

Our journey had advanced—  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd Fork in Being's Road—  
Eternity— by Term—

Our pace took sudden awe—  
Our feet— reluctant— led—  
Before— were Cities— but Between—  
The Forest of the Dead—

Retreat— was out of Hope—  
Behind— a Sealed Route—  
Eternity's White Flag— Before—  
And God— at every Gate—

The Only News I know  
Is Bulletins all Day  
From Immortality.

The Only Shows I see—  
Tomorrow and Today—  
Perchance Eternity—

The Only One I meet  
Is God— The Only Street  
Existence— This traversed

If Other News there be—  
Or Admirabler Show—  
I'll tell it You—

1234

If my Bark sink  
'Tis to another sea—  
Mortality's Ground Floor  
Is Immortality—