

Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame,  
 Nor doubt that, were mankind  
 inert and numb,  
 Its core had never crimsoned all the  
 same,  
 Nor, missing ours, its music fallen  
 dumb?

Oh, dread succession to a dizzy post,  
 Sad sway of sceptre whose mere  
 touch appals,  
 Ghastly dethronement, cursed by  
 those the most  
 On whose repugnant brow the  
 crown next falls!

## THIRD SPEAKER

## I

Witless alike of will and way divine,  
 How heaven's high with earth's low  
 should intertwine!  
 Friends, I have seen through your  
 eyes: now use mine!

## II

Take the least man of all mankind,  
 as I;  
 Look at his head and heart, find how  
 and why  
 He differs from his fellows utterly:

## III

Then, like me, watch when nature by  
 degrees  
 Grows alive round him, as in Arctic seas  
 (They said of old) the instinctive water  
 flees

## IV

Toward some elected point of central  
 rock,  
 As though, for its sake only, roamed  
 the flock  
 Of waves about the waste: awhile  
 they mock

## V

With radiance caught for the occasion,  
 —hues  
 Of blackest hell now, now such reds  
 and blues  
 As only heaven could fitly interfuse,—

## VI

The mimic monarch of the whirlpool,  
 king  
 O' the current for a minute: then they  
 wring  
 Up by the roots and oversweep the  
 thing,

## VII

And hasten off, to play again elsewhere  
 The same part, choose another peak as  
 bare.  
 They find and flatter, feast and finish  
 there.

## VIII

When you see what I tell you,—  
 nature dance  
 About each man of us, retire, advance,  
 As though the pageant's end were to  
 enhance

## IX

His worth, and—once the life, his  
 product, gained—  
 Roll away elsewhere, keep the strife  
 sustained,  
 And show thus real, a thing the North  
 but feigned—

## X

When you acknowledge that one world  
 could do  
 All the diverse work, old yet ever new,  
 Divide us, each from other, me from  
 you,—

## XI

Why, where's the need of Temple,  
 when the walls  
 O' the world are that? What use of  
 swells and falls  
 From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and  
 trumpet-calls?

## XII

That one Face, far from vanish, rather  
 grows,  
 Or decomposes but to recompose,  
 Become my universe that feels and  
 knows.