

DESESPAIR.

INTO the inmost agony of things
 She sees, through glamour of untrusty sense,
 The full corruption of omnipotence,
The infinite rage of fishes to have wings,
 The lust of beasts for tentacles; caught thence
 Corollary, syllogism, she strides tense
Into the inmost agony of things.

So, fearless, amid gods and evil kings,
 She sits, poor wretch, eternal scientist,
 Straining mild muscles, leaving to its list
The spasm-shaken body. So she flings
 The teeth-set fate of Fortune's face unkissed
 Against the fiat; sets her clenched fist
 In his face; slides spinning with her body's twist
Into the inmost agony of things.