

WARRIOR'S LOVE

James Feichthaler

No wisdom have I gathered from the springs,
But in your face I see the fading stars,
The destiny of our entire race,
And all the stories of the warrior's scars.
The battles and the wars our brothers waged,
The changing grace that nature brings about,
The flimsy knowledge of our finest sage,
Creation's start, and all that triumphs tout;
The spouting brook that bubbles through the hills,
And all the trees decked out in luscious green,
Have brought into my heart such glorious thrills,
But wonder not like yours, or so it seems:
For what you teach can reach the highest star,
Or plummet to the depths of hell my heart.

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