

WHAT we may think, who brood upon  
the theme,

Is, when the old world, tired of spinning,  
has fallen

Asleep, and all the forms, that carried the fire  
Of life, are cold upon her marble heart—

Like ashes on the altar—just as she stops,  
That something will escape of soul or  
essence,—

The sum of life, to kindle elsewhere:  
Just as the fruit of a high sunny garden,  
Grown mellow with autumnal sun and rain,  
Shrivelled with ripeness, splits to the rich  
heart,

And looses a gold kernel to the mould,  
So the old world, hanging long in the sun,  
And deep enriched with effort and with love,  
Shall, in the motions of maturity,  
Wither and part, and the kernel of it all  
Escape, a lovely wraith of spirit, to latitudes  
Where the appearance, throated like a bird,  
Winged with fire and bodied all with passion,  
Shall flame with presage, not of tears, but joy.