

*To Michelangelo*

My Lord where is the saddle of your warm embrace  
Which mounted can endure life's pace  
I lie between truth and sorrow  
Misdemeanors of half my life  
Now stand waiting delivery,  
Thus the unacknowledged portion of my life  
Ascends to his rightful place suppliant  
To his will and joy,  
I ride you through earth's veil  
And feel my desperation sink  
To calm and fitful ease,  
Blow on blow I cast aside  
Tasting the combat in my will  
While your word my heart devise.