

Mons Angelorum

In domes and depths of mightiest design
And seals him from the world. Pillared
like Thebes,
Straight as the tall palm-orchard lift the
walls
Of this vast grave. Life has no meaning
here,
Light has no name nor place. O human
heart,
Fain for the little shows of grief, for tears
And kindlier sepulchre, no king shall sleep
So royally housed as thou.

Moses— Draw near, draw near.
The string is all but parted. Shape thy
wings
Into a roof of silver silences,
A dome of deep repose. O murmuring
flood,
O tide of death lifting the weed of life,
O passive arbiter, indifferent power
In whose still hand the kingdoms of the
world
Lie like a beggar's coin, beneath whose heel