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The Master Key

COME walk with me on the rain-bow heights  
Above this world of care,  
Above the mists where shadow-shapes  
Point only to despair.

Forsake the gloom of the valleys where  
The unreal seemeth real,  
And dwell with me on the sun-swept peaks  
Where the "real is the ideal."

Oh, loose the wings of thy soul and range  
Through limitless space afar,  
Nor pause till thy spirit's sight hath pierced  
To the shore of the uttermost star.

Ask not of puny schools and cults  
The Word that will still the strife  
That stirs thy restless soul in its search  
For the master key to life.

But knock at the gate of the temple that  
Is built of the soul's desire.  
And lo, on its inner wall the Word  
In letters of living fire.

—Lischen Miller.