

From which Thou only peepest ?—
 it is
 To unfold thy perfect Beauty. I w
 be
 Thy Lover, and Thine only—I, n
 Eyes
 Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all
 Thee,
 Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself
 Self-Lost, and Conscience-quit of Good
 and Evil.
 Thou movest under all the Forms of
 Truth,
 Under the Forms of all Created Things
 Look whence I will, still nothing I dis-
 cern
 But Thee in all the Universe, in which
 Thyself Thou dost invest, and through
 the Eyes
 Of MAN, the subtle Censor scrutinize.
 To thy Harm DIVIDUALITY
 No Entrance finds—no Word of THIS
 and THAT;
 Do Thou my separate and Derived Self
 Make One with thy Essential! Leave me
 room
 On that Diván which leaves no Room for
 Two;
 Lest, like the Simple Kurd of whom they
 tell,
 I grow perplext, Oh God! 'twixt "I"
 and "Thou;"
 If I—this Dignity and Wisdom whence?
 If Thou—then what this abject Impo-
 tence?