

"The Black Brook"
John D. Sargent



There is a black brook
In each of two bound
Aspects -
Behind and beyond;
Which shall it be in our choice?
Is there a choice in our choice?

He whose desires are well set
Is set
Though the One realization escapes;
Had it be?
Can it curl in the wrap, not waste,
The hours too precious possess?

If narrow we center, outlook,
It can be
The content miss aims at the form;
If we see
The sun sums the rings of the pools,
Radiant flow of the spring,
Preordained
We live in the age of today
Ourselves.

In the depths of the look
There is life
Which penetrates lost;
Where in this life?
In the ascending chains
The vision remains
Hope - Love