

And O, mounting up  
Under the canopy of my spreading soul,  
Exposed to the wind, laid open  
To the naked blades of rustling leaves  
And the voices of keening birds  
And the broad peace of a new found land.

Crosslike on the starlit grass, gaze  
Upon a terrifying death burst alive  
Upon a rearing heaven unfurling its wings.  
The even breathing of the hill below,  
The riotous dance of the distant sea...