

XVII.

The fabric, lasting after mind's decay,
Must in its turn complete its final day,
And though its threads are scattered in
the wind,
May even so bring light upon the way.

XVIII.

Where are the wonders gone of ancient
days?
What of the marvels that the earth
displays,
And we ourselves who may rebuild again
That wondrous temple e'er our own decays.

XIX.

Poets are gone--and still the song birds
sing.
A king is dead--and so, long live the
king.
The spirit of the world is ever young ;
It is not life, 'tis what to life I bring.

XX.

The
Realization
of
Simplicity

I must not sneer at foolish or unwise
But think of knowledge gained, in every
guise,
And feel that every truth that I have
gleaned
Perchance is their's, whom all the worlds
despise.