

Thy thought forbids thy question, gives the lie
To thy denial and thy unbelief:
How couldst thou think the Soul, aye, think at all,
Without a rational, a human soul?

Tell me, ye newest-born philosophers,
How one without a soul could think the Soul;
Could comprehend the human soul; could ask
Have I a soul? or say I have no soul.

Can Matter think the Soul? Can matter, which
Knows not itself, know what is not itself?
Think what is not itself? reach that which is
Beyond itself, beyond its grasp, its realm:
The Unextended; th' Immaterial;
The Soul; the Soul invisible; the Soul
Impalpable; the Soul unknowable
By sense, but knowable and known by thought?

Yet ye, false teachers, would have us believe
That matter thinks, that matter thinks the Soul;
Knows what Soul is and knows what matter is;
Knows them to be essentially distinct:
If ye be naught but matter, matter thinks,
And naught else thinks in you whene'er ye think.
And it must think the Soul, since ye, at times,
Do make the Soul the object of your thought.
That ye do think the Soul ye must concede:
Assuredly one thinks what one denies,
And, full of empty knowledge, say ye not,
As knowing well whereof ye do deny: