

DARWIN

Alfred, I am a withered leaf—a twig
Dry of the sap; yet how I love the picture!
Is heaven less blue because the stellar dust
Veils night eternal from all human eyes?
Life is, though for us pass: well, I will regard
One moment filled with wonder of the world,
Forever worth the passing, when this jar
Crumbles! . . . Why do you nod in protest, friend?
I am serene and patient, grateful, glad—
Asking no more of life than what it gives:
Eyes quick to see the march out of the mist,
And into mist once more; ears that are tuned
To music of the many strings of joy
And sorrow; tongue so wistful of the word
Telling the truth; obedient hands and feet;
And over all, the mind with wings that soar!
I trust, ask nothing, watch meanwhile, and wait;
Whatever is for me to win, no one
Can take: if there be not some afterword,
Some music and a flower from the feast,
A going up the hall with Him, my Host,
In conversation as of comrades—well,
Enough that I was called to sup with Him,
Drank from His cup and pledged the world with wine!

My fundamentals are misunderstood—
Is the fault mine? 'Tis not a ready pen
That wrote *The Origin*. The many reeds