

## THE PESSIMIST'S PROGRESS

**M**ORTAL distrust of mortal happiness  
Is born of madness and of impotence ;  
A miserable and distorted sense,  
Defiant in its hatred of success.  
Even where love's banners flame, and flowers bless  
The happy head ; all faith and hope immense  
Fly, for possession dwells supreme, intense ;  
And to possess is only—to possess.

But, as the night draws snailwise to its end,  
And sleep invades the obstinate desire,  
And lovers sigh—but not for kisses' sake—  
There comes this misery, as half awake  
I watch the embers of my passion-fire,  
And see love dwindled in my—call her friend !