

ANCIENT WINGS

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TO
THE HOLY BIRDS ON THE HILL-TOPS
OF
THIRUKALIKUNRAM

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ANCIENT WINGS

PRELUDE

*“ There’s nothing new in what you sing or write . . . ”
You say to me, but then I say to you :
“ From earth’s pale level to heaven’s shining height,
From earth’s dim redness to heaven’s sparkling blue,
There’s nothing new !*

*“ There’s nothing new in flowers or hills or birds,
There’s nothing new in Summer or in Spring,
My Love ! there’s nothing new in poets’ words,
There’s really nothing new in anything
The poets sing.*

*“ How can there be, since God Himself hath grown
Through numerous ages stale and pale and old ?
The mighty sea retains his ancient tone. . . .
The moon and sun their ancient white and gold . . .
All things are old !*

*“ The evening sky still brings its moods of grey,
The same old diamond glitters in the dew,
The same old light and dark make night and day,
The same old Spirit burns in me and you,
There’s nothing new ! ”*

ANCIENT WINGS

WHILE I was musing in the woods to-day
Over the piteous pride of passing things,
All suddenly I heard a Something say:
“Where are your ancient wings?”

A laughter rippled through the rustling leaves
And there was whispering among the birds:
“Here is the only one who cries and cleaves
The Silence with sad words.”

And then methought the universe took flight
In glittering glory to the single goal,
Leaving between the changing dark and light
My little lingering soul.

Yea! while all life unfolded into wings
And swiftly soared away, of fetters freed,
I sat alone and clung to passing things
With all a miser's greed.

UNSATISFIED

IN you I seek the far-away
Fulfilment of some ancient love,
That through the dusk of clay to clay
Would burn to starry fires above.

You are the gateway to the goal
I yearn to reach, and in your eyes
I catch a glimpse of my glad soul
As it shall blossom in the skies.

In having you I have not all
Eternal dreams in me desire,
Since you are but the flame whose small
Flicker is prophet to the Fire.

Beloved! your little hands and mouth
And infant-laughters only hide
The vision of eternal drouth
In me, as yet unsatisfied.

THE CAUSE

BECAUSE I did
A thing I should not as a man have done,
A grey cloud hid
The warm life-giving sun.

For days and days the ceaseless rain
From heaven tumbled,
The lightning flared, the thunder rumbled.
The peasants heard the earth complain,
“This year I am in
A state of famine,
The heavy showers have spoilt my grain . . .”

Then, one by one, the huts of peasants crumbled . . .

The land was full of widowhood . . .
The children cried
In hunger, and the women sold
Their bodies for a little gold
With which to buy them food.
There was a scarcity of daily bread;
Red Famine came and fed
Upon the pale innumerable dead . . .

And all because
I sinned against one of God's numerous laws!

ILLUMINATION

TAKE not this visionary mood away
My Lord! but let it grow beyond the hum
Of this dim fretful world, till it become
The deathless part of me. From day to day
Increase Thy virgin Silence in my clay,
Whose holy depths no human hands may plumb.
Unite me to Thy Beauty lone and dumb
Whose shadow ever haunts our human way.

Oh! teach my brow, amidst the darkest hours,
To wear Thy vast serene, and these pale eyes
To see Thy mercy, if grey thorns of grief
Spring out of my sad life instead of flowers.
Oh! hush the troubled treacherous voice that cries
And breaks the tranquil richness of belief.

THE EARTHEN GOBLET

O SILENT goblet red from head to heel!
How did you feel
When you were being twirl'd
Upon the Potter's wheel
Before the Potter gave you to the world?

"I felt a conscious impulse in my clay
To break away
From the great Potter's hand that burned so warm.
I felt a vast
Feeling of sorrow to be cast
Into my present form.

Before that fatal hour
That saw me captive on the Potter's wheel
And cast into this crimson goblet-sleep,
I used to feel
The fragrant friendship of a little flower
Whose root was in my bosom buried deep.

The Potter has drawn out the living breath of me,
And given me a form which is the death of me.
My past unshapely natural state was best
With just one flower flaming through my breast."

MASTER-STROKE

I SAT beside the silent lake
Beneath the evening's blue and gold,
And felt my spirit rise and make
Obeisance to its Love of old.

All quietly I sat and heard
The myriad voices of the broad
Green fields, and saw a sapphire bird . . .
Pass like a fiery glimpse of God.

Across my silent dreaming broke
A twinkling blossom like an eye,
God's little crimson master-stroke
To wake in me an ancient cry.

