

# Sesame

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## The Plaint of the Universe.

**T**HE Sea sobs low to the Stars;  
The Earth makes moan to the Sky;—  
The Deep, despair-wrought, ceaseless sighing:  
“ I am pregnant with death,  
Breathe decay’s fetid breath,—  
Fleck’d with foam from the lips of the dying.”  
And ever ascending on high  
Soars Earth’s wail: “A charnel-house I,  
My freshness the dead’s dust of ages defiling,  
And ever the bone-crumbling corpses are piling,  
Till I sway and I swoon in the glimmerless gloom  
’Neath the load of the finite’s unchangeable doom.”  
Thus sobs the Sea to the Stars;  
Thus moans the Earth to the Sky.