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## SUBLIMATED.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

**A** HALO round his head,  
Like one who is transfiguré  
He was. "Still Man, I am God-man," he said.

He spake. His voice, at will,  
It had strange power to soothe or thrill—  
Music to recreate a soul, or kill.

I did not seem to hear  
His voice with merely sensuous ear:  
It thrilled within me: heart stood still with fear.

From him did presence well:  
About him glory visible  
I saw. Upon my face in fear I fell.

"A thing of limits—laws—  
Long ages since," quoth he, "I was—  
Mistaking what was mere effect for cause.

"Upon the ultimate  
I could but dream and speculate;  
Then sit me sadly down—or work and wait.

"Oft feverishly I wrought,  
Quarrying out in deeds my thought;  
But found a phantom in the good I sought.

"To be—I knew not why—  
To think I was, and then to die:  
What after that came next? That knew not I.

"Through all my thought there ran  
The feverish fantasy—I can  
Be more than this: there's more than this in Man.

"So, human history—  
My toil and struggle to be free!—  
Thus dimly self-expression unto me.

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"As one who hath been sent,  
Though, blindly to and fro I went—  
Knowing not even what my message meant.

"Would decipher it  
And read—it was to me but fit-  
ful, vague, and uninterpretable writ.

"I am," quoth he. "Is won  
The goal. The work is ended—done:  
Jehovah, God who spake, and Man are one.

"As if I were its soul,  
Matter doth feel my weird control—  
Thrills, blossoms, lives. I animate the whole.

"All things phenomenal  
In quick ephemera I call.  
I will they shall be, merely: that is all.

"I need no tools—no skill—  
No travail. With immediate thrill,  
All stirs and palpitates: I merely will.

"I toil not, neither plod  
To compass what I will or would:  
Repeating in myself the self of God.

"Yet I am Man, as when  
Jehovah walked and talked with men  
In dim, prismatic symbols—Man as then.

"No nation-prejudice  
Have I. Broad as himself Man is;  
And Earth, a single proud cosmopolis."

A halo round his head,  
Like one who is transfiguréd  
He was—or one who speaketh from the dead.

He ceased—was gone. Since then  
Have I more faith and joy in men,  
And things beyond mere philosophic ken.

For though the mist be dense,  
Faith giveth me this recompense:  
To see beyond as with an inner sense.

To know that, though mere clod  
Or serf under the master's rod,  
There comes a Man. Historic, who is God.