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## Imitation

*Edgar Allan Poe*

A dark unfathom'd tide  
Of interminable pride—  
A mystery, and a dream,  
Should my early life seem;  
I say that dream was fraught  
With a wild, and waking thought  
Of beings that have been,  
Which my spirit hath not seen,  
Had I let them pass me by,  
With a dreaming eye!  
Let none of earth inherit  
That vision on my spirit;  
Those thoughts I would control  
As a spell upon his soul:  
For that bright hope at last  
And that light time have past,  
And my worldly rest hath gone  
With a sigh as it pass'd on  
I care not tho' it perish  
With a thought I then did cherish.



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