



MAYA

THE Earth is a perishing patch of dust
In the ruinous drift of Things ;
Yet the sensate notes on its crumbling crust
Are vain of their Summers and Springs.

And man in his moment of vanishing years—
That is gone while a flash goes by—
Finds an epic of long-drawn hopes and fears,
And is weary or ever he die!

WILLIAM MACDONALD.