

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—