

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,
As like into the unconscious dead I seemed,
So it sawing me down, driven on and on,
By the stranger and ~~unscrutable~~ ^{inscrutable} urge,
Until the growing pinch of bordering form,
Pained me to wakefulness, ^{all so strange} ~~the beginning of knowledge~~
at this - the beginning of knowledge.

Untitled Poem

(ca. December 9, 1936)

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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.