

Still would I feel
A joyous thrill
To be alive,
To go on living.

But look, suppose
You took — how much? —
A single grain
From this my faith,
Then would I rage,
I would rage from pain
Like a panther
Pierced to the heart.

For what of me
Would there remain?
After the theft
I'd be distraught.
To put it plainly
And more directly —
After the theft
I would be naught.

Maybe you wish
You could erase