Down through the ages I came.
Out of the deeps of space I came
gather should me enfoldy encasment
Losing Freedom ever more and more,
as down that, descent it come.
Out of an all-enveloping fery was I borning.
But a fay it was that I know not atall.
All conscious I was, yet not know;
as like unto the innerment dead I seemed.
Do it sowing me down, driven on and on,
By the strange and insortable urge,
With the grown print of boarding form,
Pound me to wakefullness, the life in the surrounding.

Untitled Poem

(ca. December 9, 1936)

Down through the ages I came,
Out of the deeps of Space I came
Gathering about me enfolding encasement
Losing Freedom ever more and more,
As down that long descent I came.
Out of an all-enveloping Joy was I born,
But a Joy it was that I knew not at all,
All conscious I was, yet not-knowing,
Like into the unconscious dead I seemed.
So I swung me down, driven on and on
By the strange and inscrutable urge,
Until the growing pinch of hardening form
Pained me to wakefulness—all so strange
All this—the beginning of Knowledge.