

NOR I can give, nor you can take; endures
The simple truth of me that this is yours.
Is not the music mingled with the form
When all the heavens break in blind black storm?
Are we not veiled as Gods, and cruel as they,
Smiting our brilliance on the shuddering clay?
Silence and darkness cover us, confirm
Our splendour to its unappointed term:
For all the mean homunculi that dance
Around us wither at our brilliance.
These puppets perish in the good grand glare,
Our sworded sunlight in the boundless air!
These bats need cloisters; these tame birds a cage;
How should they know the Masters of the Age?
Or understand when the archangels cry
Adoring us “Ἐλλῆν κατ’ ἀστέρ’ εἶ”?

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16.4.07