

And fell, the river lost its course, the sea
Its bed, uplifted o'er the wave. Winds howled
Storms raged with fury, awful darkness reigned,
While torrents washed the earth in weltering
floods.

Along the gloomy sky rolled thunder, peal
On peal, as lightning flashed and lit the scene
Around of warring elements.

Then lived
The Eozoon. In caverns deep beneath
The surging wave he dwelt in peace. No foe,
No monster fierce, of sea leviathans
Disturbed his play: he reigned, lord of things
Created. From the liquid flood he drew
Life's sustenance; on weaker creatures fed.
Brief his allotted days; dateless the age
Of his enduring reign. Tomb upon tomb
Received the dead of countless myriads,
Till the sepulchral city spread afar
Its adamantine walls.

Upon the hills
The Eophyton grew. Along the stream
Green banks were formed of grass luxuriant.