

Darkness

By George Sterling

The Night sate weeping in a lonely land;
Or ever, in the faithless truce of Grief,
Held dumb communion—ominous relief!—
With Mystery and Silence, hard at hand.

Then crept that vast conspiracy to-West;
And then came bird-song and the sunlight, born
Of that unnoted miracle of morn,
And for my labor in the darkness, rest. . . .

My mind, grown weary with the day—it seemed—
Had lingered o'er the poet's lines too long;
Or snows of sorrow hid the flowers of song;
For fire and beauty shunned his page, I deemed.

Then music was, and lo! beneath the dome
Of Song's high land I wandered. Found at last
Were seas and cities of the fabled past,
And faery islands girt with golden foam.

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Will Dawn at last, beyond the mortal years,
Reveal the land that now by faith we name,
And Music with celestial lips proclaim
The mystery of unrequited tears?