

Apokrypha "Ignorance"

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No man really knows
It's spoken and is for us
And known with a blameless thought

An unchanged mind
An instinctive delicacy
Of pity for them

To look like a man
Who had been drowned
And filled with sorrow

To look like a prisoner
Who had been set free
Like two voices in a muffled cell

What fine sensibilities
Are touched in such a case

No echoes tell
No Nightmare comes out

It is so and it was so here

This strong and easy custom
Stimulating sense
Of desert or disgrace

Emergency for our race - for ourselves

To look like a man
Who had been drowned
And filled with sorrow

To look like a prisoner
Who had been set free
Like two voices in a muffled cell

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