

"But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! - It writhes! - with mortal pangs
The mimes become it's food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out - out are the lights - out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And it's hero the Conqueror Worm." *

Time and space run through my astral veins.
Stars obey my orders.
Planets circulate me in neverending concentric rings.
I am the center of the universe.
I am COSMOS!