

## Dust

sToa

I vex my heart with fancies dim:  
He still outstript me in the race;  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I ranked with him.

And so May place retain us still,  
And he the much-beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will:

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirits inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and  
knows?

[Alfred Lord Tennyson]