

## FAITH

Faith is but the light that knowledge throws  
Upon our ways, to clear the shadow's shape,  
The pebble's grim distortion, the lurking ape  
Behind grotesquerie of bush. Each grows  
As superstition in the mind, casts a cape  
Of darkening terror round the heart, wills rape  
Of Reason, befouls with lust; with bestial blows  
Blinds Man, until he stumbles as he goes.

Yet Knowledge can be found alone by Faith,  
In Faith's clear light. So long as neither fails,  
Fear, Lust, Hate--whichever shade assails  
The stumbling soul with foul miasmatic breath  
Of Ignorance--each slowly, surely pales  
Under Faith's sure knowledge, shrivels to surer death.

"Have faith!" The pious cry and disagree;  
Caught in a mighty web of dogma, Doubt  
Attends the ugly shout and countershout:  
"Faith in MY God!" "Faith in One!" "In Three!"  
The petty quarrels of dogma baffle me.  
There comes no shaft of sun to clear them out,  
No slender sword of light to make a rout  
Of doubt, dogma, damning--their Trinity.

So firm upon good earth I take my stand,  
Above--the heavens arch to blue infinity--  
The clouds reflect adornment on the sea  
And mountain majesties adorn the land.  
I am I, till death lets down the bars  
And I am one with all the ancient stars.

And is star dust the only end to life?  
Up through the long slow ages Man has sought  
Some surety that he is more than nought,  
Some hope of peace beyond all earthly strife,  
Some healing of the wound which Time's dull knife  
Has torn within his breath. So man has wrought  
God in His Heaven--and by His mercy bought  
Inviolable soul, made death a friend of life.

Shall I deny the dreams--presume to mock  
That miracle of Man--a dream made rock?  
For out of dream and fear and aching need  
Man fashioned comfort for his questing heart.  
I only grieve that Man's miraculous deed  
Belittles Man in reverence of Man's art.

I too have dreamed of heavenly host;  
Sought to persuade myself obedient to a will  
Greater than mine, to believe that mortal ill  
Will vanish as a thin and vapid ghost,  
Assure myself identity shall not be lost,  
That death will not be chaos, silent, still,  
Emptiness beyond all power of sound to fill.  
I do not wish to be indefinite dust!

But echoes every dream from distant star--  
I hear the answer in each thunder roll,  
In every whisper of a wind-blown leaf.  
"Why do you tear your heart in endless grief?  
Why this demonic searching for a soul?  
It is enough to know that Now you are!"