

Before too Late.

So often heart must rise and fall, its seems,
Like mountain, then like wind, and then the sun,
And then in a pause that makes all weather stop
And silence multiply like night; in gleams
Of tiny light that sometimes mean a turn
In tomorrow's fate; in eyes that lack their drop
Of tears to make them known; in sudden sight
Of the men who govern us, our pastry dolls
Who bask themselves in front of office-fires,
The kings whose grip has gone. The deadly night
Of having no one understand. Our souls
Go up and down and call their teachers liars.
So often heart is caught in unknown fate,
That we must learn to read; before too late.