

PERDURABO.

EXILE from humankind! The snow's fresh flakes
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is
wrought

Into dark shapes of solitary thought
That loves and sympathizes, but awakes
No answering love or pity. What a pang
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!
No snake of hell hath so severe a fang!

I am not lower than all men—I feel
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above;
Though I have this—unalterable Love
In every fibre. I am crucified
Apart on a lone burning crag of steel.
Tortured, cast out; and yet—I shall abide.