**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.**

Invictus, meaning “unconquerable” or “undefeated” in Latin, is a poem by William Ernest Henley. The poem was written while Henley was in the hospital being treated for tuberculosis of the bone, also known as Pott’s disease. He had had the disease since he was very young, and his foot had been amputated shortly before he wrote the poem. This poem is about courage in the face of death, and holding on to one’s own dignity despite the indignities life places before us.