

10.

MY PRAYER

God make me the poet of simplicity,
Force, and clearness. Help me to live
Ever up to ever higher standards. Teach me to lay
A strong, simple, big-rocked wall
Firmly, the first of all,
And to fill in the fissures with the finer stones and clay
Of alliteration, simile, metaphor. Give
Power to point out error in sorrow and in felicity.
Make me a truthful poet, ever true to the voice of my
Call,
Groping about in the blackest night
For ever clearer, dearer light,
Sturdily standing firm and undismayed on a Pillar of
Right,
Working with heart, and soul, and a willing might,
Writing my highest Ideal large in whatsoever I write,
Truthfully, loftily, chivalrously, and cheerfully ever,
Fearfully, never.