

For all the cycles of Philosophy
Follow the wheel and end where they began :
Like wanderers in the Cretan Labyrinth
They wind through many a secret passage-way,
Only to lose themselves within the maze,
Circling on their own steps, for that they lack
The little golden thread, which, following,
Perchance their wanderings might lead to light.
Since men began to think upon their fate,
Full many a man has made his little guess,
And though he missed the clue, has won—a Name,
And other men have followed from afar,
Chasing the Name whose guess seemed nearest Truth ;
Worshipping Storm-clouds, mighty Thunderbolts,
Or counting as the Whither and the Whence
Water, or Air, or finest Atmosphere
Warm Breath, cold Earth or fiery Elements,
Or making gods of Discord and of Love,
The warring causes of the Universe.
To some man has no End nor Origin,
No reason for existence and no God :
The Universe a game, and men the pawns,
So others say, and there be some who hold
God is a Potter and all men his clay :
One asks, and will the Potter spare at last
The perfect vessels pleasing to His eye,
The pots he marred in making, hurl away ?
Many there be, who, when the fatal words
Come for an answer, say : "I do not know,"
And others boldly shout, "I do not care !"
And some there be who answer with a laugh :
"Come, let us eat and drink and dance To-day,