

A DREAM WORLD

O YE who reason, answer—What's a dream ?
The darkening envelopes are softly sealed,
The old world's gone, and chaos is
revealed :

This flowery island, yonder starry gleam,
The dark-winged dragon o'er the fiery
stream,
And children playing on the battle-field—
What is it that the spirit doth not yield,
And what of dreaming, are the thoughts
supreme ?

Consider Chaos, scan the picture there :
The spatial raiment of island and star,
With movement of dragon and child, declare
That space, change and colour from spirit
are.

Thus of Order, the picture means the same,
But set in universal spirit frame.