

THE DANCE OF SHIVA.¹

*Written at the House of Sri Parananda
Swami, Ceylon.*

WITH feet set terribly dancing,
With eyelids filled of flame,
Wild lightnings from Him glancing,
Lord Shiva went and came.
The dancing of His feet was heard
And was the final word.

He danced the measure golden
On dead men ...
His Saints and Rishis olden,
The yogins that ...
He trampled them to dust and they
Were sparks and no more clay.

The dust thrown up around Him
In cycles whirled and twined,
Dim sparks that fled and found Him
Like mist beyond the mind.
The universe was peopled then
With little gods, and men.

In that ecstatic whirling
He saw not nor ...

He knew not in his fervour
Creation's sated sigh;
The groan of the Preserver,
Life's miserable lie.
I broke that silence, and afraid
I knew not what I prayed

¹. The MS. of this Hymn most mysteriously (for I am very careful) disappeared two days after being written. I can remember no more of it than the above; nor will inspiration return.—A.C.

Let peace awaken for an hour
And manifest as power.

Cease not the dance unceasing,
The glance nor swerve nor cease,
Thy peace by power increasing
In me by power to peace.

Desunt cetera.