

Illusion.

Spent, spent, like a wave that inrolls from the ocean,
And dies on the sands of a desolate shore—
Gone, gone, like a lofty but transient emotion
That wells from the heart but returns—never more !

Absorbed like a frail, fleeting cloud of the morning
Suffused with the color and light of the sun—
An opal, the brow of the great East adorning,
Afloat now, now vanished, and day but begun !

Gone, gone, like the streaming Aurora, that glory
That glows in the North like the phantom of light—
He died ; and his life, like the comet's strange story,
Is lost in the starless recesses of Night.

Peace, peace, heart of mine, dream no more of thy
sorrow,
Think of him in the joy of his absolute rest,
For all spectres of yesterday, fears of to-morrow,
Are laid ; and he folds his still hands on his breast.

Mourn not, oh my heart, since peace is his pillow,
And gone is the doubt and the anguish and strife :
His spirit is free ; he is one with the billow,
The cloud, the Aurora, " the Light and the Life."