THE YOGI

DEAD to the world, a naked Yogi trod
An inner way towards the house of God.

One day when evening, clad in shadows, cast
The starry horoscope of night, he passed
The golden gateways of an earth-born king,
Who laughed aloud to see a naked thing.

When suddenly, from out his kingdom, came
A host of naked diamonds, like the flame
Of inner eyes, and said: "Your laughter mars
The holy nakedness of trees and stars,
The naked sanctity of our own light
For which you paid a kingdom..." And the night
With a great multitude of stars unfurl'd
Stood like a naked wonder in the world.

EVOLUTION

I

NAY, grieve not if this shadowy earth
Appear to thee a prison-cell,
And every passing human birth
The tolling of a prison-bell.

As martyr to some holy cause
To this dim dust thy soul is bound,
So thou must needs fulfil Its laws
Without a murmur or a sound.

Even the crawling worm one day
Discovering heaven in its clod
Will, drunk with light, forget to play
Its little hide-and-seek with God.

II

Nay, do not grieve. . . . There is no flaw
In aught we see from sky to sod,
Far-hidden, the eternal law
Of rhythm moves the world of God.

Shake off the darkness from your eyes
And read the message of the morn :
" There's not a single flower but dies
To help another to be born."

THE PHILOSOPHER

THE tree that yonder stands
Touched by the mellow-coloured hands
Of Autumn is transmuted
Into a holy being many-fruited.

They pelt their stones at it, and bruise
Its body burning to a hundred hues . . .
At which a subtle stir
Of rapture moves the heart of the philosopher
Who cries aloud : " Why should my heart be wroth
When stones are hurled at me, since both
Yon tree and I transmuted
Have grown, in the ripe season, many-fruited ? "

CLOUD

It is a dark and desolate day,
The air is cold, the skies are grey,
And in my heart some strange indefinite yearning
Is slowly burning.

Why do I yearn so? Who shall tell?
But in this narrow prison-cell
A captive dreams again of silent faces
And starry places.

All suddenly my soul is swung
Back to the time when truth was young,
When all the wings of all the unborn ages
Were free from cages.

And then as suddenly again
Into a prison-house of pain
Where, at the end of daylight's rush and riot,
She hopes for quiet.

It is a dark and desolate day,
The world is old and time is grey,
And in my heart some vague immortal yearning
For home-returning.

MOONLIGHT

THE moon on silent silver feet
Walks with her wand from street to street,
Transmuting every man and tree
Into a silver mystery.

Drunk with her wine of silver glory
We trod as in some faery-story
Sudden silver roads that led
To silver shops across the street,
Where men with silver hands and feet
Seemed to be buying silver bread.

The lonely street-lamp stood erect
In a dream-robe of silver decked
Beside a pigling, that became
A faery thing of silver flame.

Even so the soul on silver feet
Walks with her wand from street to street,
Transmuting pig and man and tree
Into a silver mystery.

THE FASHIONING

THE grey and gold of clouds, the crystal rain,
The music of the water in the sea,
The rustling branches in the lonely forest
Are ever fashioning me.

All things in Nature work invisibly
Within my soul to make me what I am . . .
My moods are painted by the royal peacock !
The holy mother-cow, the delicate lamb.

Even the insect on a broad green leaf
I saw this morning crawling mournfully,
Together with the mightiest things in Nature
Will go to fashion me.

NIRVANA

LOVE! in some distant age
I will be born for the last time, and hum
My final tune imprisoned in a cage
And bear my last corporeal martyrdom.

And all unconscious grown
To individualness, I will become
The giant silence in a tiny stone
And in the sky whose melody is dumb.

And thus from age to age
I will be lost in the eternal Light
While many a lonely spirit in its cage
Of birth yet hungers for the distant flight.

ULTIMATE

WE are dim figures moving in a story
Written by God in His first dawn of dream,
The real ecstasy and fire and glory
Are clothed in coloured robes of things that seem.

Life is the rich illusion of a sleep,
Wherein the Unseen dons the veil of seeing,
While hidden in its darkness cries the deep
Inevitable sainthood of our being.

THE DANCE OF SHIVA

I

IN a rich rapture of intoxication
Dream-lost you move from deep to shadowy deep
Along infinitudes of mortal sleep
Which veils the naked spirit of Creation.
Star upon star breaks forth in swift pulsation
And multitudinous oceans swell and sweep
Behind you, and enchanted forces leap
Like giant flames out of your meditation.

