

THE DAY WITHOUT A NUMBER.

“O never shall the sun that morrow see.”

*Macbeth.*

WE lost a day! Nor kisses, nor regret,  
Nor fear, nor pain, nor anything at all!  
The day was lost, vanished past recall,  
That saw no sunrise, never saw sun set—  
For East and West invisibly were met  
In gateways neither glad nor musical  
Nor melancholy nor funereal.  
Nought is there to remember nor forget.

Yet in my westward journey many hours  
I stole, and now must pay them back again.  
I plucked not one flower, but an hundred flowers;  
I bore an hundred passions in my brain—  
King Solomon had three hundred paramours.  
I quite agree that everything is vain.