

## II.

But lo! if it were possible to forget  
 Those monstrous folds that strain about us yet  
 Of our own selves the misbegotten woe

And pitiless age-long pestilence;  
 Though noon should lavish loveliness, although  
 The soul were utterly drowsed with glutted sense,  
 And every dreaming petal furled;

Yet still tempestuous misery shakes the world:

The people build on sand;

The high things are not scanned;

Evil men in darkness trust;

Weak men falter and are dust;

Innocent sufferers bear the chance

Of Time or old inheritance;

War besets the nations worn with hate;

And war the boasted concord of the state,

Where Justice in old garments hides her face,

And Liberty on that side, and on this

Equality, forget their plighted kiss

And seek her separate favours and embrace

A cloven glory, a divided grace;

And wealth superb or knavish, poverty

Helpless or fierce, lay waste the sober fields

Of plain men's labour. Order quells her see

With heathen hands, or more ignobly yields.

All, all is mortified

And undetermined dawn;

And love is but a fitful tide

Still urged and still withdrawn.

Still, for the world's corruption, not one soul

Hath taintless joy, each festers with the whole —

There is no separate life, no sense apart —

All have their pulse in one impassioned heart,

And each shall feel the poisoned blood,

Each give his sorrow to the flood;

Whatever self it be,

Wherever I or he,

In me the kindred sprays are spilt

I share the pain and the long troughs of guilt.

And while there beats in but one moment's birth