

**THE BOOK OF PAIN-
STRUGGLE,
CALLED: THE PROPHECY
OF THE FULFILLMENT**

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The Book of Pain-Struggle, Called: The Prophecy of the Fulfillment by H. Segal

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H. SEGAL

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STRUGGLE,
CALLED: THE PROPHECY
OF THE FULFILLMENT**

THE BOOK OF PAIN- STRUGGLE

==== *Called* ====

The Prophecy of the Fulfillment

PUBLISHED BY

H. SEGAL

IN THE

One Thousand-Eight Hundred and
Fortieth Year of the Diaspora
and the Twenty-Seventh Day of the Fifth
Month of the One-Hundred and
Thirty-Fourth Year of the
United States of America



(Segal)

NBI



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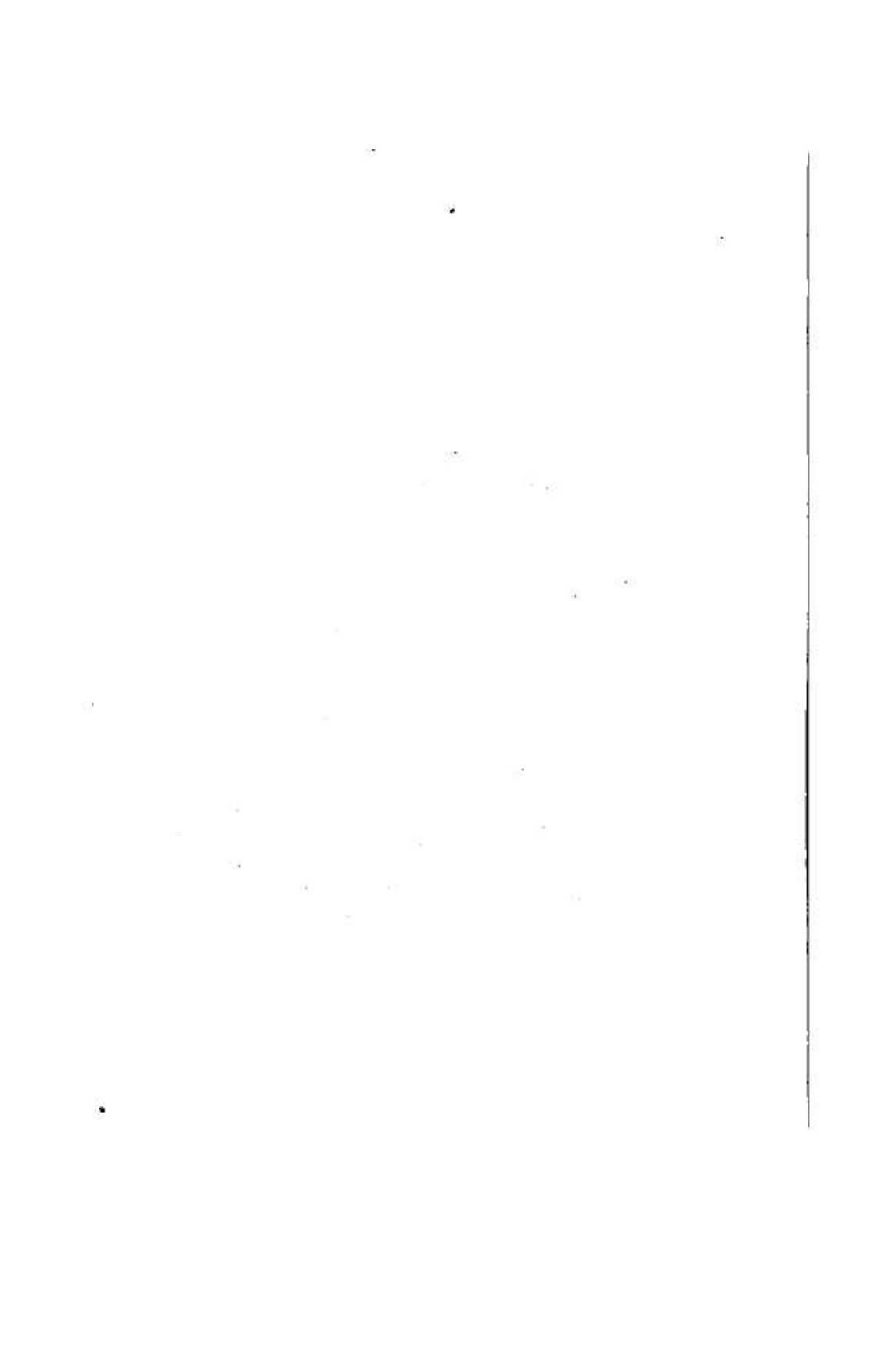
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The BOOK of PAIN-STRUGGLE
CALLED
The PROPHECY of *the* FULFILLMENT

