

The Home of Thought.

I climb the cliff alone at break of day,
And lo, the clouds are rolling to the west,
And bars of amber, gold and silver spray,
Reflect their beauty on the ocean's breast.
The cliff majestic lifts its awful form,
And bids me rise, nerved by a strength
profound,
And ply my quest where dwells the source of
thought,
And where the healing and the rest is found.
What underswell is this that touches the
shore?
What unknown isles send forth the waves
that come?
O source of streams which I may not explore,
O deep mysterious thought; O veiled home!
The trembling gossamer above my head,
Sparkling with pearly dew of beauty rare,
Adorn my path, as upward I am led,
In search of lasting gems beyond compare.
For acts are coarsened thought; and uttered
sounds
Fail to awake the ecstasy sublime.
O lead me to the door where larger life abounds,
Where I may feast with comrades more
divine.