

GOOD NEWS

Between a meadow and a cloud that sped In rain and twilight, in desire
and fear. I heard a secret--hearken in your ear, 'Behold the daisy has a
ring of red.'

That hour, with half of blessing, half of ban, A great voice went through
heaven, and earth and hell, Crying, 'We are tricked, my great ones, is it
well? Now is the secret stolen by a man.'

Then waxed I like the wind because of this, And ran, like gospel and
apocalypse, From door to door, with new anarchic lips, Crying the very
blasphemy of bliss.

In the last wreck of Nature, dark and dread, Shall in eclipse's hideous
hieroglyph, One wild form reel on the last rocking cliff, And shout, 'The
daisy has a ring of red.'