

# My Wish and Other Poems

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## MY WISH

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HAD I my wish—oh, then, I'd love to be  
In words and phrases apt, for writing fitted;  
And thinking, striving, working bold and free,  
'Gainst ev'ry sham and ev'ry evil pitted,  
I fain would tell, in accents clear and strong,  
Of human rights that oftentimes are withheld,  
By cunning craft, or stealth, from that great throng  
—E'en though, in simple worth, quite unexcelled—  
Who live their lives in quiet, humble sphere  
Of toil, yes, ceaseless toil, from year to year.

To wrong condemn, and always right uphold,  
Unfearing 'gainst all vice and outrage bold,  
To take my stand, to fight, to battle hard,  
Would be my constant aim, were I a bard:  
Yea, naught should e'er escape my vision keen,  
Which, lurking in the dark, could not be seen  
By vulgar eyes; but which, in essence real,  
Proved evil sore that poisons human weal.

'Twould be my task, with busy, tireless pen,  
The mask of falsehood to disclose; and then  
All shameless guilt to paint with master stroke,  
That brazen struts 'neath each deceiver's cloak;  
The cause, to champion, of the suff'ring mass,  
'Gainst subtle robberies of a selfish class.  
That right might win and wrong would quickly cease,  
Should spur me on, my diligence increase.