

My length of little days, wisdom and
grief,

Light as a drop of rain.

Angel of Dreams— Tender is night,
But tenderer far the limits of this death,
This dream-encompassed city. Here
no sound

Shall wake thee, from thy sleep no
storm disturb,

Though here all storms are born.
Tempest and cloud,

Thunder and hail, the mightiest airs of
God,

The hosts of night, the hot triumphant
dawn,

Seasons, and times, and days, unknown
shall march

O'er thy surrendered head.

Moses— O loneliest rest !

On my lost grave only the winds shall
mourn,

The white rain do me service, the sad
stars

Age after age with endless circling eyes
View this last desolation. In thy
hands,

Into thy hands, O death. Break the
worn thread