

*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 love. My life, in all its brevity, is but a drop of this one passion; all other purpose is but an incarnation of this ecstasy which drives me forward.

*Literature.* Poetry taught me of the universal shadow whose realm is the souls of men. I wished, since early adolescence, to speak the secrets of the human heart; I felt the drive to find *the* word which was the key to what I longed to say. I have not found it still—I fear I never will. I know that 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 here again I fear that satisfaction can't be reached. I cannot help but feel an ignorant in this world.

*Compassion.* I live amidst the mist of my own self. Poems and abstract figures aspire to rule my mind, because a sort of gravity compels it to them. And yet there is one passion which resolves my solipsistic nature. 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 this suffering, because I cannot. It is this dream what binds my soul to worldly dust and flesh and dirt.