

THE CEARNE

SONG OF A MAN WHO HAS
COME THROUGH

NOT I, not I, but the wind that blows through me!

A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time.

If only I let it bear me, carry me, if only it carry
me!

If only I am sensitive, subtle, oh, delicate, a
winged gift!

If only, most lovely of all, I yield myself and am
borrowed

By the fine, fine wind that takes its course through
the chaos of the world

Like a fine, an exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade
inserted;

If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a
wedge

Driven by invisible blows,

The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder,
we shall find the Hesperides.

Oh, for the wonder that bubbles into my soul,

I would be a good fountain, a good well-head,
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression.

What is the knocking?

What is the knocking at the door in the night?

It is somebody wants to do us harm.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.

Admit them, admit them.