

A Skeleton

Trust's long frame lies hunched on the grass
by the meadow path, —
the grass that once had given it strength and under rest,
The dry white bones seem like the hard laughter of time
which cries to me:

"I, my end, perished man, is one with the end of the cattle
that gave me no more,
for when thy life's wine is left to its last drop
the cup is flung away with a final unconcern."

"Hollow is thy mockery, Death," said I in answer,
"wine is not merely the life that gives it; 'tis the substance of day
with its unbroken waves and its wide distribution,

never can my life contain so the full all that a wave ~~that~~ thought
and gift, gained and given, wished to and uttered.

When my mind has crossed wine's borders
is it to stop at rest for ever at the boundary of crumbling bones?
Flesh and blood can never be the measure of the truth that is myself;
the days and moments can not wear it with niches out every step
as they pass on;
the wayside haud, dust, does not rob it of all its possessions.

Now that I have drunk the song of the journey
from the robes of endless forms;
in the hours of suffering I have found the secret path of light;
I have heard in my being the voice of eternal silence;
have seen tracks of light across the empty desert of the dark.

Death, I accept not from thee
Thou I am a gigantic part of God,
that I am the annihilation with all the world
of the infinite.

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