

POLITICS AS USUAL: Invictus

By Alison Collins-Mrakas

The world lost one of its most ardent defenders of democracy this week, former South African President and Nobel Laureate Nelson Mandela.

He was many things, but at his core, he was a man of integrity, who fought the fight with dignity and without bitterness. There is nothing I can add to the discourse about this remarkable man that has not already been said.

Thus, I will honour him by dedicating his favourite ? and presciently apropos ? work of poetry, to his memory

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

- William Ernest Henley

Until next week, stay involved, stay informed, because this is, after all, Our Town.