

SEEKING

• Out of the frigid, squalid throng
I came with my maudlin dross to her;
My tongue was parched and had no song
But she drew me with my cross to her.

My sores were cooled in mountain dew—
What compares with the name of her?
Revigored I felt in bone and th .
• And I felt me strong in the flame of her.

Now I know the faith that curbed me fair
Came from the heart so warm of her;
Infused, I gulped the wholesome air
Filled with the potent charm of her.