

## THE MASKED FACE

I found me in a great surging space,  
At either end a door,  
And I said: "What is this giddy place,  
With no firm-fixed floor,  
That I knew not of before?"  
"It is Life," said a mask-clad face.

I asked: "But how do I come here,  
Who never wished to come;  
Can the light and air be made more clear,  
The floor more quiet some,  
And the doors set wide? They numb  
Fast-locked, and fill with fear."

The mask put on a bleak smile then,  
And said, "O vassal-wight,  
There once complained a goosequill pen  
To the scribe of the Infinite  
Of the words it had to write  
Because they were past its ken."