

Though I, a haggard mourner of time,  
Seeking in vain the star of meaning,  
Yet, when I am done,  
I shall be satisfied.  
For in a vision, I have seen  
A rose upon a mound of dreaming Earth  
Where love sat gently weeping.

Though I, a haggard mourner of time,  
Cursed by the void  
To seek in vain the star of meaning  
Yet doing so I fail  
It has all been worthwhile.