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.