

SONNET 17

I learn:--the world which seems so real so near,  
Falls fast away: I fly through formless space  
Unchecked, and maddening facts, intangible, wild, race  
Too far ahead. I am alone, and sheer  
Before me gapes eternity. Bleak fear  
Impels me on, then drives me back, too late!  
Flung head-long down, confusion's pawn, I wait  
The end that never comes. No light, no cheer  
Lives in that weird infinity. I cry  
"I want to know"--no answer comes,"--Is Youth  
A time when nothing is reality?  
Is there no answer to my 'what' or 'why'?"

A ringing voice "I am the Way, the Truth--"  
Replies:--my feet find ground; my eyes can see!