

SKY.  
—

O deep of sky, 'tis thou alone art boundless ;  
'Tis thou alone art free of time's enthrall ;  
'Thou art a fathomless, untided, soundless ;  
'Thou art the one that swallows up our all.

Down thy blue steeps what sure abide of reaches,  
Where hope and love their wings may never tire!  
The blazon of thy stars a lesson teaches,  
That fares beyond our measure of desire.

Thou art the avatar of all un-being ;  
The finite of an infinite un-thought ;  
Thou art a vision of the Earth's un-seeing ;  
The faith of every weary fight un-faught.

Thou art a hush whereon I lay a rhythm  
Of music that can find no ample rhyme.