

Of melody were never mine; I saw
More than I had the skill to tell, confused
The music. This my meaning: Chaos bears
To that eternal Energy called God,
A child whose name is Form, swaddled with clouds,
"And with no language but a cry!"—the noise
Of thunder, telling of vast, molten seas
Which clamour, till the child becomes a star—
This planet—swinging through the zodiac
Among his brethren who come, crying: *Hail,*
Child of our mother Chaos! From the sea
Huge shapes appear, plunging to rocky shores
Forbidding them the land, till tail and fin
By aspiration change to foot and wing.
Hoarse trumpeting of anger or of pain;
Red ooze of blood on bracken; now tell the tale:
Struggle of Form with Form—experiment
Of Nature working blindly but in faith
To one end: *Mind!* Love dominates the chords;
There is a song upon the star-lit hills:
GLORY TO GOD! ON EARTH, PEACE AND GOOD
WILL!

Brave are your words of war; and yet I think
Survival of the worst, not best, is in
Those passioned hymns of praise: war's work was done,
Through struggle of the fittest brute, when Form
Was found for Mind. You say that always war
Genders the noblest? calls a god from clay?
That work was done before the glacial glare