**Meditations**

BY [MARGARET FULLER](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/margaret-fuller)

*Sunday, 12 May 1833*

The clouds are marshalling across the sky,

Leaving their deepest tints upon yon range

Of soul-alluring hills. The breeze comes softly,

Laden with tribute that a hundred orchards

Now in their fullest blossom send, in thanks

For this refreshing shower. The birds pour forth

In heightened melody the notes of praise

They had suspended while God’s voice was speaking,

And his eye flashing down upon his world.

I sigh, half-charmed, half-pained. My sense is living,

And, taking in this freshened beauty, tells

Its pleasure to the mind. The mind replies,

And strives to wake the heart in turn, repeating

Poetic sentiments from many a record

Which other souls have left, when stirred and satisfied

By scenes as fair, as fragrant. But the heart

Sends back a hollow echo to the call

Of outward things, — and its once bright companion,

Who erst would have been answered by a stream

Of life-fraught treasures, thankful to be summoned, —

Can now rouse nothing better than this echo;

Unmeaning voice, which mocks their softened accents.

Content thee, beautiful world! and hush, still busy mind!

My heart hath sealed its fountains. To the things

Of Time they shall be oped no more. Too long,

Too often were they poured forth: part have sunk

Into the desert; part profaned and swollen

By bitter waters, mixed by those who feigned

They asked them for refreshment, which, turned back,

Have broken and o’erflowed their former urns.

So when ye talk of *pleasure*, lonely world,

And busy mind, ye ne’er again shall move me

To answer ye, though still your calls have power

To jar me through, and cause dull aching *here*.

No so the voice which hailed me from the depths

Of yon dark-bosomed cloud, now vanishing

Before the sun ye greet. It touched my centre,

The voice of the Eternal, calling me

To feel his other worlds; to feel that if

I could deserve a home, I still might find it

In other spheres, — and bade me not despair,

Though ‘want of harmony’ and ‘aching void’

Are terms invented by the men of this,

Which I may not forget.

                                 In former times

I loved to see the lightnings flash athwart

The stooping heavens; I loved to hear the thunder

Call to the seas and mountains; for I thought

‘Tis thus man’s flashing fancy doth enkidle

The firmament of mind; ‘tis thus his eloquence

Calls unto the soul’s depths and heights; and still

I defied the creature, nor remembered

The Creator in his works.

                                    Ah now how different!

The proud delight of that keen sympathy

Is gone; no longer riding on the wave,

But whelmed beneath it: my own plans and works,

Or, as the Scriptures phrase it, my *’inventions’*

No longer interpose ‘twist me and Heaven.

Today, for the first time, I felt the Deity,

And uttered prayer on hearing thunder. This

Must be thy will, — for finer, higher spirits

Have gone through this same process, — yet I think

There was religion in that strong delight,

Those sounds, those thoughts of power imparted. True,

I did not say, ‘He is the Lord thy God,’

But I had feeling of his essence. But

‘’Twas pride by which the angels fell.’ So be it!

But O, might I but see a little onward!

Father, I cannot be a spirit of power;

May I be active as a spirit of love,

Since thou hast ta’en me from that path which Nature

Seemed to appoint, O, deign to ope another,

Where I may walk with thought and hope assured;

‘Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!’

Had I but faith like that which fired Novalis,

I too could bear that the heart ‘fall in ashes,’

While the freed spirit rises from beneath them,

With heavenward-look, and Phoenix-plumes upsoaring!