

II.

On souls robbed of their birth-right's better part,
Born only in one world, through life to see
This nether sphere alone—God's pity be;
Poor, purblind purchasers at life's high mart.
The Great Physician, lest the ravaged heart
Reveal itself in anguish, did decree
The Lord of Sense, Contempt, that he set free
The mangled spirit from its memory-smart.
So, deep in scorn for him of perfect sight,
The blinded soul remembereth not her scars.

——But who hath sudden felt his spirit beat,
Sped through the smoking dark with fear-shod feet,
Still hounded, haunted, hunted down the night
By all the crying beauty of the stars?