



It was not Death, for I stood up,  
And all the Dead, lie down —  
It was not Night, for all the Bells  
Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh  
I felt Siroccos — crawl —  
Nor Fire — for just my Marble feet  
Could keep a Chancel, cool —

And yet, it tasted, like them all,  
The Figures I have seen  
Set orderly, for Burial,  
Reminded me, of mine —

As if my life were shaven,  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key,  
And 'twas like Midnight, some —

When everything that ticked — has stopped —  
And Space stares all around —  
Or Grisly frosts — first Autumn morns,  
Repeal the Beating Ground —

But, most, like Chaos — Stopless — cool —  
Without a Chance, or Spar —  
Or even a Report of Land —  
To justify — Despair.

