
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Arouses, puts forth blade
And leaf and bud, arrayed
Some morning in that garb of rosy snow,
The same fair matchless flower
As shed its petal-shower
Through old Iberian gardens long ago.

What is it that endures,
Survives, persists, immures
Life's very self, preserving type and plan? —
Yet learns the scope of change,
As the long cycles range, —
Looks through the eyes of bluebird, wolf, and
man?

What lurks in the deep gaze
Of the old wolf? Amaze,
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.
But deeper than all these
Love muses, yearns, and sees,
And is the self that does not change nor veer.