

Yet, mindful of a bond betwixt all flesh,
I harm forbear. Pleased with a look, I spare
The intruding step: for, loving liberty,
Could I deny the boon to creatures made
In image of that winged goddess? Nay,
This is their heritage and sacred are
Its precincts. Yet, with instrument of death,
Man strides upon the green, no pity in
His breast. He claims the earth and views
the heavens

With envious eye. An Epicurean taste,
Nursed in the lap of luxury, seeks bent
In wanton feasts. Sport, the lean price paid for
Another's woe, slakes his keen thirst in the
Deep well of pain. From Earth's remotest age
With parasitic greed, they sap the blood
Of life with endless pangs. Beasts are the prey
Of wanton pleasure; man the ignoble slave
At her voluptuous feasts: yet is the slave
Turned beast, and in his turn is offered to
That god a sacrifice.

Free from the guilt
Of causing needless pain, let me behold
The plain. Her pleasures are as verdant as