

Ebiction

We are fugitives from the land, all;
All fleeing
Down the
Foot-of-the-crowd-furrowed,
Hard-packed,
Common clay path.
All fugitives from the land.

But every sudden
Once
Across a broken heart-beat,
Sawed
In the gusting throat
By teeth of darting
Bandsaw-quick
Regret,
We stand:
And once
Across a broken heart-beat
Pause
And snatch behind us echoes
Of the banished land;
And stretch half-hands
To carve
A prayer-keel,
Breath-blown
To the almost-wishing
For a finely
God-ground grief
That would pile conviction
On our native loss,
And call a faint **Quo Vadis**
In a neighbour's ear.
Only the timeout taken
For a broken heart-beat,
Tethered on a bit of clay,
And
Budget-busy,

Muffled-heads-in-the-air,
Herding,
We are fast fugitives
From the land all,

Goat-driven
Down the gray groove
That will not green again
Till judgment day;
Fugitives from the land all,
Clinging
To common clamour,
Squeezing out
Communal sweat,
Soulange
By the safety of numbers
Gone astray.

Alas for the land lost,
Alas for the tree-cool lawn,
The soul-velveting silence
And the love-rich land.

Alas for old Adam,
Silly Adam,
And Mrs. Adam, Eve:
O, the evil day for us, Adam,
When you lost our land:
When you sought sophistication,
Gazed cityward,
Washed your green thumb,
Gambled
And lost the farm.

A. P. C.

"The family therefore holds directly from the Creator the mission and hence the right to educate the offspring, a right inalienable because inseparably joined to a strict obligation, a right anterior to any right whatever of civil society and of the state, and therefore inviolable on the part of any power on earth."

—Pope Pius XII "Christian Education of Youth."