

# Between the Spheres

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Originally published in the 8 October 1904 issue of  
*The Agnostic Journal*; London, England, page 232.

Still warm from the earth, from the whirling earth, I sing;  
Widely-expanded, in æther 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, from Earth, my home, seems, ah  
So far in the darkness: scarce know I now that I dwelt  
Below, with dazed 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 it seems 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.