

how dark and single, where he ends, the earth
(whose texture feels of pride and loneliness
alive like some dream giving more than all
life's busy little dyings may possess)

how sincere large distinct and natural
he comes to his disappearance; as a mind
full without fear might faithfully lie down
to so much sleep they only understand

enormously which fail—look: with what ease
that bright how plural tide measures her guest
(as critics will upon a poet feast)

meanwhile this ghost goes under, his drowned girth
are mountains; and beyond all hurt of praise
the unimaginable night not known