

To the Sun

Clark Ashton Smith

Thy light is an eminence unto thee

And thou art upheld by the pillars of thy strength.

Thy power is a foundation for the worlds:

They are builded thereon as upon a lofty rock

Whereto no enemy hath access.

Thou puttest forth thy rays, and they hold the sky

As in the hollow of an immense hand.

Thou erectest thy light as four walls

And a roof with many beams and pillars.

Thy flame is a stronghold based as a mountain:

Its bastions are tall, and firm like stone.

The worlds are bound with the ropes of thy will,

Like steeds are they stayed and constrained

By the reins of invisible lightnings.

With bands that are stouter than iron manifold,

And stronger than the cords of the gulfs,

Thou withholdest them from the brink

Of outward and perilous deeps,

Lest they perish in the desolations of the night,

Or be stricken of strange suns;

Lest they be caught in the pitfalls of the abyss,

Or fall into the furnace of Arcturus.

Thy law is as a shore unto them,

And they are restrained thereby as the sea.

Thou art food and drink to the worlds:

Yea, by the sustenance are they sustained,

That they falter not upon the road of space

Whose goal is Hercules.

When thy pillars of force are withdrawn,

And the walls of thy light fall inward,

And thy head is covered with the Shadow,

The worlds shall wander as men bewildered

In the wasteness void of life and barren.

Athirst and unfed shall they be

When the springs of thy strength are dust

And thy fields of light are black with dearth.

They shall perish from the ways

That thou showest no longer,

And emptiness shall close above them.

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