

THE ASPIRANT

By which they overcame the obstinate wall.
I saw the great ones of our time. I watched
How easily they registered, and I tried
To mimic them, but still without success.
I saw the names of ones long dead, whose work
Survived their mortal span of life; I bowed
My head in reverence to the same, and watched
Again the favored great ones of our day.
They drew my admiration. I adored
Their style and manners, but I was too weak
To follow in their steps or gain their ranks.
I saw again with sympathetic heart
The tear-stained hopeless rushing from the door.
I wept and dropped my pencil to the floor
And joined the bitter torrent—then
I humbly wrote a tribute to great men.

THE END