

A Vision of the Eucharist

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I stood upon the mountain at the dawn;
The snows were iridescent at my feet;
My soul leapt forth immaculate to greet
The sunrise; thence all life and sense were drawn
Into the vision. Limpid on the dawn
The fount of Godhead flowed — how subtly sweet
That distillation of the Paraclete!
I drank; the angel flowered in the faun.

Transfigured from the struggle to success,
I was abolished in mine happiness.
I find no word — in all my words! — but one.
Supreme arcanum of the Rose and Rood,
Sublime acceptance of the Greatest Good,
Only one word — thy name — Hilarion!