

They say my hands are useless,
 My heart is in its prison,
 And that my words are foolish.
 Ah! is it not a crime,
 That I, who am so helpless,
 So feeble and so blind,
 Should concentrate so much on you
 That faith is left behind?

Blackness.

There is blackness all around me,
 Darker than the darkest night,
 Infernal anguish; thoughts surround me,
 Tear me, pull me, press me, hound me,
 And the beating of my pulses
 Is as horses all a-pright.

And my eyes are full of longing,
 Full of rage, anxious looks,
 And the feelings that are throbbing
 Do not seem to me belonging,
 For they're fierce and wild & frenzied
 Like the passions and the needs.

And my blood that once was crazy
 With a proud, heated love,