

"IN VISION I ROAMED"

TO -

In vision I roamed the flashing Firmament,  
So fierce in blazon that the Night waxed wan,  
As though with an awed sense of such ostent;  
And as I thought my spirit ranged on and on

In footless traverse through ghastr heights of sky,  
To the last chambers of the monstrous Dome,  
Where stars the brightest here to darkness die:  
Then, any spot on our own Earth seemed Home!

And the sick grief that you were far away  
Grew pleasant thankfulness that you were near?  
Who might have been, set on some outstep sphere,  
Less than a Want to me, as day by day  
I lived unaware, uncaring all that lay  
Locked in that Universe taciturn and drear.

1866.