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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