

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΔ

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When NOTHING became conscious, it made a
bad bargain.

This consciousness acquired individuality : a
worse bargain.

The Hermit asked for love ; worst bargain of
all.

And now he has let his girl go to America, to
have “ success ” in “ life ” : blank loss.

Is there no end to this immortal ache

That haunts me, haunts me sleeping or awake?

If I had Laylah, how could I forget

Time, Age, and Death? Insufferable fret !

Were I an hermit, how could I support

The pain of consciousness, the curse of
thought?

Even were I THAT, there still were one
sore spot—

The Abyss that stretches between THAT
and NOT.

Still, the first step is not so far away :—

The Mauretania sails on Saturday !