

SO I would readjust
The logic of the dust,
The servile hope that puts its trust in things;
Ephemera of earth,
Of more than fleeting worth,
Are we, endowed with rapture as with wings.

TYPE of the soul of man,
The slight yet stable plan !
Those creatures perishable as the dew,
How buoyantly they ride
The vast and perilous tide,
Frail shreds of earth the skyey tints enhue !