

THE TOMB.

And he is dead at last! O long ago—
So long ago it is since yesterday!
The World hath sunken round me, old and gray,
To sound of endless litanies of woe:—
Dear God, if I could know—could only know
Beyond the creeds and feeble prayers they say
That I might find him yet in some sure way—
How I would laugh against this Tomb below!

I've lost the meaning of the words he said
To ease my heart before he pass'd from me:
I walk the ruin'd Earth in agony,
And cry unto the Waste uncomforted:
Across the blacken'd Skies I start to see
His name writ flamingly—but he is dead!