

POETRY.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

O! what is pleasure, in whose chase
Life's end itself day is made a race
Of vanity and lightness?
To a star to glow, whose bright crown,
We seek and find day is made a crown,
And find when it has o'er us shone,
No warrent in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship— that false flow
Which seizes and itself itself flows
And closes them at the close—
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet breathing, while the sun shines bright
But shut in there, when the night
Of cloud and darkness greys it.

And what is Love?— the smile that aries,
The tear around whose sweet portion lies,
The cup around the rictus's head,
When midst sweet flowers around it sped,
And happy smiles the group of friends
Aloudly to death!

And what are hopes?— say butterflies,
That on the fancies of fancy rise,
Where the sunbeam lures them
Forever, ever on the wing.
Marking one fast step following
And if at last caught, perishing,
And the group of friends
Aloudly to death!

And our affections, what are they?
O! illusions smitten on the spray,
All beauty and all averiness,
But which the caskery may bare,
Or rule for rule in the brain's rear,
Or blighting winds, lay withering there,
And sad types of mortal fleeting!

And what is life itself?— a nail,
With numerous suppurations laid,
And some bright sunbeams round it
But off one's mind the tempest cast,
The low lying sky, the howling blast,
And when the breath is at last,
Where never plummet sounded!

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And what is Friendship—'that false flow
Which seizes and itself itself's how
And closes them at the close—
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet breathing, while an sunnier bright
But shut in there, with the night
Of cloud and darkness greys it.

And what is Love?—the smile that aries
The cup around whose sweet poison lies,
That's torn around the victim's head,
When midst sweet flowers around it sped,
And happy smiles the group of friends
Aloudly to death!

And what are hopes?—aye butterflys,
That on the fancies of fancy rise,
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And when at last the nail is cast,
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And what is Love?— the smile that aries
The cup around which sweet poison plays,
That's the pearl around the victim's head,
When midst sweet flowers around it sped,
And happy is the group that it leads,
Aloudly to death!

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