

## *Manifesto*

*If it's me you want to have and to hold  
You must cease at once to glower and scold.  
It's strange to say it, but I must be bold:  
War with you for what I want, leaves me cold.  
The winds of fortune may buffet and blow  
And pummel me here, and to, and fro.  
My life must be allowed its ebb, its flow,  
This is the only true that that I know.  
The tides of that life are in my sole care,  
They are, to me, a personal affair.  
If it's this tidal wave you want to share,  
Then, I'm afraid, you will have much to bear.  
But do not doubt my honour, love or nerve,  
They have never faltered, swayed or swerved.  
And do not think my gentleness is curbed.  
But at all costs, destiny must be served.*