***For Our Lady of the Rocks, by Leonardo da Vinci***

by Dante Gabriel Rossetti



Mother, is this the darkness of the end,  
The Shadow of Death? and is that outer sea  
Infinite imminent Eternity?  
And does the death-pang by man's seed sustained  
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend  
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while He  
Blesses the dead with His hand silently  
To His long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,  
Keen as these rocks, and the bewildered souls  
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.  
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,  
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue  
Amid the bitterness of things occult.