

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΖ

THE SWAN¹¹

There is a Swan whose name is Ecstasy : it wingeth from the Deserts of the North ; it wingeth through the blue ; it wingeth over the fields of rice ; at its coming they push forth the green.

In all the Universe this Swan alone is motionless ; it seems to move, as the Sun seems to move ; such is the weakness of our sight.

O fool ! criest thou?

Amen. Motion is relative : there is Nothing that is still.

Against this Swan I shot an arrow ; the white breast poured forth blood. Men smote me ; then, perceiving that I was but a Pure Fool, they let me pass.

Thus and not otherwise I came to the Temple of the Graal.