

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Into the mystical chasm of night—  
Course-true, as the stag-scenting hound :  
Dizzily whirled,  
Gripped and hurled,  
Yet, free, in its strong, Titan bound ;  
Breasting and cresting each billow of night,  
Swung by the rhythmical fingers of light—  
The world is a merry-go-round.

Slowly, the scroll of th' en'olding gloom  
Unclasps, and, with shuddering bound,  
Into the death,  
Quivers a breath—  
The master-key, mystery bound !  
Cleaving the close-fitting wall of the womb,  
Weaving its close-webbing pall for the tomb—  
Life, too, is a merry-go-round.

Comedy, tragedy, parity, crime,  
Leashed, neck and neck, through each round ;  
Champ and rattle,  
Tramp and battle—  
Away, in the fair-glare, drowned.  
Way! for the shame, in the glitter begilt :  
Way! for the Name, that to-morrow, will tilt :  
Way! Way! for the Merry-go-round.

GWYNNE SEREN.

