

Points and Lines, Aldous Huxley

Points and Lines

Instants in the quiet, small sharp stars,  
Pierce my spirit with a thrust whose speed  
Baffles even the grasp of time.  
Oh that I might reflect them  
As swiftly, as keenly as they shine.  
But I am a pool of waters, summer-still,  
And the stars are mirrored across me;  
Those stabbing points of the sky  
Turned to a thread of shaken silver,  
A long fine thread.

The end