

The thunders of the Spring began... We came again  
After that long migration  
To the city built before the Flood by our brother Cain.

And when we reached an open door  
The Fate said «My feet ache».  
The Wanderers said «Our hearts ache».

There was great lightning  
In flashes coming to us over the floor:  
The Whiteness of the Bread-  
The Whiteness of the Dead-  
The Whiteness of the Claw-  
All this coming to us in flashes through the open door.

There were great emerald thunders in the air  
In the violent Spring, the thunders of the sap and the blood in the heart  
-The Spiritual Light, the physical Revelation.

In the streets of the City of Cain there were great Rainbows  
Of emeralds: the young people, crossing and meeting.

And everywhere  
The great voice of the Sun in sap and bud  
Fed from the heart of Being, the panic Power,  
The sacred Fury, shouts of Eternity  
To the blind eyes, the heat in the winged seed, the fire in the blood.