

Man may not say unto himself: "Time fills
Day's even measures with matched bitterness,"
Whilst he hath sleep—a jewel without peer,
Which hath the light as but its bezel here.

For there are days which curse, and nights which bless,
And unseen forces striving with our ills.

We are not equal with the unseen powers,
Who eat but bread, and suffer strange decay.
Yet there are pleasant environs which make,
Mid adverse things, a heaven for our sake.

Beyond the precincts of the open day
There is an easy entrance which is ours.

I entered in thereat, and I had peace;
By ancient ways I went and I had rest;
And space was far about me, murmurings,
And 'wildering speed of undulary wings:

My limbs were lissom, and my soul possessed
Of thousand fantasies which would not cease.