

~~Prayer~~

(Glamour Golden)

13'

What envious magician chased,
To what far Heaven drew
The golden glamour that replaced
The saw-dry world I knew,
When from the Void a fiat flooded
My chaos with the glow
Of you, the mystic yet full-blooded
Mate 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 bars;
Mountains of youth around ~~me~~ ^{were} welling,
Etesian winds did blow:
Why ~~should~~ ^{need} 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 ~~arc~~^{arc} mistlaid:
 No stream of wrong but clear before me
 And justified did flow;
 And arms seraphic hourly o'er me
 Swung 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 but the woe,
 Deafness and blindness and the clamor
 of sawdry worlds I know?
 Why should that glamour go?

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Yet when the Porter holds ajar
 The propped gate of dream,
 Bless visions of my guiding star
 (Surely they more than seem!)
 Pilot so oft Her pilgrim lonely
 That deep in my soul I know
 Realities are glammers only
 Woven of war and woe,
 That she shall never go!

Melbourne, 1916.

Bernard O' Dowd