

Beneath my Feet

As I stand upon the shore
And hear the melodious roar
Of waves pounding to and fro,
A thought comes forth in kind,
To a recess deep in mind;
Whence I come and where I go?
Golden sands upon the beach
Small in stature... large in reach...
Form a path beneath my feet

Magnificent Sun shine your Light
Winds blow as ye might --
Surf spread yourself high and low
The answer that I seek
Is a mystery old and deep
Whence I come and where I go?
Golden sands upon the beach
Small in stature... large in reach...
Form a street beneath my feet

As I peer out cross the waves,
Fearful, lifeless, Yes! Afraid!
Screams a gull who surely knows;
Shrill blue voices start to weep,
Lo! What answer can I reap --
Whence I come and where I go?
Golden sands upon this beach
Small in stature... large in reach...
Form crystal gold beneath my feet

God! I tremble at this dream
As mine eyes begin to stream,
Conjuring visions of departed Poe;
My mind racing... feeling sad--
Breathing erratic! ... Am I mad?
Whence I come and where I go?

Golden sands upon this beach
Small in stature... large in reach...
Form a pit beneath my feet!

Oh! What Power has this grip
On my Will? I start to slip,
Down into this hellish hole --
Pulling strongly, deeper yet;
Hopeless! Pleading! in thy net
Whence I come and where I go?
Golden sands upon this beach
Small in stature... large in reach
Form fiery Acheron beneath my feet!