

## THE ENGLISH REVIEW

### III

The moon had sunk behind the tower  
When, for a moment by the power  
Of nature, as even the eagle's eye  
Turns wearied from the sun, did I  
Fall from the conning crag, that springs  
Above the Universe of Things,  
Into the dark impertinence  
Of the mirrored lies of sense.  
Yet, when I sought the stars to espy  
And rede the runes of destiny,  
Mine eyes their wonted office failed,  
So diligently God had veiled  
Me from myself ! I could not hear  
The drone and rustle of the weir.  
No help in that world or in this !  
I was alone in the abyss.

### IV

No *Whence* ! no *Whither* ! and no *Why* !  
Not even *Who* evokes reply.  
No vision and no voice repay  
My will to watch, my will to pray.  
Vain is the consecrated vesture ;  
Vain the high and holy gesture ;  
Vain the proven and perfect spell  
Enchanting heaven, enchaining hell.  
Unyoked the horses from the car  
Wherein I waged celestial war :  
Mine angel sheathes again his sword  
At the Interdiction of the Lord.  
Even hell is shut, lest spite and strife  
Should show my soul a way to life.

Hope dies ; faith flickers and is gone.  
Love weeps, then turns its soul to stone.  
All nearest, highest, holiest things  
Drop off ; the soul must lose her wings,  
And, crippled, find, with no one clue