

VI

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 alway 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