

## Song Of A Man Who Is Not Loved

The space of the world is immense, before me and around me;  
If I turn quickly, I am terrified, feeling space surround me;  
Like a man in a boat on very clear, deep water, space frightens and  
confounds me.

I see myself isolated in the universe, and wonder  
What effect I can have. My hands wave under  
The heavens like specks of dust that are floating asunder.

I hold myself up, and feel a big wind blowing  
Me like a gadfly into the dusk, without my knowing  
Whither or why or even how I am going.

So much there is outside me, so infinitely  
Small am I, what matter if minutely  
I beat my way, to be lost immediately?

How shall I flatter myself that I can do  
Anything in such immensity? I am too  
Little to count in the wind that drifts me through.