

Peter

"I know him not." Ah Peter, yes thou dost,
But clouds abyssinal wrap thy mind confused;
And warp thy tongue to utter words awry,
But lo! an arrow charged has rent thy veil,
And fountains sealed send forth their pearly spray.
And swiftly dost thou stand erect, a man,
Subdued, restored, uplifted and employed,
A rock against which the billows break in vain.