

Late have I loved you

Late have I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient,
ever new, late have I loved you!

You were within me, but I was outside,
and it was there that I searched for you.

In my unloveliness I plunged into the lovely things
which you created.

You were with me, but I was not with you.

Created things kept me from you; yet if they had
not been in you they would not have been at all.
You called, you shouted, and you broke through
my deafness.

You flashed, you shone,
and you dispelled my blindness.

You breathed your fragrance on me;
I drew in breath and now I pant for you.

I have tasted you,
now I hunger and thirst for more.

You touched me, and I burned for your peace.

From the Confessions of Saint Augustine

