

Night

By James Thomson

He cried out through the night:

“Where is the light?
Shall nevermore
Open Heaven’s door?
Oh, I am left
Lonely, bereft!”

He cried out through the night:

It spread vaguely white,
With its ghost of a moon
Above the dark swoon
Of the earth lying chill,
Breathless, grave still.

He cried out through the night:

His voice in its might
Rang forth far and far,
And then like a star
Dwindled from sense
In the Immense.

He cried out through the night:

No answering light,
No syllabled sound;
Beneath and around
A long shuddering thrill
Then all again still.