

FAILURE.

I stood upon the bridge at close of day,
And saw a vision of another world.
Mountains of shining gold and silver hurled
Against a crimson sky ; valleys that lay
In purple ease ; and stretching far away,
Vast yellow plains, and amber seas that curled
In waves of light ; and ships with sails unfurled
As misty islands in a dreamy bay.

Yet, as I gazed, mine eyes seemed dimmed with age ;
My spirit heavy 'neath the night wind's breath ;
And, through the gathering gloom, the silent rage
Of years undone came from the sea of death
To meet me there—and Time was lost to me
With all its wealth of opportunity.