

## **THE END OF FEAR**

Though the whole heaven be one-eyed with the moon, Though the dead  
landscape seem a thing possessed, Yet I go singing through that land  
oppressed As one that singeth through the flowers of June.

No more, with forest-fingers crawling free O'er dark flint wall that seems a  
wall of eyes, Shall evil break my soul with mysteries Of some world-poison  
maddening bush and tree.

No more shall leering ghosts of pimp and king With bloody secrets veiled  
before me stand. Last night I held all evil in my hand Closed: and behold it  
was a little thing.

I broke the infernal gates and looked on him Who fronts the strong  
creation with a curse; Even the god of a lost universe, Smiling above his  
hideous cherubim.

And pierced far down in his soul's crypt unriven The last black crooked  
sympathy and shame, And hailed him with that ringing rainbow name  
Erased upon the oldest book in heaven.

Like emptied idiot masks, sin's loves and wars Stare at me now: for in the  
night I broke The bubble of a great world's jest, and woke Laughing with  
laughter such as shakes the stars.