

Mons Angelorum

Though here all storms are born. Tempest
and cloud,

Thunder and hail, the mightiest airs of God,
The hosts of night, the hot triumphant
dawn,

Seasons, and times, and days, unknown shall
march

O'er thy surrendered head.

Moses— O loneliest rest!

On my lost grave only the winds shall
mourn,

The white rain do me service, the sad stars
Age after age with endless circling eyes
View this last desolation. In thy hands,
Into thy hands, O death. Break the worn
thread

That binds the rifted pattern of the loom.
O King of kings, forsake not now Thy
servant.

*Angel of Darkness—*Lo, the black crags leap to
the vaulted cloud,

Towering without a sound. The dark takes
substance