

The Adventuring Soul.

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Everywhere men are bent over sordid toil,

Selling themselves for naught, like the slaves they are;

I will go where the clean, keen winds shall my soul assoil,

I will ride with the winds to the gates of the farthest star.

No slave am I, to cringe neath the frowns of men,

No worm, to crawl and rest on the noisome clay;

The infinite spaces were mine - shall be mine again,

The masterless winds, my brothers and winds are they.

I will leave the toiling world, so sordid and blind,

I will follow the trackless paths that the great winds know,

All the raptures and terrors of God are mine to find,

I will measure the heights of bliss and the utmost woe.

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