

IV.

Thus there, the centre of that death that darkened,
 I sate and listened, if God's voice should break
 And pierce the hollow of my ear that hearkened,
 Lest God should speak and find me not awake—
 For his own sake.
 No voice, no song might pierce or penetrate
 That enviable universal state.
 The sun and moon beheld, stood still.
 Only the Spirit's axis, will,
 Considered its own soul and sought a deadlier deep,
 And in its monotone mood
 Of supreme solitude
 Was neither glad nor sad because it did not sleep;
 But with calm eyes abode
 Patient, its leisure the galactic load,
 Abode alone, nor even rejoiced to know that it was God.

V.

All change, all motion, and all sound, are weakness!
 Man cannot bear the darkness which is death.
 Even that calm Christ, manifest in meekness,
 Cried on the cross and gave his ghostly breath,
 On the prick of death,
 Voice, for his passion could not dare nor bear
 The interlunar, the abundant air
 Darkened, and silence on the shuddering
 Hill, and the unbeating wing
 Of the legions of His Father, and so died.
 But I, should I be still,
 Poised between fear and will?
 Should I be silent, I, and be unsatisfied?
 For solitude shall bend
 Self to all selflessness, and have one friend,
 Self, and behold one God, and be, and look beyond the End.

VI.

O Solitude! how many have mistaken
 Thy name for Sorrow's, or for Death's, or Fear's!
 Only thy children lie at night and waken—
 How shouldst thou speak and say that no man hears?
 O Soul of Tears!
 For never hath fallen as dew thy word,
 Nor is thy shape shewed, nor as Wisdom's heard
 Thy crying about the city,
 In the house where is no pity,
 But in the desolate halls and lonely vales of sand.
 Not in the laughter loud,
 Nor crying of the crowd,
 But in the farthest sea, the yet untravelled land.
 Where thou hast trodden, I have trod;
 Thy folk have been my folk, and thine abode
 Mine, and thy life my life, and thou, who art thy God, my God.

VII.

Draw me with cords that are not; witch me chanted
 Spells never heard nor open to the ear,
 Woven of silence, moulded in the haunted
 Houses where dead men linger year by year.
 I have no fear
 To tread thy far irremovable way
 Beyond the paths and palaces of day,
 Beyond the night, beyond the skies,
 Beyond eternity's
 Tremendous gate; beyond the immanent miracle.
 O secret self of things!
 I have nor feet nor wings
 Except to follow far beyond Heaven and Earth and Hell,
 Until I mix my mood
 And being in thee, as in my hermit's hood
 I grow the thing I contemplate—that selfless Solitude!