

A QUARANTINE DREAM







STRANGE...



...IS IT NOT?

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,



Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.







The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,



Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.







I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:



And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I myself am Heav'n and Hell:"







Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,



Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.



TAMAM.



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Text: *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, 5th Edition.
Quatrains LXIV, LXV, LXVI, LXVII.

