

The Book of Stones and Lilies

Amy Lowell

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I READ a book
With a golden name,
Written in blood
On a leaf of flame.

And the words of the book
Were clothed in white,
With tiger colors
Making them bright.

The sweet words sang
Like an angel choir,
And their purple wings
Beat the air to fire.

Then I rose on my bed,
And attended my ear,
And the words sang carefully
So I could hear.

The dark night opened
Like a silver bell,
And I heard what it was
The words must tell:
"Heaven is good.
Evil is Hell."

The night shut up
Like a silver bell.
But the words still sang,
And I listened well.

I heard the tree-winds
Crouch and roar,

The Book of Stones and Lilies

I saw green waves
On a stony shore.

I saw blue wings
In a beat of fire.
My hands clutched the feathers
Of all desire.

I cried for hammers,
For a hand of brass,
But my soul was hot
As melted glass.

Then the bright, bright words,
All clothed in white,
Stood in the circle of the silver night
And sang:
"Energy is Eternal Delight.
Energy is the only life."

And my sinews were like bands of brass,
And the glass of my soul hardened and shone
With all fires, and I sought the ripeness of sacrifice
Across the dew and the gold of a young day.