

Rays From The Rose Cross Magazine

Earth

Even as the growing grass,
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all Man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony,
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment,
When all dust shall be (the whole
Universe,) one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet and cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.
If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,

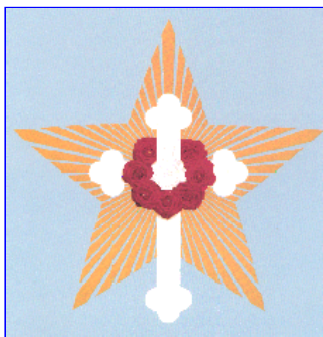
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground
(excerpts)

—John Hall Wheelock

—*Rays from the Rose Cross Magazine,*
November/December, 1995

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