

Their fingers itch to reach me,
One woman breaking through the line fastens her nails into
my shoulder,
Tearing the skin down to the waist;
The sight of blood drives the crowd into a frenzy.
"Faster, faster," they cry.

"I am digging my grave, why curse and threaten?
Soon will it be deep enough to hold my weary body,
Push me not yet into it,
A few more feet to hollow
Then I shall go in and lie down;
Patience, patience, Ye Avengers of God,
Save your spittle,
Ye may need it to moisten your death-rattling throats
And I would not take it from ye."

to
I am lying against the mothering breast of earth,
"Courage, dear child," she whispers, "Soon will I receive thee
into my womb again."
Crash: the stones begin to fall,
I place my hands over my head, Why? I know not,
It gives the multitude a longer time to play;
I listen to the dull thuds against my body,
By and by I take my hands away,
O I am so tired:
Finally I open my eyes,
I see a mother giving her child a stone to hurl,
I smile upon the little one,
My eyelids close—
Presently I commence to dream—
I watch the people covering something which lies in the
ground formless,
And I join and help them,
"Though they see me not.