

Shall I list to the words of the English, who come from the
uttermost sea?

"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message
to me?"

It has nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the
heavens began,

How the Gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of
India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth
with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the
unknown main—"

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is
vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer
awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror
break?

Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered
and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are
level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the levin are
hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling
world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me silence and
sleep

With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of
women who weep.