

1827

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Edgar Allan Poe

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow!

And, in parting from you now, Thus much let me avow
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream; Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day, In
a vision, or in none, Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem Is but a dream
within a dream.

I stand amid the roar Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand Grains of
the golden sand
How few! yet how they creep Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep- while I weep!

O God! can I not grasp Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save One from the
pitiless wave? Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

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- **THE END-**