

IN LIMINE

(IGNOTLUM PER IGNOTIUS)

O Rose of Death, open thy petals wide!
Aching with infinite sweetnesses within
To crush the wavering insect, and to win
From the deep crimson heart of thee a tide
Of wondrous Life; as when the Crucified,
Hanging in shame to expiate all sin,
Found in the dying thief a soul akin
To His own soul. Is not all Truth allied?

O miracle of miracles sublime,
That all created things should sink to climb!
O mystery incarnate of the soul,
That dies but to be born anew! The whole
One monstrous effigy of Life, that Time
Scrawls with fantastic hands from pole to pole.

ETHEL ARCHER.