

Walk to Caesarea Cento

It was like A new knowledge of reality.

That it end not, ever:

Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond
Like life and fear, a dark reality. While yet
Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning—
I accept Reality and dare not question it,

For those that love the world serve it in action

That it end not, ever:

dying Though I sang in my chains like the sea
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
whose flame Is the imprisoned lightning,
And so it was I entered the broken world

its secret ministry, Unhelped by any

That it end not, ever:

To the white sand I may speak a name,
the secret taste of being lost
let's act the rest. As lightning, or a Tapers light,
silent syllables recorded; This is the secret

in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently

That it end not, ever:

I have seen it over and over, the same sea, the same,
What shall we say who have knowledge Carried to the heart?
I did say yes O at lightning
heart. Say one whispered word to mortal man.

SOURCES: Wallace Stevens, “Not Ideas About the Thing But the Thing Itself”; Hannah Senesh (translation by Courtney Druz), “Walk to Caesarea”; Walt Whitman, “Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking”; Percy Bysshe Shelley, “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty”; Emily Dickinson, “Stuck, was I, not yet by Lightning”; Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”; William Butler Yeats, “Ego Dominus Tuus”; Dylan Thomas, “Fern Hill”; John Milton, “When I Consider How My Light Is Spent”; Emma Lazarus, “The New Colossus”; Hart Crane, “The Broken Tower”; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “Frost at Midnight”; Hart Crane, “O Carib Isle!”; George Oppen, “Myth of the Blaze”; John Donne, “The Dream”; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, “Snow-flakes”; Deuteronomy 6:6-7 (KJV); Elizabeth Bishop, “At the Fishhouses”; Allen Tate, “Ode to the Confederate Dead”; Gerard Manley Hopkins, “The Wreck of the Deutschland”; Siegfried Sassoon, “The Humbled Heart”