

"THE WIND BLEW WORDS"

The wind blew words along the skies,  
And these it blew to me  
Through the wide dusk: "Lift up your eyes,  
Behold this troubled tree,  
Complaining as it sways and plies;  
It is a limb of thee.

"Yea, too, the creatures sheltering round -  
Dumb figures, wild and tame,  
Yea, too, thy fellows who abound -  
Either of speech the same  
Or far and strange--black, dwarfed, and browned,  
They are stuff of thy own frame."

I moved on in a surging awe  
Of inarticulateness  
At the pathetic Me I saw  
In all his huge distress,  
Making self-slaughter of the law  
To kill, break, or suppress.