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Others, I am not the first,  
Have willed more mischief than they durst:  
If in the breathless night I too  
Shiver now, 'tis nothing new.

More than I, if truth were told,  
Have stood and sweated hot and cold,  
And through their reins in ice and fire  
Fear contended with desire.

Agued once like me were they,  
But I like them shall win my way  
Lastly to the bed of mould  
Where there's neither heat nor cold.

But from my grave across my brow  
Plays no wind of healing now,  
And fire and ice within me fight  
Beneath the suffocating night.