

To a Friend in Trouble

Souls are sweetest
Which have saddest been.
The best of Souls belong to oft-troubled men,
Who, surcharged with sorrows, above them rise,
And plot their course toward Paradise.
Spurn not, then, the Hand that smites you
For otherwise you will not accrue
Those virtues that bless and make you glad.
Better saddened be than joyful-mad
With the frivolities of earth,
Which bring in their train a dearth
Of inconsequential joys, malign,
For the mission of sorrow is sublime.

—1925

To a Brain Preserved in Alcohol

My Brain is not I—
I am a spiritual part,
That is not meant to die.
Nor will I die
When my brain dies;
This Life is a consciousness
Between two Eternities:
Birth and Death.
My Life is more than
Flesh and blood and breath.
Nor am I a mass of animated flesh;
I am a Spiritual Essence,
An Identity, a Consciousness
Which someday, breaking leash,