

# Anarchism

Francis W. L. Adams

1894

Tis not when I am here,  
In these homeless homes,  
Where sin and shame and disease  
And foul death comes;  
    'Tis not when heart and brain  
Would be still and forget  
Men and women and children  
Dragged down to the pit.  
    But when I hear them declaiming  
Of "liberty," "order" and "law,"  
The husk-hearted gentleman  
And the mud-hearted bourgeois,  
    That a sombre, hateful desire  
Burns up slow in my breast,  
To wreck the great, guilty temple.  
And give us rest!

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