

Knight-Errant **A Dramatic Miniature**

*Originally published in the March 1918
edition of The International.*

I came beneath the holy hill
 Where jets the spring of Life-in-Youth,
Upon its summit flowers still
 The golden rose of Love-in-Truth.
My lips, that desert suns devoured,
 Were moist and merry at the draught;
And in that dew of sunlight showered
 I stood and shook myself, and laughed.
Lightly I lept upon the slope
 To gain the golden rose above;
Outpacing faith, outsoaring hope,
 I had no rival left but love
Mine arms are stretched to North and South,
 A scarlet cross, a soldier sun;
The rose is music on my mouth,
 Holiness to Hilarion!
I mark the bounds of space and time;
 I suck salvation from the sod;
I point the way for man to climb
 Up to his consummation, God.