

Suddenly something
Smote me to blindness,
Hurled me to silence
Down on the rock!
When my eyes opened,
There was a Presence
Eating the small twigs
Blown by the wind
Into the cave.
I trembled a moment,
Wondered and watched.
Thou wast a flower
Sprung up from the floor,
Thy roots in the twigs
And out of them drew
Brightness and beauty.
I heard Thee make sound
Of the leaves in their laughter,
When the wild wind
Goes frolicking with them;
Of the streams in the night,
When the white cold
Covers them over.
I knew Thou wast calling:
"Something to eat!",
Even as I call:
"Something to eat!",
When I am come
Home from the hunting;
So I brought branches