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THE LIVING WIRE

By JOSEPH PLUNKETT

I thought I'd never hear your tongue
Again in this dead world of shame
As once when heart and world were young,
And then—you spoke my name.

The barriers of space were spread
Widely between us, when a shaft
Of driven lightning broke their dread,
Leaping—and you had laughed.

The harp-strings in the House of Gold
Vibrate when chants the Heavenly choir;
My heart bound to your heart you hold
With love—and a living wire.

We are not separate, we two,
(Alas, not One), beneath our feet
The blessed earth binds me to you,
The stones upon the street,

The very stones cry out: No more
Seek desperate paths, each step you've trod
Brings you but nearer than before
Home to your heart—and God.