



## THE UNBORN

**T**HE Born to the Unborn cried,  
‘Come forth, my brother, to life, in the free and  
the open world ;  
Come forth into light with me—and learn what  
“rejoicing” means!’

But the Unborn answered low,—‘And what do you mean by  
“forth,”

And by “brother,” and “light,” and “life”?

I feel for you right and left, over and under me here :

I grope for you round about, but you answer me nowhere in  
touch.

I know not why I am stirring,—am restless within my world—  
The world of all that is real !

I must stifle this eager desire and conquer the throes I feel.’

‘Oh, never resist them, brother, but help them with all your  
might !

Even if life brings wailing,—the sorrow it brings shall bless ;  
Shall redeem and transfigure all Nature, watching to welcome  
you home.

For life is a mighty breathing, a breathing of fresh, sweet air ;

Not only a beating heart, but a brain awake and aware :  
 A knowing of good and of truth and of beauty beyond compare.  
 . . . And how shall I tell you what light is,  
 The suns and the blue of skies ?  
 Give Nature her way and come forth ;  
 And what "brother" can mean shall be plain :—  
 Brother and sister and friend : father and mother and wife. . . .'

But again came the murmuring protest :  
 'Oh, leave me in peace and be silent !  
 I dare not come forth of my shelter, I dread such a dangerous  
 world,  
 Full of cloudlands and lonely places :—  
 I shrink from your dazzling suns, your "home" without circling  
 walls ;  
 My home is within the shadow, where none of these things are  
 known :  
 I am safe as I am and quiet ; it hurts me to stir or move ;  
 This is all the Life I can bear. . . .'

But the Born went on crying and calling,  
 And at last his brother came forth.  
 Shrinking and wailing he came, thinking home was broken  
 and lost. . . .  
 Only after a while he was silent ; silent and drinking in  
 strength :  
 Drinking at motherhood's breast and sinking to mother's-arm  
 rest !  
 And then came a waking of wonder ; two wide-open smiling  
 clear eyes :  
 And a happy soft murmur of crooning—  
 And at last a laugh of delight. . . .

As the years went on and he grew, and could walk, run, think,  
 and speak,  
 Did he miss the dark life he had left ?  
 Would he fain have returned to that ?  
 Was the life he had entered less real ? And was it fuller or not ?

VITA.