

Blasting their rivals, the young foolish wheat-ears  
Amid those terrible rains.

The gulf that was torn across the world seemed as if the beds of all the Oceans  
Were emptied.... Naked, and gaping at what once had been the Sun,  
Like the mouth of the Universal Famine  
It stretched its jaws from one end of the Earth to the other.

And in that hollow lay the body of our brother  
Lazarus, upheaved from the world's tomb.  
He lay in that great Death like the gold in the husk  
Of the world... and round him, like spent lightnings, lay the Ore  
The balm for the world's sore.

And the gold lay in its husk of rough earth like the core  
In the furred almond, the chesnut in its prickly  
Bark, the walnut in a husk green and bitter.

And to that hollow sea  
The civilisation of the Maimed, and, too, Life's lepers, came  
As once to Christ near the Sea of Galilee.

They brought the Aeons of Blindness and the Night  
Of the World, crying to him, «Lazarus, give us sight!  
O you whose sores are of gold, who are the new Light  
Of the World!»