

The Daring One

By Edwin Markham

I would my soul were like the bird
That dares the vastness undeterred.
Look, where the bluebird on the bough
Breaks into rapture even now!
He sings, tip-top, the tossing elm
As tho he would a world o'erwhelm.
Indifferent to the void he rides
Upon the wind's eternal tides.

He tosses gladly on the gale,
For well he knows he can not fail—
Knows if the bough breaks, still his wings
Will bear him upward while he sings!

n/a

Source: The Gates of Paradise and Other Poems (1928)