

CONTENT AND HAPPINESS

'Man should aim at a happiness too great for man.'

—ARISTOTLE.

A CRUST of bread,
Brook water, and, for condiment,
Wild berries, rushes in a cave for bed—
With these my soul could be content.

But when I see
The kindled stars upon the skies
That stretch to desolate infinity,
I tremble, and tears cloud my eyes.

My hands reach out
To happiness, the unattained :
This palace for my pleasure, that redoubt
For my protection . . . Naught is gained !

Like other fools
I brood and strain to foil my fate,
Greed using wrath and cunning as its tools
To force life's adamant gate.

In vain ! The lock
Holds fast. But ah ! the skies still draw
My spirit as an eagle of the rock
To heights of mystery and of awe.

Content, was I,
With rushes, water, berries, bread ?
Content. But happy only in the sky
With God's fierce bosom as my bed.

THEODORE MAYNARD.