

Through the morning thy mother bent over the blue,
The scarlet and yellow woof of her weaving,
Chanting the bow-twanging words of the Psalmist:
Why wilt thou weep with desolate tears
And crying of one who can not be comforted?
Thou who hast wrought with thy father
Yokes for the cattle or fashioned sharp sickles,
Shaped a share for a plough and hewed out the beam;
Thou who hast walked down the furrows of spring,
Holding the melon-shaped jar of the seed
Hard to thy hip, the seed of the barley and corn;
Thou who hast taken a lamb from the lion and bear,
Braving the terror of night for the fold,
Leading the sheep down the slope of the pastures
Till the time for the homing of them was at hand
In the last red glare of the sun, and the moon
Came out of the olives and stood upon Carmel
Far away in the land of thy fathers:
Why wilt thou weep with desolate tears
And crying of one who can not be comforted?
Thou who hast dreamed and communed with thyself,
Lone in the starlight and rapt with the music
Made as I poured over the pebbles and into the rushes,
Thinking the thoughts of great harpers and prophets
Who have heard God speak in the thunder of judgment
Or plead in a tone more tender than that of a woman;
Thou who hast mused on the words of the mighty—
Psalms that are keyed to the quivering soul
And writ with the blood of a heart that was broken—
Psalms that are blent with the magic of moon-mist