Your dreaming done, once more you dance your reckless
Dance of destruction, and from globe to globe
You wander fashioning a mystic necklace
Of shattered worlds, trailing your godly robe
Shining and incorruptible and fleckless
Through burning darks which we may never probe.

II

Eternal Dancer in the ancient dark !
Spark by illimitable spark
Flies round thy whirling steps till space grows warm
With fiery symbols woven round thy form.
Creation is a-thirst
In thy tremendous speed.
Rich colours burst
Out of dumb clay, and worlds on worlds unfold
Bubbling with silver moons and suns of gold
That rush along the strange
Tempestuous torrents of thy dancing mood.
The Voice of One of old
Calls to thee o'er the deep immeasurable solitude,
Till clothed with burning mystery and change
Out of thy dance in swift ecstatic birth
Blind to our origin we come on earth.

THE DANCE OF SIVA (CONTINUED)

Thy feet are hungry in their dance of fire
Woven eternally to thy desire.

Drunk with thy steps the clay
O'erleaping its inherent darkness, glows
With inner consciousness of the large rose
Of a deep-hidden fiery-coloured day.

O Dancer! from thine eyes
Tears of white flame glitter along the deep
Infinitude of skies . . .

Shouldst thou in weariness
Even for a fleeting moment fall asleep
Stars out of space would leap
Oblivious of heaven's blue caress,
Creation slip and crumble,
Innumerable worlds would tumble

Into a poor grey heap!
The fire would fade, the tempest stop
Its vital music, and the ages drop
Into a swoon . . .

'Tis thus thy dance goes on
To the last dusk of time from the first dawn,
Unto thine ancient tune.

Shouldst thou a moment cease to dance, my Friend!
Each tiny speck of dust
Grown heavy with a giant's lust
Would sweep the universe from end to end
Crying for conquest. Everything would be
O'ercrowded with its own infinity
And grow forgetful of the Master's need.
Blossoms would wage great war within the seed
And the fruit be an endless prisoner
Within the seed-held blossom. Shape on shape
Of selfish hunger would escape
From thy dance-weariness and stir
The silence of thy sleep.

THE DANCE OF SIVA (CONTINUED)

Eternally
Control them in the rhythmic mastery
Of thine immortal measure through the years.
Teach them to weave their laughter and their tears
 To the majestic beat
 Of thy dance-drunken feet,
And in them strike the ever-living spark
Of thy first dream, O Dancer in the dark.

MOTHERHOOD

THE poet cries,
“ With weeping eyes
I woo the golden skies.

“ An infant’s birth
Is the sorrow-worth
Of motherhood on earth.

“ The earth must first
Ache with thirst
Before the rose can burst ! ”

INTERDEPENDENCE

THE spirit of a shooting-star
Spoke through the silence from afar :
“ The utterance of each human lie
Pulls down a star-life from the sky.”

Then spoke the spirit of the field :
“ My human friend ! each time you yield
Your soul to unbelief and doubt,
A blade of grass forgets to sprout.”

The Some One spoke within my soul :
“ Behold ! your human hands control
The forces of the world, that need
Truth in each daily word and deed.”

ORATOR

THE gay procession filled the silent night
With dance and noise and hollow festive-mirth.
A silly rocket proudly soared the height
Of a tree-top and dropped again to earth.

And soon the gaudy temple-crowd passed by
Dragging along the painted temple-car,
When lo! a laughter rumbled in the sky
To hear the rocket talking like a star.

CONTRAST

IN yonder house that stands across the way,
Just at the fiery blossoming of morn
A mother's night broke to a golden day
Because an infant from her life was born.

In yonder dark and solitary house
When sunset dyed its silent walls in scarlet,
Two drunkards stained their hearts and hands and brows
In the cold blood of an unholy harlot.

In the broad shadow of yon peepal-tree
A Yogi, dead to the affairs of earth,
Lives in the House of Single Mystery!
That stands across the road of death and birth.

CONQUEST

“ WHY dost thou stand before me, King of kings !
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains of time ? ”
*“ For you have caught the blue-enamelled wings
Of a lone forest-bird in rhyme.”*

“ Immortal God ! why dost thou stand among
These narrow walls, divested of thy power ? ”
*“ For, Poet ! you, in gentleness, have sung
About a fleeting wayside-flower.”*

“ Why dost thou stand in massive chains alone
Like a lost prisoner behind the bars ? ”
*“ For you have watched the midnight-sky and known
An inner ecstasy of stars.”*

TRANSMUTATION

I HAVE grown weary of this house of clay
Shut in on every side with walls of stone.
O Love! I will arise and go away
Into the woods alone.

