

Credone?

To My Friend F. A. C. S.

By Victor B. Neuburg

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WHEN that I think what I, a man, have known,—
How little is the space in life for trust,—
Well do I know that I must fight alone,
A worm within an acreage of dust.
What if I sing the song that you would sing?
I only sing, good friend, because I must!

Credit me not! What I have done I've done
Because a voice in me its song did raise:
Because I am a mote by the red sun
That's swayed, I give an echo to my days.
So closely am I compassed all about,
I have no room for blame, no place for praise.

Only I live; why that I live, I know
What you know—nothing! Shall I be afraid
When the Night calls me forth? And when I go,
I shall but pass into the red sun's shade.
I need no God to call me to his arms;
I am a Man, and ask no being's aid!

That which I've left undone, I could not do,
Nor know I shame! No fear has made me bow!
Only I love one here and there, and who
Shall live but in the ever-living Now?
A worm, and yet a god! In joy and pain
I keep my feet, and bear an open brow!

And old Time calls! His mouthpiece is the earth;
The earth upholds me with her echo-song:
A chant of Death, a love-song then of Birth—
The world is wide enough, and life is long!
Be fearless, Brother! Fear nor Man nor God,
But stand alone, and so you shall be strong!