

SONNET

For that I have forgot the world these days,
To enter at the smokeless lodge, and take
Life naked at primeval hands, to make
Clean comrades of large things in mighty ways;
That I have wrestled with the huge dismays
Which make the high head bow, the strong heart quake,
That I have battled for a golden stake,
Richer by every terror and amaze,—

For that I have forgot the world her cries
In the vast painted silences, that men
Have meant me nothing, under the great skies,
Over the high hills of God's caress,—
Ye pitying elements!—be with me when
I kiss the little feet of foolishness.