

## MISERY

OUT of this oubliette between the mountains  
five valleys go, five passes like gates;  
three of them black in shadow, two of them bright  
with distant sunshine;  
and sunshine fills one high valley bed,  
green grass shining, and little white houses  
like quartz crystals,  
little, but distinct a way off.

Why don't I go?  
Why do I crawl about this pot, this oubliette,  
stupidly?  
Why don't I go?

But where?  
If I come to a pine-wood, I can't say  
Now I am arrived!  
What are so many straight trees to me!

## STERZING