Invitation

With wind and the weather beating round me
Up to the hill and the moorland I go.
Who will come with me? Who will climb with me?
Wade through the brook and tramp through the snow?

Not in the petty circle of cities
Crammed by your doors and your walls I dwell;
Over me God is blue in the welkin,
Against me the wind and the storm rebel.

I sport with solitude here in my regions,
Of misadventure have made me a friend.
Who would live largely? Who would live freely?
Here to the wind-swept uplands ascend.

I am the lord of tempest and mountain,
I am the Spirit of freedom and pride.
Stark must he be and a kinsman to danger
Who shares my kingdom and walks at my side.

Who

In the blue of the sky, in the green of the forest,
Whose is the hand that has painted the glow?
When the winds were asleep in the womb of the ether,
Who was it roused them and bade them to blow?

He is lost in the heart, in the cavern of Nature,
He is found in the brain where He builds up the thought:
In the pattern and bloom of the flowers He is woven,
In the luminous net of the stars He is caught.
In the strength of a man, in the beauty of woman,
    In the laugh of a boy, in the blush of a girl;
The hand that sent Jupiter spinning through heaven,
    Spends all its cunning to fashion a curl.

These are His works and His veils and His shadows;
    But where is He then? by what name is He known?
Is He Brahma or Vishnu? a man or a woman?
    Bodied or bodiless? twin or alone?

We have love for a boy who is dark and resplendent,
    A woman is lord of us, naked and fierce.
We have seen Him a-muse on the snow of the mountains,
    We have watched Him at work in the heart of the spheres.

We will tell the whole world of His ways and His cunning:
    He has rapture of torture and passion and pain;
He delights in our sorrow and drives us to weeping,
    Then lures with His joy and His beauty again.

All music is only the sound of His laughter,
    All beauty the smile of His passionate bliss;
Our lives are His heart-beats, our rapture the bridal
    Of Radha and Krishna, our love is their kiss.

He is strength that is loud in the blare of the trumpets,
    And He rides in the car and He strikes in the spears;
He slays without stint and is full of compassion;
    He wars for the world and its ultimate years.

In the sweep of the worlds, in the surge of the ages,
    ineffable, mighty, majestic and pure,
Beyond the last pinnacle seized by the thinker
    He is throned in His seats that for ever endure.
The Master of man and his infinite Lover,
   He is close to our hearts, had we vision to see;
We are blind with our pride and the pomp of our passions,
   We are bound in our thoughts where we hold ourselves free.

It is He in the sun who is ageless and deathless,
   And into the midnight His shadow is thrown;
When darkness was blind and engulfed within darkness,
   He was seated within it immense and alone.

Miracles

Snow in June may break from Nature,
   Ice through August last,
The random rose may increase stature
   In December’s blast;

But this at least can never be,
   O thou mortal ecstasy,
That one should live, even in pain,
   Visited by thy disdain.

Reminiscence

My soul arose at dawn and, listening, heard
One voice abroad, a solitary bird,
A song not master of its note, a cry
That persevered into eternity.
My soul leaned out into the dawn to hear
In the world’s solitude its winged compeer
And, hearkening what the Angel had to say,
Saw lustre in midnight and a secret day
Was opened to it. It beheld the stars
Born from a thought and knew how being prepares.
Then I remembered how I woke from sleep
And made the skies, built earth, formed Ocean deep.