

A temporary cloud—I looked down into the black, inky depths. Again the thought occurred to me. a kindred soul. I felt a call, an urge. How simple, yet how sweet to end it all thus. A soul in darkness forever in darkness. There to be swallowed up and hidden forever in darkness. There was no other way.

The sky remained dark. I stepped toward the end. The irresistible was calling—calling. What could I do but obey? I went further. The blackness within my soul ached to mingle itself with the black. There would be a tense moment, a further urge, a sudden plunge—then peace and freedom and Eileen. She was waiting for me somewhere out there, somewhere beyond those depths. Was hers the irresistible call? Who knows?

I stood at the end. I heard the call again. I reconsidered, but could not resist. My soul cried out again for peace, for freedom, for sympathy, for love, for Eileen. I finally decided. A moment more, and then rest in those inky depths. The moment came—but something held me back, and inexpressible something, like the tug of a tiny hand.

Homeward I turned. I sought rest in sleep, but sleep was denied me. For me there was nothing but emptiness, the emptiness of a crushed soul. I sought solace in the thought of religion, of God, but found no peace there. I tried to reason. A cosmic urge overcame me, and for a long time I thought of nature, the universe, God. I remembered my former ideas. I contrasted them with my present thoughts. There was no God. If so, whence did He come? Why had he taken Eileen from me, Eileen, my nature, my universe, my goddess, my all? I could not reconcile myself.

In my agony, I walked the floor. I cried aloud for something, I knew not what. I thought of the stars, of the vastness of the heavens. I asked myself why we were here, poor, worthless worms, writhing and groveling in the dust. I could not answer. I wanted to die. I wanted to go back to the sea. I felt the irresistible call again. Surely its was the only way. Yes, I would go and bury myself in those peaceful depths, those unexplored depths, which yearned imploringly for me.