

⁶G. K. Chesterton, *The Victorian Age in Literature* (London: Williams & Norgate, Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, n. d.), p. 74.

⁷Ludwig Andreas Feuerbach, *The Essence of Christianity*, trans., George Eliot (New York: Harper, 1957), p. 9.

Ten Lines

My friends are like warm seasons over the earth.
Deeply, they see me scavenge and aspire.
I am a wolf like many other wolves.

They are like weathers that teach their symmetries
the climbing sky. They understand the sky,
yet move in grass. They bend into my ways.

And though I write in a style already old,
they learn my style; though I grumble and seem cold,
'All will be well,' they say, and courtesously.

I have not many friends. They ripen me.

Robert Clayton Casto