

NOW with dreaming grown mad
I stand in the night alone ;
Knowledge obstructs my mind,
Silence chills blood and bone.

Yea, winds of the night, I know
There is neither time nor space
Nor meaning or design,
But I stand in this place.

O'erwhelmed in mysteries
The mind grapples and pains ;
Sways rhythmically earth,
Silence on silence gains.