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THE DOOMED

By DOROTHY MARIE PETERKIN

How dream the mad? My dreams have been to me
All that the friends I longed for could not be;
Clearer were dreams than hard realities;
Sweeter were dreams than piper's melodies.

How dream the mad? For if I can not dream,
I were much better dead. Will shadows seem
Real to me then, and winds that blow,
Bodied companions? Only madmen know.