

Waking, Aldous Huxley

Waking

Darkness had stretched its colour,  
Deep blue across the pane:  
No cloud to make night duller,  
No moon with its tarnish stain;  
But only here and there a star,  
One sharp point of frosty fire,  
Hanging infinitely far  
In mockery of our life and death  
And all our small desire.

Now in this hour of waking  
From under brows of stone,  
A new pale day is breaking  
And the deep night is gone.  
Sordid now, and mean and small  
The daylight world is seen again,  
With only the veils of mist that fall  
Deaf and muffling over all  
To hide its ugliness and pain.

But to-day this dawn of meanness  
Shines in my eyes, as when  
The new world's brightness and cleanness  
Broke on the first of men.  
For the light that shows the huddled things  
Of this close-pressing earth,  
Shines also on your face and brings  
All its dear beauty back to me  
In a new miracle of birth.

I see you asleep and unpassioned,  
White-faced in the dusk of your hair—  
Your beauty so fleetingly fashioned  
That it filled me once with despair  
To look on its exquisite transience  
And think that our love and thought and laughter  
Puff out with the death of our flickering sense,  
While we pass ever on and away  
Towards some blank hereafter.

But now I am happy, knowing  
That swift time is our friend,  
And that our love's passionate glowing,  
Though it turn ash in the end,  
Is a rose of fire that must blossom its way  
Through temporal stuff, nor else could be  
More than a nothing. Into day  
The boundless spaces of night contract  
And in your opening eyes I see  
Night born in day, in time eternity.

The end