

For secret symbols on my brow,
And secret thoughts within,
Compel eternity to Now,
Draw the Infinite within.
Light is extended. I and Thou
Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,
Unity manifest;
A star more splendid than the sun
Burns, for my crownèd crest:
Burns as the murmuring orison
Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate
Flames to my fierier face?
What angel, as I contemplate
The unsubstantial space,
Move with my lips the laws of Fate
That bind earth's carapace?

No angel, but the very light
And fire and spirit of Her,
Unmitigated, eremite,
The unmanifested myrrh,
Ocean, and night that is not night,
The mother-mediator.