

FATE

I KNOW not how I know,

And yet I know.

I do not plan to go,

And yet I go.

There is some dim force propelling,

Gently guiding and compelling,

And a faint voice ever telling

"This is so."

The path is rough and black—

Dark as night—

And there lies a fairer track

In the light.

Yet I may not shirk or shrink,

For I feel the hands that link

As they guide me on the brink

Of the Height.