

The Gates Between

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

Pearl-white, opaque and fixed fast,
Flashing between the hands unclasped,
Blinding between despairing eyes,
The awful Gates shut to, at last,
On comfort snatched, and anguish done,
On every moan beneath the sun,
Till we and ours, and joy are one.

This is your hour, Gates of God,
Your solemn hour, bars of gold,
But there shall come another yet.
Like silken sails you shall be furled,
Like melting mist you shall be set.

Oh, ye the dearest! vanished from
Love's little inner, sheltered spot.
To ye I whisper; not forgot,
But loved the dearer, namèd not.
Across the barrier old as life,
Lean to us from the Silent World.