Voice of the Summits

Voice of the summits, leap from thy peaks of ineffable splendour, Wisdom's javelin cast, leonine cry of the Vast. Voice of the summits, arrow of gold from a bow-string of silence! Leap down into my heart, blazing and clangorous dart! Here where I struggle alone unheeded of men and unaided, Here by the darkness down-trod, here in the midnight of God.

I have come down from the heights and the outskirts of Heaven Into the gulfs of God's sleep, into the inconscient Deep. All I had won that the mind can win of the Word and the wordless, Knowledge sun-bright for ever and the spiritual crown of endeavour, Share in the thoughts of the cosmic Self and its orders to Nature,

Cup of its nectar of bliss, dreams on the breast of its peace.