

STRAY BIRDS

316

LET me live truly, my Lord, so that
death to me become true.

317

MAN's history is waiting in patience
for the triumph of the insulted man.

318

I FEEL thy gaze upon my heart this
moment like the sunny silence of the
morning upon the lonely field whose
harvest is over.

319

I LONG for the Island of Songs across
this heaving Sea of Shouts.

[89]