

Christ Agony, Heredity

I'm the family face
Flesh perishes, I live on
Projecting trait and trance.
Through time to times anon
And leaping from place to place
Over oblivion
The years - heired feature that can
In cursive and voice and eye
Despise the human span
Of durance - that is I;
The eternal thing in man
That no call to die.