

ASPIRATION

BY FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT

I saw a fountain leap up to the sky,
A thousand times I saw it leap and fall:
Each time it fell, it sank with piteous cry,
Then sprang again up toward the shining wall.

I saw a rose-bud, near a cottage door,
Unfold to heaven its wealth of petals round,
It burst in striving to unfold them more,
And shed its perished beauty o'er the ground.

I saw a flame creep toward its father Sun,
I saw it climbing, climbing toward its goal,
I saw it smoulder where it was begun,
I closed my eyes and wept,—“My Soul,—My Soul”.