FIRST HALF

CHAPTER I.

THE PAIN-YOUTH'S CHILDHOOD

I.

EARLY PAIN.

I was a lad, and once on a day,
My Mother's wild tongue-lashing
Drove me from out the Home; and away
Thro woods I hurried crashing.

And from a tree grown feeble and old
I tore a branchlet free
And, plunging passionate thro the wold,
Struck out exultingly.

Pausing for naught I saw or I heard,
I struck my ready blow;
Whether it was a bough or a bird
I struck it straightway low.

Trees to majestic solitude sworn
Shivered with mangled forms,
While there fell flowers everywhere torn,
And earth howled back my storms.

THE BOOK OF PAIN-STRUGGLE.

Birds whirred and shrieked and even the bee
Droned warning as he sped,
Till, with a pall encompassing me,
I watch how all things fled.

Then, shadows, darkly gathering, crept
Around me, sure tho tardy,
Hiding near trees, lurked gnomes who're adept
To daunt a heart too hardy.

I was right glad to run from the wold
And find sun over me
Where, across miles of grain, it was bold
In crimson brilliancy.

II.

SUNSET-FEELING.

The flaming sunset sadly sinks
As I gaze over the lea,
While surging sweeps the subtle wind
And the grain sighs like a sea.

The plaintive cricket haunts my ear
As he skips, nosing the grass;
The wind sweeps on, but I won't bend
Like the grain, letting it pass!

The flaming sunset sadly sinks
As I stand watching its ire;
And how a helpless longing stirs
In my heart, burning with fire!

And oh, the yearning pain, pain, pain,
As I stand gazing afar!—
And faintly sounds the cricket's chirp
As he skips rillet and scar.

The sun is sinking, I must go—
How the wind fondles the wheat!
But I, heart-sore and unfulfilled,
I must turn homeward my feet.

THE PAIN-YOUTH'S CHILDHOOD.

III.

REMINISCENCES.

I.

Nightly the silky moon came in the sky
And bathed in its favorite soft cloud;
Beneath it, in the darkness, humbly lurked
The low-thatched cottage with its wooden bench;
And there a little dark-eyed girl would sit,
And, gazing at the moon-light musingly,
Her face would pale . . . and that was she who was.

And then would come an eager little boy
Who, opening a tiny creaking gate,
Would sit beside her, listening with rapture
To her voice of trembling sweetness blending
With the subtle wind . . . and that was I.
The moon would glimmer on our coupling heads
And elsewhere all seemed gloom and duskiuess.

II.

The ominous red sun began to set,
And when we reached the pall of darkening woods
The surging silence seemed to stun us both;
Piercing the somber forest, unaware,
We found the giants sighing in the wind
And ranged about like dusky hosts at night
Who guard some vasty secret from the day;
She looked at me to see if I was scared
And I essayed a laugh, and she laughed, too,
But in the end, all-suddenly, she sobbed,
Her gaze grew piteous and I, alarmed;
Then I took heart and boldly forward strode
And she drew nearer, nestling while the arch,
Black shadows closed around us as we fled
To pierce the den of darkness looming large
And sprawling cavernously over all;
The huge ungainly trees hung over us
With somber leerings as we flitted by
And all the fallen leaves conspiring seemed
To noise our secret flight thro all the woods
As with each step, they cacklingly expired;
Affrighted, awed, we hastened tinely