

SUBLIMITY.

That rarer essence, that which lies behind
Our truest beauty, light of beauty's core,
Where all truth rises, font of wisdom's lore,
Back of all dreams of human heart and mind,
At life's great well heads where earth's gropings, blind,
Fumble for deity round their caverned floor,
As some great water feeling for his door,
Azure of ocean, where sea-caverns wind.

So in our nature's far recessional deeps
It dwells, this greatness, at the heart of things,
Where wisdom broods with ancient folded wings,
And all those hid impulses of earth's youth.
All know this presence sometime 'mid life's ways,
Only the few who follow love and truth
Feel earth's sublimity all their human days.