

LXI.

Alas this cry but binds the soul and flesh,
The fibrous threads of weakness grow
afresh,
A present strength alone can loose their
strands
And conquer all their powers to enmesh.

LXII.

My life itself is nothing but a vine
Which, growing, winds its branches round
the shrine
Of God, and seeks his very Spirit there,
Hoping to gain the essences divine.

LXIII.

A deed the outcome of a hidden thought,
Fostered, forgotten, yet its tendrils caught
Around the vine and blended with the
growth,
Until it flowered, and its sorrow brought.

LXIV.

Bitterness, malice, hatred, burning names
To give to simple thoughts; but truth
proclaims
That step by step the fever ever spreads,
While mighty deeds evolve from simple
games.