

Clay was I ; the potter thou,
 With Thy thumb-nails smooth'dst my brow,
 Roll'dst the spital-moistened sands
 Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
 Fury of the fire and flood,
 And upon the boundless skies,
 Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame
 God like from the source it came,
 Whirling round like furious wind
 Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
 All my weakness was my strength ;
 Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
 For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
 Was I woman-like to hide
 What she asked me, as if fear
 Could my iron heart come near ?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
 Cowards who their tongues restrain ;
 Cared I no more for Thy laws
 Than a wind of scattered straws,

When the earth quaked at my name
 And my blood was all aflame,
 Who was I to lie, and cheat
 Her who clung about my feet ?

From thy open nostrils blow
 Wind and tempest, rain and snow ;
 Dost Thou curse them on their course
 For the fury of their force ?