

But Gold shall be the Blood
Of the world.... Brute gold condensed to the primal essence
Has the texture, smell, warmth, colour of Blood. We must take

A quintessence of the disease for remedy. Once hold
The primal matter of all gold-
From which it grows
(That Rose of the World) as the sharp clear tree from the seed of the great rose,

Then give of this, condensed to the transparency
Of the beryl, the weight of twenty barley grains:
And the leper's face will be full as the rose's face
After great rains.

It will shape again the Shadow of Man. Or at least will take
From all roots of life the symptoms of the leper-
And make the body sharp as the honeycomb,
The roots of life that are left like the red roots of the rose brenches».

But near him a gold sound-
The voice of an unborn wheat-ear eccusing Dives-
Said «Soon I shall be more rare, more precious than gold».

There are no thunders, there are no fires, no suns, no earthquakes
Left in our blood.... But yet like the rolling thunders of all the fires in the world,
we cry
To dives: «You are the shadow of Cain. Your shade is the primal Hungar».
«I lie under what condemnation?»
«The same as Adam, the same as Cain, the same as Sodom, the same as Judas.