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I locked myself in dreams and shunned the crowd,
With frantic hands I groped for wider ways,
Alone and pure avowed to star and cloud
The first encounter with my young dismays.

Erect and free on rings of gold I wound
The flowers lavish life had given me.
For the ephebe whom timeless splendour crowned
Affliction ebbed to solemn melody.

To valleys of the gods, to bright Maeanders,
To lands where great and fervent codes obtain,
And to the south I let my spirit wander
To gain the halo born of martyr's pain.

And if I end the silent interim
And sing again, it only is that we
May glory in the hour day grows dim,
And my grave sister may confess to me:

“If living is my lot, I cannot do
Without the draught your chiming cup provides,
And in my darknesses the lights that flow
Like beacons from your wounds shall be my guides.”

The word of seers is not for common sharing.
In curious kingdoms, earnest and alone,
When first his wishes roused him with their daring,
He summoned things with names that were his own.

And some were vast with clamorous commands,
Or hesitant like faltering desires,
And others leapt like brooks in April lands,
Or like Pactoli dyed in ruby fires.

Their melody and magic were his slaking.
They were — when in abandonment he flung
Himself into a dream, all else forsaking —
The temple's lyre-strings and holy tongue.