



The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful
fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted
locks, from the keep of the well-
closed doors,
Let me be wafted.
Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock
the locks – with a whisper,
Set ope the doors O soul.
Tenderly – be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold O mortal
flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.)



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