

The Blue.

In the silence round you,
 The high dark blue round the earth,
 You can find a theme if you like, or none;
 If none, then that's the message
 Your eyes will carry, their light the pale light,
 Your touch that of hands
 Left in space, like darkness on darkness,
 With nothing to reflect them.

But if the message you bear
 Is continuous and long, and glows
 And stays in the sky like someone
 Always there but never known, the breeze
 That touches the leaves at night and then
 Is done, the bird that alone in the tree
 Dwells on his theme, the hawk that
 Wheels in the silence above, then the
 Light, like the blue of the sky
 Always there behind the storms and
 Turns of fate, will be in your eyes,
 Though it may not be seen.

Fishing Boats at Fiumicino.

Below the cobbled pier, asleep

To carry the soul lightly,
Through crowds and power;
Keep a measure of survival
Inside the body; one's exit hidden.

iii.

To float out on seas of strangeness,
Be gone, not to be wise among men;
Not to be known; be always the visiting stranger,
Not to be touched and claimed by hands;
And yet not a stranger, either,
I don't quite know what I mean,
I don't mean a stranger as lodged in himself
And safely housed against others;
I mean a stranger to himself,
To his interests, claims,
I mean to belong to God,
And there is God in men;
I mean to belong to God in men
And not to their power.