

**THE FLAME
IN THE WIND**

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The Flame in the Wind by Margaret Steele Anderson

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MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

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BY

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON



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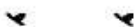
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The Flame in the Wind



Dost thou burn low and tremble—all but die?
And dost thou fear in darkness to be whirled?
Nay, flame, thou art mine immortality,
The wind is but the passing of the world!

THE FLAME IN THE WIND

THE BREAKING.

(The Lord God speaks to a youth.)

Bend now thy body to the common weight!
(But oh, that vine-clad head, those limbs of morn!
Those proud young shoulders I myself made straight!
How shall ye wear the yoke that must be worn?)

Look thou, my son, what wisdom comes to thee!
(But oh, that singing mouth, those radiant eyes!
Those dancing feet—that I myself made free!
How shall I sadden them to make them wise?)

Nay then, thou shalt! Resist not, have a care!
(Yea, I must work my plans who sovereign sit!
Yet do not tremble so! I cannot bear—
Though I am God!—to see thee so submit!)

THE FLAME IN THE WIND

PAIN.

You eat the heart of life like some great beast,
You blacken the sweet sky—that God made blue!
You are the death's-head set amid the feast,
The desert breath, that drinks up every dew!

And no man lives that doth not fear you, Pain!
And no man lives that learns to love your rod;
The white lip smiles—but ever and again
God's image cries your horror unto God!

And yet—O, Terrible!—men grant you this:
You work a mystery; when you are done,
Lo! common living changes into bliss,
Lo! the mere light is as the noonday sun!

THE FLAME IN THE WIND

THE MYSTERY.

This is your cup—the cup assigned to you
From the beginning. Yea, my child, I know
How much of that dark drink is your own brew
Of fault and passion. Ages long ago,
In the deep years of yesterday, I knew.

This is your road—a painful road and drear.
I made the stones—that never give you rest;
I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,
And he shall come, like you, unto my breast;
But you—my weary child!—must travel here.

This is your work. It has no fame, no grace,
But is not meant for any other hand,
And in my universe hath measured place.
Take it; I do not bid you understand;
I bid you close your eyes—to see my face!