

From "Sonnets" in *Permit Me Voyage* (1934)

xxv

My sovereign souls, God grant my sometime brothers,
I must desert your ways now if I can.
I followed hard but now forsake all others,
And stand in hope to make myself a man.
This mouth that blabbed so loud with foreign song
I'll shut awhile, or gargle if I sing.
Have patience, let me too, though it be long
Or never, till my throat shall truly ring.

These are confusing times and dazed with fate:
Fear, easy faith, or wrath's on every voice:
Those toward the truth with brain are blind or hate:
The heart is cloven on a hidden choice:
In which respect I shall follow you.
And, when I fail, know where the fault is due.