

## Waiting

Not yet the necessary word awakes  
nor stir the lips,  
but helpless till pass by this long eclipse  
the spirit waits,  
tasting in small what the true sufferer knows:  
the lonely deaf, the blind  
who fumbling in the paralytic dark  
await no dawn, and those  
exiled, to whom the hostile and the kind  
are facets of one strange, barbarian heart.  
Their bonds remain, but you shall to the vow  
and the fulfilment come,  
though in the heart sits pinioned, strengthless, dumb  
the natural angel now.

ID: 3

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A Hot Bath at Bedtime, p 2

Green book, no III (no title)