Golden glamour

What erstwhile magician chased,
To what far heaven drew
The golden glamour that replaced
The dreary world I knew,
Whence from the void a fiend flooded
My chaos with the glow
Of you, the mystic yet full-blooded
Muse of my spirit? Oh,

Why did that glamour go?

I walked on air that yesterday,
And hand in hand with stars;
Earth opened every secret way
And heaven all her barge,
Fountains of youth around were welling,
Eternal winds did blow.
Why should a glamour so excellent
Reality we know,

Why need it ever go?
Tongues as of fire from gods to men
The seven gifts conveyed;
Woe was a sprinkling hyssop, then,
Sin but an error mistook.
No stream of woe but clean before me
And justified did flow;
And arms seraphic holy did me
Swing censers to and fro!
Why did that glamour go?

Why should a kiss on softening lips,
The altar-rite of Love,
And why the press of finger-tips
Drive to its home above
The glory of that golden glamour
And leave me in the love,
Deapness and blindness and the climax
Of burning worlds I know?
Why should that glamour go?
Yet when the Porter holds ajar
The jeeplied gate of dreams,
Clear visions of my guiding star
Surely they more than seem!
Pilot so with her pilgrim lonely
That deep in my soul I know.
Realities are glimmers only
Wravon of war and love,
That she shall never go!

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Bernard O’Doud