

### III

a connotation of infinity  
sharpens the temporal splendor of this night

when souls which have forgot frivolity  
in lowliness, noting the fatal flight  
of worlds whereto this earth's a hurled dream

down eager avenues of lifelessness

consider for how much themselves shall gleam,  
in the poised radiance of perpetualness.  
When what's in velvet beyond doomed thought

is like a woman amorous to be known;  
and man, whose here is always worse than naught,  
feels the tremendous yonder for his own—

on such a night the sea through her blind miles

of crumbling silence seriously smiles