**A spirit sped**

A spirit sped   
Through spaces of night;   
And as he sped, he called,   
"God! God!"   
He went through valleys   
Of black death-slime,   
Ever calling,   
"God! God!"   
Their echoes   
From crevice and cavern   
Mocked him:   
"God! God! God!"   
Fleetly into the plains of space   
He went, ever calling,   
"God! God!"   
Eventually, then, he screamed,   
Mad in denial,   
"Ah, there is no God!"   
A swift hand,   
A sword from the sky,   
Smote him,   
And he was dead.

Stephen Crane