Meru by WB Yeats

Civilisation is hooped together, brought Under a rule, under the semblance of peace By manifold illusion; but man's life is thought, And he, despite his terror, cannot cease Ravening through century after century, Ravening, raging, and uprooting that he may come Into the desolution of reality: Egypt and Greece good-bye, and good-bye, Rome! Hermits upon Mount Meru or Everest. Caverned in night under the drifted snow Or where that snow and winter's dreadful blast Beat down upon their naked bodies, know That day brings round the night, that before dawn His glory and his monuments are gone.