

Verses written by G. M. Dawson, copied from  
scraps, written at odd times often while travelling  
on scraps of paper (1) telegram blanks, or other odd  
ends

Oh God, in the obscurity enlighten me,  
And may I be a voice in this great mystery  
To speak thy word among the sons of men  
To trace the purpose of the history  
Of day & night, of life & death  
Of love & loss & all the long account  
That out of darkness flows to darkness <sup>as</sup>

On this dead crater's broken rim  
The cold mists of the upper air  
Fold & unfold their silent wings  
Drift, & deploy  
A while shut in, with crumbling rock  
And Alpine Coettes blossoms set between  
A floating castle of the void.  
Then far below the forest green  
The twinkling lakes & over all  
The steady (steadfast) sun.  
Nature has rest & for this moment  
Stays her peris -

Through all the dust & smoke of life  
The noise & incidence of strife  
This much is sure & clear  
There is, there must be far or near  
Another side of this grim shield  
A further, better, truer state  
A means to satisfy the soul  
A (some) counterpart to make the whole