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## POEM: "Foundations" By William Wilfred Campbell (1860 - 1918)

Editorial Board

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## ~Foundations~

By William Wilfred Campbell (1860 - 1918)

We are what nature made us; soon or late,  
Life's art that fadeth passeth slow away,  
With iron eatings of our sordid day,  
Leaving behind those influences, innate,  
Immutable, divine. As round some great,  
Rude, craggy isle, the loud surf's ravening fray  
Shatters all life in spume of thundered spray,  
Leaving huge cliffs, scarred, grim, in naked state.

So life and all its idols hath its hour,  
Its fleet, ephemeral dream, its passing show,  
Its pomp of fevered hopes that come and go:  
Then stripped of vanity and folly's power,  
Like some wide water bared to moon and star,  
We know ourselves in truth for what we are.

“Like some wide water bared to moon and star,  
We know ourselves in truth for what we are.”

