

Out of the Black Smoke

**(First two lines
paraphrased from
The Voice of the Silence
by H. P. Blavatsky)**

Out of the black smoke
winged flames arise.
The furnace of living
refines as it destroys.

Black smoke
billows up just now
for a coming purity.
The Refiner observes
our age-long process
of combustive growth,
and patiently awaits.

Black smoke
of doubt and trial,
error and despair,
dissolves by degrees
into a clarity
and a loving
within any and all
who persevere.

Let our hearts flame up
out of the black smoke,
arise beyond pain
until pure enough to
fly to the rim of bliss
and cross into it.