



Why dost thou let thee prostitute thyself,
Even in its outwardness, to the world's ways,
Knowing that Evil's coppers yet are pelf
And half-abasing still is to abase.

Living with not ar
Even although the mind of the world hit
No deeper than the |outer| /skin's ~~skin's~~ down\ of the mind,
Yet in our |being the| consciousness of it
We are worth the {...} |unkind| /We to the pureness in us wax {...} blind\ /We are impure in
seeing /feeling\ /that we are not blind\
Nor doth it {...} to try our strength's resistance
Upon the constant /filth\ /On the active presence\ of ~~occasion~~ {...} circumstance,
Evil is |subtler| than our wit's assistance
And though the chinks of moment's /Through idle moments' chinks it does /doth\ advance\
It is not courage /'Tis a mad boldness /strength\ to meet /to hit /self-fight\ rocks
and stones /seas\
Save with purposive /thought-proposed\ enigmas, and skilled |for| /to\ thee.

Alexander Search

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