



*From the Dark Tower*

*W*e shall not always plant while others reap  
The golden increment of bursting fruit,  
Nor always countenance, abject and mute,  
That lesser men should hold their brothers cheap;  
Not everlastingly while others sleep  
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow flute,  
Not always bend to some more subtle brute;  
We were not made eternally to weep.

The night whose sable breast relieves the stark,  
White stars is no less lovely being dark,  
And there are buds that cannot bloom at all  
In light, but crumple, piteous, and fall.  
So in the dark we hide the heart that bleeds,  
And wait, and tend our agonizing seeds.

COUNTÉE CULLEN.

