

OSIRIS

To Edward Scott

THE far-stretched glamour and the hot-strung pain
Are tightly drawn as life grows wide again,
A murmured sigh shakes the green boughs of spring,
As wide the gates are flung, grows tense the string.

Awake, Osiris! For the day is born
Through the wide portals with the vine and corn:
The mystic Mother spreads her arms as wide
As the green sea holds the relentless tide.

Oh wake! and give again the old regret,
Thou that betwixt the breasts of day art set.
Osiris, O our Chosen, O our King,
Again from thy bright eyes is born the spring.

Again, O agony! the chord is strung,
Ah! tightly, tightly, and the stone is flung
Into the face of life, for all regret
Is bound within the caster's wide-meshed net.

Fresh from the grave we hail Thee re-arisen;
The image springeth from the stone-girt prison;
The Bride brings water, for the pulsing sea
Is tense with joy that grows to agony.

Regret and vanity and trembling deeps
Are thine, O heartsick, when Osiris sleeps;
The temple groweth greater in the dusk,
And, as he wakes, he bursts anew the husk.

Oh vain, oh vain our striving after thee
When thou wast drowned beneath the tideless sea:
Osiris, O Osiris, thou art come,
Again the trembling planet is thy home.

Light on the sea and shadow on the land,
A stretch of barren foam, of darkened sand;
The choir is stilled, the shadows sink to death,
And veiled is the word that witnesseth.

Osiris wakes! From Isis' lap he springs
Into the yearning heart of growing things:
The sun returns; over the secret lake
Hover bright gods their parching thirst to slake.

Wild wonder of the long-forgotten day!
The hours are burst in flame, and cast away
The bridal veil, and forth the seer must fare
To seek the mystic Maiden everywhere.

Ah! what to him are sudden thought and rime
Who bears behind his brows the heir of time,
Whose vision glancing o'er the full-orbed blue
Sees endless dawns springing ever new?

O brooding sweetness of our Isis' mouth,
O flood that quenches tongues grown black with
 drouth,
The even steps are sure upon the way
Osiris, blossom-girt, doth tread to-day.

O rhythmic thunder of the earth and sea,
O flooding haze of golden mystery,
Veil within veil is cast and cast aside,
Wonder on wonder shows the Mother-bride.