

Mons Angelorum

To darkened Israel mourning in his tents.
I can no longer see thee. Stand thou firm.

(Joshua goes; the cloud surrounds Moses.)

O ye celestial presences, great shapes
With terrible fair faces, towering wings,—
Wings with the wine-deep glow of amethyst,
Sheath over sheath like folded water-buds
Lit with an inward flame; wings pale as
foam,

Faint plumes showered with silver; wings
serene

Uplifted in a radiant arc of dawn,—
Unchain the prisoned pinions of this soul,
Say to the blind bird, Fly. Bid life recede,
A bubble before the advancing wave of
death.

From my youth upward I have spoken of
death,

Nor knew the word so sweet. There's music
in it,

Music to break the heart. O, heavenly
guards,

Looking so long in your immortal eyes