I'll go and live among the silent woods
And touch the naked splendour of the birds,
That flit about like fiery-painted moods
No man dare clothe in words.

Alone I'll sit and dream of mystery
Until, from out the dust of barren hours,
All suddenly I burgeon like a tree
Warm with a sense of flowers.

And when at evenfall you come and sit
At its quiet foot, not knowing it is I,
You will grow hungry for the Infinite
Beneath the evening-sky!

INSPIRATION

A CROWDED thing it is to be alone,
Then life which seems so empty in a crowd
Is with a sense of its own fulness bow'd
Like to a barren tree, asudden grown
To Autumn fruitfulness, whose seed was sown
In ancient quietudes. 'Tis then endow'd
With Fire, we burn and shrivel up the shroud
To free the captive sainthood in a stone.

For Silence is the spirit's daily bread
Of which in mortal life there is a dearth.
'Tis thus upon our souls the ages tread
In their eternal march of Death and Birth,
While we, like infants, are forever fed
At the dead harlot-bosom of the earth.

OPTIMISM

YOU are forever working out
My holy destiny on earth.
With every tiny emerald sprout
Of grass that leaps to birth

With every trivial sunset-gleam
And every little drop of dew,
The swift fulfilment of your dream
In me is coming true.

DISSOLVING STARS

TO-NIGHT I sat and gazed upon
A sky of blazing stars unfurl'd
Above me, till my soul was drawn
Away into an unknown world

Wherein all sense of starry sky
Was lost completely in a shroud
Until we sat there, eye to eye,
One only star among the crowd

Of swift dissolving stars above,
And I, the only one on earth,
Deep in a vast unconscious love
Unveiled awhile of death and birth.

One tiny star with fleckless flame
And I, awhile, to godhood grown,
Fused in each other's life became
Immortal, fiery and alone.

Such master-moments come from far
To me beneath a starry sky,
When, focussed to a single star,
Star-multitudes within me die.

TO-DAY

I

LORD! we have wrought us adamantine fetters
And built ourselves a choking dungeon-house ;
Thy hands have writ in large and blood-stained letters
“Traitor!” upon our hearts and eyes and brows.

Our wanton hands have hurt thy universal
Design of old and thy supernal plan ;
And now each man is but the long rehearsal
Of the collective tragedy of man.

II

In a lone dream I saw Religion dying,
And heard the mourning of the ancient seers.
The prophets of lost centuries were crying
Hot tears of blood across the new-born years.

I saw the flame of Truth grow pale and flicker
Lighting their mouths that fed on blood-stained bread . . .
The Christian's joy was in his jug of liquor,
The Hindu's pride in his false sacred thread . . .

Yea, in my dream I knew that God was dead.

ILLUSION

ALL carelessly we live on earth, and shatter
The crystal silence of the dream afar . . .
The petalled glory of our soul we scatter
To idle winds that never winged a star.

We fill the universe with tired laughter,
And pluck pale pleasure from its cold caress . . .
In piteous ignorance we hunger after
The flying fire that leaves us emptiness.

Yea, we are blinded fools who follow, follow
Illusion's darkly-drawn deceptive dart,
Until our dream lies dead and spent and hollow,
Until dim shadows feed upon our heart.

WORSHIPPERS

TEMPLES have turned to brothels, and the skies
Have lost their ancient meaning in men's eyes.
See how the temple-bell hangs from the ceiling
Stripped naked of its old religious feeling ;
The Image on the altar stands alone,
Yea, and through perished faith hath slowly grown
A meaningless monotony of stone !

Look how dull Ceremony plays his part
With sorrow and corruption in his heart,
Look how the temple-priests with vacant stare
Go through their daily task of parrot-prayer,
Look how the temple-girls who feed their lust
Are dragging God's white garment in the dust !

IMAGE

I

WHERE were you, my baby, through these five and
twenty years?

"I was in your laughter, father! I was in your tears!"

Through these many lonely years, O where were you my
Sweet?

"I was in the movements of your hands and of your feet!"

But where were you, my sweet one! before I came to
birth?

*"O, I was in the total evolution of the earth,
And thus it is O father! that within my eyes you see
Behind their infant-silence universal history!"*

II

O little Infant! in your form I see
Dim world on world of living mystery,
Seeking complete fulfilment. In your eyes
Glimmers the starry certainty of skies
In their divine continuance above . . .
The light within their depths relights the love
Of perished ages, fashioning the spark
Of godly dreaming in our growing dark.

