

# “FROM THE PORCH AT RUNNYMEDE”

BY

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I stand above the city's rush and din,  
And gaze far down with calm and undimmed eyes,  
To where the misty smoke wreath grey and dim  
Above the myriad roofs and spires rise;

Still is my heart and vacant is my breath—  
This lovely view is breath and life to me,  
Why I could charm the icy soul of death  
With such a sight as this I stand and see.

I hear no sound of labor's din or stir,  
I feel no weight of worldly cares or fears,  
Sweet song of birds, of wings the soothing whirr,  
These sounds alone assail my listening ears.

Unwhipt of conscience here I stand alone,  
The breezes humbly kiss my garment's hem;  
I am a king—the whole world is my throne,  
The blue grey sky my royal diadem.