

O Light ! descend ! My feet move vaguely on
In this amazing darkness, in the gloom
That I can touch with trembling sense. There shone
Once, in my misty memory, in the womb
Of some unformulated thought, the flame
And smoke of mighty pillars ; yet my mind
Is clouded with the horror of this same
Path of the wise men : for my soul is blind
Yet : and the foemen I have never feared
I could not see (if such should cross the way),
And therefore I am strange : my soul is seared
With desolation of the blinding day
I have come out from : yes, that fearful light
Was not the Sun : my life has been the death,
This death may be the life : my spirit sight
Knows that at last, at least. My doubtful breath
Is breathing in a nobler air ; I know,
I know it in my soul, despite of this,
The clinging darkness of the Long Ago,
Cruel as death, and closer than a kiss,
This horror of great darkness. I am come
Into this darkness to attain the light :
To gain my voice I make myself as dumb :
That I may see I close my outer sight :
So, I am here. My brows are bent in prayer :
I kneel already in the Gates of Dawn ;
And I am come, albeit unaware,
To the deep sanctuary : my hope is drawn
From wells profounder than the very sea.
Yea, I am come, where least I guessed it so,
Into the very Presence of the Three
That Are beyond all Gods. And now I know
What spiritual Light is drawing me
Up to its stooping splendour. In my soul