

1

THE TORCH .

To Urusvati.

The bell, the blue, the snow, the arch
The eternal march, the crystal way,
Where Song, arising high with spray
Of Fire and Light, holds up the Torch.

The Torch, a fire within the night,
When multitude like stars pass on
A million and a million
To wing their way toward the Light.

The Light, the goal, the Morning Star,
A music woven with the intense
Intention of the wide Immense,
The eternal bell the call from far.

Barnett D. Conlan .