

THE ONENESS OF THE PHILOSOPHER WITH NATURE.

I love to see the little stars All dancing to one tune; I think quite highly of
the Sun, And kindly of the Moon.

The million forests of the Earth Come trooping in to tea. The great Niagara
waterfall Is never shy with me.

I am the tiger's confidant, And never mention names: The lion drops the
formal "Sir," And lets me call him James.

Into my ear the blushing Whale Stammers his love. I know Why the
Rhinoceros is sad, --Ah, child! 'twas long ago.

I am akin to all the Earth By many a tribal sign: The aged Pig will often wear
That sad, sweet smile of mine.

My niece, the Barnacle, has got My piercing eyes of black; The Elephant has
got my nose, I do not want it back.

I know the strange tale of the Slug; The Early Sin--the Fall-- The Sleep--the
Vision--and the Vow-- The Quest--the Crown--the Call.

And I have loved the Octopus, Since we were boys together. I love the
Vulture and the Shark: I even love the weather.

I love to bask in sunny fields, And when that hope is vain, I go and bask in
Baker Street, All in the pouring rain.

Come snow! where fly, by some strange law, Hard snowballs--without noise--
Through streets untenanted, except By good unconscious boys.

Come fog! exultant mystery-- Where, in strange darkness rolled, The end of
my own nose becomes A lovely legend old.

Come snow, and hail, and thunderbolts, Sleet, fire, and general fuss; Come
to my arms, come all at once-- Oh photograph me thus!

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