Trance

A naked and silver-pointed star
Floating near the halo of the moon;
A storm-rack, the pale sky’s fringe and bar,
Over waters stilling into swoon.

My mind is awake in stirless trance,
Hushed my heart, a burden of delight;
Dispelled is the senses’ flicker-dance,
Mute the body aureate with light.

O star of creation pure and free,
Halo-moon of ecstasy unknown,
Storm-breath of the soul-change yet to be,
Ocean self enraptured and alone!

Shiva

The Inconscient Creator

A face on the cold dire mountain peaks
Grand and still; its lines white and austere
Match with the unmeasured snowy streaks
Cutting heaven, implacable and sheer.

Above it a mountain of matted hair
Aeon-coiled on that deathless and lone head
In its solitude huge of lifeless air
Round, above illimitably spread.

A moon-ray on the forehead, blue and pale,
Stretched afar its finger of chill light
Illumining emptiness. Stern and male
Mask of peace indifferent in might!
But out from some Infinite born now came
   Over giant snows and the still face
A quiver and colour of crimson flame,
   Fire-point in immensities of space.

Light-spear-tips revealed the mighty shape,
   Tore the secret veil of the heart’s hold;
In that diamond heart the fires undrape,
   Living core, a brazier of gold.

This was the closed mute and burning source
   Whence were formed the worlds and their star-dance;
Life sprang, a self-rapt inconscient Force,
   Love, a blazing seed, from that flame-trance.

The Life Heavens

A life of intensities wide, immune
   Floats behind the earth and her life-fret,
A magic of realms mastered by spell and rune,
   Grandiose, blissful, coloured, increate.

A music there wanders mortal ear
   Hears not, seizing, intimate, remote,
Wide-winged in soul-spaces, fire-clear,
   Heaping note on enrapturing new note.

Forms deathless there triumph, hues divine
   Thrill with nets of glory the moved air;
Each sense is an ecstasy, love the sign
   Of one outblaze of godhead that two share.

The peace of the senses, the senses’ stir
   On one harp are joined mysteries; pain
Transmuted is ravishment’s minister,
   A high note and a fiery refrain.