

FRONTIERS

GIVE me the spirit to live on life's frontiers!
The discontent of dauntless pioneers!
Give me new trails for my caravan
Of thoughts, unblazed by any living man,
Give me the fear to keep my spirit stripped
Like pine-trees on a mountain, lone, storm-whipped;
A fear of paths that other hands have cleared,
Smooth tracks where those who followed disappeared.
Make my eyes strong to see the promised land
When traveling over endless copper sand,
Over desolate hills whose bareness catches
The weariness of drifting shadow-patches.
But give me too the kind of eyes that see
The trailing cedar and anemone,
And ears to hear spring delicately thrum
On April winds that make the forests hum.

— *Mary Wickham Porcher*

THE UNANSWERED RIDDLE

I'VE seen a child throw back his head
In joyous half-astonished glee
At something suddenly made plain,
Some mystery.

I've seen him laugh, amazed to think
He had not thought of that before,
So simple was it in the end,
So true to law.

And I who ponder every day
A mystery more amazing still,
Hope always in the end to find
A principle:

Some thread that runs through all the cloth,
Some truth that leaps to reconcile,
Some answer to unriddle all
And make me smile.

— *Monk Gibbon*

THE SINGING GOD

IF thy God is ailing
Do not fear to let him die.
Do not breathe into his failing
Breath, nor hover nigh,
Do not rend the night with wailing —
If he fall, there let him lie.

For no knife could kill him
Had he strength to speak or nod;
No disdain could dim or chill him,
Clothed with light and fire-shod;
There would be no silence to still him
If he were a singing God.

— *Grace Fallow Norton*

