

April 16, 1940

### A DREAM

I dreamt that I was plodding thru the strange and mystic hills of time  
Dim in the raging whirls of wind and vaporous in the haze of moonlight,  
The mists hung heavy, and the seas, in a roaring surge, foamed around the cliffs  
where I walked  
And tossed their raging billows against the cold, angry sky in gusts of anguish,  
I plodded on— along the cliffs of the hungry sea I walked  
And the gusts that lashed my cloak about me whipped against the sparse weeds  
at my feet  
And chilled the blood in my veins  
And, with my human mind, I tried to reach the end,  
The end of time, the end of the world, and of life,  
The years and ages sped like minutes, the world around me spun,  
And I plodded on by the side of the lonely sea, and the storm clouds grew darker,  
The clouds and the sea, with the wind on the cliffs, all spoke so clearly of pain,  
The pain in the world which, as time went on, deepened and spread like  
darkening shadows  
And made me long with a fervent heart for the end.

Then suddenly the dark cliffs ceased; I was reaching one of the corners of the  
earth,

My pathway turned from the sea, from the angry sky,

But gazing back, I saw that the morning sun

Was softly rising out of the crimson waves,  
Before me lay the Orient, not with the winding streets and the tinkling bells,  
But the hills, the purple hills in the lonely mist,  
The end of the world had come at last— a beautiful end to a storming world,  
The existence of men had departed, and all life was gone,  
All gone save the birds and the hills with the grass and the flowers — and I,  
And a stillness hung all about, a dense and heavy stillness filled with happiness,  
The happiness that comes when the roving wanderer  
Reaches his home again— and I passed through the hills  
With joy as the soul within me surged  
In gladness, and I sighed in ecstasy as I reached the end of the hills  
And slowly, slowly, I became a part of the mist.