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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

# A wounded deer leaps highest

A wounded deer leaps highest,  
I've heard the hunter tell;  
'T is but the ecstasy of death,  
And then the brake is still.

The smitten rock that gushes,  
The trampled steel that springs:  
A cheek is always redder  
Just where the hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of anguish,  
In which it cautions arm,  
Lest anybody spy the blood  
And "You're hurt" exclaim!

