

THE PRAISE OF DUST

'What of vile dust?' the preacher said. Methought the whole world woke,
The dead stone lived beneath my foot, And my whole body spoke.

'You, that play tyrant to the dust, And stamp its wrinkled face, This patient
star that flings you not Far into homeless space.

'Come down out of your dusty shrine The living dust to see, The flowers
that at your sermon's end Stand blazing silently.

'Rich white and blood-red blossom; stones, Lichens like fire encrust; A
gleam of blue, a glare of gold, The vision of the dust.

'Pass them all by: till, as you come Where, at a city's edge, Under a tree--I
know it well-- Under a lattice ledge,

'The sunshine falls on one brown head. You, too, O cold of clay, Eater of
stones, may haply hear The trumpets of that day

'When God to all his paladins By his own splendour swore To make a fairer
face than heaven, Of dust and nothing more.'