

Here am I — breathing,  
Working,  
Living  
And writing my poetry  
(My best to it giving).  
Life and I glower  
Across at each other,  
And with it I struggle  
With all my power.

Life and I quarrel,  
But don't draw the moral  
That I despise it.  
No, just the opposite!  
Though I should perish,  
Life with its brutal  
Claws of steel  
Still would I cherish,  
Still would I cherish!

Suppose round my neck  
  they tie fast  
The rope  
And they ask: