

The Calling One

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

Thou, Coming One, in the night-
silence,

They say Thou art unseen,
But this is not true.

I know hundreds of people

And each has seen Thee—

Seen Thee at least once.

A few poor and ignorant ones

Did not succeed in seeing Thine
image.

Thou changing, many-guised!

Thou dost not want to hinder our

Life. Thou dost not want to
terrify us.

And Thou passes by in silence
and stillness.

Thine eyes can sparkle,

Thy voice can thunder,

And the hand can be heavy

Even for black stone.

But Thou dost not sparkle,

Thou dost not thunder,

Thou dost not bring forth des-
truction. Thou knowest

That destruction is less than rest.

Thou knowest that stillness

Is louder than thunder. Thou

knowest

In the stillness, Coming and
Calling One