

## The Mystery

Still under moonlight, silent and serene,  
a land half shadowed and half seen –  
a vista, tranquil as a sea becalmed,  
a harmony, no sound to jar  
the silvered waters of dappled light  
and shadowed depths where night  
yet lingers.

Here and there in milky white  
forms of beast and tree and stranger shapes  
beguile the sight –  
transformed by moon and shadows;  
pools become quiet mirrors of the stars,  
high in far celestial seas, and galaxies  
in a universe of infinite unknowing.

Yet I would know it to its limits!  
God alone could tell what heaven or hell  
should be there; all appears as dark at heart  
as a crystal to an unbeliever's eye;  
no intuition yields a sacred vision,  
we are left bereft, unknowing;  
moonlight is moonlight  
and night a time for sleeping.

14<sup>th</sup> June 2000