

AND if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own,
Shall I not also give
His soul, that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

AND so, if I have wrought,
Amassed or conceived aught
Of beauty or intelligence or power,
It is not mine to hoard;
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower.