

J. Tinsley

Run the long paths of life,
 Through the pink clouds of Hell,
 Run-neaking a thrawn
 We wonder, & yet press forward,
 Clutching at helpless things
 With ever moving fingers;
 At needles with sharp stings
 And prickles & knife-edges,
 And the awful pain still lingers
 Long after we are well.
 We clasp & grasp but still go on,
 We choke & whimper, but in vain.
 This awful life continues
 And our bodies yet remain.
 We wonder at the cheer & scoff of the insane,
 And then — a while before we die,
 With gaping heads & muddy heart,
 With parting breath, soon, soon to part,
 We clutch a soft thing.
 God! the joy of something warm & tender.
 Then last we love is gone

We require's hard, glad for a minute —
 It is not so soft now as fingers are in it
 And looking down with bleary eyes
 Gaze on the awful sight of a quip bird