

LIII.

And they the preachers of the wondrous
 path
 Can only teach the way, that each one hath
 Himself o'er-travelled ; from which he
 creates
 Eternal rest or future aftermath.

LIV.

But I who played the part, ignored the
 trend
 Of things until I reached the bitter end.
 I strove to spurn the body, carnal God,
 To feel my spirit seeking to ascend.

LV.

This flesh and blood should be my primal
 care
 This earthly form, perhaps a temple fair,
 Whose purity will purify my Soul ;
 Whose grossness will defile and lay it bare.

LVI.

So I through life to life must ever roam ;
 Appear at first as giant then as gnome,
 Till once again perfection reigns supreme,
 And I with God approach my final Home.