A Vision.

I saw at even mid the starry bism.
One that made brighter the celestial main.
So gloriously fair it was to me,
So full of light, and love, and mystery.
Beloved, fancy said, the star was thee.
Ah me! to look upon yet never attain
Blindled my rapture with increase of pain.
But as entrance I softly breathed, Thy name
It clung the darling permanence; it came,
As if at my fond call across the night;
Gleamed, and was lost, this molten bright.
So didst thee come to me and so depart:
Yet love whatever beside, whereas Thou art.
Thy light enshrined is within my heart.

Samuel Adams Drake

1881.