

The Green Sheaf

THE NAMELESS ONES.

THROUGH the stately Mansions of Endeavour
Blow the winds, the tameless winds, of wild desire ;
And the Mansions in their fashion change for ever,
Replying to the sighing of the winds of wild desire.

All around the Mansions of Endeavour
Flow the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire ;
And dreams out of their streams are born for ever,
The daughters of the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire.

Deep below the Mansions of Endeavour
Glow the flames, the passionate flames of wild desire ;
And the building-stones, like opals, change for ever
Their hues, while slow they fuze within the flames of wild desire.

For the Nameless Ones come building and destroying,
In the winds, and rushing waters, and fierce flames of wild desire ;
Their passion moulds that music ever changing, never cloying,
Which is life in all the worlds, in man's heart a wild desire.

John Todhunter.