

Ceaseless and daft and terrible and blind,
Like a lost mind.
I often chill with fear
When I bethink me, What if it should peer
At my shoulder here !

Perchance he drives the merry-go-round
whose track
Is the zodiac;
His name is No-man's-friend ;
And his gabbling parrot-talk has neither
trend,
Beginning, nor end.

A prince of madness too, I'd cry, "A rat !"
And lunge thereat, —
Let out at one swift thrust
The cunning arch-delusion of the dust
I so mistrust,

But that I fear I should disclose a face
Wearing the trace
Of my own human guise,
Piteous, unharmed, loving, sad, and wise,
With the speaking eyes.