O pretty Babe! your infant hands are born
To hold the golden blossom of the morn
Out of the faded shadows of our earth.
For God, whom we have bruised, with your sweet birth
Grows whole again and laughs in burning hope,
And sits once more to cast the horoscope
Of His old world, hoping to set again,
Beyond our troubled tragedy of pain,
The Vision of Creation and the Fire
Flaming eternally in His desire.

IMAGE (CONTINUED)

You are the symbol of eternity . . .
Within your little body's girth I see
Giant regeneration, even as within
Each tiny star-event, and in each thin,
Green blade of grass and in each tiny bird,
Since in each new-born thing the strength that stirred
Creation out of chaos, when at first
God's being knew itself in awful thirst,
Sitting among the dumbness of its deep . . .
Stirs ever and again to fan the sleep
Of things into a fiery wakefulness . . .
Child! you are but the ultimate caress
Of saints with God . . . the mystic masterpiece
Of Beauty, when her self-divisions cease.

III

My child! you are the silent Infinite lying
Beside the mother,
Who is no other
Than the same silent Infinite eyeing
Itself that of late hath taken birth
Again, as through the ages, on the earth.

And when you cry I hear the Infinite crying
In some dim hungry yearning for a while . . .

And in your mother's smile I see
The Infinite relit—into a smile . . .
And while I gaze at her and you, I seem
To feel the Infinite in me
Wake from the dusky torpor of my body's dream.

I see you both,
Mother and Infant, lying close to each other,
Infant and Mother,
Symbols of God's deep hunger for eternal growth . . .

And I, the father, am just
Part of it, caught and prisoned in the dust!

ECHO

THE voice of mystery forever calls
My heart away from human smiles and tears,
It cries: "O leave your painted palace-walls
And leave the music and the dance of years;

"Forget the hollow world and come away,
Come to my kingdom of immortal dreams . . ."
This voice of mystery now haunts the grey
Silence that covers up the day's last gleams.

The naked moon, like an ascetic, climbs
The silent heavens with an empty bowl . . .
And the white stars appear like burning rhymes
In the forgotten poem of my soul.

FIRE

“O WHO are you?” the infant asked
The leaping flames whose red caress
Caught his dead mother, and unmasked
Life in its lonely nakedness.

Then came an answer from the fire,
Sudden and sharp across the gloom,
“I am the terrible desire
That shaped you in the mother’s womb.”

CREATION

THE kingfisher that sits beside the stream
Like a warm fragment of some painted dream,
The moon's pale glimmer and the sunset-streak
In their eternal game of hide-and-peek,
The crowd of trees at the lake's lonely edge
That burgeon to fulfil an olden pledge,
The silent beauty of the peasant's daughter
Who comes to fill her pitcher full of water . . .
All these, my holy Lover ! were created
The moment that our spirits met and mated.

RHYTHM

THE vision comes and goes,
Swift as a lightning-flash beheld afar,
Wherein my body dies into a rose
And finds its rich fulfilment in a star.

In vision's fleeting hour
I lose all consciousness of space and time,
And seem to pluck all heaven like a flower
And hold God captive in a little rhyme.

And when the vision dies,
Back to a narrow world I come again,
Imprisoned in a cage of hands and eyes,
To feed alone on the dim fruit of pain.

THE PEASANT

At the foot of a tall palmyra tree
A peasant old and grey
Sat and watched the lonely sky
At the dim blue end of day.

He sat alone, and his body seemed
Part of the fields of rice
That lend themselves to the hungry scythe
In a silent sacrifice.

All quietly he sat and watched
The vast and lonely sky
As if he hid in his simple faith
The ultimate reply.

THE FISHERMAN

THE white clouds leap up in majestic masses
Out of the blue sea into the blue sky,
All quietly their beauty fades and passes
Leaving, within my hollow heart, the cry
Of a twin Beauty that shall never die.

In this great hour I pulse with mystery . . .
I glimpse a fisherman alone and dumb
Upon the shore, as if the sky and he
Were conscious of an age about to come

When they would mingle silently, and turn
Part of this Beauty, leaving us who live
In pride of painted emptiness, to yearn
Still groping in a world so fugitive.

THE FINAL FLIGHT

I HAVE been happy all these many days
Wrapt in deep silence, like some mountain-height
Star-crowned and dumb in the lone hours of night,
When the blue-bodied sky, like Krishna, plays
Upon his magic flute, flooding the ways
Of the great dark with deep and mellowing light.
And I have seen behind this painted sight
The still white temple wherein Sorrow prays.

