoken to love :  
Violet veil and flowered word,  
Patterned in deeps above,  
Veil and reveal those blossoms set  
In violet.

Unveil the mystery of grass,  
    The wonder of dark woods, the call  
Of noisy eagles as they pass—  
    O aery waterfall!  
O little moons that are so young,  
    Is it not sung?

Who knows? The breeze reveals the dawn;  
    The little moons unveil the sea;  
With clover-scent makes emerald lawn  
    No less a mystery.  
Whoso hath heard hath truly heard  
    The secret Word.

No word reveals it, and no eye  
    Beholds it, and no ear may know:  
Yet in some sense the sensient sky  
    Is conscious of a glow  
Beneath, beneath in wheeling earth,  
    Nor death, nor birth.

For life is set 'twixt birth and death,  
    And Love lies throned 'twixt death and  
birth,

This is the word the dark sky saith  
    Unto revolving earth ;  
The incommunicable word,  
    Unsaid, but heard.

Winds sing, but in a key unknown,  
    And rolling rivers rush to tell  
Nothing : the singing in the stone  
    Is still no miracle ;  
The touch of fur and the bee's wing  
    Tell no new thing.

Yet in the deeps calls star to star,  
    The grass sings loudly to the sky,  
And planets know not any bar ;  
    Each unto each they cry.  
Shall Art reveal the word ? Who knows  
    How the song grows ?

Strange eyes peer out from rainy leaves,  
    To tulip-tongues strange lips reply,  
And phantom planets roll where heavens  
    A strange white aether-sky :  
Tenuous themes are theirs, who skim  
    That secret rim.

Every lip to every ear ?  
    Never, while the little moons  
Slide along their easy sphere ;  
    And singing summer noons  
Holds no hint of things. Who knows  
    How a star grows ?

In every star a burning core  
    Glow : the star cools, and life is born  
Anew : Love comes ; with him once more  
    Come man and rain and corn :  
Life grows in heat ; but stars grow cold  
    As Love grows bold.

And at the end? As the stars pale,  
    In strange new forms life still will glow;  
This is the secret song; the tale  
    Whereby lives swell and grow.  
As the stars cool life in new form  
    Shall still be warm.