

## **THOU SHALT NOT KILL**

I had grown weary of him; of his breath  
And hands and features I was sick  
to death. Each day I heard the same dull voice and tread; I did not hate him:  
but I wished him dead. And he must with his blank face fill my life-- Then  
my brain blackened; and I snatched a knife.

But ere I struck, my soul's grey deserts through  
A voice cried, 'Know at least  
what thing you do.' 'This is a common man: knowest thou, O soul, What this  
thing is? somewhere where seasons roll  
There is some living thing for whom  
this man Is as seven heavens girt into a span,  
For some one soul you take  
the world away-- Now know you well your deed and purpose. Slay!'

Then I cast down the knife upon the ground  
And saw that mean man for one  
moment crowned. I turned and laughed: for there was no one by-- The man  
that I had sought to slay was I.