

SILENCE

II

BEYOND the search of sun or wandering star,
In that deep cincture of eternal night
That shrouds and stays this orbèd flare of light
Where many a god hath wheeled his griding car,
Silence is brooding, patient and afar,
Secure and steadfast in his primal right,
Reconquering slowly, with resistless might,
Dominions lost in immemorial war.
The throngèd suns are paling to their doom,
The constellations waver, and a breath
Shall blur them all into eternity;
Then Ancient Silence in oblivious gloom
Shall reign—where holds this dream of Time and
Death
Like some brief bubble in a shoreless sea.