

Dear Holy Sabbath

Dear holy Sabbath, day of calm,
Calm happy day, one of the seven,
Seventh of seven in the days of making
The rolling universe, the high creation
Of the holy Father; He
Bringing to light the things of light
And charging all time
With the glory of His thinking.

Command on command and see
The host of the heavens and the earth,
The world of beauty, and
The worlds of holy happiness:
Joy upon joys, the surging joyousness,
Beauty for contemplating and the myriad
Glorious holy ones, all working
In the rounds of time as set—
Six days for toiling joyfully
And the seventh for rest.

Day so mysterious. Day
So filled with contemplation,
Meditation of the greatness,
Until all things, resting in His love
Give vent to joy unspeakable
Give utterance to the praise and honour
Of the high King, the adorable Father,
The unmutable Creator, ineffable in holiness
And the substantial splendour
Of His Eternal Self.

Day so commanded, command to blessing,
Man resting, unhasting, and unfrenetic,
Building up the holy reservoir, the teeming
Reserves of rich powers. Not merely to while
The empty hours, the boring vacuity,
The flaccid indolence of uncreative thought,
But the incredible joys of human meditation,
Thinking on things so splendid
That the soul surges with newfound powers
And comprehends the eternal purposes
Of the high King.

Comes the rebellion,
Comes the dark Satanic and anarchic upthrust,
The grasping at golden godhead, the autonomy
Of imagined brilliance, the curving away
From quiet contingency, the dependency

Upon the loving Creator. Man too,
Powerful in glory, full in purpose,
Given the gift of telos, but now
Puny in imagined godhead, taking the weight
Of eternal glory, dizzy with imaginings
That bring no fruit, no essential being
But only the darkness of no purpose, the puerility
Of non-creativity.

Guilt grasps the spirit in a cruel bind,
Soul that is soulful soulless finds its soul
Bent on the hastening of its powers,
The frenetic endeavour, the harsh exertion,
The empty nisus, the futile conatus,
Which, not succeeding empasions man
To yet more effort, more futile aim
Until the spirit can no longer rest.
Caught in the ceaseless toiling
Of its own endeavour, the mill-race
Of endless unarriving it seeks
Goal and after goal, and each
Spinning away, haste-borne, unresting,
Until the spirit, dizzy with endeavour
Breaks, shattering down to atomic incoherence,
An anarchy of self
Doomed to pointless effort, unreachable goals,
And inner aching restlessness.

Satan the accuser, Satan the critical,
Satan the unseeing of the glory of the sons,
Roves to and fro. On his own confession
Roves to and fro across earth's face
Endlessly seeking, endlessly burning
The power of his given glory on piffling nothing,
Wild imaginings of greater glory
But earning nothing, slave of his own bondage,
Puerile in dreams, restless with non-cessation,
Goaded by the overplus
Of untranquillity.

Man linked with evil, dreaming too
As the evil prince, the worldly god,
The cruel dealer of mortality, the compulsive
Thief of holy tranquillity, imagines
Sheer joys of the occult, gifts
Of drugged tranquillity, promises
Of sure sedation, or imaginings
Of gnostic stimulations, the knowing
That brings assurance of unchanging godhead.

In the dizzy heights of his fantasy,
The fevered fancies of psychedelic illusions
The proud mind reaches out for accomplishment.

Dear Holy Sabbath

*Driven by ambition, grasping nothing
In his nerveless gripping; the spirit
Is driven on. Searching the shrines of demons,
Fashioning the gods of his conceptions
He seeks power, and with that power
Peace that the haunted, frenzied spirit
Cries for in its orgies of endeavour.
Nothing is the answer, nothing is the wind
That the wild grasp holds, the evasion
Of the true tranquillity.*

*Dear holy Sabbath, unhasting,
Gentle in healing, renewing
The hours of endeavour that waste
The spirit of man. Rest from the selfish,
The human futility of unbeing. Sabbath hours
Restore the new man, making newer,
Opening the mind, the spirit and the soul
As refreshment surges
In the deepest depths, the subterranean
Reserves of renewal. A man is wise
Who ceases from futility, from vacuity
And takes the gifts of holiness,
Contemplation and creative meditation.*

*God is his thought, his aim,
His lofty endeavour, and God's world
The brilliant creation, the multi-coloured
The law of love, the anthropos-in-God,
The unique and various forms that tell,
Articulating the marvellous, showing the simple,
Depthening the profundity
Of the depthless creation. On these
Men may think, and contemplating
Grow to maturity, the mysterious gift
Of the Eternal Father Who alone knows giving.*

*Draws then the day to its zenith
And the wearied spirit of man made new
Looks to the horizons of the telos and knows
No apathy of spirit; knows the upsurging
And incessant powers. Knows the new out-
flowings
Of perpetual love. Creative powers fill afresh
The once tired spirit: make anew
The true endeavour, the rich conatus,
The knowing nisus, the authentic
Goals of God. Livingly the mind arises
Setting out with the entire humanity,
The caravenseraï of the holy community
Moving towards the eternal Sabbath
The dear and sheer delights of Deity,
The true reward of the tranquil minds,*

*The home of holy endeavour and true
Obedience.*

*Dear holy Sabbath, Sabbath which is the Son
Giving rest from his eternal reservoirs,
The mild yoke of the Redeemer, the destroyal
Of guilt compulsive, sinweight (in a yoke
That crushed the rebellious spirit giving
Only unholy anger, driving restlessly
The unresting, the purposeless passionate
And the ceaselessly compulsive); giving quiet
To the unquiet, the weary whose spirit
Cannot rest, the eternal tranquillity
Wrought in the Cross, the coinage
Of eternal serenity, the peace
Of the home of the Father holy.*

*Such are the true people of God,
The community of the quiet ones.
Such is the renewal of an unchanging
And eternal Sabbath. These are the wells,
The true places of drinking, the commanded
Blessings of God, the mandate of receiving,
The renewing resting, the desisting
From mad endeavour, vaunting ambition
And overworking. This is the Sabbath of God
Commanded from creation and reaching
Into the endlessness of Eternity
The gentle Bosom of the Father,
The perpetual Paradise
Of the unhasting God.*

G. Bingham,
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