

Of hammered brass alight with holy wicks
Placed in the great concave; your moon a lamp
Borne in procession round the altar—earth!
God's truth! ye think as though the universe
Were Peter's Church at Rome, and all the flowers
Are waxen—though the world is white with bloom!
I break the dome, and exorcise the fear
That haunts the faith of men; I say to them:
God stands closer to us than we to self.
He is the Soul of our soul, He unites
All Nature. Grain of incense, drop of oil,
Hath Him as much as any Holy Mass!
Lift up a broken oleander stalk,
A wheaten straw, a pebble round and smooth
And ye have lifted high the very Host!
Man is the Mass; therein God's love transforms
The elements—making of them His flesh!
God is existence; everything is God.
Pain, suffering, and sin—aye, death itself—
Are shadows creeping down Vesuvius,
When the sun rises; shadows disappear
At noontide glory, life is at the morn;
Therefore these glooms against the mounting sun
Fade fast, as men are more aware of God:
When life has reached its zenith, there will be
No shadow anywhere of pain and sin,
For all will share its glad meridian!

Now, Fathers, will ye send me bound to Rome—
A prisoner, like Paul, of Jesus Christ,