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Habitation

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Call once? Or seen my darling phantom
 Strolling these purlieus with a lifted hand,
 Harking in twilight?" No. Naught seen, naught heard.

PRODIGAL

Lost to the meet sameness of desire
 That prodigal who travels rocks
 Of shadeless love, season beyond our clocks.

Turned from such moments, tame and unrenowned,
 As rule his tribe, the one
 Who burns his gaze out on an alien sun.

Estranged from our ways, now ready for our laughter
 (Which is a war) this saint against the night,
 Aloof from littleness or a brothers' light,—

Gone unanointed to lie in dalliance
 With the whore Truth who wombs no child
 But spins her angels maddened through a wild

Of absolute love, of raw, tremendous wonder:
 Realms unbecoming proper man
 Who sucks the breast and worships what he can.

HABITATION

Carpet me a faith with the slow dust
 Of history settling, trust on faded trust.

Wall me my faith with towerings
 From the frail, leveled dead
 Of young immensity unsaid.

And window me with delight,
 So from old, magic death I look
 As stares the scholar
 Giddy and worshipful, beyond his book.

ROSAMUND DARGAN THOMSON