

But Fate is not so wild like I,  
 These dreams of life had not come apt &  
 Oh, to get into vessel —  
 To get in and then — just to forget!

### Cure for Mental Sickness.

If ever you have time to spare  
 The cool tranquillities of space  
 Recline and keep your mind at rest  
 For that, alas, I find is best.

### Ecstasy.

A wind blew over the hill,  
 It shook the new green grass;  
 The sun was covered by clouds  
 For I saw no shadow pass.  
 It was cold and black and grey,  
 Yet it filled me with delight,  
 For the ecstasy of being alone  
 Made the earth and me unite.  
 I sat on the ground and I sang to the sky  
 I filled my lungs with the cold, clear air.  
 Why was I happy? I don't know why!