

Nightmare

By George Sterling

Departing troubled to her tryst with Sleep,
The soul, that night, paused doubtful and afraid
Within the portals and eternal shade
Of his great temple. All the shapes that sweep
Athwart its twilight, from the abyssm they keep
Rose in tremendous menace. She, dismayed,
Turned to her day in trembling, nor delayed
Her breathless flight from that portentous deep.

But thou, O Death! shalt feign no dream nor dawn,
Tho' æons sunder the hermetic tomb,
And light annul the mausolean gloom—
Nay! tho' contending sun to sun be drawn
In ruin that the worlds diffused attest
To watchers round Arcturus, *I shall rest!*