

# Dust

## Stoa

I vex my heart with fancies dim:  
He still outstript me in the race;  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I ranked with him. And so May place retain us still,  
And he the much-beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will: And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirits inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and  
knows? [Alfred Lord Tennyson]

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