

Verse

Something of Glory

Shafts of sunlight filter through
Dust upon a windowpane.
Now October afternoons imbue
Leaves the birch cannot sustain,
Hair upon an arm, and spider-web,
Legions of the cumbrous clouds,
With tides of gold that slowly ebb
Behind far hills, where night enshrouds
The living and the lifeless thing.
A trace of God is in the air,
Or where he passed, like incense lingering,
Smell of winter in his hair.
Such an afternoon it seems,
I think of monks upon their knees,
Each in the cold cathedral of his dreams,
Quiet, still, pursuing mysteries
Illusive as these fading beams.

— *Patrick White*