

From the Silence.

From the silence of the brain
Come cities, fortunes, war;
Once the mind has gone insane,
Come murders, divisions, more.

From the silence of the mind
Come thoughts and love, and festival;
But when the thinking grows unkind
There comes an angry carnival.

From the silence of the brain
Come countries, tactics, kings;
But once the dream's gone down the lane
Come emptiness and stings.

From the silence of a dream
Come splendour, plays and sighing;
But when we're part of another man's scheme
Our dreams are private, dying.