

## THE STORM.

IN the storm that divides the wild night from the  
passionate kiss of the morning

Stands there a tower by the sea unshaken by  
wave and by wind,

Lightning assails, and the sea breaks vain on the  
battlements, scorning

Even to fling back the foam shattered before  
and behind,

Save for one window its height rears up unbroken  
and blind.

Here may a man gaze out to the night by the stars  
of it stricken,

Out to the blind black air that the lightning  
divides and is dumb;

Here, and look back in the tower where pallid  
shades murmur and quicken,

Low laughs leap in the silence, sink to a sigh ere  
there come,

Far from the feet of the storm, a pulse like the  
beat of a drum.

Throbs the wild sound through the storm, and the  
wings of it waken and quiver,

Only the watcher, unmoved, looks on the face of  
the night;

Sees the strong hosts that unite, a fervent implac-  
able river  
Foaming from heaven and hell, two armies of  
crimson and white ;  
Flecked is the sky with their blood shed as by  
sabres of light.  
Now they are clutching his arms, the phantoms  
that throng there behind him,  
Foul and distorted, whose sight may not on men  
ever dawn ;  
Now they entice and entreat, now strive with fresh  
fury to bind him,  
Cords that are cut by an angel whose sword is  
unceasingly drawn,  
Glitters, and bids them fall back as if struck by  
the eye of the morn.  
Would he but turn he should see a woman laid  
naked before him,  
Stretching her arms to his breast, reaching her  
lips to his face,  
Lips that should grant but one kiss ere the  
demons descended and tore him  
Limb from wet limb, and devoured, and bore this  
stained soul into space  
Far from the regions of hope and the lands that  
are holy with grace.  
Always the battle proceeds and always the tempest  
re-quickens,  
Pregnant with thunder, delivered when the swift  
knife is let flash ;

Always the wind has its will and the slaughter-steam  
rises and thickens ;  
Always the sea is a lion, enraged by the wind and  
its lash,  
Always the heavens resound with the thunder's  
unchangeable crash.  
Heaven has conquered, behold! and the hosts of  
the demons are fleeing,  
Dawn drives before her fair feet the feather-light  
wings of the gale,  
Silent the tower rears aloft its front into beauty  
and seeing,  
Only the window is dark ; only there hangs like  
a veil  
Sleep on the chamber and clings. Heard I a  
woman-fiend wail ?  
Heard I the sound of a kiss? Has man been  
destroyed in the daylight,  
Man whom the night could not quell? What  
angel fled weeping away?  
There in the East there extends a white light  
devouring the grey light,  
There the sun rises and brings hope with the  
dawn of the day.  
Silence hides certainty—surely voices of angels  
that pray,  
Surely the sound of delight, and of praise, and  
unspeakable glory  
Rings in the wind like a bell, and wakes the  
white air of the lea,

All the bright sea is aflame, and the caps of it,  
golden or hoary,  
Leap in the light of the sun, in the light of the  
eyes of the sea.  
Triumph is born like a flower, and the soul of  
the adept is free.