Pleading

To thy silent home, my darling by the lonely, moaning sea

Have I come to-day to greet thee – let thy spirit lean to me

Let thy spirit lean with comfort while I rest my throbbing head

On the grave-grass green above thee, here among the quiet dead.

I have come to thee for healing, for my soul is worn with strife

Sick with loneliness and sorrow failing neath the stress of life.

Dull my efforts grow and feeble, I have lost all strength and aim,

Black the heavens loom above me, God is but an empty name.

Gone the corage that upheld me through so many bitter years,

Shame has come upon my manhood – but thy grave will hide these tears!

Dear, the world is strong + cruel – I am worsted in the fray,

From despairs dark waves of horror I have fled to thee to-day.

From the starry world of silence, out of deaths eternal peace,

Let thy spirit lean with soothing – bid the tumult round me cease.

Give me back my faith in Heaven, bind my soul unto the right,

Let the radiance of thy blessing shine upon my starless night.

Darling, God is love and wisdom – so the priests + sages say –

In my anguish I have cursed him – teach me once again to pray.

Far above a star is gleaming where black storm clouds hang before –

Love, be thou my guide + day-star till I safely reach God’s shore!

(This is 20 lines in the meter of Locksley Hall, written for Alatanta)