

## The Aspirant

**I** DREAMED I stood within the fame decked  
hall

Trying to write my name upon the wall.  
The pencil would not mark, but passed in vain  
Like a dull object on a polished plain.  
And not a mark was left to tell to all  
That one had struggled to inscribe his name.  
I saw a thousand others at the game —  
Some wrote quite easy, others tried in vain.  
Some wrote for money, others wrote for fame.  
And whether 'twas the nature of the pen,  
Their mode of writing, or the way they held  
The instrument, I could by no means tell;  
But some wrote smiling with apparent ease  
A name that could be seen from every part  
Of the great wide hall. Others scratched away  
First here then there, and, weeping in dismay  
They changed their pencil—tried to change their  
way

Of writing letters, but of no avail.  
The floor was wet with tears of those who tore  
In bitter disappointment from the door.  
The others smiled but would not tell the plan