

AH, what a travesty
Of man's ascent, were I
To bear myself less royally than they,
After the ages spent
In spirit's betterment,
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

FOR surely I have grown [may not?]
Within a cleft of stone,
With spray of mountain torrents in my face;
Slow soaring ring by ring
On moveless tilted wing,
I have seen earth below me sink through space.
[I have seen the earth]