

MAN

[From Aguilar]

HE marks his shadow in the sun,
His form is fair, his dream is proud;
But shadow, form, and dream are one
And vanish like an empty cloud.

The graven cliffs have crumbled down,
The temples worn to drifting sand;
His deeds with fame he could not crown
With all the cunning of his hand.

The idle and forgetful air
Has heard his boast, has borne his woe;
The night has seen his cities flare
And holds no gleam their place to show.

Within this crystal sphere of light,
Where soaring constellations flame,
He has no skill his deeds to write
And has no art to show his fame.

On things of Time alone can man
For years of Time record his pride;
On nothing of eternal span
Will aught that he has sealed abide.