

No man hath seen beneath my brows
Eternity's exultant house ;
No man hath noted in my brain
The knowledge of my mystic spouse.
I watch the centuries wax and wane.

Poor, in the kingdom of strong gold,
My power is swift and uncontrolled.
Simple, amid the maze of lies ;
A child, among the cruel old,
I plot their stealthy destinies.

So patient, in the breathless strife ;
So silent, under scourge and knife ;
So tranquil, in the surge of things ;
I bring them, from the well of Life,
Love, from celestial water-springs.

From the shrill fountain-head of God
I draw out water with the rod
Made luminous with light of power.
I seal each aeon's period,
And wait the moment and the hour.

Aloof, alone, unloved, I stand
With love and worship in my hand.
I commune with the Gods ; I wait
Their summons, and I fire the brand.
I speak their Word ; and there is Fate.