

## 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.