

# Poetry

Claude McKay

Sometimes I tremble like a storm-swept flower,  
And seek to hide my tortured soul from thee.

Bowing my head in deep humility  
Before the silent thunder of thy power.

5 Sometimes I flee before thy blazing light,  
As from the specter of pursuing death;  
Intimidated lest thy mighty breath,  
Windways, will sweep me into utter night.

For oh, I fear they will be swallowed up—

10 The loves which are to me of vital worth,  
My passion and my pleasure in the earth—  
And lost forever in thy magic cup!

I fear, I fear my truly human heart  
Will perish on the altar-stone of art!