



And, all, they cried unto me—" Brother, see—
 Thou, still a dweller in the land of shows,
 Whose eyes the Holy's finger, Poesy,
 Hath touched with tip of Vision—these our woes,
 Surpassing mortal language. In the glows
 Of burning loves that drench us with a flame
 Of passion grown to agony which flows
 From sense of an unfitness, steep the frame
 Of earthly words, that these may quicken with the same.

For lo! we cleave no longer to the earth,
 But, planted in the kingdom of the Lord,
 We stand with heaven around us. And the mirth
 And love thereof, in every thrilling chord,
 Rend us to heart, because, in sense abhorred,
 We make unwilling discord thereunto :
 With music of the utterance of the Word
 We are not all-attuned its octaves through ;
 The wherefore, Love's full touch a terror doth unmew.

Lo! here the ripened Eden, and, therein,
 The flowers God's saints and angels. Canst thou deem
 The horror of a soul that feeleth Sin
 When God alights upon it in His beam
 Of noonday glory, filling it a-teem
 With terror of uncleanness touching Him,
 The Holy and the Stainless? Try to dream
 What thou shouldst feel, if set, with eyes undim,
 Loathily smirched upon, among the seraphim.

Think what it is to stand consumed with shame
 In holy Eden, all uncloth'd upon ;
 With blemished beauty open to the blame
 Of thine own thought. Though every looker-on
 Seeth God's love thy vesture, thou dost con
 A loathing in their glances, setting there
 Thy horror of thyself, and drooping wan
 And naked, in thy thought, beneath an air
 Wherein the breath of Love blisters thy spirit bare.