A Dream Within A Dream

Dreadzone

For my own part
I have never had a thought
Which I could not set down in words
With even more distinctness
Than that with which I conceived it
There is however a class of fancies
Of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts
And to which as yet I have found it
Absolutely impossible to adapt to language
These fancies arise in the soul
Alas how rarely, only at epochs
Of most intense tranquility
When the bodily and mental
Health are in perfection
And at those weird points of time
Where the confines of the waking world
Blend with the world of dreams
And so I captured this fancy
Where all that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream

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