

## **BEHIND**

I saw an old man like a child, His blue eyes bright, his white hair wild, Who turned for ever, and might not stop, Round and round like an urchin's top.

'Fool,' I cried, 'while you spin round, 'Others grow wise, are praised, are crowned.' Ever the same round road he trod, 'This is better: I seek for God.'

'We see the whole world, left and right, Yet at the blind back hides from sight The unseen Master that drives us forth To East and West, to South and North.

'Over my shoulder for eighty years I have looked for the gleam of the sphere of spheres.' 'In all your turning, what have you found?' 'At least, I know why the world goes round.'