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HOY COMO AYER.

(From the Spanish-Bequer.)

To-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day,
And always thus, the same;
A leaden sky, horizon without bound;
Indefinite the aim.

Like some mechanical device pulsates the heart,
Beats but to beat again,
The while intelligence seems fast asleep,
In a corner of the brain.

The paradise to which the ambitious soul aspires,
No longer faith begets;
Disquiet without object, like the wave,
Ignoring why it frets.

Within, a voice keeps chanting in the self-same tone
The self-same, dull refrain,
Monotonous as water, falling drop by drop,
Which ceaseless drips again.

So slip and pass away the good-for-nothing days,
One after one they train:
To-day the same as yesterday—and all
With neither joy nor pain.

Ah, sometimes, I recall the suffering of the past—
Would God the alternative!
The cross is heavy; but, full well, I know,
To suffer is to live!