Transformation

My breath runs in a subtle rhythmic stream;
   It fills my members with a might divine:
   I have drunk the Infinite like a giant’s wine.
Time is my drama or my pageant dream.
Now are my illumined cells joy’s flaming scheme
   And changed my thrilled and branching nerves to fine
   Channels of rapture opal and hyaline
For the influx of the Unknown and the Supreme.

I am no more a vassal of the flesh,
   A slave to Nature and her leaden rule;
   I am caught no more in the senses’ narrow mesh.
My soul unhorizoned widens to measureless sight,
   My body is God’s happy living tool,
   My spirit a vast sun of deathless light.

Nirvana

All is abolished but the mute Alone.
   The mind from thought released, the heart from grief
   Grow inexistent now beyond belief;
There is no I, no Nature, known-unknown.
The city, a shadow picture without tone,
   Floats, quivers unreal; forms without relief
   Flow, a cinema’s vacant shapes; like a reef
Foundering in shoreless gulfs the world is done.

Only the illimitable Permanent
   Is here. A Peace stupendous, featureless, still,
   Replaces all, — what once was I, in It
A silent unnamed emptiness content
   Either to fade in the Unknowable
   Or thrill with the luminous seas of the Infinite.