

**THE HOUSE OF  
DREAMERY: IN TWO  
PARTS; PP. 12-153**

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The House of Dreamery: In Two Parts; pp. 12-153 by Denton J. Snider

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**DENTON J. SNIDER**

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# The House of Dreamery

In Two Parts

By  
acquaintance  
**DENTON J. SNIDER**  
D.C.

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*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY

When I lie on the lawn at noon  
And listen to the bumble-bee,  
His little buzz will jar the door  
Of my pearl House of Dreamery.

I slip into the workmen's forge,  
A thousand sledges smite I see,  
Each hammer hits some hidden bolt  
To ope my House of Dreamery.

At once the Dreams dart out to me  
In fetches far of fantasy,  
I time them all in music's mode  
To tune my House of Dreamery.

If I but thread the thronging street,  
A million noises jostle me;  
Still every noise flows to a note  
Which floods my House of Dreamery.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

But when I lay me on my lounge  
And will myself a dreamer be,  
I build a world of Love within  
My House divine of Dreamery.

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THE DREAMER

It is my love to live a dream  
And fleet the world around,  
I long to be and not to seem,  
To Time no longer bound.

A stranger to this life I roam,  
For when I wake, I seem;  
But I return to my right home  
When I can be a dream.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

THE CONFLAGRATION

Our world held an orgy Satanic  
Which bedraggled me all through the night,  
And I fell to a dream volcanic  
Which boiled me in tears at the sight.

Up rose a burning mountain  
Out of a human breast,  
Whose throbs shot a lava fountain  
That burnt its way from the crest.

The eyes burst a double crater  
That never ceased to flow,  
Their ruddy rivers rolled greater  
While fiercer became their glow.

The sides were layered of tinder,  
Whose flames rose tongued with sighs,  
And wherever would fall a cinder  
Broke out the tristfulest cries.



*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

But as those flames waxed hotter  
They wrapped it around to the top,  
The mountain did tremble and totter,  
But the furnace never could stop

Until the whole Earth-ball was whizzing  
With all its five zones on fire;  
Good Providence too seemed blazing  
In Heaven upon the world's pyre.

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MACROCOSM

I feel without a fault of mine  
An ever-prowling pain,  
Which crawls into my day with dawn  
As I wake up again.

It throbs the macrocosm's bale,  
Wherein I am a part,  
Which with its penance overflows  
This microcosmic heart.

*THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.*

ARMAGEDDON

The Earth entire turns Satan  
With monstrous jaw  
Devouring his own children  
In world-wide maw.

This planetary Dragon  
Through space now toils  
With all damned Armageddon  
Caught in his coils.

I would not let him loop me  
E'en in my dream,  
But whooped up all my courage  
To one last scream:

"I dare thy noose, God's serpent  
Round Eden curled;"  
He, hissing me his frenzy,  
Let drop the world.

*PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.*

THE UNIVERSAL CRUCIFIX

The crucifixion is not now confined  
To single small Jerusalem,  
Nor is to-day the Christ, the son divine,  
Born only in one Bethlehem.

To-day the valley of Jehosaphat  
Is all the land, aye all the sea,  
The judgment seat hangs all around the globe—  
The convict, all humanity.

The whole world has become now Golgotha,  
The charnel home of man who died;  
This Earth-ball is the Hill of Calvary  
Where all the race is crucified.

Upon that universal crucifix  
Both you and I suspended seem,  
But resurrection of this death-done world  
Is what gives substance to our dream.