

In Memoriam

Stoa

Be near me when my light is low.
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle, and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of being slow.Be near me when the sensous frame
Is racked with pangs that conquer trust,
And time a maniac, scattering dust,
And life, a fury, slinging flame.Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife.
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

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