

DARKNESS

BY LORD BYRON

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought
no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each others face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the expiring light
Wore an earthly aspect, as by fits

The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chains upon their clenched hands, and
 smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild
 birds shriek'd,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing but stingless—they were slain for food:
 And War, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom, no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought—and that was
 death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beast and famish'd men at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no
 food,

But with a pitcous and perpetual moan
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the band
 Which answered not with a caress—he died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies; they met beside

The dying ember of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes at it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and
died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal as they
dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their
grave.

The moon their mistress had expired before ;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.