

## Original

I never hear that one is dead  
Without the Chance of Life  
Afresh annihilating me  
That mightiest Belief,

Too mighty for the Daily mind  
That tilling its' abyss,  
Had Madness, had it once or, Twice  
The yawning Consciousness,

Beliefs are Bandaged, like the Tongue  
When Terror were it told  
in any Tone commensurate  
Would strike us instant Dead –

I do not know the man so bold  
He dare in lonely Place  
That awful stranger – Consciousness  
Deliberately face –