

OUT OF THE INNER INFINITY

From inward infinities I still look out
now and again, seeing through my face
clouds or the winking lights of stars in space.
My eyesight fails, that leaves me like the rest,
the outside world has shut my gates, I'm left
where there is no earth left, but only sky;
and no event, no grace and no surprise,
no surface, nothing seen, no nebulas,
only reality at peace and luminous,
boundless and measureless and nameless,
a love that's still desireless and still changeless.

The panic world is baffled at my gate:
"Madman! Egotist! Traitor!" its words beat.
But wait: I have a bakehouse in my head,
you'll feed someday on this still uncooled bread.

[1963]

Edwin Morgan