

## RESURRECTION.

FROM youth and love to sorrow is one stride.  
So to the thinker; to the lover's self  
Rather it glides or swoons; the idle elf  
That plucks a rose, scatters its petals wide,  
Is like the wind, is like the moon-wrought tide,  
Is most like life; so soft to man, so hard  
To the all-gathering brain of a great bard!

Christ answered; Peace to man amid the strife!  
I am the Resurrection and the Life.  
Let the graves open; see the woman grip  
Her goodly love, her gainful fellowship!  
See the man, hungry, grasp the willing bride,  
Grove through the dark dawn to her glowing side!  
There is the resurrection trump; confess  
The mystery of life is happiness!

Rodin discerned. We see the eagle-eyed  
Glory of echoing kisses; hear the sound  
Of gluttoned raptures break in the profound,  
The abyss of time; upsurge the dead. Why hide  
Thy sorrowful god's brow, O sculptor, mage,  
Child of eternity, father of an age?  
Thou hast seen, thou hast showed, that as it was  
    on earth  
So shall it be in resurrection birth.  
The cycle of weariness and passionate pain  
is and was ever and must be again.  
There is no death! Ah! that is misery!  
For this, Lord Christ, is it that thou wouldst be,  
Thou yesterday, to-day, and thou to-morrow?  
The mystery of this our life is sorrow.