Ah I have suffered and have waited long
My God! and now thy music sounds at last.
And all my songs, like throbbing white birds, throng
The fruit-enamelled gardens of the Vast,
To sleep untroubled by their singing-past,
Since Silence is the master-end of Song.

VILLAGE IMAGERY

ACROSS the sky's large forehead gleamed a single,
Last, purple flame-streak like a holy mark.
O'er field and lake I felt the silence tingle
With unborn stars that hunger in the dark.

I watched the blue smoke rising slowly, slowly
Out of the village-huts into the sky,
While through the deepening dusk, so sad and holy,
Like the white echo of God's ancient cry

The moon hung in the East. I heard the humming
Of insect-wings, whose multitudinous mirth
Was like a rich innumerable coming
Of audible stars along the silent earth.

Beyond the trees while the grey shades were falling
The evening-star was threshed from out its husk,
And a lone peasant's voice was calling, calling
Out to a peasant-woman in the dusk.

CONTENTMENT

BEFORE the dark approach of night
When ploughmen tread their homeward way,
And in the solemn fading light
Green fields take on a dreamy grey,

Beyond the little village-path
A huge black vessel sings : " I boil
The water for a peasant's bath
When he comes weary after toil."

A peasant woman bends and lights
An earthen lamp, that seems to hold
More magic than the king at nights
Discovers in his lamp of gold.

DISGUISE

WANDERING wizard !
You pale green lizard !
With your hard round eye
You can burn up a fly ;
In your body's length
There is mystical strength,
And a wizard's art
In the depths of your heart.

Wandering wizard,
You pale green lizard !
In your steel-hard eyes
There is God in disguise,
In your body's length
There is God—in His strength.
He is moulding His art
In the depths of your heart.

But the fly, but the fly ?
It is I, it is I !

BLIND

A FLOWER said to another flower :
"I'm simply aching, brother-flower !
To see the hidden Mother-Flower."

Just then a shadowy Gardener came
(A Gardener of ancient farae)
With his relentless scythe of flame.

Unto the flower he spoke : "I come
To strike your delicate body dumb,
And make it bear a martyrdom.

"For they who seek the Mother must
Suffer a sharp blade to be thrust
Into their bodies formed of dust."

The flower that spoke began to cower
In shadows, while the silent flower
Cried : "Take me to the Mother's bower !

"For I have dreamed through ages past
Of her who blossoms in the Vast,
In whose sweet Image I was cast.

"The soul in me is ever warm,
I'm not afraid to change my form,
I do not tremble in the storm !"

The Gardener heard these words and smil'd,
"You've understood the truth, my child !
Know that I am the Mother-Flower,
Go, tell it to your brother-flower !"

So saying, the Gardener went away
Beyond the golden verge of day.

BEGUISE

VANDERING wizard! 'he
A pale green lizard! ar
Tith your hard rounde grown
Tu can burn up a fly
E your body's lengthous of something afar.
here is mystical str
d a wizard's art
e depths of yo

g wizar
green l
eel-ha
od i
y's

HUNGER

ASCETIC! what do you dream of?
What dreams would you capture?
What unknown intimate gleam of
What infinite rapture?

“ I am striving to glimpse behind matter
The Self that did shape it.
The shackle of birth I would shatter
This time and escape it.

“ And pass from the clod to the glory,
The fire and the mystery,
Forgetting the world's little story
And Life's little history ! ”

BEGUISE

LIKE a solitary river
Evening ran along the sky . . .
Love and I
Trode the winding, lone and narrow
Paths that run,
Through the rice-fields, towards the sun.

While from out His unseen quiver
Some lone Hunter drew His arrow
Swift, to stain a silver mark
Upon the dark.

But all the time
A thin, white moon
Rang in his head, like a pale wandering rhyme.

When suddenly,
Upon the dim branch of a tree
A tiny song-bird sat and trilled a tune :
*"What song shall we sing in the hush at the end of
eternity?"*

We passed the huts in the village,
At the dim blue end of day,
Where robbed of their fruits of tillage
The famished women and men
Sit at their threshold, under the calm skies,
With simple worship brimming in their eyes.
While in the yard the painted chickens play
Around the mother-hen.

VOICES (CONTINUED)

Then one by one the leopard-stars came leaping
Over the great black mountains of the night,
And the young village infant from his sleeping
Woke in strange sadness weeping:
*“What seeds shall we sow on earth that God may flower
on the height?”*

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