


## AT THE GATE

 WING open wide, O Gate,  
That I may enter in  
And see what lies in wait  
For me who have been born !  
Her word I only scorn  
Who spake of death and sin.

I know what is behind  
Your heavy brazen bars ;  
I heard it of the wind  
Where I dwelt yesterday :  
The wind that blows away  
Among the ancient stars.

Life is the chiefest thing  
The wind brought knowledge of,  
As it passed, murmuring :  
Life, with its infinite strength,  
And undiminished length  
Of years fulfilled with love.

The wind spake not of sin  
That blows among the stars ;  
And so I enter in  
(Swing open wide, O Gate !)  
Fearless of what may wait  
Behind your heavy bars .