

THE THINKER

To Kenneth Martin Ward

THE wind-swept summit of the mount Despair
He has reached, and now he sees the gray clouds
run

Earthward to melt to tears; he sees the sun
Gray-glimmering through the dull, cold, murky air.
And still no voice comes to him, waiting there,
Waiting until he knows not what be done,
But something, something, . . . Hush! the voice of
one
Comes to him, in his vast unuttered prayer.

Pain of desire! . . . Joy, hope and life; these three
Are his; he heeds them not, he passes by
Under the wild, waste, unforgetting sky
To the old glamorous, mysterious past.
Ah! he shall wake where he hath striven to be,
Alone with the unborn, at last! at last!