

3

INTRODUCTION AND APOLOGY.

A world of dreams and shadows, and within
Its unrealities, one more unreal
Then all the rest, like dream within a dream,
Myself a dreamer dreaming; and I dreamt,
And things unreal; yet like realities,
More true than the true substance, rose and passed,
Through the dim convolutions of my brain,
With solemn grandeur from the shadow world,
The dark unknown, things awful and distinct,
Clothed in the majesty of unheard words,
Before perchance unthought of; and I rose
And took my pen and wrote, and the swift words,
Flowed from the tossing tumult of my mind
Like waters flowing from their fountain source.
I wrote, and read, and that I wrote seemed good,
And laid the thing aside, till I forgot
The thought that had inspired it, then once more
Re-read my work, and still it all seemed good.
So have I dared to bring it from the dark
Of unseen things, and lay it in the light