



*Sonnet of a Sceptic.*

Long ere now Phoebus sunk in western skies  
Behind his dreamy hills of tinted rose;  
When I in pain my troubled eyelids close  
And look upon the world that in me lies.

For in the night the silent river flows,  
In darkness hid the bat unheeded flies:  
In my soul's night, alas! no calmness lies,  
With Nature's night too well my horror grows.

Darkness I hate, for I am like the night,  
And yet in me no star, serenely bright,  
The clouds of mind and soul so purely clears.

But as ~~mine~~ night with its pall of shades of old,  
Unheard, unseen, I sit in heatless cold,  
Enwrapped in my doubts and in my fears.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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