

PROLOGUE TO RODIN IN RIME

Kathleen K—

Nor I can give, nor you can take ; endures
The simple truth of me that this is yours
Is not the music mingled with the form
When all the heavens break in blind black storm ?
Are we not veiled as Gods, and cruel as they,
Smiting our brilliance on the shuddering clay ?
Silence and darkness cover us, confirm
Our splendour to its unappointed term :
For all the mean homunculi that dance
Around us shudder at our brilliance.
These puppets perish in the good grand glare,
Our sworded sunlight in the boundless air !
These bats need cloisters ; these tame birds a cage ;
How should they know the Masters of the Age ?
Or understand when the Archangels cry
Adoring us “ Ἑλλην κατ’ ἄστερ ‘εἶ ” ?