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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

## **Ririro**

## "In Youth I Have Known One"

How often we forget all time, when lone Admiring Nature's universal throne; Her woods—her wilds—her mountains—the intense Reply of Hers to Our intelligence! I

In youth I have known one with whom the Earth In secret communing held—as he with it, In daylight, and in beauty, from his birth: Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth A passionate light such for his spirit was fit And yet that spirit knew—not in the hour Of its own fervor—what had o'er it power. II

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a fever\* by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore
Hath ever told—or is it of a thought
The unembodied essence, and no more
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass
As dew of the night—time, o'er the summer grass?
III

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye To the loved object—so the tear to the lid Will start, which lately slept in apathy?

And yet it need not be—(that object) hid
From us in life—but common—which doth lie
Each hour before us—but then only bid
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken
T' awake us—'Tis a symbol and a token
IV

Of what in other worlds shall be—and given In beauty by our God, to those alone Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone, That high tone of the spirit which hath striven Though not with Faith—with godliness—whose throne With desperate energy 't hath beaten down; Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown. Query "fervor"?—ED.

