

THE SEVENTH DAY.

“This word ‘love,’ which greybeards call  
divine,  
Be resident in men like one another  
And not in me: I am myself alone.”  
*3 Henry VI.*

THEREFORE I burnt the wicked pantacle,  
And cast my love behind me once again.  
I mused upon the mystery of pain,  
Where the Gods taught me by another spell  
Not chosen from the armoury of Hell,  
But given the Mercury to cleanse the stain  
Of the old planet: thus I wrote me plain  
Secrets divine—tremendous, terrible!

Thus I forgot my soul and dwelt alone  
In the strong fortress of the active mind  
Whose steady flame burned eager in the night;  
Yet was some shadow on the starry throne,  
Some imperfection playing hoodman-blind  
So that I saw not perfectly aright.