

Remember My Bonds

My blunted pen and blotted page give proof,
That Caesar's chain has galled my weary wrist;
But pain of sense controls not joy of mind,
And vengeance touches but this house clay.
The inner man is free from dungeon dim,
To soar and drink reviving mountain rain,
And rest in regions pure as mountain snow,
Transfigured in the bliss of lasting life.