

QUESTIONINGS.

I touch but the things which are near ;
The heavens are too high for my reach :
In shadow and symbol and creed,
I discern not the soul from the deed,
Nor the thought hidden under, from speech ;
And the thing which I know not I fear.

I dare not despair nor despond,
Though I grope in the dark for the dawn :
Birth and laughter, and bubbles of breath,
And tears, and the blank void of death,
Round each its penumbra is drawn,—
I touch them,—I see not beyond.

What voice speaking solemn and slow,
Before the beginning for me,
From the mouth of the primal First Cause,
Shall teach me the thing that I was,
Shall point out the thing I shall be,
And show me the path that I go ?

Were there any that missed me, or sought,
In the cycles and centuries fled,