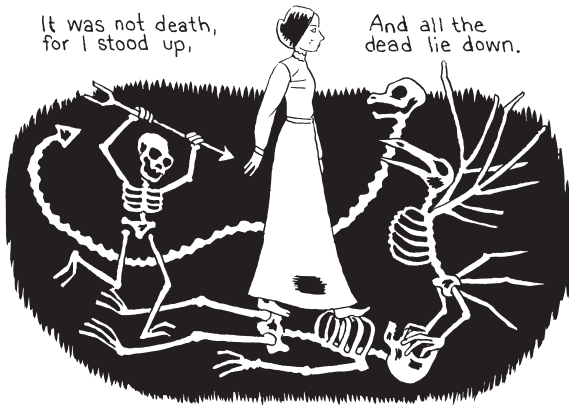


It was not death,
for I stood up,

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
marbled feet

Could keep a
chancel cool.



And yet it
tasted like
them all

The figures I
have seen

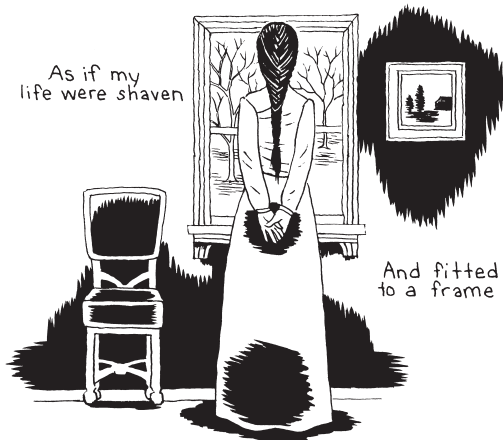


Set orderly
for burial

Reminded me
of mine,



As if my
life were shaven



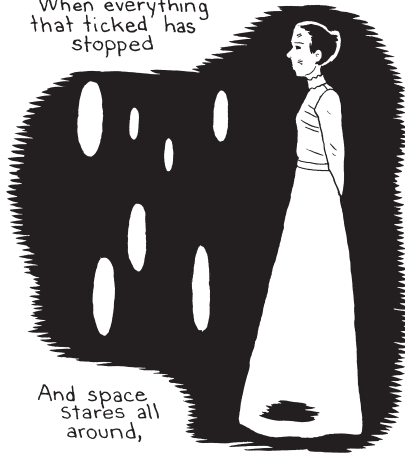
And fitted
to a frame

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.