

The Song of the Man who has Come Through
by

D. H. Lawrence

Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me
A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time
If only I let it bear me, carry me
If only it carries me
If only I am sensitive, subtle, delicate, a winged gift
If only, most lovely of all I yield myself
and am borrowed by the fine, fine wind that takes its
course through the chaos of the world
Like a fine, exquisite chisel, a wedge-blade inserted
If only I am keen and hard like the sheer tip of a wedge
Driven by invisible blows
The rock will split, we shall come at the wonder
We shall find the Hesperides
Oh for the wonder that bubbles into my soul
I would be a good fountain, a good well head
Would blur no whisper, spoil no expression
What is the Knocking, what is the knocking at the door
in the Night.
It is somebody who wants to do us harm!
No, no, it is the three strange angels. Admit them.
Admit them.

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