

Was immatured and unsubstantiated ;
A baseless, boundless, bottomless profound,
An unideal void intangible,
Unseen, unfelt, unknowing and unknown,
Save by the Omniscience of the Mind Supreme.

Baseless abyss of being unbegun !
O could I comprehend or near express
The backward march of an Eternity,
The unborn essence of the Evermore,
Beginningless, foundationless expanse
Of that which was ere anything could be,
I'd call my verse a curiosity—

The monster of poetic pictures rare.
Could numbers paint in lineless colours cold
The Map of Nothing, or that shoreless sea
From whence this continent of being rose
Obedient to the voice Omnipotent,
What miracle could emulate the Muse
Which thus sings nothing on a stringless lyre ?

Though no harmonic numbers can express
The negative of being, or give sound
To the dumb echoes of the primal void
Of Non-existence, yet the well-toned wires
Of measured song may cheer the quivering wings