A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM Edgar Allan Poe



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 weepwhile 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?	
But a dream within a dream?	