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The Quest

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Additional Keywords

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THE QUEST

When Arthur's knights in rich attire
At Camelot their feast did hold,
The Grail went by, like crystal gold,
And stricken with the heart's desire
They sought through waste and thorn and mire
But grasped It not -- the Grail went by.

And still we wonder: what may hide
In hole or hedgerow by our side?
Surely the Wizard never lied?
Spirits of water, earth and sky,
Aloof to mortal men who die,
Evade our sight as we go by.

And now we hear a far-off horn
And turn to chase the unicorn,
From chill and silver-threaded dawn;
The horses tire, but we go on
Till embered sun sinks down the sky.
We leave the hunt -- the beast goes by.

Falling through endless, soundless space,
Faster than light we set our pace
And darkling run our furious race;
The silver stars reach out their net
Of worlds like gems in orbits set
To snare us in -- but we go by.

On each new scent we raise the cry;
We ring the Universe round
To hear the song of silence sound,
To find what never yet was found.
All under sun one day must die.
The Quest abides... but we go by.

by Mary M Stolzenbach

