

December Moon

"The Apparation Of Mother Earth"

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Here I omit how your pleasures are mine
How I have felt not seldom, in tempestuous time...

Give me sight beyond sight, and pleasure beyond pain
Knowledge beyond twilight realms
If night blackens with storm, will you caress me?
Or make a claim abode in distant winds?

Beneath some rock... I listen to the notes
The ghostly language of ancient earth
Thence did I taste the visionary power
And deemed not profitless those fleeting moods
They bring with them vernal promises,
... Of shadowy exaltation

[The Spirit:]
A correspondent breeze that gently moves
With quickening virtue my spirit is yours,
From my own passions to habitual thoughts,
Drink my life to breathe this philosophic song...

When night blackens with storm...
You will hear me call your name,
Amidst the sounds of wolves in troops
Along the bothnic main...

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