

# *Megalomania*

THE world is ruled by me and God:  
Silent we single from the crowd  
The ugly, mean: the fair, the proud,  
At one irrevocable nod  
Go down, go down and bite the sod.

MEGALO-  
MANIA

Here, where despised I sit alone,  
Almighty God hath reared His throne:  
Am I cast down, abject, afraid,  
To gaze within those eyes unseared  
By myriad lights of million suns  
Which roll relentless round His feet?  
Watch me—I smile, I hold his beard.

Houses we crumble in our hands  
And shake their vermin down to Hell—  
Yea, all the proud indifferent lands  
That know me not for over-lord—  
For over-lord and God as well,  
Resistlessly their rests are hurled  
Beyond the ramparts of the world.

Here in my freezing little room  
I rouse the innavigable seas;  
The screaming breakers black with doom  
Crush the strong ships against the coast:  
I raise my hand, sweep out the stars,  
And in the crash of smashing spars  
God, I and God laugh through the gloom.

MEGALO-  
MANIA

Then gazing in each other's eyes  
We slide, we slide into a dream,  
While myriad worlds around arise,  
Slip past, and strow their myriad gleam—  
Phantasmagoria they seem,  
The thick dust of eternities:  
But awful, stony, thunder-shod,  
We trample down the firmament,  
For God is I, and I am God.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.