

# In Extremis

By George Sterling

Till dawn the Winds' insuperable throng  
Passed over like archangels in their might,  
With roar of chariots from their stormy height,  
And broken thunder of mysterious song—  
By mariner or sentry heard along  
The star-usurping battlements of night—  
And wafture of immeasurable flight,  
And high-blown trumpets mutinous and strong.

Till louder on the dreadful dark I heard  
The shrieking of the tempest-tortured tree,  
And deeper on immensity the call  
And tumult of the empire-forging sea;  
But near the eternal Peace I lay, nor stirred,  
Knowing the happy dead hear not at all.