

At The Gate

2023-09-16 11:20:54 by Southern

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

Naked I came into the world of pleasure,

And naked come I to this house of pain.

Here at the gate I lay down my life's treasure,

My pride, my garments and my name with men.

The world and I henceforth shall be as twain,

No sound of me shall pierce for good or ill

These walls of grief. Nor shall I hear the vain

Laughter and tears of those who love me still.

Within, what new life waits me! Little ease,

Cold lying, hunger, nights of wakefulness,

Harsh orders given, no voice to soothe or please,

Poor thieves for friends, for books rules meaningless;

This is the grave--nay, Hell. Yet, Lord of Might,

Still in Thy light my spirit shall see light.

[Poetry Nook](#)

<http://www.southernwolf.net/modules.php?name=News&file=article&sid=4419>