

The Sundial "Sleeping Out: Full Moon"

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They sleep within...
I cower to the earth, I waking, I only.
High and cold thou dreamest, O queen, high-dreaming
and lonely.
They sleep within...
They sleep within.

We have slept too long, who can hardly win
The white one flame, and the night
And the night long crying
The viewless passers
The world's low sighing
With desire, with yearning,
To the fire unburning,
To the heatless fire, to the flameless ecstasy!...

Helpless I lie.
And around me the feet of thy watchers tread.
There is a rumour and a radiance of wings above my
head,
An intolerable radiance of wings...

All the earth grows fire,
White lips of desire
Brushing cool on the forehead, croon slumbrous
things.
Earth fades; and the air is thrilled with ways,
Dewy paths full of comfort. And radiant bands,
The gracious presence of friendly hands,
Help the blind one, the glad one, who stumbles and
strays,
Stretching wavering hands, up, up, through the praise
Of a myriad silver trumpets, through cries,
To all glory, to all gladness, to the infinite height,
To the gracious, the unmoving, the mother eyes,
And the laughter, and the lips, of light.

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