

To My Cigar

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
On history's varied page I pore,
Thou'rt Fate in thine I see!

As the snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace, how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus humble to decay!

Swift, but a leaf, smoothly rolled,
And dim's the waking breath,
That late or early we behold,
Gives all to windy death!

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon like these false must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep!

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must be low,
My soul shall leave the thy!"

Aug. 6th