

pity his how illimitable plight  
who dies to be at any moment born—  
some for whom crumbs of colour can create

precision more than angels fear to learn

and even fiends:or,if he paints with sound,  
newly one moving cadence may release  
the fragrance of a freedom which no mind

contrives(but certainly each spirit is)

and partially imagine whose despair  
when every silence will not make a dream  
speak;or if to no millionth metaphor  
opens the simple agony of time

—small wonder such a monster's fellowmen  
miscalled are happy should his now go then