

The Loud Music of the Sky

Summoning

What I am, I must not show
What I am thou could (not know)
Something between heaven and hell
Something that neither stood nor fell
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good, may work thee ill

Neither substance quite, nor shadow
Haunting lonely moor and meadow
Dancing by the haunted spring
Riding on the whirlwinds wing

Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave
Man awakes to joy or sorrow
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow
This is all that I can show
This is all that you may know

A year there is a lifetime
And a second but a day
And an older would will meet you
Each morn' you come away

The thunder's noise is our delight
And lightning makes us day by night
And in the air we dance on high
To the loud music of the sky