

The Silent Gods

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O SILENT GODS! What path has ye led far beyond our ken?
O silent gods! What word has fed the hearts and brains of men?
We dream and dreaming die; we live, and living seek to find
The answer. Give us speech—oh, give, ye gods, if ye be kind!
*For we are sick of dreaming, and the way is dark and far,
And we hate the showy seeming, and we seek the things that are.
O silent gods! We live and die, we dream and wake; we go
Where all the dead years' harvests lie, where glistens last year's snow.*

O silent gods! We think we live; we know that we must die:
And ye, who have so much to give, heed not the dreamer's cry.
We dream so fairly! Do we wake where all dreams are true?
Oh, say, ye gods! and shall we take the answer back to you?
*For we are sick of dreaming, and the night is deep and chill;
And we know the dawn is gleaming far beyond the darkened hill,
And we catch the breath of morning, far away, beyond our ken:
O gods! Say, are ye scorning the eager eyes of men?*

O silent gods! To ye the skies, to ye the stars, have speech;
To ye the morning open lies; to ye the echoes reach.
No answer may we find, no voice comes downward to our star:
We wonder if the worlds rejoice, we wonder if ye are.
*For we are weary of seeking, and the road is bleak and cold;
We are weary of vain speaking, of the idle legends told.
We need no priests, no altars, but the open heath we need;
Will ye answer—our voice falters—oh, if ye be gods indeed?*