

## THE BLOW

That no man schemed it is my hope -  
Yea, that it fell by will and scope  
Of That Which some enthrone,  
And for whose meaning myriads grope.

For I would not that of my kind  
There should, of his unbiassed mind,  
Have been one known  
Who such a stroke could have designed;

Since it would augur works and ways  
Below the lowest that man assays  
To have hurled that stone  
Into the sunshine of our days!

And if it prove that no man did,  
And that the Inscrutable, the Hid,  
Was cause alone  
Of this foul crash our lives amid,

I'll go in due time, and forget

In some deep graveyard's oubliette  
The thing whereof I groan,  
And cease from troubling; thankful yet

Time's finger should have stretched to show  
No aimful author's was the blow  
That swept us prone,  
But the Immanent Doer's That doth not know,

Which in some age unguessed of us  
May lift Its blinding incubus,  
And see, and own:  
"It grieves me I did thus and thus!"