

THE DEAD PHILOSOPHER

DEAD, dead himself ! the man that faced
the veil,

Who peered with penetrating eager eye
Into the mist, and told a wondrous tale
Of things phenomenal (the passing by),
Which are not what, to untaught eyes, they
seem,

An earth and heavens that of themselves
exist,

are the pageant of a cosmic dream,
Produced by mind, in which all things
subsist.

Oft didst thou pass in thought to things
unseen,

Of God invisible ; but thou art gone,