

BETWEEN THE SPHERES.

Still warm from the earth, the whirling earth, I sing;
Widely-expanded, in ether I wander in awe;
Drops of light, dazzling, around me I fling
As I turn. I am near the hidden heart of the Law.

The passing from Earth, to Earth, my home, seems
ah!
So far in the darkness: scarce know I nor that I
dwelt
Below, with fevered brow, in that whirling star.
I watch it—an emerald stone in the sun's wide belt.

And lips touch my hair—strange lips, unhuman and
soft:
I am among the ones I knew . . . I would sleep
. . . I would sleep.
No pain I know . . . now . . . but I feel
that oft
I could laugh and laugh . . . and then I cannot
. . . I weep.

I have forgotten . . . I am afraid . . . A voice
calls to me from the wide.
. . . I cannot stir . . . What is it I fear?
. . . The sphere widens: here is one I know.
He takes me forth gently . . . I am by his side.
Together we will seek . . . It is over . . .
let us go.