

THE NEW BODY

I was a tree that in the forest grew,
Full-foliaged, tall and good.
The more for this a fire the wind upblew,
Battened upon my wood.

Now I am ashes blown about the waste,
Or moving motes that in the ray aspire;
Pity me not, a spirit blanched and chaste,
For a time I, too, was fire.

I was a man who smiled and stood alone,
Whom strong floods might not move.
The more for this my soul was bowed and blown,
Beaten upon by love.

Now am I light as moths the light wind swings;
Now am I spirit, memory and desire.
Pity me not, reach up and touch my wings;
Draw near, my hearth has fire.