

GRIST

Now we go down the years dry eyed with hate,
Never again the tears of little woes
Shall blind the hard and arid sight of those
Who know that human laws can never wait—
But kill as surely as the water flows.
Never again the hope that any fate
Can stay the death of words that came too late,
And purge us of the bitterness that knows
The certain way that empty justice goes.

—*Kathleen Millay*