

VII.

FATIMA

FRAUGHT with the glory of a dead despair,
My purple eidola, my purple eidola
March, dance — through hyacinthine spheres
Moaning: they sweep along, attain, aware
How frail is Fatima.
They bathe the Gods with stinging tears.
They weave another thread within the mystic veil.
They are drawn up anon in some great hand.
They shudder and murmur in the web of Kama.
They hear no music in the white word Rama.
They rush, colossi, liquid swords of life
Strident with spurious desire and strife.
Mocked! I am dumb: I await the gray command:
I wait for Her:
Inscrutable darkness through the storm
Loomed out, with brodered features of gold: its form
Wing-like lay on the firmaments,
River-like curves in all its movements
Swift from inertia of vast voids rolled, stirred
Gigantic for roar of strepitation: whirred
The essential All
That was Her veil: her voice I had heard
Had not large sobbing fears surged; will and word
Fall
Down from the black pearls of the night, down, back
To night's imperled black;
Down, from chryselephantine wall
And rose-revolving ball.
Doomed, fierce through Saturn's aeons to tear,
Fraught with the glory of a dead despair.