

## **The Place of Rest**

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,  
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:  
Only the Mighty Mother knows  
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;  
It folds itself around with peace,  
Where thoughts alike of good or ill  
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast  
For comfort for its hopes and fears:  
The Mighty Mother bows at last;  
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens -- there  
The fire of beauty smites through pain:  
A glory moves amid despair,  
The Mother takes her child again.

A.E. George William Russell