

Death

Storm and strife and stress,

Lost in a wilderness,

Groping to find a way,

Forth to the haunts of day

Sudden a vista peeps,

Out of the tangled deeps,

Only a point — the ray

But at the end is day.

Dark is the dawn and chill,

Daylight is on the hill,

Night is the flitting breath,

Day rides the hills of death.