

*Love.* I have sought love. Even in that mortifying anguish which melts the soul into an abyss—in those years of sorrow and amnesia—I sought to love. My life, in all its brevity, is but a drop of this one passion—All other purpose is an incarnation of this ecstasy.

*Literature.* Literature... It taught me of the universal shadow whose domain is the souls of men; it taught of the secrets of the human heart; it taught me justice. I am certain my last thought will be a poem.

*Knowledge.* I have wished to understand; I have wished to comprehend how thought emerged from matter, how material forces shaped the history of mankind, and the archaic instincts of the mammalian brain. In this, at twenty-five, I have achieved less than some and more than others—but I am far from satisfaction.

*Friendship.* Such platonic love exists in friendship that I have feared romantic passions may never reach such altitudes. I was wrong—but very few are the ones that learn this, I suspect.

*Compassion.* I live amidst the mist of my own self. Poems and figures aspire to rule my mind, because a sort of gravity compels it to them. And yet there is one passion which resolves this. Compassion drives my soul towards the souls of other men. Poverty and slavery are the great pities of this world—Hardship, oppression, and sterile sacrifice is the faith of most mankind. With great sorrow I have wished for the coming of a Christ that may alleviate these suffering—because I cannot. It is this dream what binds my soul to worldly dust and flesh and dirt.