

LVII.

Before hypocrisy has met its fate,  
The voice of God speaks out of Heaven's  
gate ;  
And cries, the outward form is fair to see  
But thou thine own essentials must create.

LVIII.

The weeds, the common weeds of all the  
earth,  
Are simply weeds because of lowly birth ;  
But in a desert land, what pleasures they  
Can give! No value? What is value worth!

LIX.

And so I cannot gauge a future thought.  
With clinging arms, environment hath  
caught  
That dream of mine, and swayed it to her  
will ;  
The future is not mine. What have I  
sought?

LX.

Is then environment a dream of mine?  
Have I the right by which I may resign  
My claim to any certain future act?  
And sleeping cry—My God the deed is  
thine !