

THE RISING SUN

Down through their cycle of lives

At last came the day and the hour
When in the sky, dark and grim,
That I scarce knew existed at all,
First there broke the dim, rare light
Which, during the days yet to follow,
Was due to become that absorbing brilliance,
Drowning the light of all other suns
So that they scarce more than penumbral darkness
Ever more should be.

A cloud of rose was the first I saw,
Hanging suspended in the Eastern sky,
Heralding the Sun beneath the rim.
A strange light it was filling more than eyes,
Lighting the tendrils of sorrowed heart,
Giving a joy I knew n'er before,
Giving a glimpse of the inner Soul,
Giving a touch of Knowledge Divine.
Eyes weak, newly opened within,
Scarce more than one moment of that Light could stand.
Then vanished the cloud of rosy hue,
But the heart remained lightened
And the mind refreshed throughout that Day.
What IT was I knew not and scarce dreamed,
But I knew It was glory and peace and joy
And that all else availed little beside.
So I searched the meaning, both high and low,
Until at last in a distant place,

Far from the haunts of dust-laden men,

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I found the ancient and noble Sage
Who taught me the promise of the rosy dawn.
In later days anew came the kindly Light,
Never twice the same, yet ^{ever} ~~always~~ the same,
The rose blending into Divinely Golden Hue,
The luminous cloud foiled in radiant horizon.
Thus seven days rolled quickly by,
Each more richly filled than the last,
Then, all o'er the sky, Glory Ineffable:
Light, rolling in Sound Celestial,
Nature, stilled by the song of the spheres,
Hosts, angelic and earthly, Joy filled,
There rose, clear, strong and majestic,
Beyond all words and all conceiving,
The noble, eternal, Alayic Sun,
Filling the earth and the heavens,
The depths and the heights and the all of space,
The inward and outward of all about,
With such ineffable Glory, Peace and Grandeur,
That all knowledge, understanding and feeling of man,
Were scarce a drop in an endless ocean.
No longer questioning, but Knowing,
No longer seeking, but with Assurance o'er filled,
No longer grieving, no room for aught but Joy,
The ancient pilgrimage ended,- Victor at last!

Franklin Merrell-Wolff